THE KATHÁ SARIT SÁGARA OR OCEAN OF THE STREAMS OF STORY

C. H. TAWNEY
1880

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THE

KATHÁ SARIT SÁGARA

OR

OCEAN OF THE STREAMS OF STORY

TRANSLATED FROM THE

ORIGINAL SANSKRIT

BY

C. H. TAWNEY, M. A.

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Translation
Of the
Kathá Sarit Ságara
Or
Ocean of the Streams of Story.

Book I.

Called Kathápíṭha

Chapter I.

May the dark neck of Śiva, which the god of love has, so to speak, surrounded with nooses in the form of the alluring looks of Párvatí reclining on his bosom, assign to you prosperity.

May that victor of obstacles,[1] who after sweeping away the stars with his trunk in the delirious joy of the evening dance, seems to create others with the spray issuing from his hissing[2] mouth, protect you.

After worshipping the goddess of Speech, the lamp that illuminates countless objects,[3] I compose this collection which contains the pith of the Vṛíhat-Kathá.

The first book in my collection is called Kathápíṭha, then comes Kathámukha, then the third book named Lávánaka, then follows Naraváhanadattajanana, and then the book called Chaturdáriká, and then Madanamanchuká, then the seventh book named Ratnaprabhá, and then the eighth book named Súryaprabhá, then Alankáravatí, then Śaktiyaśas, and then the eleventh book called Velá, then comes Śaśánkavatí, and then Madirávatí, then comes the book called Pancha followed by Mahábhisheka, and then Suratamanjarí, then Padmávatí, and then will follow the eighteenth book Vishamaśíla.

This book is precisely on the model of that from which it is taken, there is not even the slightest deviation, only such language is selected as tends to abridge the prolixity of the work; the observance of propriety and natural connexion, and the joining together of the portions of the poem so as not to interfere with the spirit of the stories, are as far as possible kept in view: I have not made this attempt through desire of a reputation for ingenuity, but in order to facilitate the recollection of a multitude of various tales.

There is a mountain celebrated under the name of Himavat, haunted by Kinnaras, Gandharvas, and Vidyádharas, a very monarch of mighty hills,

whose glory has attained such an eminence among mountains that Bhaváni the mother of the three worlds deigned to become his daughter; the northernmost summit thereof is a great peak named Kailása, which towers many thousand *yojanas* in the air,[4] and as it were, laughs forth with its snowy gleams this boast—"Mount Mandara[5] did not become white as mortar even when the ocean was churned with it, but I have become such without an effort." There dwells Maheśvara the beloved of Párvatí, the chief of things animate and inanimate, attended upon by Gaṇas, Vidyádharas and Siddhas. In the upstanding yellow tufts of his matted hair, the new moon enjoys the delight of touching the eastern mountain yellow in the evening twilight. When he drove his trident into the heart of Andhaka, the king of the Asuras, though he was only one, the dart which that monarch had infixed in the heart of the three worlds was, strange to say, extracted. The image of his toe-nails being reflected in the crest-jewels of the gods and Asuras made them seem as if they had been presented with half moons by his favour.[6] Once on a time that lord, the husband of Párvatí, was gratified with praises by his wife, having gained confidence as she sat in secret with him; the moon-crested one attentive to her praise and delighted, placed her on his lap, and said, "What can I do to please thee?" Then the daughter of the mountain spake—"My lord, if thou art satisfied with me, then tell me some delightful story that is quite new." And Śiva said to her, "What can there be in the world, my beloved, present, past, or future that thou dost not know?" Then that goddess, beloved of Śiva, importuned him eagerly because she was proud in soul on account of his affection.

Then Śiva wishing to flatter her, began by telling her a very short story, referring to her own divine power.

"Once on a time[7] Brahmá and Náráyaṇa roaming through the world in order to behold me, came to the foot of Himavat. Then they beheld there in front of them a great flame-linga;[8] in order to discover the end of it, one of them went up, and the other down; and when they could not find the end of it, they proceeded to propitiate me by means of austerities: and I appeared to them and bade them ask for some boon: hearing that Brahmá asked me to

become his son; on that account he has ceased to be worthy of worship, disgraced by his overweening presumption.

“Then that god Náráyaṇa craved a boon of me, saying—Oh revered one, may I become devoted to thy service! Then he became incarnate, and was born as mine in thy form; for thou art the same as Náráyaṇa, the power of me all-powerful.

“Moreover thou wast my wife in a former birth.” When Śiva had thus spoken, Párvatí asked, “How can I have been thy wife in a former birth?” Then Śiva answered her. “Long ago to the Prajápati Daksha were born many daughters, and amongst them thou, O goddess! He gave thee in marriage to me, and the others to Dharma and the rest of the gods. Once on a time he invited all his sons-in-law to a sacrifice. But I alone was not included in the invitation; thereupon thou didst ask him to tell thee why thy husband was not invited. Then he uttered a speech which pierced thy ears like a poisoned needle; ‘Thy husband wears a necklace of skulls; how can he be invited to a sacrifice?’

“And then thou, my beloved, didst in anger abandon thy body, exclaiming, —‘This father of mine is a villain; what profit have I then in this carcase sprung from him?’

“And thereupon in wrath I destroyed that sacrifice of Daksha. Then thou wast born as the daughter of the mount of snow, as the moon’s digit springs from the sea. Then recall how I came to the Himálaya in order to perform austerities; and thy father ordered thee to do me service as his guest: and there the god of love who had been sent by the gods in order that they might obtain from me a son to oppose Táraka, was consumed,[9] when endeavouring to pierce me, having obtained a favourable opportunity. Then I was purchased by thee,[10] the enduring one, with severe austerities, and I accepted this proposal of thine, my beloved, in order that I might add this merit to my stock.[11] Thus it is clear that thou wast my wife in a former birth. What else shall I tell thee?” Thus Śiva spake, and when he had ceased, the goddess transported with wrath, exclaimed,—“Thou art a deceiver; thou wilt not tell me a pleasing tale even though I ask thee: Do I

not know that thou worshippest Sandhyá, and bearest Gangá on thy head?" Hearing that, Śiva proceeded to conciliate her and promised to tell her a wonderful tale: then she dismissed her anger. She herself gave the order that no one was to enter where they were; Nandin[12] thereupon kept the door, and Śiva began to speak.

"The gods are supremely blessed, men are ever miserable, the actions of demigods are exceedingly charming, therefore I now proceed to relate to thee the history of the Vidyádharas." While Śiva was thus speaking to his consort, there arrived a favourite dependant of Śiva's, Pushpadanta, best of Gaṇas,[13] and his entrance was forbidden by Nandin who was guarding the door. Curious to know why even he had been forbidden to enter at that time without any apparent reason, Pushpadanta immediately entered, making use of his magic power attained by devotion to prevent his being seen, and when he had thus entered, he heard all the extraordinary and wonderful adventures of the seven Vidyádharas being narrated by the trident-bearing god, and having heard them he in turn went and narrated them to his wife Jayá; for who can hide wealth or a secret from women? Jayá the doorkeeper being filled with wonder went and recited it in the presence of Párvatí. How can women be expected to restrain their speech? And then the daughter of the mountain flew into a passion, and said to her husband, "Thou didst not tell me any extraordinary tale, for Jayá knows it also." Then the lord of Umá, perceiving the truth by profound meditation, thus spake: "Pushpadanta employing the magic power of devotion entered in where we were, and thus managed to hear it. He narrated it to Jayá; no one else knows it, my beloved."

Having heard this, the goddess exceedingly enraged caused Pushpadanta to be summoned, and cursed him, as he stood trembling before her, saying, "Become a mortal thou disobedient servant."[14] She cursed also the Gaṇa Mályaván who presumed to intercede on his behalf. Then the two fell at her feet together with Jayá and entreated her to say when the curse would end, and the wife of Śiva slowly uttered this speech—"A Yaksha named Supratíka who has been made a Piśácha by the curse of Kuvera is residing in the Vindhya forest under the name of Káṇabhúti. When thou shalt see him and, calling to mind thy origin, tell him this tale, then, Pushpadanta,

thou shalt be released from this curse. And when Mályaván shall hear this tale from Káṇabhúti, then Káṇabhúti shall be released, and thou, Mályaván, when thou hast published it abroad, shalt be free also." Having thus spoken the daughter of the mountain ceased, and immediately those Gaṇas disappeared instantaneously like flashes of lightning. Then it came to pass in the course of time that Gaurí full of pity asked Śiva, "My lord, where on the earth have those excellent Pramathas[15] whom I cursed, been born?" And the moon-diademed god answered: "My beloved, Pushpadanta has been born under the name of Vararuchi in that great city which is called Kauśámbí.[16] Moreover Mályaván also has been born in the splendid city called Supratishṭhita under the name of Guṇáḍhya. This, O goddess, is what has befallen them." Having given her this information with grief caused by recalling to mind the degradation of the servants that had always been obedient to him, that lord continued to dwell with his beloved in pleasure-arbours on the slopes of mount Kailása, which were made of the branches of the Kalpa tree.[17]

1

Dr. Brockhaus explains this of Gaṇeśa, he is probably associated with Śiva in the dance. So the poet invokes two gods, Śiva and Gaṇeśa, and one goddess Sarasvatí, the goddess of speech and learning.

2

Śítkára a sound made by drawing in the breath, expressive of pleasure.

3

There is a double meaning: *padártha* also means words and their meanings.

4

Possibly the meaning is that the mountain covers many thousand *yojanas*.

5

This mountain served the gods and Asuras as a churning stick at the churning of the ocean for the recovery of the Amṛita and fourteen other precious things lost during the deluge.

6

Śiva himself wears a moon's crescent.

7

The Sanskrit word *Asti* meaning “thus it is” is a common introduction to a tale.

8

The *linga* or phallus is a favourite emblem of Śiva. Flame is one of his eight *tanus* or forms.

9

He was burnt up by the fire of Śiva’s eye.

10

Compare Kumára Sambhava Sarga V, line 86.

11

Reading *tatsanchayáya* as one word. Dr. Brockhaus omits the line. Professor E. B. Cowell would read *priyam* for *priye*.

12

One of Śiva’s favourite attendants.

13

Attendants of Śiva, presided over by Gaṇeśa.

14

For the *ativiníta* of Dr. Brockhaus’s text I read *aviníta*.

15

Pramatha, an attendant on Śiva.

16

Kauśámbí succeeded Hastinápur as the capital of the emperors of India. Its precise site has not been ascertained, but it was probably somewhere in the Doabá, or at any rate not far from the west bank of the Yamuná, as it bordered upon Magadha and was not far from the Vindhya hills. It is said that there are ruins at Karáli or Karári about 14 miles from Allahábád on the western road, which may indicate the site of Kauśámbí. It is possible also that the mounds of rubbish about Karrah may conceal some vestiges of the ancient capital —a circumstance rendered more probable by the inscription found there, which specifies Kaṭa as comprised within Kauśámba maṇḍala or the district of Kauśámbí. [Note in Wilson’s Essays, p. 163.] See note on page 281.

17

A tree of Indra’s Paradise that grants all desires.

Chapter II.

Then Pushpadanta wandering on the earth in the form of a man, was known by the name of Vararuchi and Kátyáyana. Having attained perfection in the sciences, and having served Nanda as minister, being wearied out he went once on a time to visit the shrine of Durgá.[1] And that goddess, being pleased with his austerities, ordered him in a dream to repair to the wilds of the Vindhya to behold Káṇabhúti. And as he wandered about there in a waterless and savage wood,[2] full of tigers and apes, he beheld a lofty Nyagrodha tree.[3] And near it he saw, surrounded by hundreds of Piśáchas, that Piśácha Káṇabhúti, in stature like a *Śála* tree. When Káṇabhúti had seen him and respectfully clasped his feet, Kátyáyana sitting down immediately spake to him. "Thou art an observer of the good custom; how hast thou come into this state?" Having heard this Káṇabhúti said to Kátyáyana, who had shewn affection towards him, "I know not of myself, but listen to what I heard from Śiva at Ujjayiní in the place where corpses are burnt; I proceed to tell it thee." The adorable god was asked by Durgá —"Whence, my lord, comes thy delight in skulls and burning-places?" He thereupon gave this answer.

"Long ago when all things had been destroyed at the end of a Kalpa, the universe became water: I then cleft my thigh and let fall a drop of blood; that drop falling into the water turned into an egg, from that sprang the Supreme Soul,[4] the Disposer; from him proceeded Nature,[5] created by me for the purpose of further creation, and they created the other lords of created beings,[6] and those in turn the created beings, for which reason, my beloved, the Supreme Soul is called in the world the grandfather. Having thus created the world, animate and inanimate, that Spirit became arrogant:[7] thereupon I cut off his head: then through regret for what I had done, I undertook a difficult vow. So thus it comes to pass that I carry skulls in my hand, and love the places where corpses are burned. Moreover this world resembling a skull, rests in my hand; for the two skull-shaped halves of the egg before mentioned are called heaven and earth." When Śiva had thus

spoken, I, being full of curiosity, determined to listen; and Párvatí again said to her husband, “After how long a time will that Pushpadanta return to us?” Hearing that, Maheśvara spoke to the goddess, pointing me out to her; “That Piśácha whom thou beholdest there, was once a Yaksha, a servant of Kuvera, the god of wealth, and he had for a friend a Rákshasa named Sthúlaśiras; and the lord of wealth perceiving that he associated with that evil one, banished him to the wilds of the Vindhya mountains. But his brother Dírghajangha fell at the feet of the god, and humbly asked when the curse would end. Then the god of wealth said—“After thy brother has heard the great tale from Pushpadanta, who has been born into this world in consequence of a curse, and after he has in turn told it to Mályaván, who owing to a curse has become a human being, he together with those two Gaṇas shall be released from the effects of the curse.” Such were the terms on which the god of wealth then ordained that Mályaván should obtain remission from his curse here below, and thou didst fix the same in the case of Pushpadanta; recall it to mind, my beloved.” When I heard that speech of Śiva, I came here overjoyed, knowing that the calamity of my curse would be terminated by the arrival of Pushpadanta. When Káṇabhúti ceased after telling this story, that moment Vararuchi remembered his origin, and exclaimed like one aroused from sleep, “I am that very Pushpadanta, hear that tale from me.” Thereupon Kátyáyana related to him the seven great tales in seven hundred thousand verses, and then Káṇabhúti said to him —“My lord, thou art an incarnation of Śiva, who else knows this story? Through thy favour that curse has almost left my body. Therefore tell me thy own history from thy birth, thou mighty one, sanctify me yet further, if the narrative may be revealed to such a one as I am.” Then Vararuchi, to gratify Káṇabhúti, who remained prostrate before him, told all his history from his birth at full length, in the following words:

Story of Vararuchi, his teacher Varsha, and his fellow-pupils Vyádi and

Indradatta.

In the city of Kauśámbí there lived a Bráhman called Somadatta, who also had the title of Agniśikha, and his wife was called Vasudattá. She was the daughter of a hermit, and was born into the world in this position in consequence of a curse; and I was born by her to this excellent Bráhman, also in consequence of a curse. Now while I was still quite a child my father died, but my mother continued to support me, as I grew up, by severe drudgery; then one day two Bráhmans came to our house to stop a night, exceedingly dusty with a long journey; and while they were staying in our house there arose the noise of a tabor, thereupon my mother said to me, sobbing, as she called to mind her husband—"there, my son, is your father's friend Bhavananda, giving a dramatic entertainment." I answered, "I will go and see it, and will exhibit the whole of it to you, with a recitation of all the speeches." On hearing that speech of mine, those Bráhmans were astonished, but my mother said to them—"Come, my children, there is no doubt about the truth of what he says; this boy will remember by heart everything that he has heard once."[8] Then they, in order to test me, recited to me a Prátiśákhya[9]; immediately I repeated the whole in their presence, then I went with the two Bráhmans and saw that play, and when I came home, I went through the whole of it in front of my mother: then one of the Bráhmans, named Vyáḍi, having ascertained that I was able to recollect a thing on hearing it once, told with submissive reverence this tale to my mother.

Mother, in the city of Vetasa there were two Bráhman brothers, Deva-Swámin and Karambaka, who loved one another very dearly; this Indradatta here is the son of one of them, and I am the son of the other, and my name is Vyáḍi. It came to pass that my father died. Owing to grief for his loss, the father of Indradatta went on the long journey,[10] and then the hearts of our two mothers broke with grief; thereupon being orphans though we had wealth,[11] and, desiring to acquire learning, we went to the southern region to supplicate the lord Kártikeya. And while we were engaged in austerities there, the god gave us the following revelation in a dream. "There is a city called Páṭaliputra, the capital of king Nanda, and in it there is a Bráhman,

named Varsha, from him ye shall learn all knowledge, therefore go there." Then we went to that city, and when we made enquiries there, people said to us: "There is a blockhead of a Bráhman in this town, of the name of Varsha." Immediately we went on with minds in a state of suspense, and saw the house of Varsha in a miserable condition, made a very ant-hill by mice, dilapidated by the cracking of the walls, untidy,[12] deprived of eaves, looking like the very birth-place of misery.

Then, seeing Varsha plunged in meditation within the house, we approached his wife, who shewed us all proper hospitality; her body was emaciated and begrimed, her dress tattered and dirty; she looked like the incarnation of poverty, attracted thither by admiration for the Bráhman's virtues. Bending humbly before her, we then told her our circumstances, and the report of her husband's imbecility, which we heard in the city. She exclaimed—"My children, I am not ashamed to tell you the truth; listen! I will relate the whole story," and then she, chaste lady, proceeded to tell us the tale which follows:

There lived in this city an excellent Bráhman, named Śankara Svámin, and he had two sons, my husband Varsha, and Upavarsha; my husband was stupid and poor, and his younger brother was just the opposite: and Upavarsha appointed his own wife to manage his elder brother's house.[13] Then in the course of time, the rainy season came on, and at this time the women are in the habit of making a cake of flour mixed with molasses, of an unbecoming and disgusting shape,[14] and giving it to any Bráhman who is thought to be a blockhead, and if they act thus, this cake is said to remove their discomfort caused by bathing in the cold season, and their exhaustion[15] caused by bathing in the hot weather; but when it is given, Bráhmans refuse to receive it, on the ground that the custom is a disgusting one. This cake was presented by my sister-in-law to my husband, together with a sacrificial fee; he received it, and brought it home with him, and got a severe scolding from me; then he began to be inwardly consumed with grief at his own stupidity, and went to worship the sole of the foot of the god Kártikeya: the god, pleased with his austerities, bestowed on him the knowledge of all the sciences; and gave him this order—"When thou

findest a Bráhman who can recollect what he has heard only once, then thou mayest reveal these"—thereupon my husband returned home delighted, and when he had reached home, told the whole story to me. From that time forth, he has remained continually muttering prayers and meditating: so find you some one who can remember anything after hearing it once, and bring him here: if you do that, you will both of you undoubtedly obtain all that you desire.

Having heard this from the wife of Varsha, and having immediately given her a hundred gold pieces to relieve her poverty, we went out of that city; then we wandered through the earth, and could not find anywhere a person who could remember what he had only heard once: at last we arrived tired out at your house to-day, and have found here this boy, your son, who can recollect anything after once hearing it: therefore give him us and let us go forth to acquire the commodity knowledge.

Having heard this speech of Vyáḍi, my mother said with respect, "All this tallies completely; I repose confidence in your tale: for long ago at the birth of this my only son, a distinct spiritual[16] voice was heard from heaven. "A boy has been born who shall be able to remember what he has heard once; he shall acquire knowledge from Varsha, and shall make the science of grammar famous in the world, and he shall be called Vararuchi by name, because whatever is excellent,[17] shall please him." Having uttered this, the voice ceased. Consequently, ever since this boy has grown big, I have been thinking, day and night, where that teacher Varsha can be, and to-day I have been exceedingly gratified at hearing it from your mouth. Therefore take him with you: what harm can there be in it, he is your brother?" When they heard this speech of my mother's, those two, Vyáḍi and Indradatta, overflowing with joy, thought that night but a moment in length. Then Vyáḍi quickly gave his own wealth to my mother to provide a feast, and desiring that I should be qualified to read the Vedas, invested me with the Bráhmanical thread. Then Vyáḍi and Indradatta took me, who managed by my own fortitude to control the excessive grief I felt at parting, while my mother in taking leave of me could with difficulty suppress her tears, and considering that the favour of Kártikeya towards them had now put forth blossom, set out rapidly from that city; then in course of time we arrived at

the house of the teacher Varsha: he too considered that I was the favour of Kártikeya arrived in bodily form. The next day he placed us in front of him, and sitting down in a consecrated spot, he began to recite the syllable Om with heavenly voice. Immediately the Vedas with the six supplementary sciences rushed into his mind, and then he began to teach them to us; then I retained what the teacher told us after hearing it once, Vyáḍi after hearing it twice, and Indradatta after hearing it three times: then the Bráhmans of the city hearing of a sudden that divine sound, came at once from all quarters with wonder stirring in their breasts to see what this new thing might be; and with their reverend mouths loud in his praises honoured Varsha with low bows. Then beholding that wonderful miracle, not only Upavarsha, but all the citizens of Páṭaliputra[18] kept high festival. Moreover the king Nanda of exalted fortune, seeing the power of the boon of the son of Śiva, was delighted, and immediately filled the house of Varsha with wealth, shewing him every mark of respect.[19]

1

More literally, the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya hills. Her shrine is near Mirzápúr.

2

Dr. Brockhaus makes *parusha* a proper name.

3

Ficus Indica.

4

Pumán = *Purusha*, the spirit.

5

Prakṛiti, the original source or rather passive power of creating the material world.

6

Prajápati.

7

The spirit was of course Brahmá whose head Śiva cut off.

8

It appears from an article in Mélusine by A Bart, entitled An Ancient Manual of Sorcery, and consisting mainly of passages translated from Burnell's Sámavidhána Bráhmaṇa, that this power can be acquired in the following way, "After a fast of three nights, take a plant of *soma* (*Asclepias acida*;) recite a certain formula and eat of the plant a thousand times, you will be able to repeat anything after hearing it once. Or bruise the flowers in water, and drink the mixture for a year. Or drink *soma*, that is to say the fermented juice of the plant for a month. Or do it always." (Mélusine, 1878, p. 107; II, 7, 4–7.)

In the Milinda Pañho, (Pali Miscellany by V. Trenckner, Part. I, p. 14,) the child Nágasena learns the whole of the three Vedas by hearing them repeated once.

9

A grammatical treatise on the rules regulating the euphonic combination of letters and their pronunciation peculiar to one of the different Śákhás or branches of the Vedas.—M. W. s. v.

10

i. e., died.

11

Here we have a pun which it is impossible to render in English. *Anátha* means without natural protectors and also poor.

12

Taking *chháyá* in the sense of *śobhá*. It might mean "affording no shelter to the inmates."

13

Dr. Brockhaus translates the line—*Von diesem wurde ich meinem Manne vermählt, um seinem Hauswesen vorzustehen.*

14

Like the Roman *fascinum*. *guhya = phallus.*

15

I read *tat* for *táh* according to a conjecture of Professor E. B. Cowell's. He informs me on the authority of Dr. Rost that the only variants are *sá* for *táḥ* and *yoshitá* for *yoshitaḥ.* Dr. Rost would take *evamkrite* as the dative of *evamkrit*. If *táh* be retained it may be taken as a repetition "having thus prepared it, I say, the women give it." Professor Cowell would translate (if *táḥ* be retained) "the women then do not need to receive anything to relieve their fatigue during the cold and hot weather."

Professor E. B. Cowell has referred me to an article by Dr. Liebrecht in the Zeitschrift der Morgenländischen Gesellschaft.

He connects the custom with that of the Jewish women mentioned in Jeremiah VII. 18, "The women knead their dough to make cakes to the queen of heaven," and he quotes a curious custom practised on Palm Sunday in the town of Saintes. Dulaure states that in his time the festival was called there La fête des Pinnes; the women and children carried in the procession a *phallus* made of bread, which they called a *pinne*, at the end of their palm branches; those *pinnes* were subsequently blessed by the priest, and carefully preserved by the women during the year. This article has been republished by the learned author in his "Zur Volkskunde" (Heilbronn, 1879) p. 436 and f f. under the title of "der aufgegessene Gott." It contains many interesting parallels to the custom described in the text.

16

Literally bodiless—she heard the voice, but saw no man.

17

Vara = excellent *ruch* = to please.

18

I. e. Palibothra.

19

Wilson remarks (Essays on Sanskrit Literature, Vol. I, p. 165). "The contemporary existence of Nanda with Vararuchi and Vyáḍi is a circumstance of considerable interest in the literary history of the Hindus, as the two latter are writers of note on philological topics. Vararuchi is also called in this work Kátyáyana, who is one of the earliest commentators on Páṇini. Nanda is the predecessor or one of the predecessors of Chandragupta or Sandrakottos; and consequently the chief institutes of Sanskrit grammar are thus dated from the fourth century before the Christian era. We need not suppose that Somadeva took the pains to be exact here; but it is satisfactory to be made acquainted with the general impressions of a writer who has not been biassed in any of his views by Pauránik legends and preposterous chronology."

Chapter III.

Having thus spoken while Káṇabhúti was listening with intent mind, Vararuchi went on to tell his tale in the wood.

It came to pass in the course of time, that one day, when the reading of the Vedas was finished, the teacher Varsha, who had performed his daily ceremonies, was asked by us, “How comes it that such a city as this has become the home of Sarasvatí and Lakshmí,[1] tell us that, O teacher.” Hearing this, he bade us listen, for that he was about to tell the history of the city.

Story of the founding of the city of Páṭaliputra.

There is a sanctifying place of pilgrimage, named Kanakhala, at the point where the Ganges issues from the hills,[2] where the sacred stream was brought down from the table-land of mount Uśínara, by Kánchanapáta the elephant of the gods, having cleft it asunder.[3] In that place lived a certain Bráhman from the Deccan, performing austerities in the company of his wife, and to him were born there three sons. In the course of time he and his wife went to heaven, and those sons of his went to a place named Rájagṛiha, for the sake of acquiring learning. And having studied the sciences there, the three, grieved at their unprotected condition, went to the Deccan in order to visit the shrine of the god Kártikeya. Then they reached a city named Chinchiní on the shore of the sea, and dwelt in the house of a Bráhman named Bhojika, and he gave them his three daughters in marriage, and bestowed on them all his wealth, and having no other children, went to

the Ganges to perform austerities. And while they were living there in the house of their father-in-law, a terrible famine arose produced by drought, thereupon the three Bráhmans fled, abandoning their virtuous wives, (since no care for their families touches the hearts of cruel men,) then the middle one of the three sisters was found to be pregnant; and those ladies repaired to the house of Yajnadatta a friend of their father's: there they remained in a miserable condition, thinking each on her own husband, (for even in calamity women of good family do not forget the duties of virtuous wives). Now in course of time the middle one of the three sisters gave birth to a son, and they all three vied with one another in love towards him. So it happened once upon a time that, as Śiva was roaming through the air, the mother of Skanda[4] who was reposing on Śiva's breast, moved with compassion at seeing their love for their child, said to her husband, "My lord, observe, these three women feel great affection for this boy, and place hope in him, trusting that he may some day support them; therefore bring it about that he may be able to maintain them, even in his infancy." Having been thus entreated by his beloved, Śiva, the giver of boons, thus answered her: I adopt him as my *protégé*, for in a previous birth he and his wife propitiated me, therefore he has been born on the earth to reap the fruit of his former austerities; and his former wife has been born again as Pátalí the daughter of the king Mahendravarman, and she shall be his wife in this birth also. Having said this, that mighty god told those three virtuous women in a dream,—"This young son of yours shall be called Putraka; and every day when he awakes from sleep, a hundred thousand gold pieces shall be found under his pillow,[5] and at last he shall become a king." Accordingly, when he woke up from sleep, those virtuous daughters of Yajnadatta found the gold and rejoiced that their vows and prayers had brought forth fruit. Then by means of that gold Putraka having in a short time accumulated great treasure, became a king, for good fortune is the result of austerities.[6] Once upon a time Yajnadatta said in private to Putraka,—"King, your father and uncles have gone away into the wide world on account of a famine, therefore give continually to Bráhmans, in order that they may hear of it and return: and now listen, I will tell you the story of Brahmadatta."

Story of king Brahmadatta.[7]

“There lived formerly in Benares a king named Brahmadatta. He saw a pair of swans flying in the air at night. They shone with the lustre of gleaming gold, and were begirt with hundreds of white swans, and so looked like a sudden flash of lightning, surrounded by white clouds. And his desire to behold them again kept increasing so mightily that he took no pleasure in the delights of royalty. And then having taken counsel with his ministers he caused a fair tank to be made according to a design of his own, and gave to all living creatures security from injury. In a short time he perceived that those two swans had settled in that lake, and when they had become tame he asked them the reason of their golden plumage. And then those swans addressed the king with an articulate voice. ‘In a former birth, O king, we were born as crows; and when we were fighting for the remains of the daily offering[8] in a holy empty temple of Śiva, we fell down and died within a sacred vessel belonging to that sanctuary, and consequently we have been born as golden swans with a remembrance of our former birth’;—having heard this the king gazed on them to his heart’s content, and derived great pleasure from watching them.

“Therefore you will gain back your father and uncles by an unparalleled gift.” When Yajnadatta had given him this advice, Putraka did as he recommended; when they heard the tidings of the distribution those Bráhmans arrived: and when they were recognized they had great wealth bestowed on them, and were reunited to their wives. Strange to say, even after they have gone through calamities, wicked men having their minds blinded by want of discernment, are unable to put off their evil nature. After a time they hankered after royal power, and being desirous of murdering Putraka they enticed him under pretext of a pilgrimage to the temple of Durgá: and having stationed assassins in the inner sanctuary of the temple, they said to him, “First go and visit the goddess alone, step inside.”

Thereupon he entered boldly, but when he saw those assassins preparing to slay him, he asked them why they wished to kill him. They replied, “We were hired for gold to do it by your father and uncles.” Then the discreet Putraka said to the assassins, whose senses were bewildered by the goddess, “I will give you this priceless jewelled ornament of mine. Spare me, I will not reveal your secret; I will go to a distant land.” The assassins said, “So be it,” and taking the ornament they departed, and falsely informed the father and uncles of Putraka that he was slain. Then those Bráhmans returned and endeavoured to get possession of the throne, but they were put to death by the ministers as traitors. How can the ungrateful prosper?

In the meanwhile that king Putraka, faithful to his promise, entered the impassable wilds of the Vindhya, disgusted with his relations: as he wandered about he saw two heroes engaged heart and soul in a wrestling-match, and he asked them who they were. They replied, “We are the two sons of the Asura Maya, and his wealth belongs to us, this vessel, and this stick, and these shoes; it is for these that we are fighting, and whichever of us proves the mightier is to take them.” When he heard this speech of theirs, Putraka said with a smile—“That is a fine inheritance for a man.” Then they said—“By putting on these shoes one gains the power of flying through the air; whatever is written with this staff turns out true; and whatever food a man wishes to have in the vessel is found there immediately.” When he heard this, Putraka said—“What is the use of fighting? Make this agreement, that whoever proves the best man in running shall possess this wealth.”[9] Those simpletons said—“Agreed”—and set off to run, while the prince put on the shoes and flew up into the air, taking with him the staff and the vessel; then he went a great distance in a short time and saw beneath him a beautiful city named Ákarshiká and descended into it from the sky. He reflected with himself; “*hetæræ* are prone to deceive, Bráhmans are like my father and uncles, and merchants are greedy of wealth; in whose house shall I dwell?” Just at that moment he reached a lonely dilapidated house, and saw a single old woman in it; so he gratified that old woman with a present, and lived unobserved in that broken down old house, waited upon respectfully by the old woman.

Once upon a time the old woman in an affectionate mood said to Putraka —"I am grieved, my son, that you have not a wife meet for you. But here there is a maiden named Páṭalí, the daughter of the king, and she is preserved like a jewel in the upper story of a seraglio." While he was listening to this speech of hers with open ear, the god of love found an unguarded point, and entered by that very path into his heart. He made up his mind that he must see that damsel that very day, and in the night flew up through the air to where she was, by the help of his magic shoes. He then entered by a window, which was as high above the ground as the peak of a mountain, and beheld that Páṭalí, asleep in a secret place in the seraglio, continually bathed in the moonlight that seemed to cling to her limbs: as it were the might of love in fleshly form reposing after the conquest of this world. While he was thinking how he should awake her, suddenly outside a watchman began to chant: "Young men obtain the fruit of their birth, when they awake the sleeping fair one, embracing her as she sweetly scolds, with her eyes languidly opening." On hearing this encouraging prelude, he embraced that fair one with limbs trembling with excitement, and then she awoke. When she beheld that prince, there was a contest between shame and love in her eye, which was alternately fixed on his face and averted. When they had conversed together, and gone through the ceremony of the Gándharva marriage, that couple found their love continually increasing, as the night waned away. Then Putraka took leave of his sorrowing wife, and with his mind dwelling only on her went in the last watch of the night to the old woman's house. So every night the prince kept going backwards and forwards, and at last the intrigue was discovered by the guards of the seraglio, accordingly they revealed the matter to the lady's father, and he appointed a woman to watch secretly in the seraglio at night. She, finding the prince asleep, made a mark with red lac upon his garment to facilitate his recognition. In the morning she informed the king of what she had done, and he sent out spies in all directions, and Putraka was discovered by the mark and dragged out from the dilapidated house into the presence of the king. Seeing that the king was enraged, he flew up into the air with the help of the shoes, and entered the palace of Páṭalí. He said to her,—"We are discovered, therefore rise up, let us escape with the help of the shoes, and so taking Páṭalí in his arms he flew away from that place through the air.[10]

Then descending from heaven near the bank of the Ganges, he refreshed his weary beloved with cakes provided by means of the magic vessel. When Páṭalí saw the power of Putraka she made a request to him, in accordance with which he sketched out with the staff a city furnished with a force of all four arms.[11] In that city he established himself as king, and his great power having attained full development, he subdued that father-in-law of his, and became ruler of the sea-engirdled earth. This is that same divine city, produced by magic, together with its citizens; hence it bears the name of Páṭaliputra, and is the home of wealth and learning.

When we heard from the mouth of Varsha the above strange and extraordinarily marvellous story, our minds, O Káṇabhúti, were for a long time delighted with thrilling wonder.

1

I. e., of learning and material prosperity.

2

Literally the gate of the Ganges: it is now well known under the name of Haridvár (Hurdwar).

3

Dr. Brockhaus renders the passage "*wo Śiva die Jahnaví im goldenen Falle von den Gipfeln des Berges Uśínara herabsandte*."

4

Skanda is Kártikeya and his mother is of course Durgá or Párvatí the consort of Śiva.

5

This may be compared with Grimm's No. 60, "Die zwei Brüder." Each of the brothers finds every day a gold piece under his pillow. In one of Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, Vogelkopf und Vogelherz (p. 90) a boy named Fortunat eats the heart of the Glücksvogel and under his pillow every day are found three ducats. See also Der Vogel Goldschweif, in Gaal's Märchen der Magyaren, p. 195.

6

In this case the austerities which he had performed in a former birth to propitiate Śiva.

7

This story is, according to Dr. Rajendra Lál Mitra, found in a MS. called the Bodhisattva Avadána. (Account of the Buddhist Literature of Nepal, p. 53).

8

I. e., *bali*, a portion of the daily meal offered to creatures of every description, especially the household spirits. Practically the *bali* generally falls to some crow, hence that bird is called *balibhuj*.

9

A similar incident is found in Grimm's Fairy Tales translated by Mrs. Paull, p. 370. The hero of the tale called the Crystal Ball finds two giants fighting for a little hat. On his expressing his wonder, "Ah", they replied, "you call it old, you do not know its value. It is what is called a wishing-hat, and whoever puts it on can wish himself where he will, and immediately he is there." "Give me the hat," replied the young man, "I will go on a little way and when I call you must both run a race to overtake me, and whoever reaches me first, to him the hat shall belong." The giants agreed and the youth taking the hat put it on and went away; but he was thinking so much of the princess that he forgot the giants and the hat, and continued to go further and further without calling them. Presently he sighed deeply and said, "Ah, if I were only at the Castle of the golden sun."

Wilson (Collected Works, Vol. III, p. 169, note,) observes that "the story is told almost in the same words in the Bahár Dánish, a purse being substituted for the rod; Jahándár obtains possession of it, as well as the cup, and slippers in a similar manner. Weber [Eastern Romances, Introduction, p. 39] has noticed the analogy which the slippers bear to the cap of Fortunatus. The inexhaustible purse, although not mentioned here, is of Hindu origin also, and a fraudulent representative of it makes a great figure in one of the stories of the Daśa Kumára Charita" [ch. 2, see also L. Deslongchamps Essai sur les Fables Indiennes, Paris, 1838, p. 35 f. and Grässe, Sagen des Mittelalters, Leipzig, 1842, p. 19 f.] The additions between brackets are due to Dr. Reinholdt Rost the editor of Wilson's Essays.

The Mongolian form of the story may be found in Sagas from the Far East, p. 24. A similar incident is also found in the Swedish story in Thorpe's Scandinavian Tales, entitled "the Beautiful Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth." A youth acquires boots by means of which he can go a hundred miles at every step, and a cloak, that renders him invisible, in a very similar way.

I find that in the notes in Grimm's 3rd Volume, page 168, (edition of 1856) the passage in Somadeva is referred to, and other parallels given. The author of these notes compares a Swedish story in Cavallius, p. 182, and Pröhle, Kindermärchen, No. 22. He also quotes

from the Sidi Kür, the story to which I have referred in Sagas from the Far East, and compares a Norwegian story in Ashbjörnsen, pp. 53, 171, a Hungarian story in Mailath and Gaal, N. 7, and an Arabian tale in the continuation of the 1001 Nights. See also Sicilianische Märchen by Laura Gonzenbach, Part I, Story 31. Here we have a table-cloth, a purse, and a pipe. When the table-cloth is spread out one has only to say—Dear little table-cloth, give macaroni or roast-meat or whatever may be required, and it is immediately present. The purse will supply as much money as one asks it for, and the pipe is something like that of the pied piper of Hamelin,—every one who hears it must dance. Dr. Köhler in his notes, at the end of Laura Gonzenbach's collection, compares (besides the story of Fortunatus, and Grimm III. 202,) Zingerle, Kinder- und Hausmärchen, II. 73 and 193. Curze, Popular Traditions from Waldock, p. 34. Gesta Romanorum, Chap. 120. Campbell's Highland Tales, No. 10, and many others. The shoes in our present story may also be compared with the bed in the IXth Novel of the Xth day of the Decameron.

See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 230 and Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 152.

See also the story of "Die Kaiserin Trebisonda" in a collection of South Italian tales by Woldemar Kaden, entitled "Unter den Olivenbäumen" and published in 1880. The hero of this story plays the same trick as Putraka, and gains thereby an inexhaustible purse, a pair of boots which enable the wearer to run like the wind, and a mantle of invisibility. See also "Beutel, Mäntelchen und Wunderhorn" in the same collection, and No. XXII in Miss Stokes's Indian Fairy Tales. The story is found in the Avadánas translated by Stanislas Julien: (Lévêque, Mythes et Légendes de L'Inde et de la Perse, p. 570, Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 117.) M. Lévêque thinks that La Fontaine was indebted to it for his Fable of L' Huître et les Plaideurs. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, pp. 126–127, and 162.

We find a magic ring, brooch and cloth in No. XLIV of the English Gesta. See also Syrische Sagen und Märchen, von Eugen Prym und Albert Socin, p. 79, where there is a flying carpet. There is a magic table-cloth in the Bohemian Story of Büsmanda, (Waldau, p. 44) and a magic pot on p. 436 of the same collection; and a food-providing *mesa* in the Portuguese story of A Cacheirinha (Coelho, Contos Portuguezes, p. 58). In the Pentamerone No. 42 there is a magic chest. Kuhn has some remarks on the "Tischchen deck dich" of German tales in his Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 369.

For a similar artifice to Putraka's, see the story entitled Fischer-Märchen in Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 168, Waldau, Böhmische Märchen, pp. 260 and 564, and Dasent's Norse Tales, pp. 213 and 214.

10

Compare the way in which Zauberer Vergilius carries off the daughter of the Sulṭán of Babylon, and founds the town of Naples, which he makes over to her and her children: (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. VI, pp. 354, 355.) Dunlop is of opinion that the mediæval traditions about Vergil are largely derived from Oriental sources.

11

I. e., infantry, cavalry, elephants, and archers.

Chapter IV.

Having related this episode to Káṇabhúti in the Vindhya forest, Vararuchi again resumed the main thread of his narrative.

While thus dwelling there with Vyáḍi and Indradatta, I gradually attained perfection in all sciences, and emerged from the condition of childhood. Once on a time when we went out to witness the festival of Indra, we saw a maiden looking like some weapon of Cupid, not of the nature of an arrow. Then, Indradatta, on my asking him who that lady might be, replied,—"She is the daughter of Upavarsha, and her name is Upakośá," and she found out by means of her handmaids who I was, and drawing my soul after her with a glance made tender by love, she with difficulty managed to return to her own house. She had a face like a full moon, and eyes like a blue lotus, she had arms graceful like the stalk of a lotus, and a lovely full[1] bosom; she had a neck marked with three lines like a shell,[2] and magnificent coral lips; in short she was a second Lakshmí, so to speak, the store-house of the beauty of king Cupid. Then my heart was cleft by the stroke of love's arrow, and I could not sleep that night through my desire to kiss her *bimba*[3] lip. Having at last with difficulty gone off to sleep, I saw, at the close of night, a celestial woman in white garments; she said to me—"Upakośá was thy wife in a former birth; as she appreciates merit, she desires no one but thee, therefore, my son, thou oughtest not to feel anxious about this matter. I am Sarasvatí[4] that dwell continually in thy frame, I cannot bear to behold thy grief." When she had said this, she disappeared. Then I woke up and somewhat encouraged I went slowly and stood under a young mango tree near the house of my beloved; then her confidante came and told me of the ardent attachment of Upakośá to me, the result of sudden passion: then I with my pain doubled, said to her, "How can I obtain Upakośá, unless her natural protectors willingly bestow her upon me? For death is better than dishonour; so if by any means your friend's heart became known to her parents, perhaps the end might be prosperous.

“Therefore bring this about, my good woman, save the life of me and of thy friend.” When she heard this, she went and told all to her friend’s mother, she immediately told it to her husband Upavarsha, he to Varsha his brother, and Varsha approved of the match. Then, my marriage having been determined upon, Vyáḍi by the order of my tutor went and brought my mother from Kauśámbí; so Upakośá was bestowed upon me by her father with all due ceremonies, and I lived happily in Páṭaliputra with my mother and my wife.

Now in course of time Varsha got a great number of pupils, and among them there was one rather stupid pupil of the name of Páṇini; he, being wearied out with service, was sent away by the preceptor’s wife, and being disgusted at it and longing for learning, he went to the Himálaya to perform austerities: then he obtained from the god, who wears the moon as a crest, propitiated by his severe austerities, a new grammar, the source of all learning. Thereupon he came and challenged me to a disputation, and seven days passed away in the course of our disputation; on the eighth day he had been fairly conquered by me, but immediately afterwards a terrible menacing sound was uttered by Śiva in the firmament; owing to that our Aindra grammar was exploded in the world,[5] and all of us, being conquered by Páṇini, became accounted fools. Accordingly full of despondency I deposited in the hand of the merchant Hiraṇyadatta my wealth for the maintenance of my house, and after informing Upakośá of it, I went fasting to mount Himálaya to propitiate Śiva with austerities.

Story of Upakośá and her four lovers.

Upakośá on her part anxious for my success, remained in her own house, bathing every day in the Ganges, strictly observing her vow. One day, when spring had come, she being still beautiful, though thin and slightly pale, and charming to the eyes of men, like the streak of the new moon, was seen by

the king's domestic chaplain while going to bathe in the Ganges, and also by the head magistrate, and by the prince's minister; and immediately they all of them became a target for the arrows of love. It happened too somehow or other that she took a long time bathing that day, and as she was returning in the evening, the prince's minister laid violent hands on her, but she with great presence of mind said to him, "Dear Sir, I desire this as much as you, but I am of respectable family, and my husband is away from home. How can I act thus? Some one might perhaps see us, and then misfortune would befall you as well as me. Therefore you must come without fail to my house in the first watch of the night of the spring-festival when the citizens are all excited."[6] When she had said this, and pledged herself, he let her go, but, as chance would have it, she had not gone many steps further, before she was stopped by the king's domestic chaplain. She made a similar assignation with him also for the second watch of the same night; and so he too was, though with difficulty, induced to let her go; but, after she had gone a little further, up comes a third person, the head magistrate, and detains the trembling lady. Then she made a similar assignation with him too for the third watch of the same night, and having by great good fortune got him to release her, she went home all trembling, and of her own accord told her handmaids the arrangements she had made, reflecting, "Death is better for a woman of good family when her husband is away, than to meet the eyes of people who lust after beauty." Full of these thoughts and regretting me, the virtuous lady spent that night in fasting, lamenting her own beauty. Early the next morning she sent a maid-servant to the merchant Hiraṇyagupta to ask for some money in order that she might honour the Bráhmans: then that merchant also came and said to her in private, "Shew me love, and then I will give you what your husband deposited." When she heard that, she reflected that she had no witness to prove the deposit of her husband's wealth, and perceived that the merchant was a villain, and so tortured with sorrow and grief, she made a fourth and last assignation with him for the last watch of the same night; so he went away. In the meanwhile she had prepared by her handmaids in a large vat lamp-black mixed with oil and scented with musk and other perfumes, and she made ready four pieces of rag anointed with it, and she caused to be made a large trunk with a fastening outside. So on that day of the spring-festival the prince's minister

came in the first watch of the night in gorgeous array. When he had entered without being observed Upakośá said to him, “I will not receive you until you have bathed, so go in and bathe.” The simpleton agreed to that, and was taken by the handmaids into a secret dark inner apartment. There they took off his under-garments and his jewels, and gave him by way of an under-garment a single piece of rag, and they smeared the rascal from head to foot with a thick coating of that lamp-black and oil, pretending it was an unguent, without his detecting it. While they continued rubbing it into every limb, the second watch of the night came and the chaplain arrived, the handmaids thereupon said to the minister,—“here is the king’s chaplain come, a great friend of Vararuchi’s, so creep into this box”—and they bundled him into the trunk, just as he was, all naked, with the utmost precipitation: and then they fastened it outside with a bolt. The priest too was brought inside into the dark room on the pretence of a bath, and was in the same way stripped of his garments and ornaments, and made a fool of by the handmaids by being rubbed with lamp-black and oil, with nothing but the piece of rag on him, until in the third watch the chief magistrate arrived. The handmaids immediately terrified the priest with the news of his arrival, and pushed him into the trunk like his predecessor. After they had bolted him in, they brought in the magistrate on the pretext of giving him a bath, and so he, like his fellows, with the piece of rag for his only garment, was bamboozled by being continually anointed with lamp-black, until in the last watch of the night the merchant arrived. The handmaids made use of his arrival to alarm the magistrate and bundled him also into the trunk, and fastened it on the outside. So those three being shut up inside the box, as if they were bent on accustoming themselves to live in the hell of blind darkness, did not dare to speak on account of fear, though they touched one another. Then Upakośá brought a lamp into the room, and making the merchant enter it, said to him, “give me that money which my husband deposited with you.” When he heard that, the rascal said, observing that the room was empty, “I told you that I would give you the money your husband deposited with me.” Upakośá calling the attention of the people in the trunk, said—“Hear, O ye gods this speech of Hiraṇyagupta.” When she had said this, she blew out the light, and the merchant, like the others, on the pretext of a bath was anointed by the handmaids for a long time with lamp-black. Then they told him to go, for the darkness was over, and at the close

of the night they took him by the neck and pushed him out of the door sorely against his will. Then he made the best of his way home, with only the piece of rag to cover his nakedness, and smeared with the black dye, with the dogs biting him at every step, thoroughly ashamed of himself, and at last reached his own house; and when he got there he did not dare to look his slaves in the face while they were washing off that black dye. The path of vice is indeed a painful one. In the early morning Upakośá accompanied by her handmaids went, without informing her parents, to the palace of king Nanda, and there she herself stated to the king that the merchant Hiraṇyagupta was endeavouring to deprive her of money deposited with him by her husband. The king in order to enquire into the matter immediately had the merchant summoned, who said—"I have nothing in my keeping belonging to this lady." Upakośá then said, "I have witnesses, my lord; before he went, my husband put the household gods into a box, and this merchant with his own lips admitted the deposit in their presence. Let the box be brought here and ask the gods yourself." Having heard this the king in astonishment ordered the box to be brought.

Thereupon in a moment that trunk was carried in by many men. Then Upakośá said—"Relate truly, O gods, what that merchant said and then go to your own houses; if you do not, I will burn you or open the box in court." Hearing that, the men in the box, beside themselves with fear, said—"It is true, the merchant admitted the deposit in our presence." Then the merchant being utterly confounded confessed all his guilt; but the king, being unable to restrain his curiosity, after asking permission of Upakośá, opened the chest there in court by breaking the fastening, and those three men were dragged out, looking like three lumps of solid darkness, and were with difficulty recognised by the king and his ministers. The whole assembly then burst out laughing, and the king in his curiosity asked Upakośá, what was the meaning of all this; so the virtuous lady told the whole story. All present in court expressed their approbation of Upakośá's conduct, observing: "The virtuous behaviour of women of good family who are protected by their own excellent disposition[7] only, is incredible."

Then all those coveters of their neighbour's wife were deprived of all their living, and banished from the country. Who prospers by immorality?

Upakośá was dismissed by the king, who shewed his great regard for her by a present of much wealth, and said to her: “Henceforth thou art my sister,”—and so she returned home. Varsha and Upavarsha when they heard it, congratulated that chaste lady, and there was a smile of admiration on the face of every single person in that city.[8]

In the meanwhile, by performing a very severe penance on the snowy mountain, I propitiated the god, the husband of Párvatí, the great giver of all good things; he revealed to me that same treatise of Páṇini; and in accordance with his wish I completed it: then I returned home without feeling the fatigue of the journey, full of the nectar of the favour of that god who wears on his crest a digit of the moon; then I worshipped the feet of my mother and of my spiritual teachers, and heard from them the wonderful achievement of Upakośá, thereupon joy and astonishment swelled to the upmost height in my breast, together with natural affection and great respect for my wife.

Now Varsha expressed a desire to hear from my lips the new grammar, and thereupon the god Kártikeya himself revealed it to him. And it came to pass that Vyáḍi and Indradatta asked their preceptor Varsha what fee they should give him? He replied, “Give me ten millions of gold pieces.” So they, consenting to the preceptor’s demand, said to me; “Come with us, friend, to ask the king Nanda to give us the sum required for our teacher’s fee; we cannot obtain so much gold from any other quarter: for he possesses nine hundred and ninety millions, and long ago he declared your wife Upakośá, his sister in the faith, therefore you are his brother-in-law; we shall obtain something for the sake of your virtues.” Having formed this resolution, we three fellow-students[9] went to the camp of king Nanda in Ayodhyá, and the very moment we arrived, the king died; accordingly an outburst of lamentation arose in the kingdom, and we were reduced to despair. Immediately Indradatta, who was an adept in magic, said, “I will enter the body of this dead king[10]; let Vararuchi prefer the petition to me, and I will give him the gold, and let Vyáḍi guard my body until I return.” Saying this, Indradatta entered into the body of king Nanda, and when the king came to life again, there was great rejoicing in the kingdom. While Vyáḍi remained in an empty temple to guard the body of Indradatta, I went to the king’s

palace. I entered, and after making the usual salutation, I asked the supposed Nanda for ten million gold pieces as my instructor's fee. Then he ordered a man named Śakatála, the minister of the real Nanda, to give me ten million of gold pieces. That minister, when he saw that the dead king had come to life, and that the petitioner immediately got what he asked, guessed the real state of the case. What is there that the wise cannot understand? That minister said—"It shall be given, your Highness," and reflected with himself; "Nanda's son is but a child, and our realm is menaced by many enemies, so I will do my best for the present to keep his body on the throne even in its present state." Having resolved on this, he immediately took steps to have all dead bodies burnt, employing spies to discover them, and among them was found the body of Indradatta, which was burned after Vyáḍi had been hustled out of the temple. In the meanwhile the king was pressing for the payment of the money, but Śakatála, who was still in doubt, said to him, "All the servants have got their heads turned by the public rejoicing, let the Bráhman wait a moment until I can give it." Then Vyáḍi came and complained aloud in the presence of the supposed Nanda, "Help, help, a Bráhman engaged in magic, whose life had not yet come to an end in a natural way, has been burnt by force on the pretext that his body was untenanted, and this in the very moment of your good fortune."[11] On hearing this the supposed Nanda was in an indescribable state of distraction from grief: but as soon as Indradatta was imprisoned in the body of Nanda, beyond the possibility of escape, by the burning of his body, the discreet Śakatála went out and gave me that ten millions.

Then the supposed Nanda,[12] full of grief, said in secret to Vyáḍi,—"Though a Bráhman by birth I have become a Śúdra, what is the use of my royal fortune to me though it be firmly established?" When he heard that, Vyáḍi comforted him,[13] and gave him seasonable advice, "You have been discovered by Śakatála, so you must henceforth be on your guard against him, for he is a great minister, and in a short time he will, when it suits his purpose, destroy you, and will make Chandragupta, the son of the previous Nanda, king. Therefore immediately appoint Vararuchi your minister, in order that your rule may be firmly established by the help of his intellect,

which is of god-like acuteness." When he had said this, Vyáḍi departed to give that fee to his preceptor, and immediately Yogananda sent for me and made me his minister. Then I said to the king, "Though your caste as a Bráhman has been taken from you, I do not consider your throne secure as long as Śakatála remains in office, therefore destroy him by some stratagem." When I had given him this advice, Yogananda threw Śakatála into a dark dungeon, and his hundred sons with him,[14] proclaiming as his crime that he had burnt a Bráhman alive. One porringer of barley-meal and one of water was placed inside the dungeon every day for Śakatála and his sons, and thereupon he said to them;—"My sons, even one man alone would with difficulty subsist on this barley-meal, much less can a number of people do so. Therefore let that one of us, who is able to take vengeance on Yogananda, consume every day the barley-meal and the water." His sons answered him, "You alone are able to punish him, therefore do you consume them." For vengeance is dearer to the resolute than life itself. So Śakatála alone subsisted on that meal and water every day. Alas! those whose souls are set on victory are cruel. Śakatála in the dark dungeon, beholding the death agonies of his starving sons, thought to himself, "A man who desires his own welfare should not act in an arbitrary manner towards the powerful, without fathoming their character and acquiring their confidence." Accordingly his hundred sons perished before his eyes, and he alone remained alive surrounded by their skeletons. Then Yogananda took firm root in his kingdom. And Vyáḍi approached him after giving the present to his teacher, and after coming near to him said, "May thy rule, my friend, last long! I take my leave of thee, I go to perform austerities somewhere." Hearing that, Yogananda, with his voice choked with tears, said to him, "Stop thou, and enjoy pleasures in my kingdom, do not go and desert me." Vyáḍi answered—"King! Life comes to an end in a moment. What wise man, I pray you, drowns himself in these hollow and fleeting enjoyments? Prosperity, a desert mirage, does not turn the head of the wise man." Saying this he went away that moment resolved to mortify his flesh with austerities. Then that Yogananda went to his metropolis Páṭaliputra, for the purpose of enjoyment, accompanied by me, and surrounded with his whole army. So I, having attained prosperity, lived for a long time in that state, waited upon by Upakośá, and bearing the burden of the office of

prime-minister to that king, accompanied by my mother and my preceptors. There the Ganges, propitiated by my austerities, gave me every day much wealth, and Sarasvatí present in bodily form told me continually what measures to adopt.

1

Literally she was splendid with a full bosom, ... glorious with coral lips. For *uttama* in the 1st half of *śloka* 6 I read *upama*.

2

Considered to be indicative of exalted fortune.—*Monier Williams.*

3

The *bimba* being an Indian fruit, this expression may he paralleled by “currant lip” in the Two Noble Kinsmen I. I. 216 or “cherry lip” Rich. III. I. I. 94.

4

Goddess of eloquence and learning.

5

See Dr. Burnett’s “Aindra grammar” for the bearing of this passage on the history of Sanskrit literature.

6

And will not observe you.

7

Instead of the walls of a seraglio.

8

This story occurs in Scott’s Additional Arabian Nights as the Lady of Cairo and her four Gallants, [and in his Tales and Anecdotes, Shrewsbury, 1800, p. 136, as the story of the Merchant’s wife and her suitors]. It is also one of the Persian tales of Arouya [day 146 ff.]. It is a story of ancient celebrity in Europe as Constant du Hamel or la Dame qui attrapa un Prêtre, un Prévôt et un Forestier [Le Grand d’Aussy, Fabliaux et Contes. Paris, 1829, Vol. IV, pp. 246–56]. It is curious that the Fabliau alone agrees with the Hindu original in putting the lovers out of the way and disrobing them by the plea of the bath. (Note in Wilson’s Essays on Sanskrit Literature, edited by Dr. Rost, Vol. I, p. 173.) See also a story contributed by the late Mr. Damant to the Indian Antiquary, Vol. IX, pp. 2 and 3, and the

XXVIIIth story in Indian Fairy Tales collected and translated by Miss Stokes, with the note at the end of the volume. General Cunningham is of opinion that the *dénouement* of this story is represented in one of the Bharhut Sculptures; see his Stúpa of Bharhut, p. 53. A faint echo of this story is found in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, No. 55, pp. 359–362. Cp. also No. 72(*b*) in the Novellæ Morlini. (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 497.)

Cp. the 67th Story in Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, and the 29th in the Pentamerone of Basile. There is a somewhat similar story in the English Gesta (Herrtage, No. XXV) in which three knights are killed.

A very similar story is quoted in Mélusine, p. 178, from Thorburn's Bannu or our Afghan Frontier.

9

Dr. Brockhaus translates "*alle drei mit unsern Schülern*."

10

This forms the leading event of the story of Fadlallah in the Persian tales. The dervish there avows his having acquired the faculty of animating a dead body from an aged Bráhman in the Indies. (Wilson.)

11

Compare the story in the Panchatantra, Benfey's Translation, p. 124, of the king who lost his body but eventually recovered it. Benfey in Vol. I, page 128, refers to some European parallels. Liebrecht in his Zur Volkskunde, p. 206, mentions a story found in Apollonius (Historia Mirabilium) which forms a striking parallel to this. According to Apollonius, the soul of Hermotimos of Klazomenæ left his body frequently, resided in different places, and uttered all kinds of predictions, returning to his body which remained in his house. At last some spiteful persons burnt his body in the absence of his soul. There is a slight resemblance to this story in Sagas from the Far East, p. 222. By this it may be connected with a cycle of European tales about princes with ferine skin &c. Apparently a treatise has been written on this story by Herr Varnhagen. It is mentioned in the *Saturday Review* of 22nd July, 1882 as, "Ein Indisches Märchen auf seiner Wanderung durch die Asiatischen und Europäischen Litteraturen."

12

Or *Yogananda*. So called as being Nanda by *yoga* or magic.

13

I read *áśvásya*.

14

Compare this with the story of Ugolino in Dante’s Inferno.

Chapter V.

Having said this, Vararuchi continued his tale as follows:—

In course of time Yogananda became enslaved by his passions, and like a mad elephant he disregarded every restraint. Whom will not a sudden access of prosperity intoxicate? Then I reflected with myself, “The king has burst all bonds, and my own religious duties are neglected being interfered with by my care for his affairs, therefore it is better for me to draw out that Śakatála from his dungeon and make him my colleague in the ministry; even if he tries to oppose me, what harm can he do as long as I am in office?” Having resolved on this I asked permission of the king, and drew Śakatála out of the deep dungeon. Bráhmans are always soft-hearted. Now the discreet Śakatála made up his mind, that it would be difficult to overthrow Yogananda as long as I was in office, and that he had accordingly better imitate the cane which bends with the current, and watch a favourable moment for vengeance, so at my request he resumed the office of minister and managed the king’s affairs.

Once on a time Yogananda went outside the city, and beheld in the middle of the Ganges a hand, the five fingers of which were closely pressed together. That moment he summoned me and said, “What does this mean?” But I displayed two of my fingers in the direction of the hand. Thereupon that hand disappeared, and the king, exceedingly astonished, again asked me what this meant, and I answered him, “That hand meant to say, by shewing its five fingers, ‘What cannot five men united effect in this world?’ Then I, king, shewed it these two fingers, wishing to indicate that nothing is impossible when even two men are of one mind.” When I uttered this solution of the riddle the king was delighted, and Śakatála was despondent seeing that my intellect would be difficult to circumvent.

One day Yogananda saw his queen leaning out of the window and asking questions of a Bráhman guest that was looking up. That trivial circumstance threw the king into a passion, and he gave orders that the Bráhman should

be put to death; for jealousy interferes with discernment. Then as that Bráhman was being led off to the place of execution in order that he might be put to death, a fish in the market laughed aloud, though it was dead.[1] The king hearing it immediately prohibited for the present the execution of that Bráhman, and asked me the reason why the fish laughed. I replied that I would tell him after I had thought over the matter; and after I had gone out Sarasvatí came to me secretly on my thinking of her and gave me this advice; "Take up a position on the top of this palm tree at night so as not to be observed, and thou shalt without doubt hear the reason why the fish laughed." Hearing this I went at night to that very place, and ensconced myself on the top of the palm tree, and saw a terrible female Rákshasa coming past with her children; when they asked her for food, she said, "Wait, and I will give you to-morrow morning the flesh of a Bráhman, he was not killed to-day."[2] They said to their mother, "Why was he not killed to-day?" Then she replied, "He was not executed because a fish in the town, though dead, laughed when it saw him." The sons said, "Why did the fish laugh?" She continued, "The fish of course said to himself—all the king's wives are dissolute, for in every part of this harem there are men dressed up as women, and nevertheless while these escape, an innocent Bráhman is to be put to death—and this tickled the fish so that he laughed. For demons assume these disguises, insinuating themselves into everything, and laughing at the exceeding want of discernment of kings." After I had heard that speech of the female Rákshasa I went away from thence, and in the morning I informed the king why the fish laughed. The king after detecting in the harem those men clothed as women, looked upon me with great respect, and released that Bráhman from the sentence of death.

I was disgusted by seeing this and other lawless proceedings on the part of the king, and, while I was in this frame of mind, there came to court a new painter. He painted on a sheet of canvas the principal queen and Yogananda, and that picture of his looked as if it were alive, it only lacked speech and motion. And the king being delighted loaded that painter with wealth, and had the painting set up on a wall in his private apartments. Now one day when I entered into the king's private apartments, it occurred to me that the painting of the queen did not represent all her auspicious marks; from the

arrangement of the other marks I conjectured by means of my acuteness that there ought to be a spot where the girdle comes, and I painted one there. Then I departed after thus giving the queen all her lucky marks. Then Yogananda entered and saw that spot, and asked his chamberlains who had painted it. And they indicated me to him as the person who had painted it. Yogananda thus reflected while burning with anger; "No one except myself knows of that spot, which is in a part of the queen's body usually concealed, then how can this Vararuchi have come thus to know it?[3] No doubt he has secretly corrupted my harem, and this is how he came to see there those men disguised as women." Foolish men often find such coincidences. Then of his own motion he summoned Śakatála, and gave him the following order: "You must put Vararuchi to death for seducing the queen." Śakatála said, "Your Majesty's orders shall be executed," and went out of the palace, reflecting, "I should not have power to put Vararuchi to death, for he possesses godlike force of intellect; and he delivered me from calamity; moreover he is a Bráhman, therefore I had better hide him and win him over to my side." Having formed this resolution, he came and told me of the king's causeless wrath which had ended in his ordering my execution, and thus concluded, "I will have some one else put to death in order that the news may get abroad, and do you remain hidden in my house to protect me from this passionate king." In accordance with this proposal of his, I remained concealed in his house, and he had some one else put to death at night in order that the report of my death might be spread.[4] When he had in this way displayed his statecraft, I said to him out of affection, "You have shewn yourself an unrivalled minister in that you did not attempt to put me to death; for I cannot be slain, since I have a Rákshasa to friend, and he will come, on being only thought of, and at my request will devour the whole world. As for this king he is a friend of mine, being a Bráhman named Indradatta, and he ought not to be slain." Hearing this, that minister said —"Shew me the Rákshasa." Then I shewed him that Rákshasa who came with a thought; and on beholding him, Śakatála was astonished and terrified. And when the Rákshasa had disappeared, Śakatála again asked me —"How did the Rákshasa become your friend?" Then I said—"Long ago the heads of the police as they went through the city night after night on inspecting duty, perished one by one. On hearing that, Yogananda made me

head of the police, and as I was on my rounds at night, I saw a Rákshasa roaming about, and he said to me, “Tell me, who is considered the best-looking woman in this city?” When I heard that, I burst out laughing and said—“You fool, any woman is good-looking to the man who admires her.” Hearing my answer, he said—“You are the only man that has beaten me.” And now that I had escaped death by solving his riddle,[5] he again said to me, “I am pleased with you, henceforth you are my friend, and I will appear to you when you call me to mind.” Thus he spoke and disappeared, and I returned by the way that I came. Thus the Rákshasa has become my friend, and my ally in trouble. When I had said this, Śakatála made a second request to me, and I shewed him the goddess of the Ganges in human form who came when I thought of her. And that goddess disappeared when she had been gratified by me with hymns of praise. But Śakatála became from thenceforth my obedient ally.

Now once on a time that minister said to me when my state of concealment weighed upon my spirits; “why do you, although you know all things, abandon yourself to despondency? Do you not know that the minds of kings are most undiscerning, and in a short time you will be cleared from all imputations;[6] in proof of which listen to the following tale:—

The story of Śivavarman.

There reigned here long ago a king named Ádityavarman, and he had a very wise minister, named Śivavarman. Now it came to pass that one of that king’s queens became pregnant, and when he found it out, the king said to the guards of the harem, “It is now two years since I entered this place, then how has this queen become pregnant? Tell me.” Then they said, “No man except your minister Śivavarman is allowed to enter here, but he enters without any restriction.” When he heard that, the king thought,—“Surely he is guilty of treason against me, and yet if I put him to death publicly, I shall

incur reproach,"—thus reflecting, that king sent that Śivavarman on some pretext to Bhogavarman a neighbouring chief,[7] who was an ally of his, and immediately afterwards the king secretly sent off a messenger to the same chief, bearing a letter by which he was ordered to put the minister to death. When a week had elapsed after the minister's departure, that queen tried to escape out of fear, and was taken by the guards with a man in woman's attire, then Ádityavarman when he heard of it was filled with remorse, and asked himself why he had causelessly brought about the death of so excellent a minister. In the meanwhile Śivavarman reached the Court of Bhogavarman, and that messenger came bringing the letter; and fate would have it so that after Bhogavarman had read the letter he told to Śivavarman in secret the order he had received to put him to death.

The excellent minister Śivavarman in his turn said to that chief,—"put me to death; if you do not, I will slay myself with my own hand." When he heard that, Bhogavarman was filled with wonder, and said to him, "What does all this mean? Tell me Bráhman, if you do not, you will lie under my curse." Then the minister said to him, "King, in whatever land I am slain, on that land God will not send rain for twelve years." When he heard that, Bhogavarman debated with his minister,—"that wicked king desires the destruction of our land, for could he not have employed secret assassins to kill his minister? So we must not put this minister to death, moreover we must prevent him from laying violent hands on himself." Having thus deliberated and appointed him guards, Bhogavarman sent Śivavarman out of his country that moment; so that minister by means of his wisdom returned alive, and his innocence was established from another quarter, for righteousness cannot be undone.

In the same way your innocence will be made clear, Kátyáyana; remain for a while in my house; this king too will repent of what he has done. When Śakatála said this to me, I spent those days concealed in his house, waiting my opportunity.

Then it came to pass that one day, O Káṇabhúti, a son of that Yogananda named Hiraṇyagupta went out hunting, and when he had somehow or other been carried to a great distance by the speed of his horse, while he was

alone in the wood the day came to an end; and then he ascended a tree to pass the night. Immediately afterwards a bear, which had been terrified by a lion, ascended the same tree; he seeing the prince frightened, said to him with a human voice, “Fear not, thou art my friend,” and thus promised him immunity from harm. Then the prince confiding in the bear’s promise went to sleep, while the bear remained awake. Then the lion below said to the bear, “Bear, throw me down this man, and I will go away.” Then the bear said, “Villain, I will not cause the death of a friend.” When in course of time the bear went to sleep while the prince was awake, the lion said again, “Man, throw me down the bear.” When he heard that, the prince, who through fear for his own safety wished to propitiate the lion, tried to throw down the bear, but wonderful to say, it did not fall, since Fate caused it to awake. And then that bear said to the prince, “become insane, thou betrayer of thy friend,”[8] laying upon him a curse destined not to end until a third person guessed the whole transaction. Accordingly the prince, when he reached his palace in the morning went out of his mind, and Yogananda seeing it, was immediately plunged in despondency; and said, “If Vararuchi were alive at this moment, all this matter would be known; curse on my readiness to have him put to death!” Śakatála, when he heard this exclamation of the king’s, thought to himself, “Ha! here is an opportunity obtained for bringing Kátyáyana out of concealment, and he being a proud man will not remain here, and the king will repose confidence in me.” After reflecting thus, he implored pardon, and said to the king, “O King, cease from despondency, Vararuchi remains alive.” Then Yogananda said, “Let him be brought quickly.” Then I was suddenly brought by Śakatála into the presence of Yogananda and beheld the prince in that state; and by the favour of Sarasvatí I was enabled to reveal the whole occurrence; and I said, “King, he has proved a traitor to his friend”; then I was praised by that prince who was delivered from his curse; and the king asked me how I had managed to find out what had taken place. Then I said, “King, the minds of the wise see everything by inference from signs, and by acuteness of intellect. So I found out all this in the same way as I found out that mole.” When I had said this, that king was afflicted with shame. Then without accepting his munificence, considering myself to have gained all I desired by the clearing of my reputation, I went home: for to the wise character is

wealth. And the moment I arrived, the servants of my house wept before me, and when I was distressed at it Upavarsha came to me and said, "Upakośá, when she heard that the king had put you to death, committed her body to the flames, and then your mother's heart broke with grief." Hearing that, senseless with the distraction produced by recently aroused grief, I suddenly fell on the ground like a tree broken by the wind: and in a moment I tasted the relief of loud lamentations; whom will not the fire of grief, produced by the loss of dear relations, scorch? Varsha came and gave me sound advice in such words as these, "The only thing that is stable in this ever-changeful world is instability, then why are you distracted though you know this delusion of the Creator"? By the help of these and similar exhortations I at length, though with difficulty, regained my equanimity; then with heart disgusted with the world, I flung aside all earthly lords, and choosing self-restraint for my only companion, I went to a grove where asceticism was practised.

Then, as days went by, once on a time a Bráhman from Ayodhyá came to that ascetic-grove while I was there: I asked him for tidings about Yogananda's government, and he recognizing me told me in sorrowful accents the following story:

"Hear what happened to Nanda after you had left him. Śakatála after waiting for it a long time, found that he had now obtained an opportunity of injuring him. While thinking how he might by some device get Yogananda killed, he happened to see a Bráhman named Cháṇakya digging up the earth in his path; he said to him, "Why are you digging up the earth?" The Bráhman, whom he had asked, said, I am rooting up a plant of *darbha* grass here, because it has pricked my foot.[9] When he heard that, the minister thought that Bráhman who formed such stern resolves out of anger, would be the best instrument to destroy Nanda with. After asking his name he said to him, "Bráhman, I assign to you the duty of presiding at a *śráddha* on the thirteenth day of the lunar fortnight, in the house of king Nanda; you shall have one hundred thousand gold pieces by way of fee, and you shall sit at the board above all others; in the meanwhile come to my house." Saying this, Śakatála took that Bráhman to his house, and on the day of the *śráddha* he showed the Bráhman to the king, and he approved of him. Then

Cháṇakya went and sat at the head of the table during the *śráddha*, but a Bráhman named Subandhu desired that post of honour for himself. Then Śakatála went and referred the matter to king Nanda, who answered, “Let Subandhu sit at the head of the table, no one else deserves the place.” Then Śakatála went, and, humbly bowing through fear, communicated that order of the king’s to Cháṇakya, adding, “it is not my fault.” Then that Cháṇakya, being, as it were, inflamed all over with wrath, undoing the lock of hair on the crown of his head, made this solemn vow, “Surely this Nanda must be destroyed by me within seven days, and then my anger being appeased I will bind up my lock.” When he had said this, Yogananda was enraged; so Cháṇakya escaped unobserved, and Śakatála gave him refuge in his house. Then being supplied by Śakatála with the necessary instruments, that Bráhman Cháṇakya went somewhere and performed a magic rite; in consequence of this rite Yogananda caught a burning fever, and died when the seventh day arrived; and Śakatála, having slain Nanda’s son Hiraṇyagupta, bestowed the royal dignity upon Chandragupta a son of the previous Nanda. And after he had requested Cháṇakya, equal in ability to Bṛihaspati,[10] to be Chandragupta’s prime-minister, and established him in the office, that minister, considering that all his objects had been accomplished, as he had wreaked his vengeance on Yogananda, despondent through sorrow for the death of his sons, retired to the forest.”[11]

After I had heard this, O Káṇabhúti, from the mouth of that Bráhman, I became exceedingly afflicted, seeing that all things are unstable; and on account of my affliction I came to visit this shrine of Durgá, and through her favour having beheld you, O my friend, I have remembered my former birth.

And having obtained divine discernment I have told you the great tale: now as my curse has spent its strength, I will strive to leave the body; and do you remain here for the present, until there comes to you a Bráhman named Guṇáḍhya, who has forsaken the use of three languages,[12] surrounded with his pupils, for he like myself was cursed by the goddess in anger, being an excellent Gaṇa Mályaván by name, who for taking my part has become a mortal. To him you must tell this tale originally told by Siva, then you shall be delivered from your curse, and so shall he.

Having said all this to Káṇabhúti, that Vararuchi set forth for the holy hermitage of Badariká in order to put off his body. As he was going along he beheld on the banks of the Ganges a vegetable-eating[13] hermit, and while he was looking on, that hermit's hand was pricked with *kuśa* grass. Then Vararuchi turned his blood, as it flowed out, into sap[14] through his magic power, out of curiosity, in order to test his egotism; on beholding that, the hermit exclaimed, "Ha! I have attained perfection;" and so he became puffed up with pride. Then Vararuchi laughed a little and said to him, "I turned your blood into sap in order to test you, because even now, O hermit, you have not abandoned egotism. Egotism is in truth an obstacle in the road to knowledge hard to overcome, and without knowledge liberation cannot be attained even by a hundred vows. But the perishable joys of Svarga cannot attract the hearts of those who long for liberation, therefore, O hermit, endeavour to acquire knowledge by forsaking egotism." Having thus read that hermit a lesson, and having been praised by him prostrate in adoration, Vararuchi went to the tranquil site of the hermitage of Badarí.[15] There he, desirous of putting off his mortal condition, resorted for protection with intense devotion to that goddess who only can protect, and she manifesting her real form to him told him the secret of that meditation which arises from fire, to help him to put off the body. Then Vararuchi having consumed his body by that form of meditation, reached his own heavenly home; and henceforth that Káṇabhúti remained in the Vindhya forest eager for his desired meeting with Guṇáḍhya.

1

Dr. Liebrecht in Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 341 compares with this story one in the old French romance of Merlin. There Merlin laughs because the wife of the emperor Julius Cæsar had twelve young men disguised as ladies-in-waiting. Benfey, in a note on Dr. Liebrecht's article, compares with the story of Merlin one by the Countess D'Aulnoy, No. 36 of the Pentamerone of Basile, Straparola IV. I, and a story in the Śuka Saptati. This he quotes from the translation of Demetrios Galanos. In this some cooked fish laugh so that the whole town hears them. The reason is the same as in the story of Merlin and in our text.

2

Cp. the following passage in a Danish story called Svend's exploits, in Thorpe's Yuletide Stories, page 341. Just as he was going to sleep, twelve crows came flying and perched in

the elder trees over Svend's head. They began to converse together, and the one told the other what had happened to him that day. When they were about to fly away, one crow said, "I am so hungry; where shall I get something to eat?" "We shall have food enough to-morrow when father has killed Svend," answered the crow's brother. "Dost thou think then that such a miserable fellow dares fight with our father?" said another. "Yes, it is probable enough that he will, but it will not profit him much as our father cannot be overcome but with the Man of the Mount's sword, and that hangs in the mound, within seven locked doors, before each of which are two fierce dogs that never sleep." Svend thus learned that he should only be sacrificing his strength and life in attempting a combat with the dragon, before he had made himself master of the Man of the Mount's sword. So Sigfrid hears two birds talking above his head in Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 345. In the story of Lalitánga extracted by Professor Nilmani Mukerjea from a collection of Jaina tales called the Kathá Kosha, and printed in his Sáhitya Parichaya, Part II, we have a similar incident.

3

Compare the "mole cinque-spotted" in Cymbeline.

4

Compare Measure for Measure.

5

Cp. the story of Œdipus and the Mahábhárata, Vanaparvan, C. 312. where Yudhishṭhira is questioned by a Yaksha. Benfey compares Mahábhárata XIII (IV, 206) 5883–5918 where a Bráhman seized by a Rákshasa escaped in the same way. The reader will find similar questioning demons described in Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, pp. 54–56, and 109.

6

Reading *chuddhis* for the *chudis* of Dr. Brockhaus' text.

7

Sâmanta seems to mean a feudatory or dependent prince.

8

Benfey considers that this story was originally Buddhistic. A very similar story is quoted by him from the Karmaśataka. (Panchatantra I, p. 209) cp. also c. 65 of this work.

9

Probably his foot bled, and so he contracted defilement.

10

The preceptor of the gods.

11

See the Mudrá Rákshasa for another version of this story. (Wilson, Hindu Theatre, Vol. II.) Wilson remarks that the story is also told differently in the Puráṇas.

12

Sanskrit, Prákrit and his own native dialect.

13

I change Dr. Brockhaus's *Śákásana* into *Śákáśana*.

14

As, according to my reading, he ate vegetables, his blood was turned into the juice of vegetables. Dr. Brockhaus translates *machte dass das herausströmende Blut zu Krystallen sich bildete*.

15

A celebrated place of pilgrimage near the source of the Ganges, the Bhadrinath of modern travellers. (Monier Williams, *s. v.*)

Chapter VI.

Then that Mályaván wandering about in the wood in human form, passing under the name of Guṇáḍhya, having served the king Sátaváhana, and having, in accordance with a vow, abandoned in his presence the use of Sanskrit and two other languages, with sorrowful mind came to pay a visit to Durgá, the dweller in the Vindhya hills; and by her orders he went and beheld Káṇabhúti. Then he remembered his origin and suddenly, as it were, awoke from sleep; and making use of the Paiśácha language, which was different from the three languages he had sworn to forsake, he said to Káṇabhúti, after telling him his own name; "Quickly tell me that tale which you heard from Pushpadanta, in order that you and I together, my friend, may escape from our curse." Hearing that, Káṇabhúti bowed before him, and said to him in joyful mood, "I will tell you the story, but great curiosity possesses me, my lord, first tell me all your adventures from your birth, do me this favour." Thus being entreated by him, Guṇáḍhya proceeded to relate as follows:

In Pratishṭhána[1] there is a city named Supratishṭhita; in it there dwelt once upon a time an excellent Bráhman named Somaśarman, and he, my friend, had two sons Vatsa and Gulmaka, and he had also born to him a third child, a daughter named Śrutárthá. Now in course of time, that Bráhman and his wife died, and those two sons of his remained taking care of their sister. And she suddenly became pregnant. Then Vatsa and Gulma began to suspect one another, because no other man came in their sister's way: thereupon Śrutárthá, who saw what was in their minds, said to those brothers,—"Do not entertain evil suspicions, listen, I will tell you the truth; there is a prince of the name of Kírtisena, brother's son to Vásuki, the king of the Nágas;[2] he saw me when I was going to bathe, thereupon he was overcome with love, and after telling me his lineage and his name, made me his wife by the Gándharva marriage; he belongs to the Bráhman race, and it is by him that I am pregnant." When they heard this speech of their sister's, Vatsa and Gulma said, "What confidence can we repose in all this?" Then

she silently called to mind that Nága prince, and immediately he was thought upon, he came and said to Vatsa and Gulma, “In truth I have made your sister my wife, she is a glorious heavenly nymph fallen down to earth in consequence of a curse, and you too have descended to earth for the same reason, but a son shall without fail be born to your sister here, and then you and she together shall be freed from your curse.” Having said this he disappeared, and in a few days from that time, a son was born to Śrutárthá; know me my friend as that son.[3] At that very time a divine voice was heard from heaven, “This child that is born is an incarnation of virtue, and he shall be called Guṇádhya,[4] and is of the Bráhman caste.” Thereupon my mother and uncles, as their curse had spent its force, died, and I for my part became inconsolable. Then I flung aside my grief, and though a child I went in the strength of my self-reliance to the Deccan to acquire knowledge. Then, having in course of time learned all sciences, and become famous, I returned to my native land to exhibit my accomplishments; and when I entered after a long absence into the city of Supratishṭhita, surrounded by my disciples, I saw a wonderfully splendid scene. In one place chanters were intoning according to prescribed custom the hymns of the Sáma Veda, in another place Bráhmans were disputing about the interpretation of the sacred books, in another place gamblers were praising gambling in these deceitful words, “Whoever knows the art of gambling, has a treasure in his grasp,” and in another place, in the midst of a knot of merchants, who were talking to one another about their skill in the art of making money, a certain merchant spoke as follows:

Story of the Mouse-merchant.

It is not very wonderful that a thrifty man should acquire wealth by wealth; but I long ago achieved prosperity without any wealth to start with. My father died before I was born, and then my mother was deprived by wicked relations of all she possessed. Then she fled through fear of them, watching

over the safety of her unborn child, and dwelt in the house of Kumáradatta a friend of my father's, and there the virtuous woman gave birth to me, who was destined to be the means of her future maintenance; and so she reared me up by performing menial drudgery. And as she was so poor, she persuaded a teacher by way of charity to give me some instruction in writing and ciphering. Then she said to me, "You are the son of a merchant, so you must now engage in trade, and there is a very rich merchant in this country called Viśákhila; he is in the habit of lending capital to poor men of good family, go and entreat him to give you something to start with." Then I went to his house, and he at the very moment I entered, said in a rage to some merchant's son; "you see this dead mouse here upon the floor, even that is a commodity by which a capable man would acquire wealth, but I gave you, you good-for-nothing fellow, many *dínárs*,[5] and so far from increasing them, you have not even been able to preserve what you got." When I heard that, I suddenly said to that Viśákhila, "I hereby take from you that mouse as capital advanced;" saying this I took the mouse up in my hand, and wrote him a receipt for it, which he put in his strong box, and off I went. The merchant for his part burst out laughing. Well, I sold that mouse to a certain merchant as cat's-meat for two handfuls of gram, then I ground up that gram, and taking a pitcher of water, I went and stood on the cross-road in a shady place, outside the city; there I offered with the utmost civility the water and gram to a band of wood-cutters;[6] every wood-cutter gave me as a token of gratitude two pieces of wood; and I took those pieces of wood and sold them in the market; then for a small part of the price which I got for them, I bought a second supply of gram, and in the same way on a second day I obtained wood from the wood-cutters. Doing this every day I gradually acquired capital, and I bought from those wood-cutters all their wood for three days. Then suddenly there befell a dearth of wood on account of heavy rains, and I sold that wood for many hundred *paṇas*, with that wealth I set up a shop, and engaging in traffic, I have become a very wealthy man by my own ability. Then I made a mouse of gold, and gave it to that Viśákhila, then he gave me his daughter; and in consequence of my history I am known in the world by the name of Mouse. So without a coin in the world I acquired this prosperity. All the other

merchants then, when they heard this story, were astonished. How can the mind help being amazed at pictures without walls?[7]

Story of the chanter of the Sáma Veda.

In another place a Bráhman who had got eight gold *máshas* as a present, a chanter of the Sáma Veda, received the following piece of advice from a man who was a bit of a *roué*, "You get enough to live upon by your position as a Bráhman, so you ought now to employ this gold for the purpose of learning the way of the world in order that you may become a knowing fellow." The fool said "Who will teach me?" Thereupon the *roué* said to him, "This lady[8] named Chaturiká, go to her house." The Bráhman said, "What am I to do there"? The *roué* replied—"Give her gold, and in order to please her make use of some *sáma*."[9] When he heard this, the chanter went quickly to the house of Chaturiká; when he entered, the lady advanced to meet him and he took a seat. Then that Bráhman gave her the gold and faltered out the request, "Teach me now for this fee the way of the world." Thereupon the people who were there began to titter, and he, after reflecting a little, putting his hands together in the shape of a cow's ear, so that they formed a kind of pipe, began, like a stupid idiot, to chant with a shrill sound the Sáma Veda, so that all the *roués* in the house came together to see the fun; and they said "Whence has this jackal blundered in here? Come, let us quickly give him the half-moon[10] on his throat." Thereupon the Bráhman supposing that the half-moon meant an arrow with a head of that shape, and afraid of having his head cut off, rushed out of the house, bellowing out, "I have learnt the way of the world;" then he went to the man who had sent him, and told him the whole story. He replied "when I told you to use *sáma*, I meant coaxing and wheedling; what is the propriety of introducing the Veda in a matter of this kind? The fact is, I suppose, that stupidity is engrained in a man who muddles his head with the Vedas?" So he spoke, bursting with laughter all the while, and went off to the lady's house, and said to her, "Give back to that two-legged cow his gold-fodder." So she

laughing gave back the money, and when the Bráhman got it, he went back to his house as happy as if he had been born again.

Witnessing strange scenes of this kind at every step, I reached the palace of the king which was like the court of Indra. And then I entered it, with my pupils going before to herald my arrival, and saw the king Sátaváhana sitting in his hall of audience upon a jewelled throne, surrounded by his ministers, Śarvavarman and his colleagues, as Indra is by the gods. After I had blessed him and had taken a seat, and had been honoured by the king, Śarvavarman and the other ministers praised me in the following words, "This man, O king, is famous upon the earth as skilled in all lore, and therefore his name Guṇáḍhya[11] is a true index of his nature." Sátaváhana hearing me praised in this style by his ministers, was pleased with me and immediately entertained me honourably, and appointed me to the office of Minister. Then I married a wife, and lived there comfortably, looking after the king's affairs and instructing my pupils.

Once, as I was roaming about at leisure on the banks of the Godávarí out of curiosity, I beheld a garden called Devíkṛiti, and seeing that it was an exceedingly pleasant garden, like an earthly Nandana,[12] I asked the gardener how it came there, and he said to me, "My lord, according to the story which we hear from old people, long ago there came here a certain Bráhman who observed a vow of silence and abstained from food, he made this heavenly garden with a temple; then all the Bráhmans assembled here out of curiosity, and that Bráhman being persistently asked by them told his history. There is in this land a province called Vakakachchha on the banks of the Narmadá, in that district I was born as a Bráhman, and in former times no one gave me alms, as I was lazy as well as poor; then in a fit of annoyance I quitted my house being disgusted with life, and wandering round the holy places, I came to visit the shrine of Durgá the dweller in the Vindhya hills, and having beheld that goddess, I reflected, 'People propitiate with animal offerings this giver of boons, but I will slay myself here, stupid beast that I am.' Having formed this resolve, I took in hand a sword to cut off my head. Immediately that goddess being propitious, herself said to me, 'Son, thou art perfected, do not slay thyself, remain near me;' thus I obtained a boon from the goddess and attained divine nature;

from that day forth my hunger and thirst disappeared; then once on a time, as I was remaining there, that goddess herself said to me, ‘Go, my son, and plant in Pratishṭhána a glorious garden;’ thus speaking, she gave me, with her own hands, heavenly seed; thereupon I came here and made this beautiful garden by means of her power; and this garden you must keep in good order. Having said this, he disappeared. In this way this garden was made by the goddess long ago, my lord.” When I had heard from the gardener this signal manifestation of the favour of the goddess, I went home penetrated with wonder.

The story of Sátaváhana.

When Guṇáḍhya had said this, Káṇabhúti asked, “Why, my lord, was the king called Sátaváhana?” Then Guṇáḍhya said, Listen, I will tell you the reason. There was a king of great power named Dvípikarṇi. He had a wife named Śaktimatí, whom he valued more than life, and once upon a time a snake bit her as she was sleeping in the garden. Thereupon she died, and that king thinking only of her, though he had no son, took a vow of perpetual chastity. Then once upon a time the god of the moony crest said to him in a dream—“While wandering in the forest thou shalt behold a boy mounted on a lion, take him and go home, he shall be thy son.” Then the king woke up, and rejoiced remembering that dream, and one day in his passion for the chase he went to a distant wood; there in the middle of the day that king beheld on the bank of a lotus-lake a boy splendid as the sun, riding on a lion; the lion desiring to drink water set down the boy, and then the king remembering his dream slew it with one arrow. The creature thereupon abandoned the form of a lion, and suddenly assumed the shape of a man; the king exclaimed, “Alas! what means this? tell me!” and then the man answered him—“O king, I am a Yaksha of the name of Sáta, an attendant upon the god of wealth; long ago I beheld the daughter of a Ṛishi bathing in the Ganges; she too, when she beheld me, felt love arise in her breast, like myself: then I made her my wife by the Gándharva form of

marriage; and her relatives, finding it out, in their anger cursed me and her, saying, “You two wicked ones, doing what is right in your own eyes, shall become lions.” The hermit-folk appointed that her curse should end when she gave birth to offspring, and that mine should continue longer, until I was slain by thee with an arrow. So we became a pair of lions; she in course of time became pregnant, and then died after this boy was born, but I brought him up on the milk of other lionesses, and lo! to-day I am released from my curse having been smitten by thee with an arrow. Therefore receive this noble son which I give thee, for this thing was foretold long ago by those hermit-folk.” Having said this that Guhyaka named Sáta disappeared,[13] and the king taking the boy went home; and because he had ridden upon Sáta he gave the boy the name of Sátaváhana, and in course of time he established him in his kingdom. Then, when that king Dvípikarṇi went to the forest, this Sátaváhana became sovereign of the whole earth.

Having said this in the middle of his tale in answer to Káṇabhúti’s question, the wise Guṇáḍhya again called to mind and went on with the main thread of his narrative. Then once upon a time, in the spring festival that king Sátaváhana went to visit the garden made by the goddess, of which I spake before. He roamed there for a long time like Indra in the garden of Nandana, and descended into the water of the lake to amuse himself in company with his wives. There he sprinkled his beloved ones sportively with water flung by his hands, and was sprinkled by them in return like an elephant by its females. His wives with faces, the eyes of which were slightly reddened by the collyrium washed into them, and which were streaming with water, and with bodies the proportions of which were revealed by their clinging garments, pelted him vigorously; and as the wind strips the creepers in the forest of leaves and flowers, so he made his fair ones who fled into the adjoining shrubbery lose the marks on their foreheads[14] and their ornaments. Then one of his queens tardy with the weight of her breasts, with body tender as a *śirísha* flower, became exhausted with the amusement; she not being able to endure more, said to the king who was sprinkling her with water,—“do not pelt me with water-drops;” on hearing that, the king quickly had some sweetmeats[15] brought; then the queen burst out laughing and said again—“king, what do we want

with sweetmeats in the water? For I said to you, do not sprinkle me with water-drops. Do you not even understand the coalescence of the words *má* and *udaka*, and do you not know that chapter of the grammar,—how can you be such a blockhead?" When the queen, who knew grammatical treatises, said this to him, and the attendants laughed, the king was at once overpowered with secret shame; he left off romping in the water and immediately entered his own palace unperceived, crest-fallen, and full of self-contempt. Then he remained lost in thought, bewildered, averse to food and other enjoyments, and, like a picture, even when asked a question, he answered nothing. Thinking that his only resource was to acquire learning or die, he flung himself down on a couch, and remained in an agony of grief. Then all the king's attendants, seeing that he had suddenly fallen into such a state, were utterly beside themselves to think what it could mean. Then I and Śarvavarman came at last to hear of the king's condition, and by that time the day was almost at an end. So perceiving that the king was still in an unsatisfactory condition, we immediately summoned a servant of the king named Rájahansa. And he, when asked by us about the state of the king's health, said this—"I never before in my life saw the king in such a state of depression: and the other queens told me with much indignation that he had been humiliated to-day by that superficial blue-stocking, the daughter of Vishṇuśakti." When Śarvavarman and I had heard this from the mouth of the king's servant, we fell into a state of despondency, and thus reflected in our dilemma; "If the king were afflicted with bodily disease, we might introduce the physicians, but if his disease is mental it is impossible to find the cause of it. For there is no enemy in his country the thorns of which are destroyed, and these subjects are attached to him; no dearth of any kind is to be seen; so how can this sudden melancholy of the king's have arisen?" After we had debated to this effect, the wise Śarvavarman said as follows—"I know the cause, this king is distressed by sorrow for his own ignorance, for he is always expressing a desire for culture, saying 'I am a blockhead;' I long ago detected this desire of his, and we have heard that the occasion of the present fit is his having been humiliated by the queen." Thus we debated with one another and after we had passed that night, in the morning we went to the private apartments of the sovereign. There, though strict orders had been given that no one was to enter, I managed to get in with difficulty, and after me Śarvavarman slipped in quickly. I then sat

down near the king and asked him this question—"Why, O king, art thou without cause thus despondent?" Though he heard this, Sátaváhana nevertheless remained silent, and then Śarvavarman uttered this extraordinary speech, "King, thou didst long ago say to me, 'Make me a learned man.' Thinking upon that I employed last night a charm to produce a dream.[16] Then I saw in my dream a lotus fallen from heaven, and it was opened by some heavenly youth, and out of it came a divine woman in white garments, and immediately, O king, she entered thy mouth. When I had seen so much I woke up, and I think without doubt that the woman who visibly entered thy mouth was Sarasvatí." As soon as Śarvavarman had in these terms described his dream, the king broke his silence and said to me with the utmost earnestness,—"In how short a time can a man, who is diligently taught, acquire learning? Tell me this. For without learning all this regal splendour has no charms for me. What is the use of rank and power to a blockhead? They are like ornaments on a log of wood." Then I said, "King, it is invariably the case that it takes men twelve years to learn grammar, the gate to all knowledge. But I, my sovereign, will teach it you in six years." When he heard that, Śarvavarman suddenly exclaimed in a fit of jealousy—"How can a man accustomed to enjoyment endure hardship for so long? So I will teach you grammar, my prince, in six months." When I heard this promise which it seemed impossible to make good, I said to him in a rage, "If you teach the king in six months, I renounce at once and for ever Sanskrit, Prakṛit, and the vernacular dialect, these three languages which pass current among men;"[17] then Śarvavarman said—"And if I do not do this, I Śarvavarman, will carry your shoes on my head for twelve years." Having said this he went out; I too went home; and the king for his part was comforted, expecting that he would attain his object by means of one of us two. Now Śarvavarman being in a dilemma, seeing that his promise was one very difficult to perform, and regretting what he had done, told the whole story to his wife, and she grieved to hear it said to him, "My lord, in this difficulty there is no way of escape for you except the favour of the Lord Kártikeya."[18] "It is so," said Śarvavarman and determined to implore it. Accordingly in the last watch of the night, Śarvavarman set out fasting for the shrine of the god. Now I came to hear of it by means of my secret emissaries, and in the morning I told the king of it; and he, when he

heard it, wondered what would happen. Then a trusty Rájpút called Sinhagupta said to him, “When I heard, O king, that thou wast afflicted I was seized with great despondency. Then I went out of this city, and was preparing to cut off my own head before the goddess Durgá in order to ensure thy happiness. Then a voice from heaven forbade me, saying, ‘Do not so, the king’s wish shall be fulfilled.’ Therefore, I believe, thou art sure of success.” When he had said this, that Sinhagupta took leave of the king, and rapidly despatched two emissaries after Śarvavarman; who feeding only on air, observing a vow of silence, steadfast in resolution, reached at last the shrine of the Lord Kártikeya. There, pleased with his penance that spared not the body, Kártikeya favoured him according to his desire; then the two spies sent by Sinhagupta came into the king’s presence and reported the minister’s success. On hearing that news the king was delighted and I was despondent, as the *cháṭaka* joys, and the swan grieves, on seeing the cloud.[19] Then Śarvavarman arrived successful by the favour of Kártikeya, and communicated to the king all the sciences, which presented themselves to him on his thinking of them. And immediately they were revealed to the king Sátaváhana. For what cannot the grace of the Supreme Lord accomplish? Then the kingdom rejoiced on hearing that the king had thus obtained all knowledge, and there was high festival kept throughout it; and that moment banners were flaunted from every house, and being fanned by the wind, seemed to dance. Then Śarvavarman was honoured with abundance of jewels fit for a king by the sovereign, who bowed humbly before him, calling him his spiritual preceptor, and he was made governor of the territory called Vakakachchha, which lies along the bank of the Narmadá. The king being highly pleased with that Rájpút Sinhagupta, who first heard by the mouth of his spies, that the boon had been obtained from the six-faced god,[20] made him equal to himself in splendour and power. And that queen too, the daughter of Vishṇuśakti, who was the cause of his acquiring learning, he exalted at one bound above all the queens, through affection anointing[21] her with his own hand.

1

Pratishṭhána according to Wilson is celebrated as the capital of Śaliváhana. It is identifiable with Peytan on the Godávarí, the Bathana or Paithana of Ptolemy,—the capital of

Siripolemaios. Wilson identifies this name with Śaliváhana, but Dr. Rost remarks that Lassen more correctly identifies it with that of Śrí Pulimán of the Andhra dynasty who reigned at Pratishṭhána after the overthrow of the house of Śaliváhana about 130 A. D.

2

Fabulous serpent-demons having the head of a man with the tail of a serpent.—(Monier Williams, *s. v.*)

3

It seems to me that *tvam* in Dr. Brockhaus' text must be a misprint for *tam*.

4

I. e., rich in virtues, and good qualities.

5

From the Greek δηνάριον = *denarius*. (Monier Williams *s. v.*) *Dramma* = Gr. δραχμὴ is used in the Panchatantra; see Dr. Bühler's Notes to Panchatantra, IV and V, Note on p. 40, l. 3.

6

Literally wood-carriers.

7

He had made money without capital, so his achievements are compared to pictures suspended in the air?

8

ἑταίρα.

9

The *vita* or *roué* meant "conciliation" but the chanter of the Sáma Veda took it to mean "hymn."

10

I. e., seize him with curved hand, and fling him out neck and crop. The Precentor supposed them to mean a crescent-headed arrow.

11

I.e., rich in accomplishments.

12

Indra's pleasure-ground or Elysium. For a similar Zaubergarten see Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 251, and note 325; and Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 224. To this latter story there is a very close parallel in Játaka No. 220, (Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 188) where Sakko makes a garden for the Bodhisattva, who is threatened with death by the king, if it is not done.

13

Guhyaka here synonymous with Yaksha. The Guhyakas like the Yakshas are attendants upon Kuvera the god of wealth.

14

The *tilaka* a mark made upon the forehead or between the eyebrows with coloured earths, sandal-wood, &c., serving as an ornament or a sectarial distinction. Monier Williams *s. v.*

15

The negative particle *má* coalesces with *udakaih* (the plural instrumental case of *udaka*) into *modakaih*, and *modakaih* (the single word) means "with sweetmeats." The incident is related in Táránátha's Geschichte des Buddhismus in Indien, uebersetzt von Schiefner, p. 74.

16

So explained by Böhtlingk and Roth *s. v.* cp. Taranga 72 śl. 103.

17

He afterwards learns to speak in the language of the Piśáchas, goblins, or ogres.

18

Called also Kumára. This was no doubt indicated by the Kumára or boy, who opened the lotus.

19

The *cháṭaka* lives on rain-drops, but the poor swan has to take a long journey to the Mánasa lake beyond the snowy hills, at the approach of the rainy season.

20

Kártikeya.

21

More literally sprinkling her with water. See also the 60th Tale in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 17.

Chapter VII.

Then, having taken a vow of silence, I came into the presence of the sovereign, and there a certain Bráhman recited a *śloka* he had composed, and the king himself addressed him correctly in the Sanskrit language; and the people who were present in court were delighted when they witnessed that. Then the king said deferentially to Śarvavarman—"Tell me thyself after what fashion the god shewed thee favour." Hearing that, Śarvavarman proceeded to relate to the king the whole story of Kártikeya's favourable acceptance of him.

"I went, O king, on that occasion fasting and silent from this place, so when the journey came to an end, being very despondent, and emaciated with my severe austerities, worn out I fell senseless on the ground. Then, I remember, a man with a spear in his hand came and said to me in distinct accents, 'Rise up, my son, everything shall turn out favourably for thee.' By that speech I was, as it were, immediately bedewed with a shower of nectar, and I woke up, and seemed free from hunger and thirst and in good ease. Then I approached the neighbourhood of the god's temple, overpowered with the weight of my devotion, and after bathing I entered the inner shrine of the god in a state of agitated suspense. Then that Lord Skanda[1] gave me a sight of himself within, and thereupon Sarasvatí in visible shape entered my mouth. So that holy god, manifested before me, recited the *sútra* beginning 'the traditional doctrine of letters.' On hearing that, I, with the levity which is so natural to mankind, guessed the next *sútra* and uttered it myself. Then that god said to me, 'if thou hadst not uttered it thyself, this grammatical treatise would have supplanted that of Páṇini. As it is, on account of its conciseness, it shall be called Kátantra, and Kálápaka, from the tail (*kalápa*) of the peacock on which I ride.' Having said this, that god himself in visible form revealed to me that new and short grammar,[2] and then added this besides; 'That king of thine in a former birth was himself a holy sage, a pupil of the hermit Bharadvája, named Kṛishṇa, great in austerity: and he, having beheld a hermit's daughter who loved him in

return, suddenly felt the smart of the wound which the shaft of the flowery-arrowed god inflicts. So, having been cursed by the hermits, he has now become incarnate here, and that hermit's daughter has become incarnate as his queen.

So this king Sátaváhana, being an incarnation of a holy sage,[3] when he beholds thee, will attain a knowledge of all the sciences according to thy wish. For the highest matters are easily acquired by great-souled ones, having been learnt in a former birth, the real truth of them being recalled by their powerful memories.'[4] When the god had said this, he disappeared, and I went out, and there grains of rice were presented me by the god's servants. Then I proceeded to return, O king, and wonderful to say, though I consumed those grains on my journey day after day, they remained as numerous as ever." When he had related his adventure, Śarvavarman ceased speaking, and king Sátaváhana in cheerful mood rose up and went to bathe.

Then I, being excluded from business by my vow of silence, took leave, with a low bow only, of that king who was very averse to part with me, and went out of that town, accompanied by only two disciples, and, with my mind bent on the performance of austerities, came to visit the shrine of the dweller in the Vindhya hills, and having been directed by the goddess in a dream to visit thee, I entered for that purpose this terrible Vindhya forest. A hint given by a Pulinda enabled me to find a caravan, and so somehow or other, by the special favour of destiny, I managed to arrive here, and beheld this host of Piśáchas, and by hearing from a distance their conversation with one another, I have contrived to learn this Paiśácha language, which has enabled me to break my vow of silence; I then made use of it to ask after you, and, hearing that you had gone to Ujjayiní, I waited here until your return; on beholding you I welcomed you in the fourth language, (the speech of the Piśáchas), and then I called to mind my origin; this is the story of my adventures in this birth.

When Guṇáḍhya had said this, Káṇabhúti said to him,—"hear, how your arrival was made known to me last night. I have a friend, a Rákshasa of the name of Bhútivarman, who possesses heavenly insight; and I went to a garden in Ujjayiní, where he resides. On my asking him when my own

curse would come to an end, he said, we have no power in the day, wait, and I will tell you at night. I consented and when night came on, I asked him earnestly the reason why goblins[5] delighted in disporting themselves then, as they were doing. Then Bhútivarman said to me, ‘Listen, I will relate what I heard Śiva say in a conversation with Brahmá. Rákshasas, Yakshas, and Piśáchas have no power in the day, being dazed with the brightness of the sun, therefore they delight in the night. And where the gods are not worshipped, and the Bráhmans, in due form, and where men eat contrary to the holy law, there also they have power. Where there is a man who abstains from flesh, or a virtuous woman, there they do not go. They never attack chaste men, heroes, and men awake.’[6] When he said this on that occasion Bhútivarman continued, ‘Go, for Guṇáḍhya has arrived, the destined means of thy release from the curse.’ So hearing this, I have come, and I have seen thee, my lord; now I will relate to thee that tale which Pushpadanta told; but I feel curiosity on one point; tell me why he was called Pushpadanta and thou Mályaván.”

Story of Pushpadanta.

Hearing this question from Káṇabhúti, Guṇáḍhya said to him. On the bank of the Ganges there is a district granted to Bráhmans by royal charter, named Bahusuvarṇaka, and there lived there a very learned Bráhman named Govindadatta, and he had a wife Agnidattá who was devoted to her husband. In course of time that Bráhman had five sons by her. And they, being handsome but stupid, grew up insolent fellows. Then a guest came to the house of Govindadatta, a Bráhman Vaiśvánara by name, like a second god of fire.[7] As Govindadatta was away from home when he arrived, he came and saluted his sons, and they only responded to his salute with a laugh; then that Bráhman in a rage prepared to depart from his house. While he was in this state of wrath Govindadatta came, and asked the cause, and did his best to appease him, but the excellent Bráhman nevertheless spoke

as follows—"Your sons have become outcasts, as being blockheads, and you have lost caste by associating with them, therefore I will not eat in your house; if I did so, I should not be able to purify myself by any expiatory ceremony." Then Govindadatta said to him with an oath, "I will never even touch these wicked sons of mine." His hospitable wife also came and said the same to her guest; then Vaiśvánara was with difficulty induced to accept their hospitality. One of Govindadatta's sons, named Devadatta, when he saw that, was grieved at his father's sternness, and thinking a life of no value which was thus branded by his parents, went in a state of despondency to the hermitage of Badariká to perform penance; there he first ate leaves, and afterwards he fed only on smoke, persevering in a long course of austerities in order to propitiate the husband of Umá[8]. So Śambhu,[8] won over by his severe austerities, manifested himself to him, and he craved a boon from the god, that he might ever attend upon him. Śambhu thus commanded him—"Acquire learning, and enjoy pleasures on the earth, and after that thou shalt attain all thy desire." Then he, eager for learning, went to the city of Páṭaliputra, and according to custom waited on an instructor named Vedakumbha. When he was there, the wife of his preceptor distracted by passion, which had arisen in her heart, made violent love to him; alas! the fancies of women are ever inconstant! Accordingly Devadatta left that place, as his studies had been thus interfered with by the god of love, and went to Pratishṭhána with unwearied zeal. There he repaired to an old preceptor named Mantrasvámin, with an old wife, and acquired a perfect knowledge of the sciences. And after he had acquired learning, the daughter of the king Suśarman, Śrí by name, cast eyes upon the handsome youth, as the goddess Śrí upon Vishṇu. He also beheld that maiden at a window, looking like the presiding goddess of the moon, roaming through the air in a magic chariot. Those two were, as it were, fastened together by that look which was the chain of love, and were unable to separate. The king's daughter made him a sign to come near with one finger, looking like Love's command in fleshly form. Then he came near her, and she came out of the women's apartments, and took with her teeth a flower and threw it down to him. He, not understanding this mysterious sign made by the princess, puzzled as to what he ought to do, went home to his preceptor. There he rolled on the ground unable to utter a word, being

consumed within with burning pain, like one dumb and distracted; his wise preceptor guessing what was the matter by these love-symptoms, artfully questioned him, and at last he was with difficulty persuaded to tell the whole story. Then the clever preceptor guessed the riddle, and said to him,[9] "By letting drop a flower with her tooth she made a sign to you, that you were to go to this temple rich in flowers called Pushpadanta, and wait there: so you had better go now." When he heard this and knew the meaning of the sign, the youth forgot his grief. Then he went into that temple and remained there. The princess on her part also went there, giving as an excuse that it was the eighth day of the month, and then entered the inner shrine in order to present herself alone before the god; then she touched her lover who was behind the panel of the door, and he suddenly springing up threw his arms round her neck. She exclaimed, "this is strange; how did you guess the meaning of that sign of mine?" He replied, "it was my preceptor that found it out, not I." Then the princess flew into a passion and said, "Let me go, you are a dolt," and immediately rushed out of the temple, fearing that her secret would be discovered. Devadatta on his part went away, and thinking in solitude on his beloved, who was no sooner seen than lost to his eyes, was in such a state that the taper of his life was well nigh melted away in the fire of bereavement. Śiva, who had been before propitiated by him, commanded an attendant of his, of the name of Panchaśikha, to procure for him the desire of his heart. That excellent Gaṇa thereupon came, and consoled him, and caused him to assume the dress of a woman, and he himself wore the semblance of an aged Bráhman. Then that worthy Gaṇa went with him to king Suśarman the father of that bright-eyed one, and said to him; "My son has been sent away somewhere, I go to seek him: accordingly I deposit with thee this daughter-in-law of mine, keep her safely, O king." Hearing that, king Suśarman afraid of a Bráhman's curse, took the young man and placed him in his daughter's guarded seraglio, supposing him to be a woman. Then after the departure of Panchaśikha, the Bráhman dwelt in woman's clothes in the seraglio of his beloved, and became her trusted confidante. Once on a time the princess was full of regretful longing at night, so he discovered himself to her and secretly married her by the Gándharva form of marriage. And when she became pregnant, that excellent Gaṇa came on his thinking of him only, and carried

him away at night without its being perceived. Then he quickly rent off from the young man his woman's dress, and in the morning Panchaśikha resumed the semblance of a Bráhman; and going with the young man to the king Suśarman he said; "O king, I have this day found my son: so give me back my daughter-in-law." Then the king, supposing that she had fled somewhere at night, alarmed at the prospect of being cursed by the Bráhman, said this to his ministers. "This is no Bráhman, this is some god come to deceive me, for such things often happen in this world.

Story of king Śivi.

So in former times there was a king named Śivi, self-denying, compassionate, generous, resolute, the protector of all creatures; and in order to beguile him Indra assumed the shape of a hawk, and swiftly pursued Dharma,[10] who by magic had transformed himself into a dove. The dove in terror went and took refuge in the bosom of Śivi. Then the hawk addressed the king with a human voice; 'O king, this is my natural food, surrender the dove to me, for I am hungry. Know that my death will immediately follow if you refuse my prayer; in that case where will be your righteousness?' Then Śivi said to the god,—'this creature has fled to me for protection, and I cannot abandon it, therefore I will give you an equal weight of some other kind of flesh.' The hawk said, 'if this be so, then give me your own flesh.' The king, delighted, consented to do so. But as fast as he cut off his flesh and threw it on the scale, the dove seemed to weigh more and more in the balance. Then the king threw his whole body on to the scale, and thereupon a celestial voice was heard, 'Well done! this is equal in weight to the dove.' Then Indra and Dharma abandoned the form of hawk and dove, and being highly pleased restored the body of king Śivi whole as before, and, after bestowing on him many other blessings, they both disappeared. In the same way this Bráhman is some god that has come to prove me."[11]

Having said this to his ministers, that king Suśarman of his own motion said to that excellent Gaṇa that had assumed the form of a Bráhman, prostrating himself before him in fear, “Spare me; that daughter-in-law of thine was carried off last night. She has been taken somewhere or other by magic arts, though guarded night and day.” Then the Gaṇa, who had assumed the Bráhman’s semblance, pretending to be with difficulty won over to pity him, said, “If this be so, king, give thy daughter in marriage to my son.” When he heard this, the king afraid of being cursed, gave his own daughter to Devadatta: then Panchaśikha departed. Then Devadatta having recovered his beloved, and that in an open manner, flourished in the power and splendour of his father-in-law who had no son but him. And in course of time Suśarman anointed the son of his daughter by Devadatta, Mahídhara by name, as successor in his room, and retired to the forest. Then having seen the prosperity of his son, Devadatta considered that he had attained all his objects, and he too with the princess retired to the forest. There he again propitiated Śiva, and having laid aside his mortal body, by the special favour of the god he attained the position of a Gaṇa. Because he did not understand the sign given by the flower dropped from the tooth of his beloved, therefore he became known by the name of Pushpadanta in the assembly of the Gaṇas. And his wife became a door-keeper in the house of the goddess, under the name of Jayá: this is how he came to be called Pushpadanta: now hear the origin of my name.

Long ago I was a son of that same Bráhman called Govindadatta the father of Devadatta, and my name was Somadatta. I left my home indignant for the same reason as Devadatta, and I performed austerities on the Himálaya continually striving to propitiate Śiva with offerings of many garlands. The god of the moony crest, being pleased, revealed himself to me in the same way as he did to my brother, and I chose the privilege of attending upon him as a Gaṇa, not being desirous of lower pleasures. The husband of the daughter of the mountain, that mighty god, thus addressed me; “Because I have been worshipped by thee with garlands of flowers growing in trackless forest-regions, brought with thy own hand, therefore thou shalt be one of my Gaṇas, and shalt bear the name of Mályaván.” Then I cast off my mortal frame, and immediately attained the holy state of an attendant on the god. And so my name of Mályaván was bestowed upon me by him who wears

the burden of the matted locks,[12] as a mark of his special favour. And I, that very Mályaván, have once more, O Káṇabhúti, been degraded to the state of a mortal, as thou seest, owing to the curse of the daughter of the mountain, therefore do thou now tell me the tale told by Śiva, in order that the state of curse of both of us may cease.

Note to Chapter VII.

"Rákshasas, Yakshas, and Piśáchas have no power in the day, being dazed with the brightness of the sun therefore they delight in the night."

Farmer commenting on Hamlet, Act I, Sc. I, 150, quotes the following lines of Prudentius *Ad Gallicinium*. Ferunt vagantes dæmonas, Lætos tenebris noctium, Gallo canente exterritos, Sparsim timere et cedere. Hoc esse signum præscii Norunt repromissæ spei, Qua nos soporis liberi Speramus adventum Dei. Douce quotes from another hymn said to have been composed by Saint Ambrose and formerly used in the Salisbury service. Præco dici jam sonat, Noctis profundæ pervigil; Nocturna lux viantibus, A nocte noctem segregans. Hoc excitatus Lucifer Solvit polum caligine; Hoc omnis errorum cohors Viam nocendi deserit. Gallo canente spes redit &c.

See also Grössler's Sagen der Grafschaft Mansfeld, pp. 58 and 59; the Pentamerone of Basile, translated by Liebrecht, Vol. I, p. 251; Dasent's Norse Tales, p. 347, "The Troll turned round, and, of course, as soon as he saw the sun, he burst;" Grimm's Irische Märchen, p. x; Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, p. 63; Schöppner's Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, pp. 123, and 228; and Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 138. He quotes the following interesting passage from the Philopseudes of Lucian, Συνῆν ἄχρι δὴ ἀλεκτρυόνων ἠκούσαμεν ᾀδόντων τότε δὴ ἥ τε Σελήνη ἀνέπτατο εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν καὶ ἡ Ἑκάτη ἔδυ κατὰ τῆς γῆς, καὶ τὰ ἄλλα φάσματα ἠφανίσθη, &c.

1

Skanda is another name of Kártikeya.

2

This grammar is extensively in use in the eastern parts of Bengal. The rules are attributed to Śarvavarman, by the inspiration of Kártikeya, as narrated in the text. The *vṛitti* or gloss is the work of Durgá Singh and that again is commented on by Trilochana Dása and Kavirája. Vararuchi is the supposed author of an illustration of the Conjugations and Srípati Varmá of a Supplement. Other Commentaries are attributed to Gopí Nátha, Kula Chandra and Viśveśvara. (Note in Wilson's Essays, Vol. I. p. 183.)

3

Ṛishis.

4

Sanskára means tendency produced by some past influence, often works in a former birth. This belief seems to be very general in Wales, see Wirt Sikes, British Goblins, p. 113. See also Kuhn's Herabkunft des Feuers, p. 93, De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 285.

5

For the idea cp. Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 1. (towards the end) and numerous other passages in the same author.

6

Brockhaus renders it *Fromme, Helden und Weise*.

7

Vaiśvánara is an epithet of Agni or Fire.

8

Śiva.

9

Cp. the 1st story in the Vetála Panchavinśati, Chapter 75 of this work. See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 241, where Prince Ivan by the help of his tutor Katoma propounds to the Princess Anna the fair, a riddle which enables him to win her as his wife.

10

The god of justice.

11

Benfey considers this story as Buddhistic in its origin. In the “Memoires Sur les Contrées Occidentales traduits du Sanscrit par Hiouen Thsang et du Chinois par Stanislas Julien” we are expressly told that Gautama Buddha gave his flesh to the hawk as Śivi in a former state of existence. It is told of many other persons, see Benfey’s Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 388, cp. also Campbell’s West Highland Tales, p. 239, Vol. I, Tale XVI. M. Lévêque (Les Mythes et Légendes de L’Inde p. 327) connects this story with that of Philemon and Baucis. He lays particular stress upon the following lines of Ovid:

Unicus anser erat, minimæ custodia villæ
Quem Dîs hospitibus domini mactare parabant:
Ille celer penna tardos ætate fatigat,
Eluditque diu, tandemquo est visus ad ipsos
Confugisse deos. *Superi vetuere necari.*

See also Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, pp. 187, 297 and 414.

12

I. e., Śiva.

Chapter VIII.

In accordance with this request of Guṇáḍhya that heavenly tale consisting of seven stories was told by Káṇabhúti in his own language, and Guṇáḍhya for his part using the same Paiśácha language threw them into seven hundred thousand couplets in seven years; and that great poet, for fear that the Vidyádharas should steal his composition, wrote it with his own blood in the forest, not possessing ink. And so the Vidyádharas, Siddhas and other demigods came to hear it, and the heaven above where Káṇabhúti was reciting, was, as it were, continually covered with a canopy. And Káṇabhúti, when he had seen that great tale composed by Guṇáḍhya, was released from his curse and went to his own place. There were also other Piśáchas that accompanied him in his wanderings: they too all of them attained heaven, having heard that heavenly tale. Then that great poet Guṇáḍhya began to reflect, "I must make this Great Tale[1] of mine current on the earth, for that is the condition that the goddess mentioned when she revealed how my curse would end. Then how shall I make it current? To whom shall I give it?" Then his two disciples that had followed him, one of whom was called Guṇadeva, and the other Nandideva said to him, "The glorious Sátaváhana alone is a fit person to give this poem to, for being a man of taste he will diffuse the poem far and wide, as the wind diffuses the perfume of the flower." "So be it," said Guṇáḍhya, and gave the book to those two accomplished disciples and sent them to that king with it; and went himself to that same Pratishṭhána, but remained outside the city in the garden planted by the goddess, where he arranged that they should meet him. And his disciples went and showed the poem to king Sátaváhana, telling him at the same time that it was the work of Guṇáḍhya. When he heard that Paiśácha language and saw that they had the appearance of Piśáchas, that king, led astray by pride of learning, said with a sneer, "The seven hundred thousand couplets are a weighty authority, but the Paiśácha language is barbarous, and the letters are written in blood; away with this Paiśácha tale." Then the two pupils took the book, and returned by the way which they came, and told the whole circumstance to Guṇáḍhya. Guṇáḍhya for his

part, when he heard it, was immediately overcome with sorrow; who indeed is not inly grieved when scorned by a competent authority? Then he went with his disciples to a craggy hill at no great distance, in an unfrequented but pleasant spot, and first prepared a consecrated fire cavity. Then he took the leaves one by one, and after he had read them aloud to the beasts and birds, he flung them into the fire while his disciples looked on with tearful eyes. But he reserved one story, consisting of one hundred thousand couplets, containing the history of Naraváhanadatta, for the sake of his two disciples, as they particularly fancied it. And while he was reading out and burning that heavenly tale, all the deer, boars, buffaloes and other wild animals, came there, leaving the pasturage, and formed a circle around him, listening with tears in their eyes, unable to quit the spot.[2]

In the meanwhile king Sátaváhana fell sick. And the physicians said that his illness was due to eating meat wanting in nutritive qualities. And when the cooks were scolded for it, they said—"The hunters bring in to us flesh of this kind." And when the hunters were taken to task, they said,—"On a hill not very far from here there is a Bráhman reading, who throws into the fire every leaf as soon as he has read it; so all the animals go there and listen without ever grazing, they never wander anywhere else, consequently this flesh of theirs is wanting in nutritive properties on account of their going without food." When he heard this speech of the hunters he made them shew him the way, and out of curiosity went in person to see Guṇáḍhya, and he beheld him owing to his forest life overspread with matted locks, that looked like the smoke of the fire of his curse, that was almost extinguished.

Then the king recognized him as he stood in the midst of the weeping animals, and after he had respectfully saluted him, he asked him for an explanation of all the circumstances. That wise Bráhman then related to the king in the language of the demons his own history as Pushpadanta, giving an account of the curse and all the circumstances which originated the descent of the tale to earth. Then the king, discovering that he was an incarnation of a Gaṇa, bowed at his feet, and asked him for that celestial tale that had issued from the mouth of Śiva. Then Guṇáḍhya said to that king Sátaváhana; "O king I have burnt six tales containing six hundred thousand couplets; but here is one tale consisting of a hundred thousand

couplets, take that:[3] and these two pupils of mine shall explain it to you." So spake Guṇáḍhya and took leave of the king, and then by strength of devotion laid aside his earthly body, and released from the curse ascended to his own heavenly home. Then the king took that tale which Guṇáḍhya had given, called Vṛihat Kathá, containing the adventures of Naraváhanadatta, and went to his own city. And there he bestowed on Guṇadeva and Nandideva, the pupils of the poet who composed that tale, lands, gold, garments, beasts of burden, palaces, and treasures. And having recovered the sense of that tale with their help, Sátaváhana composed the book named Kathápíṭha, in order to shew how the tale came to be first made known in the Paiśácha language. Now that tale was so full of various interest, that men were so taken up with it as to forget the tales of the gods, and after producing that effect in the city it attained uninterrupted renown in the three worlds.

1

Vṛihat Kathá.

2

Compare the story of Orpheus.

3

It is unnecessary to remind the reader of the story of the Sibyl.

Book II.

Called Kathámukha.

This nectarous tale sprang in old time from the mouth of Śiva, set in motion by his love for the daughter of the Himálaya, as the nectar of immortality sprang from the sea, when churned by the mountain Mandara. Those who drink eagerly the nectar of this tale, have all impediments removed and gain prosperity, and by the favour of Śiva attain, while living upon earth, the high rank of gods.

Chapter IX.

May the water of Śiva's sweat, fresh from the embrace of Gaurí,[1] which the god of love when afraid of the fire of Śiva's eye, employs as his aqueous weapon, protect you.

Listen to the following tale of the Vidyádharas, which the excellent Gaṇa Pushpadanta heard on mount Kailása from the god of the matted locks, and which Káṇabhúti heard on the earth from the same Pushpadanta after he had become Vararuchi, and which Guṇáḍhya heard from Káṇabhúti, and Sátaváhana heard from Guṇáḍhya.

Story of Udayana king of Vatsa.

There is a land famous under the name of Vatsa, that appears as if it had been made by the Creator as an earthly rival to dash the pride of heaven. In the centre of it is a great city named Kauśámbí, the favourite dwelling-place of the goddess of prosperity; the ear-ornament, so to speak, of the earth. In it dwelt a king named Śatáníka, sprung from the Páṇḍava family, he was the son of Janamejaya, and the grandson of king Paríkshit, who was the great-grandson of Abhimanyu. The first progenitor of his race was Arjuna, the might of whose strong arms was tested in a struggle with the mighty arms of Śiva;[2] his wife was the earth, and also Vishṇumatí his queen; the first produced jewels, but the second did not produce a son. Once on a time, as that king was roaming about in his passion for the chase, he made acquaintance in the forest with the hermit Śándilya. That worthy sage finding out that the king desired a son, came to Kauśámbí and administered to his queen an artfully prepared oblation[3] consecrated with mystic verses. Then he had a son born to him called Sahasráníka. And his father was

adorned by him as excellence is by modesty. Then in course of time Śatáníka made that son crown-prince and though he still enjoyed kingly pleasures, ceased to trouble himself about the cares of government. Then a war arose between the gods and Asuras, and Indra sent Mátali as a messenger to that king begging for aid. Then he committed his son and his kingdom to the care of his principal minister, who was called Yogandhara, and his Commander-in-chief, whose name was Supratíka, and went to Indra with Mátali to slay the Asuras in fight. That king, having slain many Asuras, of whom Yamadanshṭra was the chief, under the eyes of Indra, met death in that very battle. The king's body was brought back by Mátali, and the queen burnt herself with it, and the royal dignity descended to his son Sahasráníka. Wonderful to say, when that king ascended his father's throne, the heads of the kings on every side of his dominions were bent down with the weight. Then Indra sent Mátali, and brought to heaven that Sahasráníka, as being the son of his friend, that he might be present at the great feast which he was holding to celebrate his victory over his foes. There the king saw the gods, attended by their fair ones, sporting in the garden of Nandana, and desiring for himself a suitable wife, fell into low spirits. Then Indra, perceiving this desire of his, said to him; "King, away with despondency, this desire of thine shall be accomplished. For there has been born upon the earth one, who was long ago ordained a suitable match for thee. For listen to the following history, which I now proceed to relate to thee.

"Long ago I went to the court of Brahmá in order to visit him, and a certain Vasu named Vidhúma followed me. While we were there, an Apsaras[4] named Alambushá came to see Brahmá, and her robe was blown aside by the wind. And the Vasu, when he beheld her, was overpowered by love, and the Apsaras too had her eyes immediately attracted by his form. The lotus-sprung god,[5] when he beheld that, looked me full in the face, and I, knowing his meaning, in wrath cursed those two, 'Be born, you two, shameless creatures, into the world of mortals, and there become man and wife.' That Vasu has been born as thou, Sahasráníka, the son of Śatáníka, an ornament to the race of the moon. And that Apsaras too has been born in Ayodhyá as the daughter of king Kṛitavarman, Mṛigávatí by name, she shall be thy wife." By these words of Indra the flame of love was fanned in the

passionate[6] heart of the king and burst out into full blaze; as a fire when fanned by the wind. Indra then dismissed the king from heaven with all due honour in his own chariot, and he set out with Mátali[7] for his capital. But as he was starting, the Apsaras Tilottamá said to him out of affection, “King I have somewhat to say to thee, wait a moment.” But he, thinking on Mṛigávatí, went off without hearing what she said, then Tilottamá in her rage cursed him; “King, thou shalt be separated for fourteen years from her who has so engrossed thy mind that thou dost not hear my speech.” Now Mátali heard that curse, but the king, yearning for his beloved, did not. In the chariot he went to Kauśámbí but in spirit he went to Ayodhyá. Then the king told with longing heart, all that he had heard from Indra with reference to Mṛigávatí, to his ministers, Yogandhara and the others: and not being able to endure delay, he sent an ambassador to Ayodhyá to ask her father Kṛitavarman for the hand of that maiden. And Kṛitavarman having heard from the ambassador his commission, told in his joy the queen Kalávatí, and then she said to him—“King we ought certainly to give Mṛigávatí to Sahasráníka, and, I remember, a certain Bráhman told me this very thing in a dream”; then in his delight the king showed to the ambassador Mṛigávatí’s wonderful skill in dancing, singing, and other accomplishments, and her matchless beauty; so the king Kṛitavarman gave to Sahasráníka that daughter of his who was unequalled as a mine of graceful arts, and who shone like an incarnation of the moon; that marriage of Sahasráníka and Mṛigávatí was one in which the good qualities of either party supplemented those of the other, and might be compared to the union of learning and intelligence.

Not long after sons were born to the king’s ministers; Yogandhara had a son born to him named Yaugandharáyaṇa; and Supratíka had a son born to him named Rumaṇvat. And to the king’s master of the revels was born a son named Vasantaka. Then in a few days Mṛigávatí became slightly pale and promised to bear a child to king Sahasráníka. And then she asked the king, who was never tired of looking at her, to gratify her longing by filling a tank full of blood for her to bathe in. Accordingly the king, who was a righteous man, in order to gratify her desire, had a tank filled with the juice of lac and other red extracts, so that it seemed to be full of blood.[8] And

while she was bathing in that lake, and covered with red dye, a bird of the race of Garuḍa[9] suddenly pounced upon her and carried her off thinking she was raw flesh. As soon as she was carried away in some unknown direction by the bird, the king became distracted, and his self-command forsook him as if in order to go in search of her. His heart was so attached to his beloved that it was in very truth carried off by that bird, and thus he fell senseless upon the earth. As soon as he had recovered his senses, Mátali, who had discovered all by his divine power, descended through the air and came where the king was. He consoled the king, and told him the curse of Tilottamá with its destined end, as he had heard it long ago, and then he took his departure. Then the king tormented with grief lamented on this wise; “Alas my beloved, that wicked Tilottamá has accomplished her desire.” But having learned the facts about the curse, and having received advice from his ministers, he managed, though with difficulty, to retain his life through hope of a future reunion.

But that bird, which had carried off Mṛigávatí, as soon as it found out that she was alive, abandoned her, and as fate would have it, left her on the mountain where the sun rises. And when the bird let her drop and departed, the queen, distracted with grief and fear, saw that she was left unprotected on the slope of a trackless mountain. While she was weeping in the forest, alone, with one garment only to cover her, an enormous serpent rose up and prepared to swallow her. Then she, for whom prosperity was reserved in the future, was delivered by some heavenly hero that came down and slew the serpent, and disappeared almost as soon as he was seen. Thereupon she, longing for death, flung herself down in front of a wild elephant, but even he spared her as if out of compassion. Wonderful was it that even a wild beast did not slay her when she fell in his way! Or rather it was not to be wondered at. What cannot the will of Śiva effect?

Then the girl tardy with the weight of her womb, desiring to hurl herself down from a precipice, and thinking upon that lord of hers, wept aloud; and a hermit’s son, who had wandered there in search of roots and fruits, hearing that, came up, and found her looking like the incarnation of sorrow. And he, after questioning the queen about her adventures, and comforting her as well as he could, with a heart melted with compassion led her off to

the hermitage of Jamadagni. There she beheld Jamadagni, looking like the incarnation of comfort, whose brightness so illumined the eastern mountain that it seemed as if the rising sun ever rested on it. When she fell at his feet, that hermit who was kind to all that came to him for help, and possessed heavenly insight, said to her who was tortured with the pain of separation; "Here there shall be born to thee, my daughter, a son that shall uphold the family of his father, and thou shalt be reunited to thy husband, therefore weep not." When that virtuous woman heard that speech of the hermit's, she took up her abode in that hermitage, and entertained hope of a reunion with her beloved. And some days after, the blameless one gave birth to a charmingly beautiful son, as association with the good produces good manners. At that moment a voice was heard from heaven; "an august king of great renown has been born, Udayana by name, and his son shall be monarch of all the Vidyádharas." That voice restored to the heart of Mṛigávatí joy which she had long forgotten. Gradually that boy grew up to size and strength in that grove of asceticism, accompanied by his own excellent qualities as playmates. And the heroic child had the sacraments appropriate to a member of the warrior-caste performed for him by Jamadagni, and was instructed by him in the sciences, and the practice of archery. And out of love for him Mṛigávatí drew off from her own wrist, and placed on his, a bracelet marked with the name of Sahasráníka. Then that Udayana roaming about once upon a time in pursuit of deer, beheld in the forest a snake that had been forcibly captured by a Śavara.[10] And he, feeling pity for the beautiful snake, said to that Śavara, "Let go this snake to please me." Then that Śavara said, "My lord, this is my livelihood, for I am a poor man, and I always maintain myself by exhibiting dancing snakes. The snake I previously had having died, I searched through this great wood, and, finding this one, overpowered him by charms and captured him." When he heard this, the generous Udayana gave that Śavara the bracelet which his mother had bestowed on him, and persuaded him to set the snake at liberty. The Śavara took the bracelet and departed, and then the snake being pleased with Udayana bowed before him and said as follows, "I am the eldest brother of Vásuki,[11] called Vasunemi: receive from me, whom thou hast preserved, this lute, sweet in the sounding of its strings, divided according to the division of the quarter-tones; and betel leaf, together with

the art of weaving unfading garlands, and adorning the forehead with marks that never become indistinct." Then Udayana furnished with all these, and dismissed by the snake, returned to the hermitage of Jamadagni, raining nectar, so to speak, into the eyes of his mother.

In the meanwhile that Śavara who had lighted on this forest, and while roaming about in it had obtained the bracelet from Udayana by the will of fate, was caught attempting to sell this ornament marked with the king's name in the market, and was arrested by the police, and brought up in court before the king. Then king Sahasráníka himself asked him in sorrow whence he had obtained the bracelet. Then that Śavara told him the whole story of his obtaining possession of the bracelet, beginning with his capture of the snake upon the eastern mountain. Hearing that from the Śavara, and beholding that bracelet of his beloved, king Sahasráníka ascended the swing of doubt.

Then a divine voice from heaven delighted the king who was tortured with the fire of separation, as the rain-drops delight the peacock when afflicted with the heat, uttering these words—"Thy curse is at an end, O king, and that wife of thine Mṛigávatí is residing in the hermitage of Jamadagni together with thy son." Then that day at last came to an end, though made long by anxious expectation, and on the morrow that king Sahasráníka, making the Śavara show him the way, set out with his army for that hermitage on the eastern mountain, in order quickly to recover his beloved wife.

1

I. e., Durgá.

2

I believe this refers to Arjuna's combat with the god when he had assumed the form of a Kiráta or mountaineer. Śiva is here called Tripurári, the enemy or destroyer of Tripura. Dr. Brockhaus renders it quite differently.

3

Composed of rice, milk, sugar and spices.

4

Certain female divinities who reside in the sky and are the wives of the Gandharvas. Monier Williams, *s. v.*

5

Brahmá. He emerges from a lotus growing from the navel of Vishṇu.

6

In the word *sasnehe* there is probably a pun; *sneha* meaning love, and also oil.

7

The charioteer of Indra.

8

For illustrations of this bath of blood see Dunlop's Liebrecht, page 135, and the note at the end of the book. The story of Der arme Heinrich, to which Liebrecht refers, is to be found in the VIth Volume of Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher. Cp. the story of Amys and Amylion, Ellis's Early English Romances, pp. 597 and 598, the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 367; Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 73; Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 268; Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, p. 354, with Dr. Köhler's notes.

9

This is the Roc or Rokh of Arabian romance, agreeing in the multiplicity of individuals as well as their propensity for raw flesh.

(See Sindbad's Voyages ed. Langlès, p. 149.) The latter characteristic, to the subversion of all poetical fancies, has acquired, it may be supposed, for the Adjutant (Ardea Argila) the name of Garuḍa. A *wundervogel* is the property of all people, and the Garuḍa of the Hindoos is represented by the Eorosh of the Zend, Simoorgh of the Persians, the Anka of the Arabs, the Kerkes of the Turks, the Kirni of the Japanese, the sacred dragon of the Chinese, the Griffin of Chivalry, the Phœnix of classical fable, the wise and ancient bird that sits upon the ash Yggdrasil of the Edda, and according to Faber with all the rest is a misrepresentation of the holy cherubim that guarded the gate of Paradise. Some writers have even traced the twelve knights of the round table to the twelve Rocs of Persian story. (Wilson's Essays, Vol. I, pp. 192, 193, note.)

Gigantic birds that feed on raw flesh are mentioned by the Pseudo-Callisthenes, Book II, ch. 41. Alexander gets on the back of one of them, and is carried into the air, guiding his bird by holding a piece of liver in front of it. He is warned by a winged creature in human shape to proceed no further, and descends again to earth. See also Liebrecht's Dunlop, p.

143 and note. See also Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, pp. 5, 6, 7. He compares Pacolet's horse in the story of Valentine and Orson.

10

A wild mountaineer. Dr. Bühler observes that the names of these tribes are used very vaguely in Sanskrit story-books.

11

Sovereign of the snakes.

Chapter X.

After he had gone a long distance the king encamped that day in a certain forest on the border of a lake. He went to bed weary, and in the evening he said to Sangataka a story-teller who had come to him on account of the pleasure he took in his service; “Tell me some tale that will gladden my heart, for I am longing for the joy of beholding the lotus-face of Mṛigávatí.” Then Sangataka said, King why do you grieve without cause? The union with your queen, which will mark the termination of your curse, is nigh at hand. Human beings experience many unions and separations: and I will tell you a story to illustrate this; listen, my lord!

Story of Śrídatta and Mṛigánkavatí.

Once on a time there lived in the country of Málava a Bráhman named Yajnasoma. And that good man had two sons born to him, beloved by men. One of them was known as Kálanemi and the second was named Vigatabhaya. Now, when their father had gone to heaven, those two brothers, having passed through the age of childhood, went to the city of Páṭaliputra to acquire learning. And when they had completed their studies, their teacher Devaśarman gave them his own two daughters, like another couple of sciences incarnate in bodily form.

Then seeing that the householders around him were rich, Kálanemi through envy made a vow and propitiated the goddess of Fortune with burnt-offerings. And the goddess being satisfied appeared in bodily form and said to him—“Thou shalt obtain great wealth and a son who shall rule the earth; but at last thou shalt be put to death like a robber, because thou hast offered flesh in the fire with impure motives.” When she had said this, the goddess

disappeared; and Kálanemi in course of time became very rich; moreover after some days a son was born to him. So the father, whose desires were now accomplished, called that son Śrídatta,[1] because he had been obtained by the favour of the goddess of Fortune. In course of time Śrídatta grew up, and though a Bráhman, became matchless upon earth in the use of weapons, and in boxing and wrestling.

Then Kálanemi's brother Vigatabhaya went to a foreign land, having become desirous of visiting places of pilgrimage, through sorrow for his wife, who died of the bite of a snake.

Moreover the king of the land, Vallabhaśakti, who appreciated good qualities, made Śrídatta the companion of his son Vikramaśakti. So he had to live with a haughty prince, as the impetuous Bhíma lived in his youth with Duryodhana. Then two Kshatriyas, natives of Avanti, Báhuśálin and Vajramushṭi became friends of that Bráhman's. And some other men from the Deccan, sons of ministers, having been conquered by him in wrestling, resorted to him out of spontaneous friendship, as they knew how to value merit. Mahábala and Vyághrabhaṭa and also Upendrabala and a man named Nishṭhuraka became his friends. One day, as years rolled on, Śrídatta, being in attendance on the prince, went with him and those friends to sport on the bank of the Ganges; then the prince's own servants made him king, and at the same time Śrídatta was chosen king by his friends. This made the prince angry, and in over-weening confidence he at once challenged that Bráhman hero to fight. Then being conquered by him in wrestling, and so disgraced, he made up his mind that this rising hero should be put to death. But Śrídatta found out that intention of the prince's, and withdrew in alarm with those friends of his from his presence. And as he was going along, he saw in the middle of the Ganges a woman being dragged under by the stream, looking like the goddess of Fortune in the middle of the sea. And then he plunged in to pull her out of the water, leaving Báhuśálin and his five other friends on the bank. Then that woman, though he seized her by the hair, sank deep in the water; and he dived as deep in order to follow her. And after he had dived a long way, he suddenly saw a splendid temple of Śiva, but no water and no woman.[2] After beholding that wonderful sight, being wearied out he paid his adorations to the god whose emblem is a bull, and

spent that night in a beautiful garden attached to the temple. And in the morning that lady was seen by him having come to worship the god Śiva, like the incarnate splendour of beauty attended by all womanly perfections. And after she had worshipped the god, the moon-faced one departed to her own house, and Śrídatta for his part followed her. And he saw that palace of hers resembling the city of the gods, which the haughty beauty entered hurriedly in a contemptuous manner. And without deigning to address him, the graceful lady sat down on a sofa in the inner part of the house, waited upon by thousands of women. And Śrídatta also took a seat near her; then suddenly that virtuous lady began to weep. The tear-drops fell in an unceasing shower on her bosom, and that moment pity entered into the heart of Śrídatta. And then he said to her, "Who art thou, and what is thy sorrow? Tell me, fair one, for I am able to remove it." Then she said reluctantly, "We are the thousand granddaughters of Bali[3] the king of the Daityas, and I am the eldest of all, and my name is Vidyutprabhá. That grandfather of ours was carried off by Vishṇu to long imprisonment, and the same hero slew our father in a wrestling-match. And after he had slain him, he excluded us from our own city, and he placed a lion in it to prevent us from entering. The lion occupies that place, and grief our hearts. It is a Yaksha that was made a lion by the curse of Kuvera, and long ago it was predicted that the Yaksha's curse should end when he was conquered by some mortal; so Vishṇu deigned to inform us on our humbly asking him how we might be enabled to enter our city. Therefore subdue that lion our enemy; it was for that reason, O hero, that I enticed you hither. And when you have overcome him you will obtain from him a sword named Mṛigánka, by the virtue of which you shall conquer the world and become a king." When he heard that, Śrídatta agreed to undertake the adventure, and after that day had passed, on the morrow he took those Daitya maidens with him as guides, and went to that city, and there he overcame in wrestling that haughty lion.[4] He being freed from his curse assumed a human form, and out of gratitude gave his sword to the man who had put an end to his curse, and then disappeared together with the burden of the sorrow of the great Asura's daughter. Then that Śrídatta, together with the Daitya's daughter, who was accompanied by her younger sisters, entered that splendid city which looked like the serpent Ananta[5] having emerged from the earth. And

that Daitya maiden gave him a ring that destroyed the effect of poison. Then that young man remaining there fell in love with her. And she cunningly said to him, “Bathe in this tank, and when you dive in, take with you this sword[6] to keep off the danger of crocodiles.” He consented, and diving into the tank, rose upon that very bank of the Ganges from which he first plunged in. Then he, seeing the ring and the sword, felt astonishment at having emerged from the lower regions, and despondency at having been tricked by the Asura maid. Then he went towards his own house to look for his friends, and as he was going he saw on the way his friend Nishṭhuraka. Nishṭhuraka came up to him and saluted him, and quickly took him aside into a lonely place, and when asked by him for news of his relations, gave him this answer; “On that occasion when you plunged into the Ganges we searched for you many days, and out of grief we were preparing to cut off our heads, but a voice from heaven forbade that attempt of ours saying, ‘My sons, do no rash act, your friend shall return alive.’ And then we were returning into the presence of your father, when on the way a man hurriedly advanced to meet us and said this—‘You must not enter this city at present, for the king of it Vallabhaśakti is dead, and the ministers have with one accord conferred the royal dignity on Vikramaśakti;’ now the day after he was made king he went to the house of Kálanemi, and full of wrath asked him where his son Śrídatta was, and he replied—‘I do not know.’ Then the king in a rage, supposing he had concealed his son, had him put to death by impalement as a thief. When his wife saw that, her heart broke. Men of cruel deeds must always pile one evil action upon another in long succession; and so Vikramaśakti is searching for Śrídatta to slay him, and you are his friends, therefore leave this place.’ When the man had given us this warning, Báhuśálin and his four companions being grieved went by common consent to their own home in Ujjayiní. And they left me here in concealment, my friend, for your sake. So come, let us go to that very place to meet our friends.” Having heard this from Nishṭhuraka, and having bewailed his parents, Śrídatta cast many a look at his sword, as if reposing in that his hope of vengeance; then the hero, biding his time, set out accompanied by Nishṭhuraka for that city of Ujjayiní in order to meet his friends.

And as he was relating to his friend his adventures from the time of his plunging into the stream, Śrídatta beheld a woman weeping in the road; when she said, “I am a woman going to Ujjayiní and I have lost my way,” Śrídatta out of pity made her journey along with him. He and Nishṭhuraka, together with that woman, whom he kept with him out of compassion, halted that day in a certain deserted town. There he suddenly woke up in the night and beheld that the woman had slain Nishṭhuraka, and was devouring his flesh with the utmost delight. Then he rose up drawing his sword Mṛigánka, and that woman assumed her own terrible form, that of a Rákshasí,[7] and he seized that night-wanderer by her hair, to slay her. That moment she assumed a heavenly shape and said to him, “Slay me not, mighty hero, let me go, I am not a Rákshasí; the hermit Viśvámitra imposed this condition on me by a curse. For once when he was performing austerities from a desire to attain the position of the god of wealth, I was sent by the god to impede him. Then finding that I was not able to seduce him with my alluring form, being abashed, I assumed in order to terrify him a formidable shape. When he saw this, that hermit laid on me a curse suitable to my offence, exclaiming—‘Wicked one, become a Rákshasí and slay men.’ And he appointed that my curse should end when you took hold of my hair; accordingly I assumed this detestable condition of a Rákshasí, and I have devoured all the inhabitants of this town: now to-day after a long time you have brought my curse to an end in the manner foretold; therefore receive now some boon.” When he heard that speech of hers, Śrídatta said respectfully, “Mother grant that my friend may be restored to life. What need have I of any other boon?” “So be it,” said she, and after granting the boon disappeared. And Nishṭhuraka rose up again alive without a scratch on his body. Then Śrídatta set out the next morning with him, delighted and astonished, and at last reached Ujjayiní. There he revived by his appearance the spirits of his friends, who were anxiously expecting him, as the arrival of the cloud revives the peacocks. And after he had told all the wonders of his adventures, Báhuśálin went through the usual formalities of hospitality, taking him to his own home. There Śrídatta was taken care of by the parents of Báhuśálin, and lived with his friends as comfortably as if he were in his own house.

Once on a time, when the great feast of spring-tide[8] had arrived, he went with his friends to behold some festal rejoicings in a garden. There he beheld a maiden, the daughter of king Bimbaki, who had come to see the show, looking like the goddess of the Splendour of Spring present in bodily form. She, by name Mṛigánkavatí, that moment penetrated into his heart, as if through the openings left by the expansion of his eye. Her passionate look too, indicative of the beginning of love, fixed on him, went and returned like a confidante. When she entered a thicket of trees, Śrídatta not beholding her, suddenly felt his heart so empty that he did not know where he was. His friend Báhuśálin, who thoroughly understood the language of gestures, said to him, "My friend, I know your heart, do not deny your passion, therefore, come, let us go to that part of the garden where the king's daughter is." He consented and went near her accompanied by his friend. That moment a cry was heard there, which gave great pain to the heart of Śrídatta, "Alas the princess has been bitten by a snake!" Báhuśálin then went and said to the chamberlain—"My friend here possesses a ring that counteracts the effects of poison, and also healing spells." Immediately the chamberlain came, and bowing at his feet, quickly led Śrídatta to the princess. He placed the ring on her finger, and then muttered his spells so that she revived. Then all the attendants were delighted, and loud in praise of Śrídatta, and the king Bimbaki hearing the circumstances came to the place. Accordingly Śrídatta returned with his friends to the house of Báhuśálin without taking back the ring. And all the gold and other presents, which the delighted king sent to him there, he handed over to the father of Báhuśálin. Then, thinking upon that fair one, he was so much afflicted, that his friends became utterly bewildered as to what to do with him. Then a dear friend of the princess, Bhávaniká, by name, came to him on pretence of returning the ring; and said to him, "That friend of mine, illustrious Sir, has made up her mind, that either you must save her life by becoming her husband, or she will be married to her grave." When Bhávaniká had said this, Śrídatta and Báhuśálin and the others quickly put their heads together and came to the following resolution, "We will carry off this princess secretly by a stratagem, and will go unperceived from here to Mathurá and live there." The plan having been thoroughly talked over, and the conspirators having agreed with one another what each was to do in order to

carry it out, Bhávaniká then departed. And the next day Báhuśálin, accompanied by three of his friends, went to Mathurá on pretext of trafficking, and as he went he posted in concealment at intervals swift horses for the conveyance of the princess. But Śrídatta then brought at eventide a woman with her daughter into the palace of the princess, after making them both drink spirits, and then Bhávaniká, on pretence of lighting up the palace, set fire to it, and secretly conveyed the princess out of it; and that moment Śrídatta, who was remaining outside, received her, and sent her on to Báhuśálin, who had started in the morning, and directed two of his friends to attend on her and also Bhávaniká. Now that drunken woman and her daughter were burnt in the palace of the princess, and people supposed that the princess had been burnt with her friend. But Śrídatta took care to show himself in the morning as before, in the city; then on the second night, taking with him his sword Mṛigánka, he started to follow his beloved, who had set out before him. And in his eagerness he accomplished a great distance that night, and when the morning watch[9] had passed, he reached the Vindhya forest. There he first beheld unlucky omens, and afterwards he saw all those friends of his together with Bhávaniká lying in the road gashed with wounds. And when he came up all distracted, they said to him, "We were robbed to-day by a large troop of horsemen that set upon us. And after we were reduced to this state, one of the horsemen threw the terrified princess on his horse and carried her off. So before she has been carried to a great distance, go in this direction, do not remain near us, she is certainly of more importance than we." Being urged on with these words by his friends, Śrídatta rapidly followed after the princess, but could not help frequently turning round to look at them. And after he had gone a considerable distance, he caught up that troop of cavalry, and he saw a young man of the warrior caste in the midst of it. And he beheld that princess held by him upon his horse. So he slowly approached that young warrior; and when soft words would not induce him to let the princess go, he hurled him from his horse with a blow of his foot, and dashed him to pieces on a rock. And after he had slain him, he mounted on his horse and slew a great number of the other horsemen who charged him in anger. And then those who remained alive, seeing that the might which the hero displayed was more than human, fled away in terror; and Śrídatta mounted on the horse with the princess

Mṛigánkavatí and set out to find those friends of his. And after he had gone a little way, he and his wife got off the horse which had been severely wounded in the fight, and soon after it fell down and died. And then his beloved Mṛigánkavatí, exhausted with fear and exertion, became very thirsty. And leaving her there, he roamed a long distance hither and thither, and while he was looking for water the sun set. Then he discovered that, though he had found water, he had lost his way, and he passed that night in the wood roaming about, moaning aloud like a Chakraváka.[10] And in the morning he reached that place, which was easy to recognise by the carcass of the horse. And nowhere there did he behold his beloved princess. Then in his distraction he placed his sword Mṛigánka on the ground, and climbed to the top of a tree, in order to cast his eye in all directions for her. That very moment a certain Śavara chieftain passed that way; and he came up and took the sword from the foot of the tree. Beholding that Śavara chieftain, Śrídatta came down from the top of the tree, and in great grief asked him for news of his beloved. The Śavara chieftain said—"Leave this place and come to my village; I have no doubt she whom you seek has gone there; and I shall come there and return you this sword." When the Śavara chieftain urged him to go with these words, Śrídatta, being himself all eagerness, went to that village with the chief's men. And there those men said to him,—"Sleep off your fatigue,"—and when he reached the house of the chief of the village, being tired he went to sleep in an instant. And when he woke up he saw his two feet fastened with fetters, like the two efforts he had made in order to obtain his beloved, which failed to reach their object. Then he remained there weeping for his darling, who, like the course of destiny, had for a moment brought him joy, and the next moment blasted his hopes.

One day a serving maid of the name of Mochaniká came to him and said,—Illustrious Sir, unwittingly you have come hither to your death? For the Śavara chieftain has gone somewhither to accomplish certain weighty affairs, and when he returns, he will offer you to Chaṇḍiká.[11] For with that object he decoyed you here by a stratagem from this slope of the wild Vindhya hill, and immediately threw you into the chains in which you now are. And it is because you are intended to be offered as a victim to the

goddess, that you are continually served with garments and food. But I know of only one expedient for delivering you, if you agree to it. This Śavara chieftain has a daughter named Sundarí, and she having seen you is becoming exceedingly love-sick; marry her who is my friend, then you will obtain deliverance.[12] When she said this to him, Śrídatta consented, desiring to be set at liberty, and secretly made that Sundarí his wife by the Gándharva form of marriage. And every night she removed his chains and in a short time Sundarí became pregnant. Then her mother, having heard the whole story from the mouth of Mochaniká, out of love for her son-in-law Śrídatta, went and of her own accord said to him—"My son, Śríchaṇḍa the father of Sundarí is a wrathful man, and will show thee no mercy. Therefore depart, but thou must not forget Sundarí." When his mother-in-law had said this, she set him at liberty, and Śrídatta departed after telling Sundarí that the sword, which was in her father's possession, really belonged to himself.

So he again entered full of anxiety that forest, in which he had before wandered about, in order again to search for traces of Mṛigávatí. And having seen an auspicious omen he came to that same place, where that horse of his died before, and whence his wife was carried off. And there he saw near[13] him a hunter coming towards him, and when he saw him he asked him for news of that gazelle-eyed lady. Then the hunter asked him "Are you Śrídatta?" and he sighing replied "I am that unfortunate man." Then that hunter said, "Listen, friend, I have somewhat to tell you. I saw that wife of yours wandering hither and thither lamenting your absence, and having asked her her story, and consoled her, moved with compassion I took her out of this wood to my own village. But when I saw the young Pulindas[14] there, I was afraid, and I took her to a village named Nágasthala near Mathurá.[15] And then I placed her in the house of an old Bráhman named Viśvadatta commending her with all due respect to his care. And thence I came here having learnt your name from her lips. Therefore you had better go quickly to Nágasthala to search for her." When the hunter had told him this, Śrídatta quickly set out, and he reached Nágasthala in the evening of the second day. Then he entered the house of Viśvadatta and when he saw him said, "Give me my wife who was placed here by the hunter." Viśvadatta when he heard that, answered him, "I have a friend in

Mathurá a Bráhman, dear to all virtuous men, the spiritual preceptor and minister of the king Śúrasena. In his care I placed your wife. For this village is an out-of-the-way place and would not afford her protection. So go to that city to-morrow morning, but to-day rest here." When Viśvadatta said this, he spent that night there, and the next morning he set off, and reached Mathurá on the second day. Being weary and dusty with the long journey, he bathed outside that city in the pellucid water of a lake. And he drew out of the middle of the lake a garment placed there by some robbers, not suspecting any harm. But in one corner of the garment, which was knotted up, a necklace was concealed.[16] Then Śrídatta took that garment, and in his eagerness to meet his wife did not notice the necklace, and so entered the city of Mathurá. Then the city police recognized the garment, and finding the necklace, arrested Śrídatta as a thief, and carried him off, and brought him before the chief magistrate exactly as he was found, with the garment in his possession; by him he was handed up to the king, and the king ordered him to be put to death.

Then, as he was being led off to the place of execution with the drum being beaten behind him,[17] his wife Mṛigánkavatí saw him in the distance. She went in a state of the utmost distraction and said to the chief minister, in whose house she was residing, "Yonder is my husband being led off to execution." Then that minister went and ordered the executioners to desist, and, by making a representation to the king, got Śrídatta pardoned, and had him brought to his house. And when Śrídatta reached his house, and saw that minister, he recognised him and fell at his feet, exclaiming, "What! is this my uncle Vigatabhaya, who long ago went to a foreign country, and do I now by good luck find him established in the position of a minister?" He too recognised to his astonishment Śrídatta as his brother's son, and embraced him, and questioned him about all his adventures. Then Śrídatta related to his uncle his whole history beginning with the execution of his father. And he, after weeping, said to his nephew in private, "Do not despond, my son, for I once brought a female Yaksha into subjection by means of magic; and she gave me, though I have no son, five thousand horses and seventy millions of gold pieces: and all that wealth is at your disposal." After telling him this, his uncle brought him his beloved, and he,

having obtained wealth, married her on the spot. And then he remained there in joy, united with that beloved Mṛigánkavatí as a bed of white lotuses[18] with the night. But even when his happiness was at its full, anxiety for Báhuśálin and his companions clouded his heart, as a spot of darkness does the full moon. Now one day his uncle said secretly to Śrídatta: "my son, the king Śúrasena has a maiden daughter, and in accordance with his orders I have to take her to the land of Avanti to give her away in marriage; so I will take her away on that very pretext, and marry her to you. Then, when you have got possession of the force that follows her, with mine already at your disposal, you will soon gain the kingdom that was promised you by the goddess Śrí." Having resolved on this, and having taken that maiden, Śrídatta and his uncle set out with their army and their attendants. But as soon as they had reached the Vindhya forest, before they were aware of the danger, a large army of brigands set upon them showering arrows. After routing Śrídatta's force, and seizing all the wealth, they bound Śrídatta himself, who had fainted from his wounds, and carried him off to their village. And they took him to the awful temple of Durgá, in order to offer him up in sacrifice, and, as it were, summoned Death with the sound of their gongs. There Sundarí saw him, one of his wives, the daughter of the chief of the village, who had come with her young son to visit the shrine of the goddess. Full of joy she ordered the brigands, who were between her and her husband, to stand aside, and then Śrídatta entered her palace with her. Immediately Śrídatta obtained the sovereignty of that village, which Sundarí's father, having no son, bequeathed to her when he went to heaven. So Śrídatta recovered his wife and his sword Mṛigánka, and also his uncle and his followers, who had been overpowered by the robbers. And, while he was in that town, he married the daughter of Śúrasena, and became a great king there. And from that place he sent ambassadors to his two fathers-in-law, to Bimbaki, and king Śúrasena. And they, being very fond of their daughters, gladly recognised him as a connection, and came to him accompanied by the whole of their armies. And his friends Báhuśálin and the others, who had been separated from him, when they heard what had happened, came to him with their wounds healed and in good health. Then the hero marched, united with his fathers-in-law, and made that Vikramaśakti, who had put his father to death,

a burnt-offering in the flame of his wrath. And then Śrídatta, having gained dominion over the sea-encircled earth, and deliverance from the sorrow of separation, joyed in the society of Mṛigánkavatí. Even so, my king, do men of firm resolution cross the calamitous sea of separation and obtain prosperity.

After hearing this tale from Sangataka, the king Sahasráníka, though longing for the sight of his beloved one, managed to get through that night on the journey. Then, engrossed with his desire, sending his thoughts on before, in the morning Sahasráníka set out to meet his darling. And in a few days he reached that peaceful hermitage of Jamadagni, in which even the deer laid aside their wantonness. And there he beheld with reverence that Jamadagni, the sight of whom was sanctifying, like the incarnate form of penance, who received him hospitably. And the hermit handed over to him that queen Mṛigávatí with her son, regained by the king after long separation, like tranquillity accompanied with joy. And that sight which the husband and wife obtained of one another, now that the curse had ceased, rained, as it were, nectar into their eyes, which were filled with tears of joy. And the king embracing that son Udayana, whom he now beheld for the first time, could with difficulty let him go, as he was, so to speak, riveted to his body with his own hairs that stood erect from joy.[19] Then king Sahasráníka took his queen Mṛigávatí with Udayana, and, bidding adieu to Jamadagni, set out from that tranquil hermitage for his own city, and even the deer followed him as far as the border of the hermitage with tearful eyes. Beguiling the way by listening to the adventures of his beloved wife during the period of separation, and by relating his own, he at length reached the city of Kauśámbí, in which triumphal arches were erected and banners displayed. And he entered that city in company with his wife and child, being, so to speak, devoured[20] by the eyes of the citizens, that had the fringe of their lashes elevated. And immediately the king appointed his son Udayana crown-prince, being incited to it by his excellent qualities. And he assigned to him as advisers the sons of his own ministers, Vasantaka and Rumaṇvat and Yaugandharáyaṇa. Then a rain of flowers fell, and a celestial voice was heard—"By the help of these excellent ministers, the prince shall obtain dominion over the whole earth." Then the king devolved on his son

the cares of empire, and enjoyed in the society of Mṛigávatí the long-desired pleasures of the world. At last the desire of earthly enjoyment, beholding suddenly that old age, the harbinger of composure had reached the root of the king's ear,[21] became enraged and fled far from him. Then that king Sahasráníka established in his throne his excellent son Udayana,[22] whom the subjects loved so well, to ensure the world's prosperity, and accompanied by his ministers, and his beloved wife, ascended the Himálaya to prepare for the last great journey.

1

I. e., given by Fortune.

2

Cp. the story of Sattvaśíla, which is the seventh tale in the Vetála Panchavinśati, and will be found in Chapter 81 of this work. Cp. also the story of Śaktideva in Book V. ch. 26, and Ralston's remarks on it in his Russian Folk-Tales, p. 99.

3

Vishṇu assumed the form of a dwarf and appeared before Bali, and asked for as much land as he could step over. On Bali's granting it, Vishṇu dilating himself, in two steps deprived him of heaven and earth, but left the lower regions still in his dominion.

4

This incident may be compared with one described in Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 82.

5

Ananta, endless, or infinite, is a name of the thousand-headed serpent Śesha.

6

Reading *khadgam* for the *khadge* of Dr. Brockhaus's text.

7

Female demon. The Rákshasas are often called "night-wanderers."

8

Or more literally of the month Chaitra, *i. e.*, March-April.

9

At nine o'clock in the morning.

10

Anas Casarca, commonly called the Brahmany duck. The male has to pass the night separated from its female: if we are to trust the unanimous testimony of Hindu poets.

11

A name of Durgá. Cp. Prescott's account of the human sacrifices in Mexico, Vol. I pp. 62, 63.

12

This incident reminds us of the fifth rule in Wright's Gesta Romanorum.

13

Or it may mean "from a distance," as Dr. Brockhaus takes it.

14

Pulinda, name of a savage tribe.

15

Mr. Growse remarks: "In Hindi the word Nágasthala would assume the form Nágal; and there is a village of that name to this day in the Mahában Pargana of the Mathurá District."

16

A common way of carrying money in India at the present day.

17

Compare the last Scene of the Toy Cart in the 1st volume of Wilson's Hindu Theatre.

18

The esculent white lotus (Sanskrit *kumuda*) expands its petals at night, and closes them in the daytime.

19

In Sanskrit poetry horripilation is often said to be produced by joy. I have here inserted the words "from joy" in order to make the meaning clear.

20

Literally drunk in.

21

Alluding to his grey hairs. In all eastern stories the appearance of the first grey hair is a momentous epoch. The point of the whole passage consists in the fact that *jará*, old age, is

feminine in form. Cp. the perturbation of King Samson in Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 26, and Spence Hardy's Manual of Buddhism (1860) pp. 129 and 130.

22

There is a pun between the name of the king Udayana and prosperity (*udaya*).

Chapter XI.

Then Udayana took the kingdom of Vatsa, which his father had bequeathed to him, and, establishing himself in Kauśámbí, ruled his subjects well. But gradually he began to devolve the cares of empire upon his ministers, Yaugandharáyaṇa and others, and gave himself up entirely to pleasures. He was continually engaged in the chase, and day and night he played on the melodious lute which Vásuki[1] gave him long ago; and he subdued evermore infuriated wild elephants, overpowered by the fascinating spell of its strings' dulcet sound, and, taming them, brought them home. That king of Vatsa drank wine adorned by the reflection of the moon-faces of fair women, and at the same time robbed his minister's faces of their cheerful hue.[2] Only one anxiety had he to bear, he kept thinking, "Nowhere is a wife found equal to me in birth and personal appearance, the maiden named Vásavadattá alone has a liking for me, but how is she to be obtained?" Chaṇḍamahásena also in Ujjayiní thought; "There is no suitable husband to be found for my daughter in the world, except one Udayana by name, and he has ever been my enemy. Then how can I make him my son-in-law and my submissive ally? There is only one device which can effect it. He wanders about alone in the forest capturing elephants, for he is a king addicted to the vice of hunting; I will make use of this failing of his to entrap him and bring him here by a stratagem: and, as he is acquainted with music, I will make this daughter of mine his pupil, and then his eye will without doubt be charmed with her, and he will certainly became my son-in-law, and my obedient ally. No other artifice seems applicable in this case for making him submissive to my will." Having thus reflected, he went to the temple of Durgá, in order that his scheme might be blessed with success, and, after worship and praise, offered a prayer to the goddess. And there he heard a bodiless voice saying, "This desire of thine, O king, shall shortly be accomplished." Then he returned satisfied, and deliberated over that very matter with the minister Buddhadatta[3] saying—"That prince is elated with pride, he is free from avarice, his subjects are attached to him, and he is of great power, therefore he cannot be reached by any of the four

usual expedients beginning with negotiation, nevertheless let negotiation be tried first."[4] Having thus deliberated, the king gave this order to an ambassador, "Go and give the king of Vatsa this message from me; 'My daughter desires to be thy pupil in music, if thou love us, come here and teach her.'" When sent off by the king with this message, the ambassador went and repeated it to the king of Vatsa in Kauśámbí exactly as it was delivered; and the king of Vatsa, after hearing this uncourteous message from the ambassador, repeated it in private to the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, saying "Why did that monarch send me that insolent message? What can be the villain's object in making such a proposal?" When the king asked him this question, the great minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, who was stern to his master for his good, thus answered him; "Your reputation for vice[5] has shot up in the earth like a creeper, and this, O king, is its biting bitter fruit. For that king Chaṇḍamahásena, thinking that you are the slave of your passions, intends to ensnare you by means of his beautiful daughter, throw you into prison, and so make you his unresisting instrument. Therefore abandon kingly vices, for kings that fall into them are easily captured by their enemies, even as elephants are taken in pits." When his minister had said this to him, the resolute king of Vatsa sent in return an ambassador to Chaṇḍamahásena with the following reply, "If thy daughter desires to become my pupil, then send her here." When he had sent this reply, that king of Vatsa said to his ministers—"I will march and bring Chaṇḍamahásena here in chains." When he heard that, the head minister Yaugandharáyaṇa said—"That is not a fitting thing to do, my king, nor is it in thy power to do it. For Chaṇḍamahásena is a mighty monarch, and not to be subdued by thee. And in proof of this, hear his whole history, which I now proceed to relate to thee."

Story of king Chaṇḍamahásena.

There is in this land a city named Ujjayiní, the ornament of the earth, that, so to speak, laughs to scorn with its palaces of enamelled whiteness[6] Amarávatí, the city of the gods. In that city dwells Śiva himself, the lord of existence, under the form of Mahákála,[7] when he desists from the kingly vice of absenting himself on the heights of mount Kailása. In that city lived a king named Mahendravarman, best of monarchs, and he had a son like himself, named Jayasena. Then to that Jayasena was born a son named Mahásena, matchless in strength of arm, an elephant among monarchs. And that king, while cherishing his realm, reflected, "I have not a sword worthy of me,[8] nor a wife of good family." Thus reflecting that monarch went to the temple of Durgá, and there he remained without food, propitiating for a long time the goddess. Then he cut off pieces of his own flesh, and offered a burnt-offering with them, whereupon the goddess Durgá being pleased appeared in visible shape and said to him, "I am pleased with thee, receive from me this excellent sword, by means of its magic power thou shalt be invincible to all thy enemies. Moreover thou shalt soon obtain as a wife Angáravatí, the daughter of the Asura Angáraka, the most beautiful maiden in the three worlds. And since thou didst here perform this very cruel penance, therefore thy name shall be Chaṇḍamahásena." Having said this and given him the sword, the goddess disappeared. But in the king there appeared joy at the fulfilment of his desire. He now possessed, O king, two jewels, his sword and a furious elephant named Naḍágiri, which were to him what the thunderbolt and Airávaṇa are to Indra. Then that king, delighting in the power of these two, one day went to a great forest to hunt; and there he beheld an enormous and terrible wild boar; like the darkness of the night suddenly condensed into a solid mass in the day time. That boar was not wounded by the king's arrows, in spite of their sharpness, but after breaking the king's chariot[9] fled and entered a cavern. The king, leaving that car of his, in revengeful pursuit of the boar, entered into that cavern with only his bow to aid him. And after he had gone a long distance, he beheld a great and splendid capital, and astonished he sat down inside the city on the bank of a lake. While there, he beheld a maiden moving along, surrounded by hundreds of women, like the arrow of love that cleaves the armour of self-restraint. She slowly approached the king, bathing him, so to speak, again and again in a look, that rained in showers the nectar of love.[10]

She said, “who art thou, illustrious sir, and for what reason hast thou entered our home on this occasion?” The king, being thus questioned by her, told her the whole truth; hearing which, she let fall from her eyes a passionate flood of tears, and from her heart all self-control. The king said, “Who art thou, and why dost thou weep?” When he asked her this question, she, being a prisoner to love at his will, answered him, “The boar that entered here is the Daitya Angáraka by name. And I am his daughter, O king, and my name is Angáravatí. And he is of adamantine frame, and has carried off these hundred princesses from the palaces of kings and appointed them to attend on me. Moreover this great Asura has become a Rákshasa owing to a curse, but to-day as he was exhausted with thirst and fatigue, even when he found you, he spared you. At present he has put off the form of a boar and is resting in his own proper shape, but when he wakes up from his sleep, he will without fail do you an injury. It is for this reason that I see no hope of a happy issue for you, and so these tear-drops fall from my eyes like my vital spirits boiled with the fire of grief.” When he heard this speech of Angáravatí’s the king said to her,—“If you love me, do this which I ask you. When your father awakes, go and weep in front of him, and then he will certainly ask you the cause of your agitation; then you must say—If some one were to slay thee, what would become of me?[11] This is the cause of my grief. If you do this, there will be a happy issue both for you and me.” When the king said this to her, she promised him that she would do what he wished. And that Asura maiden, apprehending misfortune, placed the king in concealment, and went near her sleeping father. Then the Daitya woke up, and she began to weep. And then he said to her, “Why do you weep, my daughter?” She with affected grief said to him, “If some one were to slay thee, what would become of me?” Then he burst out laughing and said;—“Who could possibly slay me, my daughter, for I am cased in adamant all over, only in my left hand is there an unguarded place, but that is protected by the bow.” In these words the Daitya consoled his daughter, and all this was heard by the king in his concealment. Immediately afterwards the Dánava rose up and took his bath, and proceeded in devout silence to worship the god Śiva; at that moment the king appeared with his bow bent, and rushing up impetuously towards the Daitya, challenged him to fight. He, without interrupting his devout

silence, lifted his left hand towards the king and made a sign that he must wait for a moment. The king for his part, being very quick of hand, immediately smote him with an arrow in that hand which was his vital part. And that great Asura Angáraka, being pierced in a vital spot, immediately uttered a terrible cry and fell on the ground, and exclaimed, as his life departed,—"If that man, who has slain me when thirsty, does not offer water to my manes every year, then his five ministers shall perish." After he had said this, that Daitya died, and the king, taking his daughter Angáravatí as a prize, returned to Ujjayiní. There the king Chaṇḍamahásena married that Daitya maiden, and two sons were born to him, the first named Gopálaka, and the second Pálaka; and when they were born, he held a feast in honour of Indra on their account. Then Indra, being pleased, said to that king in a dream, "By my favour thou shalt obtain a matchless daughter." Then in course of time a graceful daughter was born to that king, like a second and more wonderful shape of the moon made by the Creator. And on that occasion a voice was heard from heaven;—"She shall give birth to a son, who shall be a very incarnation of the god of love, and king of the Vidyádharas." Then the king gave that daughter the name of Vásavadattá, because she was given by Indra being pleased with him. And that maiden still remains unmarried in the house of her father, like the goddess of prosperity in the hollow cavity of the ocean before it was churned. That king Chaṇḍamahásena cannot indeed be conquered by you, O king, in the first place because he is so powerful, and in the next place because his realm is situated in a difficult country. Moreover he is ever longing to give you that daughter of his in marriage, but being a proud monarch, he desires the triumph of himself and his adherents. But, I think, you must certainly marry that Vásavadattá. When he heard this, that king of Vatsa immediately lost his heart to Vásavadattá.

1

Not Vásuki, but his eldest brother.

2

Chháyá means "colour;" he drank their colour, *i. e.*, made them pale. It also means "reflection in the wine."

3

i. e., given by Buddha.

4

The four Upáyas or means of success are *sáman*, negotiation, which his pride would render futile, *dána*, giving, which appeals to avarice, *bheda*, sowing dissension, which would be useless where a king is beloved by his subjects, and *daṇḍa*, open force, of no use in the case of a powerful king like Udayana.

5

The chief vices of kings denounced by Hindu writers on statecraft are: Hunting, gambling, sleeping in the day, calumny, addiction to women, drinking spirits, dancing, singing, and instrumental music, idle roaming, these proceed from the love of pleasure, others proceed from anger, *viz.*, tale-bearing, violence, insidious injury, envy, detraction, unjust seizure of property, abuse, assault. See Monier Williams s. v. *vyasana*.

6

Sudhádhauta may mean "white as plaster," but more probably here "whitened with plaster" like the houses in the European quarter of the "City of palaces."

7

A *linga* of Śiva in Ujjayiní. Śiva is here compared to an earthly monarch subject to the *vyasana* of roaming. I take it, the poet means, Ujjayiní is a better place than Kailása.

8

Cp. the way in which Kandar goes in search of a sword in Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 205.

9

Dr. Brockhaus translates it—*Stürzte den Wagen des Königs um*. Can *Syandana* mean horses, like *magni currus Achilli*? If so, *áhatya* would mean, having killed.

10

Rasa means nectar, and indeed any liquid, and also emotion, passion. The pun is of course most intentional in the original.

11

Cp. the story of Ohimé in the "Sicilianische Märchen" collected by Laura von Gonzenbach where Maruzza asks Ohimé how it would be possible to kill him. So in Indian Fairy Tales, collected by Miss Stokes, Hiralál Básá persuades Sonahrí Rání to ask his father where he

kept his soul. Some interesting remarks on this subject will be found in the notes to this tale (Indian Fairy Tales, p. 260.) See also No. I, in Campbell's Tales of the Western Highlands, and Dr. Reinhold Köhler's remarks in Orient and Occident, Vol. II, p. 100. Cp. also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, pp. 80, 81 and 136. Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 72. In the Gehörnte Siegfried (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III, pp. 368 and 416), the hero is made invulnerable everywhere but between the shoulders, by being smeared with the melted fat of a dragon. Cp. also the story of Achilles. For the transformation of Chaṇḍamahásena into a boar see Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, pp. 144, 145, and Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 14. See also Schöppner's Geschichte der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, p. 258.

Chapter XII.

In the meanwhile the ambassador, sent by the king of Vatsa in answer to Chaṇḍamahásena's embassy, went and told that monarch his master's reply. Chaṇḍamahásena for his part, on hearing it, began to reflect—"It is certain that that proud king of Vatsa will not come here. And I cannot send my daughter to his court, such conduct would be unbecoming; so I must capture him by some stratagem and bring him here as a prisoner." Having thus reflected and deliberated with his ministers, the king had made a large artificial elephant like his own, and, after filling it with concealed warriors, he placed it in the Vindhya forest. There the scouts kept in his pay by the king of Vatsa, who was passionately fond of the sport of elephant-catching, discerned it from a distance;[1] and they came with speed and informed the king of Vatsa in these words: "O king, we have seen a single elephant roaming in the Vindhya forest, such that nowhere else in this wide world is his equal to be found, filling the sky with his stature, like a moving peak of the Vindhya range."

Then the king rejoiced on hearing this report from the scouts, and he gave them a hundred thousand gold pieces by way of reward. The king spent that night in thinking; "If I obtain that mighty elephant, a fit match for Naḍágiri, then that Chaṇḍamahásena will certainly be in my power, and then he will of his own accord give me his daughter Vásavadattá." So in the morning he started for the Vindhya forest, making these scouts shew him the way, disregarding, in his ardent desire to capture the elephant, the advice of his ministers. He did not pay any attention to the fact, that the astrologers said, that the position of the heavenly bodies at the moment of his departure portended the acquisition of a maiden together with imprisonment. When the king of Vatsa reached the Vindhya forest, he made his troops halt at a distance through fear of alarming that elephant, and accompanied by the scouts only, holding in his hand his melodious lute, he entered that great forest boundless as his own kingly vice. The king saw on the southern slope of the Vindhya range that elephant looking like a real one, pointed out to

him by his scouts from a distance. He slowly approached it, alone, playing on his lute, thinking how he should bind it, and singing in melodious tones. As his mind was fixed on his music, and the shades of evening were setting in, that king did not perceive that the supposed wild elephant was an artificial one. The elephant too for its part, lifting up its ears and flapping them, as if through delight in the music, kept advancing and then retiring, and so drew the king to a great distance. And then, suddenly issuing from that artificial elephant, a body of soldiers in full armour surrounded that king of Vatsa. When he beheld them, the king in a rage drew his hunting knife, but while he was fighting with those in front of him, he was seized by others coming up behind. And those warriors with the help of others, who appeared at a concerted signal, carried that king of Vatsa into the presence of Chaṇḍamahásena. Chaṇḍamahásena for his part came out to meet him with the utmost respect, and entered with him the city of Ujjayiní. Then the newly arrived king of Vatsa was beheld by the citizens, like the moon, pleasing to the eyes, though spotted with humiliation. Then all the citizens, suspecting that he was to be put to death, through regard for his virtues assembled and determined to commit suicide.[2] Then the king Chaṇḍamahásena put a stop to the agitation of the citizens, by informing them that he did not intend to put the monarch of Vatsa to death, but to win him over. So the king made over his daughter Vásavadattá on the spot to the king of Vatsa, to be taught music, and said to him—"Prince, teach this lady music; in this way you will obtain a happy issue to your adventure, do not despond." But when he beheld that fair lady, the mind of the king of Vatsa was so steeped in love that he put out of sight his anger: and her heart and mind turned towards him together; her eye was then averted through modesty, but her mind not at all. So the king of Vatsa dwelt in the concert-room of Chaṇḍamahásena's palace, teaching Vásavadattá to sing, with his eyes ever fixed on her. In his lap was his lute, in his throat the quarter-tone of vocal music, and in front of him stood Vásavadattá delighting his heart. And that princess Vásavadattá was devoted in her attentions to him, resembling the goddess of Fortune in that she was firmly attached to him, and did not leave him though he was a captive.

In the meanwhile the men who had accompanied the king returned to Kauśámbí, and the country, hearing of the captivity of the monarch, was

thrown into a state of great excitement. Then the enraged subjects, out of love for the king of Vatsa, wanted to make a general[3] assault on Ujjayiní. But Rumaṇvat checked the impetuous fury of the subjects by telling them that Chaṇḍamahásena was not to be overcome by force, for he was a mighty monarch, and besides that an assault was not advisable, for it might endanger the safety of the king of Vatsa; but their object must be attained by policy. Then the calm and resolute Yaugandharáyaṇa, seeing that the country was loyal, and would not swerve from its allegiance, said to Rumaṇvat and the others; "All of you must remain here, ever on the alert; you must guard this country, and when a fit occasion comes you must display your prowess; but I will go accompanied by Vasantaka only, and will without fail accomplish by my wisdom the deliverance of the king and bring him home. For he is a truly firm and resolute man whose wisdom shines forth in adversity, as the lightning flash is especially brilliant during pelting rain. I know spells for breaking through walls, and for rending fetters, and receipts for becoming invisible, serviceable at need." Having said this, and entrusted to Rumaṇvat the care of the subjects, Yaugandharáyaṇa set out from Kauśámbí with Vasantaka. And with him he entered the Vindhya forest, full of life[4] like his wisdom, intricate and trackless as his policy. Then he visited the palace of the king of the Pulindas, Pulindaka by name, who dwelt on a peak of the Vindhya range, and was an ally of the king of Vatsa. He first placed him, with a large force at his heels, in readiness to protect the king of Vatsa when he returned that way, and then he went on accompanied by Vasantaka and at last arrived at the burning-ground of Mahákála in Ujjayiní, which was densely tenanted by vampires[5] that smelt of carrion, and hovered hither and thither, black as night, rivalling the smoke-wreaths of the funeral pyres. And there a Bráhman-Rákshasa of the name of Yogeśvara immediately came up to him, delighted to see him, and admitted him into his friendship; then Yaugandharáyaṇa by means of a charm, which he taught him, suddenly altered his shape. That charm immediately made him deformed, hunchbacked, and old, and besides gave him the appearance of a madman, so that he produced loud laughter in those who beheld him. And in the same way Yaugandharáyaṇa, by means of that very charm, gave Vasantaka a body full of outstanding veins, with a large stomach, and an ugly mouth with

projecting teeth;[6] then he sent Vasantaka on in front to the gate of the king's palace, and entered Ujjayiní with such an appearance as I have described. There he, singing and dancing, surrounded by Bráhman boys, beheld with curiosity by all, made his way to the king's palace. And there he excited by that behaviour the curiosity of the king's wives, and was at last heard of by Vásavadattá. She quickly sent a maid and had him brought to the concert-room. For youth is twin-brother to mirth. And when Yaugandharáyaṇa came there and beheld the king of Vatsa in fetters, though he had assumed the appearance of a madman, he could not help shedding tears. And he made a sign to the king of Vatsa, who quickly recognized him, though he had come in disguise. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa by means of his magic power made himself invisible to Vásavadattá and her maids. So the king alone saw him, and they all said with astonishment, "that maniac has suddenly escaped somewhere or other." Then the king of Vatsa hearing them say that, and seeing Yaugandharáyaṇa in front of him, understood that this was due to magic, and cunningly said to Vásavadattá; "Go my good girl, and bring the requisites for the worship of Sarasvatí." When she heard that, she said, "So I will," and went out with her companions. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa approached the king and communicated to him, according to the prescribed form, spells for breaking chains; and at the same time he furnished him with other charms for winning the heart of Vásavadattá, which were attached to the strings of the lute; and informed him that Vasantaka had come there and was standing outside the door in a changed form, and recommended him to have that Bráhman summoned to him; at the same time he said—"When this lady Vásavadattá shall come to repose confidence in you, then you must do what I tell you, at the present remain quiet." Having said this, Yaugandharáyaṇa quickly went out, and immediately Vásavadattá entered with the requisites for the worship of Sarasvatí. Then the king said to her, "There is a Bráhman standing outside the door, let him be brought in to celebrate this ceremony in honour of Sarasvatí, in order that he may obtain a sacrificial fee." Vásavadattá consented, and had Vasantaka, who wore a deformed shape, summoned from the door into the music-hall. And when he was brought and saw the king of Vatsa, he wept for sorrow, and then the king said to him, in order that the secret might not be discovered, "O Bráhman, I will remove all this deformity of thine produced by sickness; do

not weep, remain here near me." And then Vasantaka said—"It is a great condescension on thy part, O king." And the king seeing how he was deformed could not keep his countenance. And when he saw that, Vasantaka guessed what was in the king's mind, and laughed so that the deformity of his distorted face was increased; and thereupon Vásavadattá, beholding him grinning like a doll, burst out laughing also, and was much delighted; then the young lady asked Vasantaka in fun the following question: "Bráhman, what science are you familiar with, tell us?" So he said, "Princess, I am an adept at telling tales." Then she said, "Come, tell me a tale." Then in order to please that princess, Vasantaka told the following tale, which was charming by its comic humour and variety.

Story of Rúpiṇiká.

There is in this country a city named Mathurá, the birthplace of Kṛishṇa, in it there was a *hetæra* known by the name of Rúpiṇiká; she had for a mother an old *kuṭṭiní* named Makaradanshṭrá, who seemed a lump of poison in the eyes of the young men attracted by her daughter's charms. One day Rúpiṇiká went at the time of worship to the temple to perform her duty,[7] and beheld from a distance a young man. When she saw that handsome young fellow, he made such an impression upon her heart, that all her mother's instructions vanished from it. Then she said to her maid, "Go and tell this man from me, that he is to come to my house to-day." The maid said, "So I will," and immediately went and told him. Then the man thought a little and said to her; "I am a Bráhman named Lohajangha[8]; I have no wealth; then what business have I in the house of Rúpiṇiká which is only to be entered by the rich." The maid said,—"My mistress does not desire wealth from you,"—whereupon Lohajangha consented to do as she wished. When she heard that from the maid, Rúpiṇiká went home in a state of excitement, and remained with her eyes fixed on the path by which he would come. And soon Lohajangha came to her house, while the *kuṭṭiní*

Makaradanshṭrá looked at him, and wondered where he came from. Rúpiṇiká, for her part, when she saw him, rose up to meet him herself with the utmost respect, and clinging to his neck in her joy, led him to her own private apartments. Then she was captivated with Lohajangha's wealth of accomplishments, and considered that she had been only born to love him. So she avoided the society of other men, and that young fellow lived with her in her house in great comfort. Rúpiṇiká's mother, Makaradanshṭrá, who had trained up many *hetæræ*, was annoyed when she saw this, and said to her in private; "My daughter, why do you associate with a poor man? *Hetæræ* of good taste embrace a corpse in preference to a poor man. What business has a *hetæra* like you with affection? How have you come to forget that great principle? The light of a red[9] sunset lasts but a short time, and so does the splendour of a *hetæra* who gives way to affection. A *hetæra*, like an actress, should exhibit an assumed affection in order to get wealth; so forsake this pauper, do not ruin yourself." When she heard this speech of her mother's, Rúpiṇiká said in a rage, "Do not talk in this way, for I love him more than my life. And as for wealth, I have plenty, what do I want with more? So you must not speak to me again, mother, in this way." When she heard this, Makaradanshṭrá was in a rage, and she remained thinking over some device for getting rid of this Lohajangha. Then she saw coming along the road a certain Rájpút, who had spent all his wealth, surrounded by retainers with swords in their hands. So she went up to him quickly and taking him aside, said—"My house is beset by a certain poor lover. So come there yourself to-day, and take such order with him that he shall depart from my house, and do you possess my daughter." "Agreed," said the Rájpút, and entered that house. At that precise moment Rúpiṇiká was in the temple, and Lohajangha meanwhile was absent somewhere, and suspecting nothing, he returned to the house a moment afterwards. Immediately the retainers of the Rájpút ran upon him, and gave him severe kicks and blows on all his limbs, and then they threw him into a ditch full of all kinds of impurities, and Lohajangha with difficulty escaped from it. Then Rúpiṇiká returned to the house, and when she heard what had taken place, she was distracted with grief, so the Rájpút, seeing that, returned as he came.

Lohajangha, after suffering this brutal outrage by the machinations of the *kuṭṭiní*, set out for some holy place of pilgrimage, in order to leave his life there, now that he was separated from his beloved. As he was going along in the wild country,[10] with his heart burning with anger against the *kuṭṭiní*, and his skin with the heat of the summer, he longed for shade. Not being able to find a tree, he lighted on the body of an elephant, which had been stripped of all its flesh[11] by jackals making their way into it by the hind-quarters; accordingly Lohajangha being worn out crept into this carcase, which was a mere shell, as only the skin remained, and went to sleep in it, as it was kept cool by the breeze which freely entered. Then suddenly clouds arose from all sides, and began to pour down a pelting shower of rain; that rain made the elephant's skin contract so that no aperture was left, and immediately a copious inundation came that way, and carrying off the elephant's hide swept it into the Ganges; so eventually the inundation bore it into the sea. And there a bird of the race of Garuḍa saw that hide, and supposing it to be carrion, took it to the other side of the sea; there it tore open the elephant's hide with its claws, and, seeing that there was a man inside it, fled away. But Lohajangha was awaked by the bird's pecking and scratching, and came out through the aperture made by its beak. And finding that he was on the other side of the sea, he was astonished, and looked upon the whole thing as a day-dream; then he saw there to his terror two horrible Rákshasas, and those two for their part contemplated him from a distance with feelings of fear. Remembering how they were defeated by Ráma, and seeing that Lohajangha was also a man who had crossed the sea, they were once more alarmed in their hearts. So, after they had deliberated together, one of them went off immediately and told the whole occurrence to king Vibhíshaṇa; king Vibhíshaṇa too, as he had seen the prowess of Ráma, being terrified at the arrival of a man, said to that Rákshasa; "Go, my good friend, and tell that man from me in a friendly manner, that he is to do me the favour of coming to my palace." The Rákshasa said, "I will do so," and timidly approached Lohajangha, and told him that request of his sovereign's. Lohajangha for his part accepted that invitation with unruffled calm, and went to Lanká with that Rákshasa and his companion. And when he arrived in Lanká, he was astonished at beholding numerous splendid edifices of gold, and entering the king's palace, he saw Vibhíshaṇa. The

king welcomed the Bráhman who blessed him in return, and then Vibhíshaṇa said, “Bráhman, how did you manage to reach this country?” Then the cunning Lohajangha said to Vibhíshaṇa—“I am a Bráhman of the name of Lohajangha residing in Mathurá; and I, Lohajangha being afflicted at my poverty, went to the temple of the god, and remaining fasting, for a long time performed austerities in the presence of Náráyaṇa.[12] Then the adorable Hari[12] commanded me in a dream, saying, ‘Go thou to Vibhíshaṇa, for he is a faithful worshipper of mine, and he will give thee wealth.’ Then, I said, ‘Vibhíshaṇa is where I cannot reach him’—but the lord continued, ‘To-day shalt thou see that Vibhíshaṇa.’ So the lord spake to me, and immediately I woke up and found myself upon this side of the sea. I know no more.” When Vibhíshaṇa heard this from Lohajangha, reflecting that Lanká was a difficult place to reach, he thought to himself—“Of a truth this man possesses divine power.” And he said to that Bráhman,—“Remain here, I will give you wealth.” Then he committed him to the care of the man-slaying Rákshasas as an inviolable deposit; and sent some of his subjects to a mountain in his kingdom called Swarṇamúla, and brought from it a young bird belonging to the race of Garuḍa; and he gave it to that Lohajangha, (who had to take a long journey to Mathurá,) to ride upon, in order that he might in the meanwhile break it in. Lohajangha for his part mounted on its back, and riding about on it in Lanká, rested there for some time, being hospitably entertained by Vibhíshaṇa.

One day he asked the king of the Rákshasas, feeling curiosity on the point, why the whole ground of Lanká was made of wood; and Vibhíshaṇa when he heard that, explained the circumstance to him, saying, “Bráhman, if you take any interest in this matter, listen, I will explain it to you. Long ago Garuḍa the son of Kaśyapa, wishing to redeem his mother from her slavery to the snakes, to whom she had been subjected in accordance with an agreement,[13] and preparing to obtain from the gods the nectar which was the price of her ransom, wanted to eat something which would increase his strength, and so he went to his father, who being importuned said to him, “My son, in the sea there is a huge elephant, and a huge tortoise. They have assumed their present forms in consequence of a curse: go and eat them.” Then Garuḍa went and brought them both to eat, and then perched on a

bough of the great wishing-tree of paradise. And when that bough suddenly broke with his weight, he held it up with his beak, out of regard to the Bálakhilyas[14] who were engaged in austerities underneath it. Then Garuḍa, afraid that the bough would crush mankind, if he let it fall at random, by the advice of his father brought the bough to this uninhabited part of the earth, and let it drop. Lanká was built on the top of that bough, therefore the ground here is of wood." When he heard this from Vibhíshaṇa, Lohajangha was perfectly satisfied.

Then Vibhíshaṇa gave to Lohajangha many valuable jewels, as he desired to set out for Mathurá. And out of his devotion to the god Vishṇu, who dwells at Mathurá, he entrusted to the care of Lohajangha a lotus, a club, a shell, and a discus all of gold, to be offered to the god; Lohajangha took all these, and mounted the bird given to him by Vibhíshaṇa, that could accomplish a hundred thousand *yojanas*,[15] and rising up into the air in Lanká, he crossed the sea and without any difficulty arrived at Mathurá. And there he descended from the air in an empty convent outside the town, and deposited there his abundant treasure, and tied up that bird. And then he went into the market and sold one of his jewels, and bought garments and scented unguents, and also food. And he ate the food in that convent where he was, and gave some to his bird; and he adorned himself with the garments, unguents, flowers and other decorations. And when night came, he mounted that same bird and went to the house of Rúpiṇiká, bearing in his hand the shell, discus and mace; then he hovered over it in the air, knowing the place well, and made a low deep sound, to attract the attention of his beloved, who was alone. But Rúpiṇiká, as soon as she heard that sound, came out, and saw hovering in the air by night a being like Náráyaṇa, gleaming with jewels. He said to her, "I am Hari come hither for thy sake;" whereupon she bowed with her face to the earth and said—"May the god have mercy upon me!" Then Lohajangha descended and tied up his bird, and entered the private apartments of his beloved hand in hand with her. And after remaining there a short time, he came out, and mounting the bird as before, went off through the air.[16] In the morning Rúpiṇiká remained observing an obstinate silence, thinking to herself—"I am the wife of the god Vishṇu, I must cease to converse with mortals." And then her mother Makaradanshṭrá

said to her,—"Why do you behave in this way, my daughter?" And after she had been perseveringly questioned by her mother, she caused to be put up a curtain between herself and her parent, and told her what had taken place in the night, which was the cause of her silence. When the *kuṭṭiní* heard that, she felt doubt on the subject, but soon after at night she saw that very Lohajangha mounted on the bird, and in the morning Makaradanshṭrá came secretly to Rúpiṇiká, who still remained behind the curtain, and inclining herself humbly, preferred to her this request; "Through the favour of the god, thou, my daughter, hast obtained here on earth the rank of a goddess, and I am thy mother in this world, therefore grant me a reward for giving thee birth; entreat the god that, old as I am, with this very body I may enter Paradise; do me this favour." Rúpiṇiká consented and requested that very boon from Lohajangha, who came again at night disguised as Vishṇu. Then Lohajangha, who was personating the god, said to that beloved of his —"Thy mother is a wicked woman, it would not be fitting to take her openly to Paradise, but on the morning of the eleventh day the door of heaven is opened, and many of the Gaṇas, Śiva's companions, enter into it before any one else is admitted. Among them I will introduce this mother of thine, if she assume their appearance. So, shave her head with a razor, in such a manner that five locks shall be left, put a necklace of sculls round her neck, and stripping off her clothes, paint one side of her body with lamp-black, and the other with red lead,[17] for when she has in this way been made to resemble a Gaṇa, I shall find it an easy matter to get her into heaven." When he had said this, Lohajangha remained a short time, and then departed. And in the morning Rúpiṇiká attired her mother as he had directed; and then she remained with her mind entirely fixed on Paradise. So, when night came, Lohajangha appeared again, and Rúpiṇiká handed over her mother to him. Then he mounted on the bird, and took the *kuṭṭiní* with him naked, and transformed as he had directed, and he flew up rapidly with her into the air. While he was in the air, he beheld a lofty stone pillar in front of a temple, with a discus on its summit. So he placed her on the top of the pillar, with the discus as her only support,[18] and there she hung like a banner to blazon forth his revenge for his ill-usage. He said to her —"Remain here a moment while I bless the earth with my approach," and vanished from her sight. Then beholding a number of people in front of the

temple, who had come there to spend the night in devout vigils before the festive procession, he called aloud from the air—"Hear, ye people, this very day there shall fall upon you here the all-destroying goddess of Pestilence, therefore fly to Hari for protection." When they heard this voice from the air, all the inhabitants of Mathurá who were there, being terrified, implored the protection of the god, and remained devoutly muttering prayers to ward off calamity. Lohajangha, for his part, descended from the air, and encouraged them to pray, and after changing that dress of his, came and stood among the people, without being observed. The *kuṭṭiní* thought, as she sat upon the top of the pillar,—"the god has not come as yet, and I have not reached heaven." At last feeling it impossible to remain up there any longer, she cried out in her fear, so that the people below heard; "Alas! I am falling, I am falling." Hearing that, the people in front of the god's temple were beside themselves, fearing that the destroying goddess was falling upon them, even as had been foretold, and said, "O goddess, do not fall, do not fall." So those people of Mathurá, young and old, spent that night in perpetual dread that the destroying goddess would fall upon them, but at last it came to an end; and then beholding that *kuṭṭiní* upon the pillar in the state described,[19] the citizens and the king recognized her at once; all the people thereupon forgot their alarm, and burst out laughing, and Rúpiṇiká herself at last arrived having heard of the occurrence. And when she saw it, she was abashed, and with the help of the people, who were there, she managed to get that mother of hers down from the top of the pillar immediately: then that *kuṭṭiní* was asked by all the people there, who were filled with curiosity, to tell them the whole story, and she did so. Thereupon the king, the Bráhmans, and the merchants, thinking that that laughable incident must have been brought about by a sorcerer or some person of that description, made a proclamation, that whoever had made a fool of the *kuṭṭiní*, who had deceived innumerable lovers, was to shew himself, and he would receive a turban of honour on the spot. When he heard that, Lohajangha made himself known to those present, and being questioned, he related the whole story from its commencement. And he offered to the god the discus, shell, club, and lotus of gold, the present which Vibhíshaṇa had sent, and which aroused the astonishment of the people. Then all the people of Mathurá, being pleased, immediately invested him with a turban of

honour, and by the command of the king, made that Rúpiṇiká a free woman. And then Lohajangha, having wreaked upon the *kuṭṭiní* his wrath caused by her ill-usage of him, lived in great comfort in Mathurá with that beloved of his, being very well off by means of the large stock of jewels which he brought from Lanká.

Hearing this tale from the mouth of the transformed Vasantaka, Vásavadattá who was sitting at the side of the fettered king of Vatsa, felt extreme delight in her heart.

1

They would not go near for fear of disturbing it. Wild elephants are timid, so there is more probability in this story, than in that of the Trojan horse. Even now scouts who mark down a wild beast in India, almost lose their heads with excitement.

2

I. e., they sat in Dharna outside the door of the palace.

3

Perhaps we should read *samantataḥ* one word.

4

Sattva, when applied to the forest, means animal, when applied to wisdom, it means excellence.

5

Vetála is especially used of a goblin that tenants dead bodies. See Colonel R. Burton's Tales of Vikramáditya and the Vampire. They will be found in the 12th book of this work. In the Vth Chapter of Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales will be found much interesting information with regard to the Slavonic superstitions about Vampires. They resemble very closely those of the Hindus. See especially p. 311. "At cross-roads, or in the neighbourhood of cemeteries, an animated corpse of this description often lurks, watching for some unwary traveller whom it may be able to slay and eat."

6

Cp. the way in which the Ritter Malegis transmutes Reinold in the story of Die Heimonskinder (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. II, p. 86). "He changed him into an old man, a hundred years of age, with a decrepit and misshapen body, and long hair." See

also p. 114. So Merlin assumes the form of an old man and disguises Uther and Ulfin, Dunlop's History of Fiction, translated by Liebrecht, p. 66.

7

Such people dance in temples I believe.

8

Mr. Growse writes to me with reference to the name Lohajangha—"This name still exists on the spot, though probably not to be found elsewhere. The original bearer of the title is said to have been one of the demons whom Kṛishṇa slew, and a village is called Lohaban after him, where an ancient red sandstone image is supposed to represent him, and has offerings of iron made to it at the annual festival.

9

Ráginí means affectionate and also red.

10

Ataví is generally translated "forest." I believe the English word "forest" does not necessarily imply trees, but it is perhaps better to avoid it here.

11

For the *vṛitam* of the text I read *kṛitam*. Cp. this incident with Joseph's adventure in the 6th story of the Sicilianische Märchen. He is sewn up in a horse's skin, and carried by ravens to the top of a high mountain. There he stamps and finds a wooden trap-door under his feet. In the notes Dr. Köhler refers to this passage, Campbell No. 44, the Story of Sindbad and other parallels. Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 124. See also the story of Heinrich der Löwe, Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 8. Dr. Köhler refers to the story of Herzog Ernst. The incident will be found in Simrock's version of the story, at page 308 of the IIIrd Volume of his Deutsche Volksbücher.

12

Names of Vishṇu, who became incarnate in the hero Kṛishṇa.

13

See Chapter 22 śl. 181 and ff. Kaśyapa's two wives disputed about the colour of the sun's horses. They agreed that whichever was in the wrong should become a slave to the other. Kadrú, the mother of the snakes, won by getting her children to darken the horses. So Garuḍa's mother Vinatá became a slave.

14

Divine personages of the size of a thumb; sixty thousand were produced from Brahmá's body and surrounded the chariot of the sun. The legend of Garuḍa and the Bálakhilyas is found in the Mahábhárata, see De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, p. 95.

15

A *yojana* is probably 9 miles, some say 2–1/2, some 4 or 5. See Monier Williams *s. v.*

16

Compare the 5th story in the first book of the Panchatantra, in Benfey's translation.

Benfey shows that this story found its way into Mahometan collections, such as the Thousand and one Nights, and the Thousand and one Days, as also into the Decamerone of Boccaccio, and other European story-books, Vol. I, p. 159, and ff.

The story, as given in the Panchatantra, reminds us of the Squire's Tale in Chaucer, but Josephus in Ant. Jud. XVIII, 3, tells it of a Roman knight named Mundus, who fell in love with Paulina the wife of Saturninus, and by corrupting the priestess of Isis was enabled to pass himself off as Anubis. On the matter coming to the ears of Tiberius, he had the temple of Isis destroyed, and the priests crucified. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, Vol. II, p. 27. Liebrecht's German translation, p. 232). A similar story is told by the Pseudo-Callisthenes of Nectanebos and Olympias. Cp. Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, No. LXXI, p. 155.

17

Thus she represented the Arddhanáríśvara, or Śiva half male, and half female, which compound figure is to be painted in this manner.

18

She held on to it by her hands.

19

Wilson remarks that this presents some analogy to the story in the Decamerone (Nov. 7 Gior. 8) of the scholar and the widow "la quale egli poi, con un suo consiglio, di mezzo Luglio, ignuda, tutto un dì fa stare in su una torre." It also bears some resemblance to the story of the Master Thief in Thorpe's Yule-tide Stories, page 272. The Master thief persuades the priest that he will take him to heaven. He thus induces him to get into a sack, and then he throws him into the goose-house, and when the geese peck him, tells him that he is in purgatory. The story is Norwegian. See also Sir G. W. Cox's Mythology of the Aryan Nations, Vol. 1. p. 127.

Chapter XIII.

As time went on, Vásavadattá began to feel a great affection for the king of Vatsa, and to take part with him against her father. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa again came in to see the king of Vatsa, making himself invisible to all the others, who were there. And he gave him the following information in private in the presence of Vasantaka only; “King, you were made captive by king Chaṇḍamahásena by means of an artifice. And he wishes to give you his daughter, and set you at liberty, treating you with all honour; so let us carry off his daughter and escape. For in this way we shall have revenged ourselves upon the haughty monarch, and we shall not be thought lightly of in the world for want of prowess. Now the king has given that daughter of his, Vásavadattá, a female elephant called Bhadravatí. And no other elephant but Naḍágiri is swift enough to catch her up, and he will not fight when he sees her. The driver of this elephant is a man here called Ásháḍhaka, and him I have won over to our side by giving him much wealth. So you must mount that elephant with Vásavadattá, fully armed, and start from this place secretly by night. And you must have the superintendent of the royal elephants here made drunk with wine, in order that he may not perceive what is about to take place,[1] for he understands every sign that elephants give. I, for my part, will first repair to your ally Pulindaka in order that he may be prepared to guard the road by which you escape.” When he had said this, Yaugandharáyaṇa departed. So the king of Vatsa stored up all his instructions in his heart; and soon Vásavadattá came to him. Then he made all kinds of confidential speeches to her, and at last told her what Yaugandharáyaṇa had said to him. She consented to the proposal, and made up her mind to start, and causing the elephant driver Ásháḍhaka to be summoned, she prepared his mind for the attempt, and on the pretext of worshipping the gods, she gave the superintendent of the elephants, with all the elephant drivers, a supply of spirits, and made them drunk. Then in the evening, which was disturbed with the echoing roar of clouds,[2] Ásháḍhaka brought that female elephant ready harnessed, but she, while she was being harnessed, uttered a cry, which was heard by the

superintendent of the elephants, who was skilled in elephants' language; and he faltered out in a voice indistinct from excessive intoxication,—"the female elephant says, she is going sixty-three *yojanas* to-day." But his mind in his drunken state was not capable of reasoning, and the elephant-drivers, who were also intoxicated, did not even hear what he said. Then the king of Vatsa broke his chains by means of the charms, which Yaugandharáyaṇa had given him, and took that lute of his, and Vásavadattá of her own accord brought him his weapons, and then he mounted the female elephant with Vasantaka. And then Vásavadattá mounted the same elephant with her friend and confidante Kánchanamálá; then the king of Vatsa went out from Ujjayiní with five persons in all, including himself and the elephant-driver, by a path which the infuriated elephant clove through the rampart.

And the king attacked and slew the two warriors who guarded that point, the Rájpúts Vírabáhu and Tálabhaṭa. Then the monarch set out rapidly on his journey in high spirits, mounted on the female elephant, together with his beloved, Áshāḍhaka holding the elephant-hook; in the meanwhile in Ujjayiní the city-patrol beheld those guards of the rampart lying dead, and in consternation reported the news to the king at night. Chaṇḍamahásena enquired into the matter, and found out at last that the king of Vatsa had escaped, taking Vásavadattá with him. Then the alarm spread through the city, and one of his sons named Pálaka mounted Naḍágiri and pursued the king of Vatsa. The king of Vatsa for his part, combated him with arrows as he advanced, and Naḍágiri, seeing that female elephant, would not attack her. Then Pálaka, who was ready to listen to reason, was induced to desist from the pursuit by his brother Gopálaka, who had his father's interests at heart; then the king of Vatsa boldly continued his journey, and as he journeyed, the night gradually came to an end. So by the middle of the day the king had reached the Vindhya forest, and his elephant having journeyed sixty-three *yojanas*, was thirsty. So the king and his wife dismounted, and the female elephant having drunk water, owing to its being bad, fell dead on the spot. Then the king of Vatsa and Vásavadattá, in their despair, heard this voice coming from the air—"I, O king, am a female Vidyádhara named Máyávatí, and for this long time I have been a female elephant in consequence of a curse; and to-day, O lord of Vatsa, I have done you a good turn, and I will do another to your son that is to be: and this queen of yours

Vásavadattá is not a mere mortal; she is a goddess for a certain cause incarnate on the earth." Then the king regained his spirits, and sent on Vasantaka to the plateau of the Vindhya hills to announce his arrival to his ally Pulindaka; and as he was himself journeying along slowly on foot with his beloved, he was surrounded by brigands, who sprang out from an ambuscade. And the king, with only his bow to help him, slew one hundred and five of them before the eyes of Vásavadattá. And immediately the king's ally Pulindaka came up, together with Yaugandharáyaṇa, Vasantaka shewing them the way. The king of the Bheels ordered the surviving brigands[3] to desist, and after prostrating himself before the king of Vatsa, conducted him with his beloved to his own village. The king rested there that night with Vásavadattá, whose foot had been cut with a blade of forest grass, and early in the morning the general Rumaṇvat reached him, who had before been summoned by Yaugandharáyaṇa, who sent a messenger to him. And the whole army came with him, filling the land as far as the eye could reach, so that the Vindhya forest appeared to be besieged. So that king of Vatsa entered into the encampment of his army, and remained in that wild region to wait for news from Ujjayiní. And, while he was there, a merchant came from Ujjayiní, a friend of Yaugandharáyaṇa's, and when he had arrived reported these tidings, "The king Chaṇḍamahásena is pleased to have thee for a son-in-law, and he has sent his warder to thee. The warder is on the way, but he has stopped short of this place, however, I came secretly on in front of him, as fast as I could, to bring your Highness information."

When he heard this, the king of Vatsa rejoiced, and told it all to Vásavadattá, and she was exceedingly delighted. Then Vásavadattá, having abandoned her own relations, and being anxious for the ceremony of marriage, was at the same time bashful and impatient: then she said, in order to divert her thoughts, to Vasantaka who was in attendance—"Tell me some story." Then the sagacious Vasantaka told that fair-eyed one the following tale in order to increase her affection for her husband.

Story of Devasmitá.

There is a city in the world famous under the name of Támraliptá, and in that city there was a very rich merchant named Dhanadatta. And he, being childless, assembled many Bráhmans and said to them with due respect; "Take such steps as will procure me a son soon." Then those Bráhmans said to him: "This is not at all difficult, for Bráhmans can accomplish all things in this world by means of ceremonies in accordance with the scriptures. To give you an instance there was in old time a king who had no sons, and he had a hundred and five wives in his harem. And by means of a sacrifice to procure a son, there was born to him a son named Jantu, who was like the rising of the new moon to the eyes of his wives. Once on a time an ant bit the boy on the thigh as he was crawling about on his knees, so that he was very unhappy and sobbed loudly. Thereupon the whole harem was full of confused lamentation, and the king himself shrieked out 'My son! my son!' like a common man. The boy was soon comforted, the ant having been removed, and the king blamed the misfortune of his only having one son as the cause of all his grief. And he asked the Bráhmans in his affliction if there was any expedient by which he might obtain a large number of children. They answered him,—'O king, there is one expedient open to you; you must slay this son and offer up all his flesh in the fire. By smelling the smell of that sacrifice all thy wives will obtain sons.' When he heard that, the king had the whole ceremony performed as they directed; and he obtained as many sons as he had wives. So we can obtain a son for you also by a burnt-offering." When they had said this to Dhanadatta, the Bráhmans, after a sacrificial fee had been promised them, performed a sacrifice: then a son was born to that merchant. That son was called Guhasena, and he gradually grew up to man's estate. Then his father Dhanadatta began to look out for a wife for him.

Then his father went with that son of his to another country, on the pretence of traffic, but really to get a daughter-in-law, there he asked an excellent merchant of the name of Dharmagupta to give him his daughter named Devasmitá for his son Guhasena. But Dharmagupta, who was tenderly attached to his daughter, did not approve of that connexion, reflecting that

the city of Támraliptá was very far off. But when Devasmitá beheld that Guhasena, her mind was immediately attracted by his virtues, and she was set on abandoning her relations, and so she made an assignation with him by means of a confidante, and went away from that country at night with her beloved and his father. When they reached Támraliptá they were married, and the minds of the young couple were firmly knit together by the bond of mutual love. Then Guhasena's father died, and he himself was urged by his relations to go to the country of Kaṭáha[4] for the purpose of trafficking; but his wife Devasmitá was too jealous to approve of that expedition, fearing exceedingly that he would be attracted by some other lady. Then, as his wife did not approve of it, and his relations kept inciting him to it, Guhasena, whose mind was firmly set on doing his duty, was bewildered. Then he went and performed a vow in the temple of the god, observing a rigid fast, trusting that the god would shew him some way out of his difficulty. And his wife Devasmiṭá also performed a vow with him; then Śiva was pleased to appear to that couple in a dream; and giving them two red lotuses the god said to them,—"take each, of you one of these lotuses in your hand. And if either of you shall be unfaithful during your separation, the lotus in the hand of the other shall fade, but not otherwise[5]." After hearing this, the two woke up, and each beheld in the hand of the other a red lotus, and it seemed as if they had got one another's hearts. Then Guhasena set out, lotus in hand, but Devasmitá remained in the house with her eyes fixed upon her flower. Guhasena for his part quickly reached the country of Kaṭáha, and began to buy and sell jewels there. And four young merchants in that country, seeing that that unfading lotus was ever in his hand, were greatly astonished. Accordingly they got him to their house by an artifice, and made him drink a great deal of wine, and then asked him the history of the lotus, and he being intoxicated told them the whole story. Then those four young merchants, knowing that Guhasena would take a long time to complete his sales and purchases of jewels and other wares, planned together, like rascals as they were, the seduction of his wife out of curiosity, and eager to accomplish it set out quickly for Támraliptá without their departure being noticed. There they cast about for some instrument, and at last had recourse to a female ascetic of the name of Yogakaraṇḍiká, who lived in a sanctuary of Buddha; and they said to her in an affectionate

manner, “Reverend madam, if our object is accomplished by your help, we will give you much wealth.” She answered them; “No doubt, you young men desire some woman in this city, so tell me all about it, I will procure you the object of your desire, but I have no wish for money; I have a pupil of distinguished ability named Siddhikarí; owing to her kindness I have obtained untold wealth.” The young merchants asked—“How have you obtained untold wealth by the assistance of a pupil?” Being asked this question, the female ascetic said,—“If you feel any curiosity about the matter, listen, my sons, I will tell you the whole story.”

Story of the cunning Siddhikarí.

Long ago a certain merchant came here from the north; while he was dwelling here, my pupil went and obtained, with a treacherous object, the position of a serving-maid in his house, having first altered her appearance, and after she had gained the confidence of that merchant, she stole all his hoard of gold from his house, and went off secretly in the morning twilight. And as she went out from the city moving rapidly through fear, a certain Ḍomba[6] with his drum in his hand, saw her, and pursued her at full speed with the intention of robbing her. When she had reached the foot of a Nyagrodha tree, she saw that he had come up with her, and so the cunning Siddhikarí said this to him in a plaintive manner, “I have had a jealous quarrel with my husband, and I have left his house to die, therefore my good man, make a noose for me to hang myself with.” Then the Ḍomba thought, “Let her hang herself, why should I be guilty of her death, especially as she is a woman,” and so he fastened a noose for her to the tree. Then Siddhikarí, feigning ignorance, said to the Ḍomba, “How is the noose slipped round the neck? shew me, I entreat you.” Then the Ḍomba placed the drum under his feet, and saying,—“This is the way we do the trick”—he fastened the noose round his own throat; Siddhikarí for her part smashed the drum to atoms with a kick, and that Ḍomba hung till he was dead.[7] At that moment the merchant arrived in search of her, and beheld from a

distance Siddhikarí, who had stolen from him untold treasures, at the foot of the tree. She too saw him coming, and climbed up the tree without being noticed, and remained there on a bough, having her body concealed by the dense foliage. When the merchant came up with his servants, he saw the Ḍomba hanging by his neck, but Siddhikarí was nowhere to be seen. Immediately one of his servants said "I wonder whether she has got up this tree," and proceeded to ascend it himself. Then Siddhikarí said—"I have always loved you, and now you have climbed up where I am, so all this wealth is at your disposal, handsome man, come and embrace me." So she embraced the merchant's servant, and as she was kissing his mouth, she bit off the fool's tongue. He, overcome with the pain, fell from that tree, spitting blood from his mouth, uttering some indistinct syllables, which sounded like Lalalla. When he saw that, the merchant was terrified, and supposing that his servant had been seized by a demon, he fled from that place, and went to his own house with his attendants. Then Siddhikarí the female ascetic, equally frightened, descended from the top of the tree, and brought home with her all that wealth. Such a person is my pupil, distinguished for her great discernment, and it is in this way, my sons, that I have obtained wealth by her kindness.

When she had said this to the young merchants, the female ascetic shewed to them her pupil who happened to come in at that moment; and said to them, "Now, my sons, tell me the real state of affairs—what woman do you desire? I will quickly procure her for you." When they heard that they said, "procure us an interview with the wife of the merchant Guhasena named Devasmitá." When she heard that, the ascetic undertook to manage that business for them, and she gave those young merchants her own house to reside in. Then she gratified the servants at Guhasena's house with gifts of sweetmeats and other things, and afterwards entered it with her pupil. Then, as she approached the private rooms of Devasmitá, a bitch, that was fastened there with a chain, would not let her come near, but opposed her entrance in the most determined way. Then Devasmitá seeing her, of her own accord sent a maid, and had her brought in, thinking to herself, "What can this person be come for?" After she had entered, the wicked ascetic gave Devasmitá her blessing, and, treating the virtuous woman with affected respect, said to her—"I have always had a desire to see you, but to-

day I saw you in a dream, therefore I have come to visit you with impatient eagerness; and my mind is afflicted at beholding you separated from your husband, for beauty and youth are wasted when one is deprived of the society of one's beloved." With this and many other speeches of the same kind she tried to gain the confidence of the virtuous woman in a short interview, and then taking leave of her she returned to her own house. On the second day she took with her a piece of meat full of pepper dust, and went again to the house of Devasmitá, and there she gave that piece of meat to the bitch at the door, and the bitch gobbled it up, pepper and all. Then owing to the pepper dust, the tears flowed in profusion from the animal's eyes, and her nose began to run. And the cunning ascetic immediately went into the apartment of Devasmitá, who received her hospitably, and began to cry. When Devasmitá asked her why she shed tears, she said with affected reluctance: "My friend, look at this bitch weeping outside here. This creature recognized me to-day as having been its companion in a former birth, and began to weep; for that reason my tears gushed through pity." When she heard that, and saw that bitch outside apparently weeping, Devasmitá thought for a moment to herself, "What can be the meaning of this wonderful sight?" Then the ascetic said to her, "My daughter, in a former birth, I and that bitch were the two wives of a certain Bráhman. And our husband frequently went about to other countries on embassies by order of the king. Now while he was away from home, I lived with other men at my pleasure, and so did not cheat the elements, of which I was composed, and my senses, of their lawful enjoyment. For considerate treatment of the elements and senses is held to be the highest duty. Therefore I have been born in this birth with a recollection of my former existence. But she, in her former life, through ignorance, confined all her attention to the preservation of her character, therefore she has been degraded and born again as one of the canine race, however, she too remembers her former birth." The wise Devasmitá said to herself, "This is a novel conception of duty; no doubt this woman has laid a treacherous snare for me"; and so she said to her, "Reverend lady, for this long time I have been ignorant of this duty, so procure me an interview with some charming man."—Then the ascetic said —"There are residing here some young merchants that have come from another country, so I will bring them to you." When she had said this, the ascetic returned home delighted, and Devasmitá of her own accord said to

her maids: “No doubt those scoundrelly young merchants, whoever they may be, have seen that unfading lotus in the hand of my husband, and have on some occasion or other, when he was drinking wine, asked him out of curiosity to tell the whole story of it, and have now come here from that island to seduce me, and this wicked ascetic is employed by them. So bring quickly some wine mixed with Datura,[8] and when you have brought it, have a dog’s foot of iron made as quickly as possible.” When Devasmitá had given these orders, the maids executed them faithfully, and one of the maids, by her orders, dressed herself up to resemble her mistress. The ascetic for her part chose out of the party of four merchants, (each of whom in his eagerness said—“let me go first”—) one individual, and brought him with her. And concealing him in the dress of her pupil, she introduced him in the evening into the house of Devasmitá, and coming out, disappeared. Then that maid, who was disguised as Devasmitá, courteously persuaded the young merchant to drink some of that wine drugged with Datura. That liquor,[9] like his own immodesty, robbed him of his senses, and then the maids took away his clothes and other equipments and left him stark naked; then they branded him on the forehead with the mark of a dog’s foot, and during the night took him and pushed him into a ditch full of filth. Then he recovered consciousness in the last watch of the night, and found himself plunged in a ditch, as it were the hell *Avíchi* assigned to him by his sins. Then he got up and washed himself and went to the house of the female ascetic, in a state of nature, feeling with his fingers the mark on his forehead. And when he got there, he told his friends that he had been robbed on the way, in order that he might not be the only person made ridiculous. And the next morning he sat with a cloth wrapped round his branded forehead, giving as an excuse that he had a headache from keeping awake so long, and drinking too much. In the same way the next young merchant was maltreated, when he got to the house of Devasmitá, and when he returned home naked, he said, “I put on my ornaments there, and as I was coming out I was plundered by robbers.” In the morning he also, on the plea of a headache, put a wrapper on to cover his branded forehead.

In the same way all the four young merchants suffered in turns branding and other humiliating treatment, though they concealed the fact. And they

went away from the place, without revealing to the female Buddhist ascetic the ill-treatment they had experienced, hoping that she would suffer in a similar way. On the next day the ascetic went with her disciple to the house of Devasmitá, much delighted at having accomplished what she undertook to do. Then Devasmitá received her courteously, and made her drink wine drugged with Datura, offered as a sign of gratitude. When she and her disciple were intoxicated with it, that chaste wife cut off their ears and noses, and flung them also into a filthy pool. And being distressed by the thought that perhaps these young merchants might go and slay her husband, she told the whole circumstance to her mother-in-law. Then her mother-in-law said to her,—"My daughter, you have acted nobly, but possibly some misfortune may happen to my son in consequence of what you have done." Then Devasmitá said—I will deliver him even as Śaktimatí in old time delivered her husband by her wisdom. Her mother-in-law asked; "How did Śaktimatí deliver her husband? tell me, my daughter." Then Devasmitá related the following story:

Story of Śaktimatí.

In our country, within the city, there is the shrine of a powerful Yaksha named Maṇibhadra, established by our ancestors. The people there come and make petitions at this shrine, offering various gifts, in order to obtain various blessings. Whenever a man is found at night with another man's wife, he is placed with her within the inner chamber of the Yaksha's temple. And in the morning he is taken away from thence with the woman to the king's court, and his behaviour being made known, he is punished; such is the custom. Once on a time in that city a merchant, of the name of Samudradatta, was found by a city-guard in the company of another man's wife. So he took him and placed him with the woman in that temple of the Yaksha, fastening the door firmly. And immediately the wise and devoted wife of that merchant, whose name was Śaktimatí, came to hear of the occurrence; then that resolute woman, disguising herself, went confidently

at night to the temple of the Yaksha, accompanied by her friends, taking with her offerings for the god. When she arrived there, the priest whose business it was to eat the offerings, through desire for a fee, opened the door and let her enter, informing the magistrate of what he had done. And she, when she got inside, saw her husband looking sheepish, with a woman, and she made the woman put on her own dress, and told her to go out. So that woman went out in her dress by night, and got off, but Śaktimatí remained in the temple with her husband. And when the king's officers came in the morning to examine the merchant, he was seen by all to be in the company of his own wife.[10] When he heard that, the king dismissed the merchant from the temple of the Yaksha, as it were from the mouth of death, and punished the chief magistrate. So Śaktimatí in old time delivered her husband by her wisdom, and in the same way I will go and save my husband by my discretion.

So the wise Devasmitá said in secret to her mother-in-law, and, in company with her maids, she put on the dress of a merchant. Then she embarked on a ship, on the pretence of a mercantile expedition, and came to the country of Kaṭáha where her husband was. And when she arrived there, she saw that husband of hers, Guhasena, in the midst of a circle of merchants, like consolation in external bodily form. He seeing her afar off in the dress of a man,[11] as it were, drank her in with his eyes, and thought to himself, "Who may this merchant be that looks so like my beloved wife"? So Devasmitá went and represented to the king that she had a petition to make, and asked him to assemble all his subjects. Then the king full of curiosity assembled all the citizens, and said to that lady disguised as a merchant, "What is your petition?" Then Devasmitá said—There are residing here in your midst four slaves of mine who have escaped, let the king make them over to me. Then the king said to her, "All the citizens are present here, so look at every one in order to recognise him, and take those slaves of yours." Then she seized upon the four young merchants, whom she had before treated in such a humiliating way in her house, and who had wrappers bound round their heads. Then the merchants, who were there, flew in a passion, and said to her, "These are the sons of distinguished merchants, how then can they be your slaves?" Then she answered them, "If you do not believe what I say,

examine their foreheads which I marked with a dog's foot." They consented, and removing the head-wrappers of these four, they all beheld the dog's foot on their foreheads. Then all the merchants were abashed, and the king, being astonished, himself asked Devasmitá what all this meant. She told the whole story, and all the people burst out laughing, and the king said to the lady,—"They are your slaves by the best of titles." Then the other merchants paid a large sum of money to that chaste wife, to redeem those four from slavery, and a fine to the king's treasury. Devasmitá received that money, and recovered her husband, and being honoured by all good men, returned then to her own city Támraliptá, and she was never afterwards separated from her beloved.

"Thus, O queen, women of good family ever worship their husbands with chaste and resolute behaviour,[12] and never think of any other man, for to virtuous wives the husband is the highest deity." When Vásavadattá on the journey heard this noble story from the mouth of Vasantaka, she got over the feeling of shame at having recently left her father's house, and her mind, which was previously attached by strong affection to her husband, became so fixed upon him as to be entirely devoted to his service.

Note on Chapter XIII.

With regard to the incident of the bitch and the pepper in the story of Devasmitá see the note in the 1st volume of Wilson's Essays on Sanskrit Literature. He says: "This incident with a very different and much less moral *dénouement* is one of the stories in the Disciplina Clericalis, a collection of stories professedly derived from the Arabian fabulists and compiled by Petrus Alfonsus a converted Jew, who flourished about 1106 and was godson to Alfonso I, king of Arragon. In the Analysis prepared by Mr. Douce, this story is the 12th, and is entitled "Stratagem of an old woman in favour of a young gallant." She persuades his mistress who had rejected his addresses that her little dog was formerly a woman, and so

transformed in consequence of her cruelty to her lover. (Ellis's Metrical Romances, I, 130.) This story was introduced into Europe, therefore, much about the time at which it was enrolled among the contents of the Vṛihat Kathá in Cashmir. The metempsychosis is so much more obvious an explanation of the change of forms, that it renders it probable the story was originally Hindu. It was soon copied in Europe, and occurs in Le Grand as *La vieille qui séduisit la jeune fille*. III. 148 [ed. III. Vol. IV. 50]. The parallel is very close and the old woman gives "*une chienne à manger des choses fortement saupoudrèes de senève qui lai picotait le palais et les narines et l'animal larmoyait beaucoup*." She then shows her to the young woman and tells her the bitch was her daughter. "*Son malheur fut d'avoir le cœur dur; un jeune homme l'aimait, elle le rebuta. Le malheureux après avoir tout tenté pour l' attendrir, désespéré de sa dureté en prit tant de chagrin qu'il tomba malade et mourut. Dieu l'a bien vengè; voyez en quel état pour la punir il a reduit ma pauvre fille, et comment elle pleure sa faute.*" The lesson was not thrown away. The story occurs also in the Gesta Romanorum as "The Old Woman and her Dog" [in Bohn's edition it is Tale XXVIII], and it also finds a place where we should little have expected to find it, in the Promptuarium of John Herolt of Basil, an ample repository of examples for composing sermons: the compiler a Dominican friar, professing to imitate his patron saint, who always *abundabat exemplis* in his discourses." [In Bohn's edition we are told that it appears in an English garb amongst a translation of Æsop's Fables published in 1658.] Dr. Rost refers us to Th. Wright, Latin Stories, London, 1842, p. 218. Loiseleur Deslongchamps Essai sur les Fables Indiennes, Paris, 1838, p. 106 ff. F. H. Von der Hagen, Gesammtabenteuer, 1850 I, cxii. ff and Grässe, I. 1, 374 ff. In Gonzenbach'a Sicilianische Märchen, No. 55, Vol. I, p. 359, Epomata plays some young men much the same trick as Devasmitá, and they try in much the same way to conceal their disgrace. The story is the second in my copy of the Śuka Saptati.

1

Cp. the way in which Rüdiger carries off the daughter of king Osantrix, Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 227.

2

τηρήσαντες νύκτα χειμέριον ὕδατι καὶ ἀνέμῳ καὶ ἅμ' ἀσέληνον ἐξῆσαν. Thucyd. III. 22.

3

The word *dasyu* here means savage, barbarian. These wild mountain tribes called indiscriminately Śavaras, Pulindas, Bhillas &c., seem to have been addicted to cattle-lifting and brigandage. So the word *dasyu* comes to mean robber. Even the virtuous Śavara prince described in the story of Jímútaváhana plunders a caravan.

4

Cathay?

5

Compare the rose garland in the story of the Wright's Chaste Wife; edited for the early English Text Society by Frederick J. Furnivall, especially lines 58 and ff.

"Wete thou wele withowtyn fable
"Alle the whyle thy wife is stable
"The chaplett wolle holde hewe;
"And yf thy wyfe use putry
"Or telle eny man to lye her by
Then welle yt change hewe,
And by the garland thou may see,
Fekylle or fals yf that sche be,
Or elles yf she be true.

See also note in Wilson's Essays on Sanskrit Literature, Vol. I, p. 218. He tells us that in Perce Forest the lily of the Kathá Sarit Ságara is represented by a rose. In Amadis de Gaul it is a garland which blooms on the head of her that is faithful, and fades on the brow of the inconstant. In Les Contes à rire, it is also a flower. In Ariosto, the test applied to both male and female is a cup, the wine of which is spilled by the unfaithful lover. This fiction also occurs in the romances of Tristan, Perceval and La Morte d'Arthur, and is well known by La Fontaine's version, La Coupe Enchantée. In La Lai du Corn, it is a drinking-horn. Spenser has derived his girdle of Florimel from these sources or more immediately from the Fabliau, Le Manteau mal taillé or Le Court Mantel, an English version of which is published in Percy's Reliques, the Boy and the Mantel (Vol. III.) In the Gesta Romanorum (c. 69) the test is the whimsical one of a shirt, which will neither require washing nor mending as long as the wearer is constant. (Not the wearer only but the wearer and his wife). Davenant has substituted an emerald for a flower.

The bridal stone,
And much renowned, because it chasteness loves,
And will, when worn by the neglected wife,
Shew when her absent lord disloyal proves
By faintness and a pale decay of life.

I may remark that there is a certain resemblance in this story to that of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, which is founded on the 9th Story of the 2nd day in the Decamerone, and to the 7th Story in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen.

See also "The king of Spain and his queen" in Thorpe's Yule-tide Stories, pp. 452–455. Thorpe remarks that the tale agrees in substance with the ballad of the "Graf Von Rom" in Uhland, II, 784; and with the Flemish story of "Ritter Alexander aus Metz und Seine Frau Florentina." In the 21st of Bandello's novels the test is a mirror (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 287). See also pp. 85 and 86 of Liebrecht's Dunlop, with the notes at the end of the volume.

6

A man of low caste now called Ḍom. They officiate as executioners.

7

Compare the way in which the widow's son, the shifty lad, treats Black Rogue in Campbell's Tales of the Western Highlands (Tale XVII d. Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 303.)

8

Datura is still employed, I believe, to stupefy people whom it is thought desirable to rob.

9

I read *iva* for the *eva* of Dr. Brockhaus's text.

10

A precisely similar story occurs in the Bahár Dánish. The turn of the chief incident, although not the same, is similar to that of Nov VII, Part 4 of Bandello's Novelle, or the *Accorto Avvedimento di una Fantesca à liberare la padrona e l' innamorato di quella de la morte*. (Wilson's Essays, Vol. I, p. 224.) Cp. also the Mongolian version of the story in Sagas from the Far East, p. 320. The story of Śaktimatí is the 19th in the Śuka Saptati. I have been presented by Professor Nílmani Mukhopádhyáya with a copy of a MS. of this work made by Babu Umeśa Chandra Gupta.

11

Cp. the story of the Chest in Campbell's Stories from the Western Highlands. It is the first story in the 2nd volume and contains one or two incidents which remind us of this story.

12

I read *mahâkulodgataḥ*.

Chapter XIV.

Accordingly while the king of Vatsa was remaining in that Vindhya forest, the warder of king Chaṇḍamahásena came to him. And when he arrived, he did obeisance to the king and spoke as follows: The king Chaṇḍamahásena sends you this message. You did rightly in carrying off Vásavadattá yourself, for I had brought you to my court with this very object; and the reason I did not myself give her to you, while you were a prisoner, was, that I feared, if I did so, you might not be well disposed towards me. Now, O king, I ask you to wait a little, in order that the marriage of my daughter may not be performed without due ceremonies. For my son Gopálaka will soon arrive in your court, and he will celebrate with appropriate ceremonies the marriage of that sister of his. This message the warder brought to the king of Vatsa, and said various things to Vásavadattá. Then the king of Vatsa, being pleased, determined on going to Kauśámbí with Vásavadattá, who was also in high spirits. He told his ally Pulindaka, and that warder in the service of his father-in-law to await, where they were, the arrival of Gopálaka, and then to come with him to Kauśámbí. Then the great king set out early the next day for his own city with the queen Vásavadattá, followed by huge elephants raining streams of ichor, that seemed like moving peaks of the Vindhya range accompanying him out of affection; he was, as it were, praised by the earth, that outdid the compositions of his minstrels, while it rang with the hoofs of his horses and the tramplings of his soldiers; and by means of the towering clouds of dust from his army, that ascended to heaven, he made Indra fear that the mountains were sporting with unshorn wings.[1] Then the king reached his country in two or three days, and rested one night in a palace belonging to Rumaṇvat; and on the next day, accompanied by his beloved, he enjoyed after a long absence the great delight of entering Kauśámbí, the people of which were eagerly looking with uplifted faces for his approach. And then that city was resplendent as a wife, her lord having returned after a long absence, beginning her adornment and auspicious bathing vicariously by means of her women; and there the citizens, their sorrow now at an end, beheld the king of Vatsa

accompanied by his bride, as peacocks behold a cloud accompanied by lightning;[2] and the wives of the citizens standing on the tops of the palaces, filled the heaven with their faces, that had the appearance of golden lotuses blooming in the heavenly Ganges. Then the king of Vatsa entered his royal palace with Vásavadattá, who seemed like a second goddess of royal fortune; and that palace then shone as if it had just awaked from sleep, full of kings who had come to shew their devotion, festive with songs of minstrels.[3] Not long after came Gopálaka the brother of Vásavadattá, bringing with him the warder and Pulindaka; the king went to meet him, and Vásavadattá received him with her eyes expanded with delight, as if he were a second spirit of joy. While she was looking at this brother, a tear dimmed her eyes lest she should be ashamed; and then she, being encouraged by him with the words of her father's message, considered that her object in life was attained, now that she was reunited to her own relations. Then, on the next day, Gopálaka, with the utmost eagerness, set about the high festival of her marriage with the king of Vatsa, carefully observing all prescribed ceremonies. Then the king of Vatsa received the hand of Vásavadattá, like a beautiful shoot lately budded on the creeper of love. She too, with her eyes closed through the great joy of touching her beloved's hand, having her limbs bathed in perspiration accompanied with trembling, covered all over with extreme horripilation, appeared at that moment as if struck by the god of the flowery bow with the arrow of bewilderment, the weapon of wind, and the water weapon in quick succession;[4] when she walked round the fire keeping it to the right, her eyes being red with the smoke, she had her first taste, so to speak, of the sweetness of wine and honey.[5] Then by means of the jewels brought by Gopálaka, and the gifts of the kings, the monarch of Vatsa became a real king of kings.[6] That bride and bridegroom, after their marriage had been celebrated, first exhibited themselves to the eyes of the people, and then entered their private apartments. Then the king of Vatsa, on the day so auspicious to himself invested Gopálaka and Pulindaka with turbans of honour and other distinctions, and he commissioned Yaugandharáyaṇa and Rumaṇvat to confer appropriate distinctions on the kings who had come to visit him, and on the citizens. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa said to Rumaṇvat; "The king has given us a difficult commission, for men's feelings are hard

to discover. And even a child will certainly do mischief if not pleased; to illustrate this point listen to the tale of the child Vinashṭaka, my friend."

Story of the clever deformed child.

Once on a time there was a certain Bráhman named Rudraśarman, and he, when he became a householder, had two wives, and one of his wives gave birth to a son and died; and then the Bráhman entrusted that son to the care of his step-mother; and when he grew to a tolerable stature, she gave him coarse food; the consequence was, the boy became pale, and got a swollen stomach. Then Rudraśarman said to that second wife, "How comes it that you have neglected this child of mine that has lost its mother?" She said to her husband, "Though I take affectionate care of him, he is nevertheless the strange object you see; what am I to do with him?" Whereupon the Bráhman thought, "No doubt it is the child's nature to be like this." For who sees through the deceitfulness of the speeches of women uttered with affected simplicity? Then that child began to go by the name of Bálavinashṭaka[7] in his father's house, because they said this child (*bála*) is deformed (*vinashṭa*.) Then Bálavinashṭaka thought to himself—"This step-mother of mine is always ill-treating me, therefore I had better be revenged on her in some way"—for though the boy was only a little more than five years old, he was clever enough. Then he said secretly to his father when he returned from the king's court, with half suppressed voice—"Papa, I have two Papas." So the boy said every day, and his father suspecting that his wife had a paramour, would not even touch her. She for her part thought —"Why is my husband angry without my being guilty; I wonder whether Bálavinashṭaka has been at any tricks?" So she washed Bálavinashṭaka with careful kindness, and gave him dainty food, and taking him on her lap, asked him the following question: "My son why have you incensed your father Rudraśarman against me?" When he heard that, the boy said to his step-mother, "I will do more harm to you than that, if you do not

immediately cease ill-treating me. You take good care of your own children; why do you perpetually torment me?" When she heard that, she bowed before him, and said with a solemn oath, "I will not do so any more; so reconcile my husband to me." Then the child said to her—"Well, when my father comes home, let one of your maids shew him a mirror, and leave the rest to me." She said, "Very well," and by her orders a maid shewed a mirror to her husband as soon as he returned home. Thereupon the child pointing out the reflection of his father in the mirror, said, "There is my second father." When he heard that, Rudraśarman dismissed his suspicions and was immediately reconciled to his wife, whom he had blamed without cause.

"Thus even a child may do mischief if it is annoyed, and therefore we must carefully conciliate all this retinue." Saying this, Yaugandharáyaṇa with the help of Rumaṇvat, carefully honoured all the people on this the king of Vatsa's great day of rejoicing.[8] And they gratified all the kings so successfully that each one of them thought, "These two men are devoted to me alone." And the king honoured those two ministers and Vasantaka with garments, unguents, and ornaments bestowed with his own hand, and he also gave them grants of villages. Then the king of Vatsa, having celebrated the great festival of his marriage, considered all his wishes gratified, now that he was linked to Vásavadattá. Their mutual love, having blossomed after a long time of expectation, was so great, owing to the strength of their passion, that their hearts continually resembled those of the sorrowing Chakravákas, when the night, during which they are separated, comes to an end. And as the familiarity of the couple increased, their love seemed to be ever renewed. Then Gopálaka, being ordered by his father to return to get married himself, went away, after having been entreated by the king of Vatsa to return quickly.

In course of time the king of Vatsa became faithless, and secretly loved an attendant of the harem named Virachitá, with whom he had previously had an intrigue. One day he made a mistake and addressed the queen by her name, thereupon he had to conciliate her by clinging to her feet, and bathed in her tears he was anointed[9] a fortunate king. Moreover he married a princess of the name of Bandhumatí, whom Gopálaka had captured by the

might of his arm, and sent as a present to the queen; and whom she concealed, changing her name to Manjuliká; who seemed like another Lakshmí issuing from the sea of beauty. Her the king saw, when he was in the company of Vasantaka, and secretly married her by the Gándharva ceremony in a summer-house. And that proceeding of his was beheld by Vásavadattá, who was in concealment, and she was angry, and had Vasantaka put in fetters. Then the king had recourse to the good offices of a female ascetic, a friend of the queen's, who had come with her from her father's court, of the name of Sánkrityánaní. She appeased the queen's anger, and got Bandhumatí presented to the king by the obedient queen, for tender is the heart of virtuous wives. Then the queen released Vasantaka from imprisonment; he came into the presence of the queen and said to her with a laugh, "Bandhumatí did you an injury, but what did I do to you? You are angry with adders[10] and you kill water-snakes." Then the queen, out of curiosity, asked him to explain that metaphor, and he continued as follows:

Story of Ruru.

Once on a time a hermit's son of the name of Ruru, wandering about at will, saw a maiden of wonderful beauty, the daughter of a heavenly nymph named Menaká by a Vidyádhara, and brought up by a hermit of the name of Sthúlakeśa in his hermitage. That lady, whose name was Prishaḍvará, so captivated the mind of that Ruru when he saw her, that he went and begged the hermit to give her to him in marriage. Sthúlakeśa for his part betrothed the maiden to him, and when the wedding was nigh at hand, suddenly an adder bit her. Then the heart of Ruru was full of despair, but he heard this voice in the heaven—"O Bráhman raise to life with the gift of half thy own life,[11] this maiden, whose allotted term is at an end." When he heard that, Ruru gave her the half of his own life, as he had been directed; by means of that she revived, and Ruru married her. Thenceforward he was incensed with the whole race of serpents, and whenever he saw a serpent he killed it, thinking to himself as he killed each one—"This may have bitten my wife."

One day a water snake said to him with human voice, as he was about to slay it, “You are incensed against adders, Bráhman, but why do you slay water-snakes? An adder bit your wife, and adders are a distinct species from water-snakes; all adders are venomous, water-snakes are not venomous.” When he heard that, he said in answer to the water-snake,—“My friend, who are you?” The water-snake said, “Bráhman, I am a hermit fallen from my high estate by a curse, and this curse was appointed to last till I held converse with you.” When he had said this he disappeared, and after that Ruru did not kill water-snakes. So I said this to you metaphorically, “My queen, you are angry with adders and you kill water-snakes.” When he had uttered this speech, full of pleasing wit, Vasantaka ceased, and Vásavadattá sitting at the side of her husband was pleased with him. Such soft and sweet tales in which Vasantaka displayed various ingenuity, did the loving Udayana, king of Vatsa, continually make use of to conciliate his angry wife, while he sat at her feet. That happy king’s tongue was ever exclusively employed in tasting the flavour of wine, and his ear was ever delighting in the sweet sounds of the lute, and his eye was ever riveted on the face of his beloved.

Note to Chapter XIV.

The practice of walking round an object of reverence with the right hand towards it, which is one of the ceremonies mentioned in our author’s account of Vásavadattá’s marriage, has been exhaustively discussed by Dr. Samuel Fergusson in his paper—“On the Ceremonial turn called Desiul,” published in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy for March 1877. (Vol. I. Ser. II. No. 12.) He shews it to have existed among the ancient Romans as well as the Celts. One of the most striking of his quotations is from the Curculio of Plautus (I. 1. 69.) Phædromus says—*Quo me vortam nescio*. Palinurus jestingly replies—*Si deos salutas dextrovorsum censeo*. Cp. also the following passage of Valerius Flaceus (Argon VIII. 243).

Inde ubi sacrificas cum conjuge venit ad aras
Æsonides, unaque adeunt pariterque precari
Incipiunt. Ignem Pollux undamque jugalem
Prætulit ut dextrum pariter vertantur in orbem.

The above passage forms a striking comment upon our text. Cp. also Plutarch in this life of Camillus Ταῦτα εἰπὼν, καθὰπερ ἐστὶ Ρωμαίοις ἔθος, ἐπευξαμένοις καὶ προσκυνὴσασιν, ἐπὶ δεξιὰ ἐξελίττειν, ἐσφάλη περιστρεφόμενος. It is possible that the following passage in Lucretius alludes to the same practice—

Nec pietas ulla est velatum sæpe videri
Vertier ad lapidem atque omnes accedere ad aras.

Dr. Fergusson is of opinion that this movement was a symbol of the cosmical rotation, an imitation of the apparent course of the sun in the heavens. Cp. Hyginus Fable CCV. *Arge venatrix, cum cervum sequeretur, cervo dixisse fertur: Tu licet Solis cursum sequaris, tamen te consequar. Sol, iratus, in cervam eam convertit.* He quotes, to prove that the practice existed among the ancient Celts, Athenæus IV, p. 142, who adduces from Posidonius the following statement "Τούς θεοὺς προσκυνοῦσιν ἐπὶ δεξιὰ στρεφόμενοι." The above quotations are but a few scraps from the full feast of Dr. Fergusson's paper. See also the remarks of the Rev. S. Beal in the Indian Antiquary for March 1880, p. 67.

See also Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties, p. 45. "The vicar of Stranton was standing at the churchyard gate, awaiting the arrival of a funeral party, when to his astonishment the whole group, who had arrived within a few yards of him, suddenly wheeled and made the circuit of the churchyard wall, thus traversing its west, north, and east boundaries, and making the distance some five or six times greater than was necessary. The vicar, astonished at this proceeding, asked the sexton the reason of so extraordinary a movement. The reply was as follows: 'Why, ye wad no hae them carry the dead again the sun; the dead maun aye go with the sun.' This custom is no doubt an ancient British or Celtic custom, and corresponds to the Highland usage of making the deazil or walking three times round a

person according to the course of the sun. Old Highlanders will still make the deazil around those to whom they wish well. To go round the person in the opposite direction, or "withershins," is an evil incantation and brings ill-fortune. Hunt in his Romances and Drolls of the West of England, p. 418, says, "If an invalid goes out for the first time, and makes a circuit, the circuit must be with the sun, if against the sun, there will be a relapse. Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 322, quotes from the Statistical Account of Scotland, Vol. V. p. 88 the following statement of a Scottish minister, with reference to a marriage ceremony: "After leaving the church, the whole company walk round it, keeping the church walls always on the right hand."

Thiselton Dyer, in his English Folk-lore, p. 171, mentions a similar custom as existing in the West of England. In Devonshire blackhead or pinsoles are cured by creeping on one's hands and knees under or through a bramble three times with the sun; that is from east to west. See also Ralston's Songs of the Russian people, p. 299.

See also the extract from Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland in Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. 1, p. 225; "When a Highlander goes to bathe or to drink water out of a consecrated fountain, he must always approach by going round the place from East to West on the South side, in imitation of the apparent diurnal motion of the sun. This is called in Gaelic going round the right, or the lucky way. The opposite course is the wrong, or the unlucky way. And if a person's meat or drink were to affect the wind-pipe, or come against his breath, they would instantly cry out, "Desheal," which is an ejaculation praying it may go by the right way." Cp. the note in Munro's Lucretius on V, 1199, and Burton's Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland, Vol. I, p. 278.

1

Alluding to Indra's having cut the wings of the mountains.

2

The peafowl are delighted at the approach of the rainy season, when "their sorrow" comes to an end.

3

It is often the duty of these minstrels to wake the king with their songs.

4

Weapons well known in Hindu mythology. See the 6th act of the Uttara Ráma Charita.

5

Sútrapátam akarot she tested, so to speak. Cp. Taranga 21, śl. 93. The fact is, the smoke made her eyes as red as if she had been drinking.

6

Or “like Kuvera.” There is a pun here.

7

Young Deformed.

8

Cp. the distribution of presents on the occasion of King Etzel’s marriage in the Nibelungen Lied.

9

It must be remembered that a king among the Hindus was inaugurated with water, not oil.

10

The word “adders” must here do duty for all venomous kinds of serpents.

11

A similar story is found in the IVth book of the Panchatantra, Fable 5, where Benfey compares the story of Yayáti and his son Puru. Benfey Panchatantra I. 436. Bernhard Schmidt in his Griechische Märchen, page 37, mentions a very similar story, which he connects with that of Admetos and Alkestis. In a popular ballad of Trebisond, a young man named Jannis, the only son of his parents, is about to be married, when Charon comes to fetch him. He supplicates St. George, who obtains for him the concession, that his life may be spared, in case his father will give him half the period of life still remaining to him. His father refuses, and in the same way his mother. At last his betrothed gives him half her allotted period of life, and the marriage takes place. The story of Ruru is found in the Ádiparva of the Mahábhárata, see Lévêque, Mythes et Légendes de l’Inde, pp. 278, and 374.

Book III.

Chapter XV.

Honour to that conqueror of obstacles whose favour, I ween, even the Creator[1] implored, in order that he might accomplish the creation of the world without let or hindrance.

That five-arrowed god of love conquers the world, at whose command even Śiva trembles, when he is being embraced by his beloved.

Thus having obtained Vásavadattá, that king of Vatsa gradually became most exclusively devoted to the pleasure of her society. But his prime minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, and his general Rumaṇvat, upheld day and night the burden of his empire. And once upon a time the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, full of anxiety, brought Rumaṇvat to his house at night and said to him as follows: “This lord of Vatsa is sprung from the Páṇḍava race, and the whole earth is his by hereditary descent, as also the city named of the elephant.[2] All these this king has abandoned not being desirous of making conquests, and his kingdom has so become confined to this one small corner of the earth. For he certainly remains devoted to women, wine and hunting, and he has delegated to us all the duty of thinking about his kingdom. So we by our own intelligence must take such steps, as that he shall obtain the empire of the whole earth, which is his hereditary right. For, if we do this, we shall have exhibited devotion to his cause, and performed our duty as ministers; for every thing is accomplished by intellect, and in proof of this listen to the following tale:”

Story of the clever physician.

Once on a time there was a king named Mahásena, and he was attacked by another king far superior to him in power. Then the king's ministers met together, and in order to prevent the ruin of his interests, Mahásena was persuaded by them to pay tribute to that enemy. And after he had paid tribute, that haughty king was exceedingly afflicted, thinking to himself, "Why have I made submission to my enemy?" And his sorrow on that account caused an abscess to form in his vitals, and he was so pulled down by the abscess that at last he was at the point of death. Then a certain wise physician considering that that case could not be cured by medicine, said falsely to that king; "O king, your wife is dead." When he heard that, the king suddenly fell on the ground, and owing to the excessive violence of his grief, the abscess burst of itself. And so the king recovered from his disease, and long enjoyed in the society of that queen the pleasures he desired, and conquered his enemies in his turn.[3]

"So, as that physician did his king a good turn by his wisdom, let us also do our king a good turn, let us gain for him the empire of the earth. And in this undertaking our only adversary is Pradyota, the king of Magadha; for he is a foe in the rear that is always attacking us behind. So we must ask for our sovereign that pearl of princesses, his daughter, named Padmávatí. And by our cleverness we will conceal Vásavadattá somewhere, and setting fire to her house, we will give out everywhere that the queen is burnt. For in no other case will the king of Magadha give his daughter to our sovereign, for when I requested him to do so on a former occasion, he answered—'I will not give my daughter, whom I love more than myself, to the king of Vatsa, for he is passionately attached to his wife Vásavadattá.' Moreover, as long as the queen is alive, the king of Vatsa will not marry any one else; but if a report is once spread that the queen is burnt, all will succeed. And when Padmávatí is secured, the king of Magadha will be our marriage connection, and will not attack us in the rear, but will become our ally. Then we will march to conquer the eastern quarter, and the others in due succession, so we shall obtain for the king of Vatsa all this earth. And if we only exert ourselves, this king will obtain the dominion of the earth, for long ago a divine voice predicted this." When Rumaṇvat heard this speech from the great minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, he feared that the plan would cover them with ridicule, and so he said to him—"Deception practised for the sake of

Padmávatí might some day be to the ruin of us both;" in proof of this, listen to the following tale:

Story of the hypocritical ascetic.

On the bank of the Ganges there is a city named Mákandiká; in that city long ago there was a certain ascetic who observed a vow of silence, and he lived on alms, and surrounded by numerous other holy beggars, dwelt in a monastery within the precincts of a god's temple where he had taken up his abode. Once, when he entered a certain merchant's house to beg, he saw a beautiful maiden coming out with alms in her hand, and the rascal seeing that she was wonderfully beautiful was smitten with love and exclaimed "Ah! Ah! Alas!" And that merchant overheard him. Then taking the alms he had received, he departed to his own house; and then the merchant went there and said to him in his astonishment,—"Why did you to-day suddenly break your vow of silence and say what you did?" When he heard that, the ascetic said to the merchant—"This daughter of yours has inauspicious marks; when she marries, you will undoubtedly perish, wife, sons, and all. So, when I saw her, I was afflicted, for you are my devoted adherent; and thus it was on your account that I broke silence and said what I did. So place this daughter of yours by night in a basket, on the top of which there must be a light, and set her adrift on the Ganges." The merchant said, "So I will," and went away, and at night he did all he had been directed to do out of pure fear. The timid are ever unreflecting. The hermit for his part said at that time to his own pupils, "Go to the Ganges, and when you see a basket floating along with a light on the top of it, bring it here secretly, but you must not open it, even if you hear a noise inside." They said, "We will do so," and off they went; but before they reached the Ganges, strange to say, a certain prince went into the river to bathe. He seeing that basket, which the merchant had thrown in, by the help of the light on it, got his servants to fetch it for him, and immediately opened it out of curiosity. And in it he saw that heart-enchanting girl, and he married her on the spot by the Gándharva

ceremony of marriage. And he set the basket adrift on the Ganges, exactly as it was before, putting a lamp on the top of it, and placing a fierce monkey inside it. The prince having departed with that pearl of maidens, the pupils of the hermit came there in the course of their search, and saw that basket, and took it up and carried it to the hermit. Then he being delighted, said to them, "I will take this upstairs and perform incantations with it alone, but you must lie in silence this night." When he had said this, the ascetic took the basket to the top of the monastery, and opened it, eager to behold the merchant's daughter. And then a monkey of terrible appearance sprang out of it,[4] and rushed upon the ascetic, like his own immoral conduct incarnate in bodily form. The monkey in its fury immediately tore off with its teeth the nose of the wicked ascetic, and his ears with its claws, as if it had been a skilful executioner; and in that state the ascetic ran downstairs, and when his pupils beheld him, they could with difficulty suppress their laughter. And early next morning everybody heard the story, and laughed heartily, but the merchant was delighted, and his daughter also, as she had obtained a good husband. And even as the ascetic made himself ridiculous, so too may we possibly become a laughing-stock, if we employ deceit, and fail after all. For the separation of the king from Vásavadattá involves many disadvantages. When Rumaṇvat had said this to Yaugandharáyaṇa, the latter answered; "In no other way can we conduct our enterprise successfully, and if we do not undertake the enterprise, it is certain that with this self-indulgent king we shall lose even what territory we have got; and the reputation which we have acquired for statesmanship will be tarnished, and we shall cease to be spoken of as men who shew loyalty to their sovereign. For when a king is one who depends on himself for success, his ministers are considered merely the instruments of his wisdom; and in the case of such monarchs you would not have much to do with their success or failures. But when a king depends on his ministers for success, it is their wisdom that achieves his ends, and if they are wanting in enterprise, he must bid a long farewell to all hope of greatness.[5] But if you fear the queen's father Chaṇḍamahásena, I must tell you that he and his son and the queen also will do whatever I bid them." When Yaugandharáyaṇa, most resolute among the resolute, had said this, Rumaṇvat, whose heart dreaded some fatal blunder, again said to him; "Even a discerning prince is afflicted

by the pain of being separated from a beloved woman, much more will this king of Vatsa be. In proof of what I say, listen to the following tale:"

Story of Unmádiní.[6]

Once on a time there was a king named Devasena, best of wise men, and the city of Śrávastí was his capital. And in that city there was a wealthy merchant, and to him there was born a daughter of unparalleled beauty. And that daughter became known by the name of Unmádiní, because every one, who beheld her beauty, became mad. Her father the merchant thought, "I must not give this daughter of mine to any one without telling the king, or he may be angry." So he went and said to the king Devasena, "King, I have a daughter who is a very pearl, take her if she finds favour in your eyes." When he heard that, the king sent some Bráhmans, his confidential ministers, saying to them, "Go and see if that maiden possesses the auspicious marks or not." The ministers said, "We will do so," and went. But when they beheld that merchant's daughter, Unmádiní, love was suddenly produced in their souls, and they became utterly bewildered. When they recovered their senses, the Bráhmans said to one another: "If the king marries this maiden, he will think only of her, and will neglect the affairs of the State, and everything will go to rack and ruin; so what is the good of her?" Accordingly they went and told the king, what was not true, that the maiden had inauspicious marks. Then the merchant gave that Unmádiní, whom the king had refused, and who in her heart felt a proud resentment at it, to the king's commander-in-chief. When she was in the house of her husband, she ascended one day to the roof, and exhibited herself to the king, who she knew would pass that way. And the moment the king beheld her, resembling a world-bewildering drug employed by the god of love, distraction seemed to be produced within him. When he returned to his palace, and discovered that it was the same lady he had previously rejected, he was full of regret, and fell violently ill with fever; the commander-in-chief, the husband of the lady, came to him and earnestly

entreated him to take her, saying, “She is a slave, she is not the lawful wife of another, or if it seem fit, I will repudiate her in the temple, then my lord can take her for his own.” But the king said to him, “I will not take unto myself another man’s wife, and if you repudiate her, your righteousness will be at end, and you will deserve punishment at my hands.” When they heard that, the other ministers remained silent, and the king was gradually consumed by love’s burning fever, and so died. So that king perished, though of firm soul, being deprived of Unmádiní; but what will become of the lord of Vatsa without Vásavadattá? When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard this from Rumaṇvat, he answered; “Affliction is bravely endured by kings who have their eyes firmly fixed on their duty. Did not Ráma when commissioned by the gods, who were obliged to resort to that contrivance, to kill Rávaṇa, endure the pain of separation from queen Sítá? When he heard this, Rumaṇvat said in answer—“Such as Ráma are gods, their souls can endure all things. But the thing is intolerable to men; in proof whereof listen to the following tale.

Story of the loving couple who died of separation.

There is on this earth a great city rich in jewels, named Mathurá. In it there lived a certain young merchant, called Illaka. And he had a dear wife whose mind was devoted to him alone. Once on a time, while he was dwelling with her, the young merchant determined to go to another country on account of the exigencies of his affairs. And that wife of his wished to go with him. For when women are passionately attached to any one, they cannot endure to be separated from him. And then that young merchant set out, having offered the usual preliminary prayer for success in his undertaking, and did not take with him that wife of his, though she had dressed herself for the journey. She looking after him, when he had started, with tears in her eyes, stood supporting herself against the panel of the door of the courtyard. Then, he being out of sight, she was no longer able to

endure her grief; but she was too timid to follow him. So her breath left her body. And as soon as the young merchant came to know of that, he returned and to his horror found that dear wife of his a corpse, with pale though lovely complexion, set off by her waving locks, like the spirit of beauty that tenants the moon fallen down to the earth in the day during her sleep.[7] So he took her in his arms and wept over her, and immediately the vital spirits left his body, which was on fire with the flame of grief, as if they were afraid to remain. So that married couple perished by mutual separation, and therefore we must take care that the king is not separated from the queen." When he had said this, Rumaṇvat ceased, with his mind full of apprehension, but the wise Yaugandharáyaṇa, that ocean of calm resolution answered him; "I have arranged the whole plan, and the affairs of kings often require such steps to be taken, in proof of it, hear the following tale:"

Story of Puṇyasena.

There lived long ago in Ujjayiní a king named Puṇyasena, and once on a time a powerful sovereign came and attacked him. Then his resolute ministers, seeing that that king was hard to conquer, spread everywhere a false report that their own sovereign Puṇyasena was dead; and they placed him in concealment, and burnt some other man's corpse with all the ceremonies appropriate to a king, and they proposed to the hostile king through an ambassador that, as they had now no king, he should come and be their king. The hostile monarch was pleased and consented, and then the ministers assembled accompanied by soldiers, and proceeded to storm his camp. And the enemy's army being destroyed, Puṇyasena's ministers brought him out of concealment, and having recovered their power put that hostile king to death.

"Such necessities will arise in monarch's affairs, therefore let us resolutely accomplish this business of the king's by spreading a report of the queen's having been burnt." When he heard this from Yaugandharáyaṇa, who had

made up his mind, Rumaṇvat said; “If this is resolved upon, let us send for Gopálaka the queen’s respected brother, and let us take all our measures duly, after consultation with him.” Then Yaugandharáyaṇa said, “So be it,” and Rumaṇvat allowed himself to be guided, in determining what was to be done, by the confidence which he placed in his colleague. The next day, these dexterous ministers sent off a messenger of their own to bring Gopálaka, on the pretext that his relations longed to see him. And as he had only departed before on account of urgent business, Gopálaka came at the request of the messenger, seeming like an incarnate festival. And the very day he came, Yaugandharáyaṇa took him by night to his own house together with Rumaṇvat, and there he told him of that daring scheme which he wished to undertake, all of which he had before deliberated about together with that Rumaṇvat; and Gopálaka desiring the good of the king of Vatsa consented to the scheme though he knew it would bring sorrow to his sister, for the mind of good men is ever fixed upon duty. Then Rumaṇvat again said,—“All this is well planned, but when the king of Vatsa hears that his wife is burnt, he will be inclined to yield up his breath, and how is he to be prevented from doing so? This is a matter which ought to be considered. For though all the usual politic expedients may advantageously be employed, the principal element of sound state-craft is the averting of misfortune.” Then Yaugandharáyaṇa who had reflected on everything that was to be done, said, “There need be no anxiety about this, for the queen is a princess, the younger sister of Gopálaka, and dearer to him than his life, and when the king of Vatsa sees how little afflicted Gopálaka is, he will think to himself, ‘Perhaps the queen may be alive after all,’ and so will be able to control his feelings. Moreover he is of heroic disposition, and the marriage of Padmávatí will be quickly got through, and then we can soon bring the queen out of concealment.” Then Yaugandharáyaṇa, and Gopálaka, and Rumaṇvat having made up their minds to this, deliberated as follows: “Let us adopt the artifice of going to Lávánaka with the king and queen, for that district is a border-district near the kingdom of Magadha. And because it contains admirable hunting-grounds, it will tempt the king to absent himself from the palace, so we can set the women’s apartments there on fire and carry out the plan[8] on which we have determined. And by an artifice we will take the queen and leave her in the palace of Padmávatí,

in order that Padmávatí herself may be a witness to the queen's virtuous behaviour in a state of concealment." Having thus deliberated together during the night, they all, with Yaugandharáyaṇa at their head, entered the king's palace on the next day. Then Rumaṇvat made the following representation to the king, "O king, it is a long time since we have gone to Lávánaka, and it is a very delightful place, moreover you will find capital hunting-grounds there, and grass for the horses can easily be obtained. And the king of Magadha, being so near, afflicts all that district. So let us go there for the sake of defending it, as well as for our own enjoyment." And the king, when he heard this, having his mind always set on enjoyment, determined to go to Lávánaka together with Vásavadattá. The next day, the journey having been decided on, and the auspicious hour having been fixed by the astrologers, suddenly the hermit Nárada came to visit the monarch.

He illuminated the region with his splendour, as he descended from the midst of heaven, and gave a feast to the eyes of all spectators, seeming as if he were the moon come down out of affection towards his own descendants.[9] After accepting the usual hospitable attentions, the hermit graciously gave to the king, who bowed humbly before him, a garland from the Párijáta[10] tree. And he congratulated the queen, by whom he was politely received, promising her that she should have a son, who should be a portion of Cupid[11] and king of all the Vidyádharas. And then he said to the king of Vatsa, while Yaugandharáyaṇa was standing by, "O king, the sight of your wife Vásavadattá has strangely brought something to my recollection. In old time you had for ancestors Yudhishṭhira and his brothers. And those five had one wife between them, Draupadí by name. And she, like Vásavadattá, was matchless in beauty. Then, fearing that her beauty would do mischief, I said to them, you must avoid jealousy, for that is the seed of calamities; in proof of it, listen to the following tale, which I will relate to you.[12]

Story of Sunda and Upasunda.

There were two brothers, Asuras by race, Sunda and Upasunda, hard to overcome, inasmuch as they surpassed the three worlds in valour. And Brahmá, wishing to destroy them, gave an order to Viśvakarman,[13] and had constructed a heavenly woman named Tilottamá, in order to behold whose beauty even Śiva truly became four-faced, so as to look four ways at once, while she was devoutly circumambulating him. She, by the order of Brahmá, went to Sunda and Upasunda, while they were in the garden of Kailása, in order to seduce them. And both those two Asuras distracted with love, seized the fair one at the same time by both her arms, the moment they saw her near them. And as they were dragging her off in mutual opposition, they soon came to blows, and both of them were destroyed. To whom is not the attractive object called woman the cause of misfortune? And you, though many, have one love, Draupadí, therefore you must without fail avoid quarrelling about her. And by my advice always observe this rule with respect to her. When she is with the eldest, she must be considered a mother by the younger, and when she is with the youngest, she must be considered a daughter-in-law by the eldest. Your ancestors, O king, accepted that speech of mine with unanimous consent, having their minds fixed on salutary counsels. And they were my friends, and it is through love for them that I have come to visit you here, king of Vatsa, therefore I give you this advice. Do you follow the counsel of your ministers, as they followed mine, and in a short time you will gain great success. For some time you will suffer grief, but you must not be too much distressed about it, for it will end in happiness.” After the hermit Nárada, so clever in indirectly intimating future prosperity, had said this duly to the king of Vatsa, he immediately disappeared. And then Yaugandharáyaṇa and all the other ministers, auguring from the speech of that great hermit that the scheme they had in view was about to succeed, became exceedingly zealous about carrying it into effect.

1

I read *dhátá* for *dhátrá*.

2

i. e. Hastinápura.

3

Here Wilson observes: The circumstances here related are not without analogies in fact. It is not marvellous therefore that we may trace them in fiction. The point of the story is the same as that of the "Deux Anglais à Paris," a Fabliau, and of "Une femme à l'extremité qui se mit en si grosse colère voyant son mari qui baisait sa servante qu'elle recouvra la santé" of Margaret of Navarre, (Heptameron. Nouvelle 71). Cp. Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties, p. 131.

Webster, Duchess of Malfi, Act IV, Sc. 2, tells a similar story,

"A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object,
Being full of change and sport, freed him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke."

4

Cp. Sagas from the far East, Tale XI, pp. 123, 124. Here the crime contemplated is murder, and the ape is represented by a tiger. This story bears a certain resemblance to the termination of Alles aus einer Erbse, Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 22. See also page 220 of the same collection. In the Pentamerone of Basile, Tale 22, a princess is set afloat in a box, and found by a king, whose wife she eventually becomes. There is a similar incident in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 220.

5

Literally a handful of water, such as is offered to the Manes, is offered to Fortune. It is all over with his chance of attaining glory.

6

Cp. Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 220. Liebrecht, in note 485 to page 413 of his translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, compares this story with one in The Thousand and One Days of a princess of Kashmír, who was so beautiful that every one who saw her went mad, or pined away. He also mentions an Arabian tradition with respect to the Thracian sorceress Rhodope. "The Arabs believe that one of the pyramids is haunted by a guardian spirit in the shape of a beautiful woman, the mere sight of whom drives men mad." He refers also to Thomas Moore, the Epicurean, Note 6 to Chapter VI, and the Adventures of Hatim Tai, translated by Duncan Forbes, p. 18.

7

In the original it is intended to compare the locks to the spots in the moon.

8

Reading *yad hi*.

9

The moon was the progenitor of the Páṇḍava race.

10

One of the five trees of Paradise.

11

Káma the Hindu Cupid.

12

There is a certain resemblance in the story of Sunda and Upasunda to that of Otus and Ephialtes; see Preller’s Griechische Mythologie, Vol. I p. 81. Cp. also Grohmann’s Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 35.

13

The architect or artist of the gods.

Chapter XVI.

Then Yaugandharáyaṇa and the other ministers managed to conduct the king of Vatsa with his beloved, by the above-mentioned stratagem, to Lávánaka. The king arrived at that place, which, by the roar of the host echoing through it, seemed, as it were, to proclaim that the ministers' object would be successfully attained. And the king of Magadha, when he heard that the lord of Vatsa had arrived there with a large following, trembled, anticipating attack. But he being wise, sent an ambassador to Yaugandharáyaṇa, and that excellent minister well-versed in his duties, received him gladly. The king of Vatsa for his part, while staying in that place, ranged every day the wide-extended forest for the sake of sport. One day, the king having gone to hunt, the wise Yaugandharáyaṇa accompanied by Gopálaka, having arranged what was to be done, and taking with him also Rumaṇvat and Vasantaka, went secretly to the queen Vásavadattá, who bowed at their approach. There he used various representations to persuade her to assist in furthering the king's interests, though she had been previously informed of the whole affair by her brother. And she agreed to the proposal, though it inflicted on her the pain of separation. What indeed is there which women of good family, who are attached to their husbands, will not endure? Thereupon the skilful Yaugandharáyaṇa made her assume the appearance of a Bráhman woman, having given her a charm, which enabled her to change her shape. And he made Vasantaka one-eyed and like a Bráhman boy, and as for himself, he in the same way assumed the appearance of an old Bráhman. Then that mighty-minded one took the queen, after she had assumed that appearance, and accompanied by Vasantaka, set out leisurely for the town of Magadha. And so Vásavadattá left her house, and went in bodily presence along the road, though she wandered in spirit to her husband. Then Rumaṇvat burnt her pavilion with fire, and exclaimed aloud—"Alas! alas! The queen and Vasantaka are burnt." And so in that place there rose to heaven at the same time flames and lamentation; the flames gradually subsided, not so the sound of weeping. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa with Vásavadattá and Vasantaka reached

the city of the king of Magadha, and seeing the princess Padmávatí in the garden, he went up to her with those two, though the guards tried to prevent him. And Padmávatí, when she saw the queen Vásavadattá in the dress of a Bráhman woman, fell in love with her at first sight. The princess ordered the guards to desist from their opposition, and had Yaugandharáyaṇa, who was disguised as a Bráhman, conducted into her presence. And she addressed to him this question, "Great Bráhman, who is this girl you have with you, and why are you come?" And he answered her, "Princess, this is my daughter Ávantiká by name, and her husband, being addicted to vice,[1] has deserted her and fled somewhere or other. So I will leave her in your care, illustrious lady, while I go and find her husband, and bring him back, which will be in a short time. And let this one-eyed boy, her brother, remain here near her, in order that she may not be grieved at having to remain alone." He said this to the princess, and she granted his request, and, taking leave of the queen, the good minister quickly returned to Lávánaka. Then Padmávatí took with her Vásavadattá, who was passing under the name of Ávantiká, and Vasantaka who accompanied her in the form of a one-eyed boy; and shewing her excellent disposition by her kind reception and affectionate treatment of them, entered her splendidly-adorned palace; and there Vásavadattá, seeing Sítá in the history of Ráma represented upon the painted walls, was enabled to bear her own sorrow. And Padmávatí perceived that Vásavadattá was a person of very high rank, by her shape, her delicate softness, the graceful manner in which she sat down, and ate, and also by the smell of her body, which was fragrant as the blue lotus, and so she entertained her with luxurious comfort to her heart's content, even such as she enjoyed herself. And she thought to herself, "Surely she is some distinguished person remaining here in concealment; did not Draupadí remain concealed in the palace of the king of Viráṭa?" Then Vásavadattá, out of regard for the princess made for her unfading garlands and forehead-streaks, as the king of Vatsa had previously taught her; and Padmávatí's mother, seeing her adorned with them, asked her privately who had made those garlands and streaks. Then Padmávatí said to her, "There is dwelling here in my house a certain lady of the name of Ávantiká, she made all these for me." When her mother heard that, she said to her, then, my daughter, she is not a woman, she is some goddess, since she possesses such knowledge;

gods and also hermits remain in the houses of good people for the sake of deluding them, and in proof of this listen to the following anecdote.

Story of Kuntí.

There was once a king named Kuntibhoja; and a hermit of the name of Durvásas, who was exceedingly fond of deluding people, came and stayed in his palace. He commissioned his own daughter Kuntí to attend upon the hermit, and she diligently waited upon him. And one day he, wishing to prove her, said to her, "Cook boiled rice with milk and sugar quickly, while I bathe, and then I will come and eat it." The sage said this, and bathed quickly, and then he came to eat it, and Kuntí brought him the vessel full of that food; and then the hermit, knowing that it was almost red-hot with the heated rice, and seeing that she could not hold it in her hands,[2] cast a look at the back of Kuntí and she perceiving what was passing in the hermit's mind, placed the vessel on her back; then he ate to his heart's content while Kuntí's back was being burnt, and because, though she was terribly burnt, she stood without being at all discomposed, the hermit was much pleased with her conduct, and after he had eaten granted her a boon.

"So the hermit remained there, and in the same way this Ávantiká, who is now staying in your palace, is some distinguished person, therefore endeavour to conciliate her." When she heard this from the mouth of her mother, Padmávatí showed the utmost consideration for Vásavadattá, who was living disguised in her palace. And Vásavadattá for her part, being separated from her lord, remained there pale with bereavement, like a lotus in the night.[3] But the various boyish grimaces, which Vasantaka exhibited,[4] again and again called a smile into her face.

In the meanwhile the king of Vatsa, who had wandered away into very distant hunting-grounds, returned late in the evening to Lávánaka. And

there he saw the women's apartments reduced to ashes by fire, and heard from his ministers that the queen was burnt with Vasantaka. And when he heard it, he fell on the ground, and he was robbed of his senses by unconsciousness, that seemed to desire to remove the painful sense of grief. But in a moment he came to himself and was burnt with sorrow in his heart, as if penetrated with the fire that strove to consume[5] the image of the queen imprinted there. Then overpowered with sorrow he lamented, and thought of nothing but suicide; but a moment after he began to reflect, calling to mind the following prediction—"From this queen shall be born a son who shall reign over all the Vidyádharas. This is what the hermit Nárada told me, and it cannot be false. Moreover that same hermit warned me that I should have sorrow for some time. And the affliction of Gopálaka seems to be but slight. Besides I cannot detect any excessive grief in Yaugandharáyaṇa and the other ministers, therefore I suspect the queen may possibly be alive. But the ministers may in this matter have employed a certain amount of politic artifice, therefore I may some day be re-united with the queen. So I see an end to this affliction." Thus reflecting and being exhorted by his ministers, the king established in his heart self-control. And Gopálaka sent off a private messenger immediately, without any one's knowing of it, to his sister, to comfort her, with an exact report of the state of affairs. Such being the situation in Lávánaka, the spies of the king of Magadha who were there, went off to him and told him all. The king who was ever ready to seize the opportune moment, when he heard this, was once more anxious to give to the king of Vatsa his daughter Padmávatí, who had before been asked in marriage by his ministers. Then he communicated his wishes with respect to this matter to the king of Vatsa, and also to Yaugandharáyaṇa. And by the advice of Yaugandharáyaṇa, the king of Vatsa accepted that proposal, thinking to himself that perhaps this was the very reason why the queen had been concealed. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa quickly ascertained an auspicious moment, and sent to the sovereign of Magadha an ambassador with an answer to his proposal which ran as follows: "Thy desire is approved by us, so on the seventh day from this, the king of Vatsa will arrive at thy court to marry Padmávatí, in order that he may quickly forget Vásavadattá." This was the message which the great minister sent to that king. And that ambassador conveyed it to the king of Magadha, who received him joyfully.

Then the lord of Magadha made such preparations for the joyful occasion of the marriage, as were in accordance with his love for his daughter, his own desire, and his wealth; and Padmávatí was delighted at hearing that she had obtained the bridegroom she desired, but, when Vásavadattá heard that news, she was depressed in spirit. That intelligence, when it reached her ear, changed the colour of her face, and assisted the transformation effected by her disguise. But Vasantaka said, "In this way an enemy will be turned into a friend, and your husband will not be alienated from you." This speech of Vasantaka consoled her like a *confidante*, and enabled her to bear up. Then the discreet lady again prepared for Padmávatí unfading garlands and forehead-streaks, both of heavenly beauty, as her marriage was now nigh at hand; and when the seventh day from that arrived, the monarch of Vatsa actually came there with his troops, accompanied by his ministers, to marry her. How could he in his state of bereavement have ever thought of undertaking such a thing, if he had not hoped in that way to recover the queen? And the king of Magadha immediately came with great delight to meet him, (who was a feast to the eyes of the king's subjects,) as the sea advances to meet the rising moon. Then the monarch of Vatsa entered the city of the king of Magadha, and at the same time great joy entered the minds of the citizens on every side. There the women beheld him fascinating[6] the mind, though his frame was attenuated from bereavement, looking like the god of love, deprived of his wife Rati. Then the king of Vatsa entered the palace of the lord of Magadha, and proceeded to the chamber prepared for the marriage ceremony, which was full of women whose husbands were still alive. In that chamber he beheld Padmávatí adorned for the wedding, surpassing with the full moon of her face the circle of the full moon. And seeing that she had garlands and forehead-streaks such as he himself only could make, the king could not help wondering where she got them. Then he ascended the raised platform of the altar, and his taking her hand there was a commencement of his taking the tribute[7] of the whole earth. The smoke of the altar dimmed his eyes with tears, as supposing that he could not bear to witness the ceremony, since he loved Vásavadattá so much. Then the face of Padmávatí, reddened with circumambulating the fire, appeared as if full of anger on account of her perceiving what was passing in her husband's mind. When the ceremony of

marriage was completed, the king of Vatsa let the hand of Padmávatí quit his, but he never even for a moment allowed the image of Vásavadattá to be absent from his heart. Then the king of Magadha gave him jewels in such abundance, that the earth seemed to be deprived of her gems, they all having been extracted. And Yaugandharáyaṇa, calling the fire to witness on that occasion, made the king of Magadha undertake never to injure his master. So that festive scene proceeded, with the distribution of garments and ornaments, with the songs of excellent minstrels, and the dancing of dancing-girls. In the meanwhile Vásavadattá remained unobserved, hoping for the glory of her husband, appearing[8] to be asleep, like the beauty of the moon in the day. Then the king of Vatsa went to the women's apartments, and the skilful Yaugandharáyaṇa, being afraid that he would see the queen, and that so the whole secret would be divulged, said to the sovereign of Magadha, "Prince, this very day the king of Vatsa will set forth from thy house." The king of Magadha consented to it, and then the minister made the very same announcement to the king of Vatsa, and he also approved of it.

Then the king of Vatsa set out from that place, after his attendants had eaten and drunk, together with his ministers, escorting his bride Padmávatí. And Vásavadattá, ascending a comfortable carriage sent by Padmávatí, with its great horses also put at her disposal by her, went secretly in the rear of the army, making the transformed Vasantaka precede her. At last the king of Vatsa reached Lávánaka, and entered his own house, together with his bride, but thought all the time only of the queen Vásavadattá. The queen also arrived and entered the house of Gopálaka at night, making the chamberlains wait round it. There she saw her brother Gopálaka who shewed her great attention, and she embraced his neck weeping, while his eyes filled with tears; and at that moment arrived Yaugandharáyaṇa, true to his previous agreement, together with Rumaṇvat, and the queen shewed him all due courtesy. And while he was engaged in dispelling the queen's grief caused by the great effort she had made, and her separation from her husband, those chamberlains repaired to Padmávatí, and said, "Queen, Ávantiká has arrived, but she has in a strange way dismissed us, and gone to the house of prince Gopálaka." When Padmávatí heard that representation from her chamberlains, she was alarmed and in the presence

of the king of Vatsa answered them, “Go and say to Ávantiká, ‘The queen says—You are a deposit in my hands, so what business have you where you are? Come where I am.’” When they heard that, they departed and the king asked Padmávatí in private who made for her the unfading garlands and forehead-streaks. Then she said, “It is all the product of the great artistic skill of the lady named Ávantiká who was deposited in my house by a certain Bráhman.” No sooner did the king hear that, then he went off to the house of Gopálaka, thinking that surely Vásavadattá would be there. And he entered the house, at the door of which eunuchs were standing,[9] and within which were the queen, Gopálaka, the two ministers, and Vasantaka. There he saw Vásavadattá returned from banishment, like the orb of the moon freed from its eclipse. Then he fell on the earth delirious with the poison of grief, and trembling was produced in the heart of Vásavadattá. Then she too fell on the earth with limbs pale from separation, and lamented aloud, blaming her own conduct. And that couple, afflicted with grief, lamented so that even the face of Yaugandharáyaṇa was washed with tears. And then Padmávatí too heard that wailing, which seemed so little suited to the occasion, and came in a state of bewilderment to the place whence it proceeded. And gradually finding out the truth with respect to the king and Vásavadattá, she was reduced to the same state, for good women are affectionate and tender-hearted. And Vásavadattá frequently exclaimed with tears, “What profit is there in my life that causes only sorrow to my husband?” Then the calm Yaugandharáyaṇa said to the king of Vatsa: “King, I have done all this in order to make you universal emperor, by marrying you to the daughter of the sovereign of Magadha, and the queen is not in the slightest degree to blame; moreover this, her rival wife, is witness to her good behaviour during her absence from you.” Thereupon Padmávatí, whose mind was free from jealousy, said, “I am ready to enter the fire on the spot to prove her innocence.” And the king said, “I am in fault, as it was for my sake that the queen endured this great affliction.” And Vásavadattá having firmly resolved, said, “I must enter the fire to clear from suspicion the mind of the king.” Then the wise Yaugandharáyaṇa, best of right-acting men, rinsed his mouth, with his face towards the east, and spoke a blameless speech; “If I have been a benefactor to this king, and if the queen is free from stain, speak, ye guardians of the world; if it is not so, I will part

from my body.” Thus he spoke and ceased, and this heavenly utterance was heard: “Happy art thou, O king, that hast for minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, and for wife Vásavadattá, who in a former birth was a goddess; not the slightest blame attaches to her.” Having uttered this, the Voice ceased. All who were present, when they heard that sound, which resounded though all the regions, delightful as the deep thunder-roar at the first coming of the rain-clouds, having endured affliction for a long time, lifted up their hands and plainly imitated peafowl in their joy. Moreover the king of Vatsa and Gopálaka praised that proceeding of Yaugandharáyaṇa’s, and the former already considered that the whole earth was subject to him. Then that king possessing those two wives, whose affection was every day increased by living with him, like joy and tranquillity come to visit him in bodily form, was in a state of supreme felicity.

1

This is literally true. The king was addicted to the *vyasana* or vice of hunting.

2

I read *hastagraháyogyám* for the *áhastagraháyogyám* of Dr. Brockhaus.

3

The flower closes when the sun sets.

4

To keep up his character as a Bráhman boy.

5

I read *dáhaishiná*.

6

This applies also to the god of love who bewilders the mind.

7

Kara means hand, and also tribute.

8

I read *iva* for *eva*.

9

Reading *taddvárasthitamahattaram* as one word.

Chapter XVII.

The next day, the king of Vatsa, sitting in private with Vásavadattá, and Padmávatí, engaged in a festive banquet, sent for Yaugandharáyaṇa, Gopálaka, Rumaṇvat and Vasantaka, and had much confidential conversation with them. Then the king, in the hearing of them all, told the following tale with reference to the subject of his separation from his beloved.

Story of Urvaśí.[1]

Once on a time there was a king of the name of Purúravas, who was a devoted worshipper of Vishṇu; he traversed heaven as well as earth without opposition, and one day, as he was sauntering in Nandana, the garden of the gods, a certain Apsaras of the name of Urvaśí, who was a second stupefying weapon[2] in the hands of Love, cast an eye upon him. The moment she beheld him, the sight so completely robbed her of her senses, that she alarmed the timid minds of Rambhá and her other friends. The king too, when he saw that torrent of the nectar of beauty, was quite faint with thirst, because he could not obtain possession of her. Then Vishṇu, who knoweth all, dwelling in the sea of milk, gave the following command to Nárada, an excellent hermit, who came to visit him—"O Divine sage,[3] the king Purúravas, at present abiding in the garden of Nandana, having had his mind captivated by Urvaśí, remains incapable of bearing the pain of separation from his love. Therefore go, O hermit, and informing Indra as from me, cause that Urvaśí to be quickly given to the king." Having received this order from Vishṇu, Nárada undertook to execute it, and going to Purúravas who was in the state described, roused him from his lethargy and said to him;—"Rise up, O king, for thy sake I am sent here by Vishṇu,

for that god does not neglect the sufferings of those who are unfeignedly devoted to him." With these words, the hermit Nárada cheered up Purúravas, and then went with him into the presence of the king of the gods.

Then he communicated the order of Vishṇu to Indra, who received it with reverent mind, and so the hermit caused Urvaśí to be given to Purúravas. That gift of Urvaśí deprived the inhabitants of heaven of life, but it was to Urvaśí herself an elixir to restore her to life. Then Purúravas returned with her to the earth, exhibiting to the eyes of mortals the wonderful spectacle of a heavenly bride. Thenceforth those two, Urvaśí and that king, remained, so to speak, fastened together by the leash of gazing on one another, so that they were unable to separate. One day Purúravas went to heaven, invited by Indra to assist him, as a war had arisen between him and the Dánavas. In that war the king of the Asuras, named Máyádhara, was slain, and accordingly Indra held a great feast, at which all the nymphs of heaven displayed their skill. And on that occasion Purúravas, when he saw the nymph Rambhá performing a dramatic dance called *chalita*,[4] with the teacher Tumburu standing by her, laughed. Then Rambhá said to him sarcastically—"I suppose, mortal, you know this heavenly dance, do you not?" Purúravas answered, "From associating with Urvaśí, I knew dances which even your teacher Tumburu does not know." When Tumburu heard that, he laid this curse on him in his wrath, "Mayest thou be separated from Urvaśí until thou propitiate Krishṇa." When he heard that curse, Purúravas went and told Urvaśí what had happened to him, which was terrible as "a thunderbolt from the blue." Immediately some Gandharvas swooped down, without the king's seeing them, and carried off Urvaśí, whither he knew not. Then Purúravas, knowing that the calamity was due to that curse, went and performed penance to appease Vishṇu in the hermitage of Badariká.

But Urvaśí, remaining in the country of the Gandharvas, afflicted at her separation, was as void of sense as if she had been dead, asleep, or a mere picture. She kept herself alive with hoping for the end of the curse, but it is wonderful that she did not lose her hold on life, while she remained like the female *chakraváka* during the night, the appointed time of her separation from the male bird. And Purúravas propitiated Vishṇu by that penance, and, owing to Vishṇu's having been gratified, the Gandharvas surrendered

Urvaśí to him. So that king, re-united to the nymph whom he had recovered at the termination of the curse, enjoyed heavenly pleasures, though living upon earth.

The king stopped speaking, and Vásavadattá felt an emotion of shame at having endured separation, when she heard of the attachment of Urvaśí to her husband.

Then Yaugandharáyaṇa, seeing that the queen was abashed at having been indirectly reproved by her husband, said, in order to make him feel in his turn,—"King, listen to this tale, if you have not already heard it.

Story of Vihitasena.

There is on this earth a city of the name of Timirá, the dwelling of the goddess of Prosperity; in it there was a famous king named Vihitasena; he had a wife named Tejovatí, a very goddess upon earth. That king was ever hanging on her neck, devoted to her embraces, and could not even bear that his body should be for a short time scratched with the coat of mail. And once there came upon the king a lingering fever with diminishing intensity; and the physicians forbade him to continue in the queen's society. But when he was excluded from the society of the queen, there was engendered in his heart a disease not to be reached by medicine or treatment. The physicians told the ministers in private that the disease might relieve itself by fear or the stroke of some affliction. The ministers reflected—"How can we produce fear in that brave king, who did not tremble when an enormous snake once fell on his back, who was not confused when a hostile army penetrated into his harem? It is useless thinking of devices to produce fear; what are we ministers, to do with the king?" Thus the ministers reflected, and after deliberating with the queen, concealed her, and said to the king, "The queen is dead." While the king was tortured with that exceeding grief, in his agitation that disease in his heart relieved itself.[5] When the king had

got over the pain of the illness, the ministers restored to him that great queen, who seemed like a second gift of ease, and the king valued her highly as the saviour of his life, and was too wise to bear anger against her afterwards for concealing herself.

For it is care for a husband's interests that entitles a king's wife to the name of queen; by mere compliance with a husband's whims the name of queen is not obtained. And discharging the duty of minister means undivided attention to the burden of the king's affairs, but the compliance with a king's passing fancies is the characteristic of a mere courtier. Accordingly we made this effort in order to come to terms with your enemy, the king of Magadha, and with a view to your conquering the whole earth. So it is not the case that the queen, who, through love for you, endured intolerable separation, has done you a wrong; on the contrary she has conferred on you a great benefit." When the king of Vatsa heard this true speech of his prime-minister's, he thought that he himself was in the wrong, and was quite satisfied.

And he said; "I know this well enough, that the queen, like Policy incarnate in bodily form, acting under your inspiration, has bestowed upon me the dominion of the earth. But that unbecoming speech, which I uttered, was due to excessive affection; how can people whose minds are blinded with love bring themselves to deliberate calmly?[6]" With such conversation that king of Vatsa brought the day and the queen's eclipse of shame to an end. On the next day a messenger sent by the king of Magadha, who had discovered the real state of the case, came to the sovereign of Vatsa, and said to him as from his master; "We have been deceived by thy ministers, therefore take such steps as that the world may not henceforth be to us a place of misery." When he heard that, the king shewed all honour to the messenger, and sent him to Padmávatí to take his answer from her. She, for her part, being altogether devoted to Vásavadattá, had an interview with the ambassador in her presence. For humility is an unfailing characteristic of good women. The ambassador delivered her father's message—"My daughter, you have been married by an artifice, and your husband is attached to another, thus it has come to pass that I reap in misery the fruit of being the father of a daughter." But Padmávatí thus answered him, Say to

my father from me here—"What need of grief? For my husband is very indulgent to me, and the queen Vásavadattá is my affectionate sister, so my father must not be angry with my husband, unless he wishes to break his own plighted faith and my heart at the same time." When this becoming answer had been given by Padmávatí, the queen Vásavadattá hospitably entertained the ambassador and then sent him away. When the ambassador had departed, Padmávatí remained somewhat depressed with regret, calling to mind her father's house. Then Vásavadattá ordered Vasantaka to amuse her, and he came near, and with that object proceeded to tell the following tale:

Story of Somaprabhá.

There is a city, the ornament of the earth, called Páṭaliputra, and in it there was a great merchant named Dharmagupta. He had a wife named Chandraprabhá, and she once on a time became pregnant, and brought forth a daughter beautiful in all her limbs. That girl, the moment she was born, illuminated the chamber with her beauty, spoke distinctly,[7] and got up and sat down. Then Dharmagupta, seeing that the women in the lying-in-chamber were astonished and terrified, went there himself in a state of alarm. And immediately he asked that girl in secret, bowing before her humbly,—"Adorable one, who art thou, that art thus become incarnate in my family?" She answered him, "Thou must not give me in marriage to any one; as long as I remain in thy house, father, I am a blessing to thee; what profit is there in enquiring further?" When she said this to him, Dharmagupta was frightened, and he concealed her in his house giving out abroad that she was dead. Then that girl, whose name was Somaprabhá gradually grew up with human body, but celestial splendour of beauty. And one day a young merchant, of the name of Guhachandra, beheld her, as she was standing upon the top of her palace, looking on with delight at the celebration of the spring-festival; she clung like a creeper of love round his heart, so that he was, as it were, faint, and with difficulty got home to his

house. There he was tortured with the pain of love, and when his parents persistently importuned him to tell them the cause of his distress, he informed them by the mouth of a friend. Then his father, whose name was Guhasena, out of love for his son, went to the house of Dharmagupta, to ask him to give his daughter in marriage to Guhachandra. Then Dharmagupta put off Guhasena when he made the request, desiring to obtain a daughter-in-law, and said to him, "The fact is, my daughter is out of her mind." Considering that he meant by that to refuse to give his daughter, Guhasena returned home, and there he beheld his son prostrated by the fever of love, and thus reflected, "I will persuade the king to move in this matter, for I have before this conferred an obligation on him, and he will cause that maiden to be given to my son, who is at the point of death." Having thus determined, the merchant went and presented to the king a splendid jewel, and made known to him his desire. The king, for his part, being well-disposed towards him, commissioned the head of the police to assist him, with whom he went to the house of Dharmagupta; and surrounded it on all sides with policemen,[8] so that Dharmagupta's throat was choked with tears, as he expected utter ruin. Then Somaprabhá said to Dharmagupta—"Give me in marriage, my father, let not calamity befall you on my account, but I must never be treated as a wife by my husband, and this agreement you must make in express terms with my future father-in-law." When his daughter had said this to him. Dharmagupta agreed to give her in marriage, after stipulating that she should not be treated as a wife; and Guhasena with inward laughter agreed to the condition, thinking to himself, "Only let my son be once married." Then Guhachandra, the son of Guhasena, went to his own house, taking with him his bride Somaprabhá. And in the evening his father said to him, "My son, treat her as a wife, for who abstains from the society of his own wife?" When she heard that, the bride Somaprabhá looked angrily at her father-in-law, and whirled round her threatening fore-finger, as it were the decree of death. When he saw that finger of his daughter-in-law, the breath of that merchant immediately left him, and fear came upon all besides. But Guhachandra, when his father was dead, thought to himself, "The goddess of death has entered into my house as a wife." And thenceforth he avoided the society of that wife, though she remained in his house, and so observed a vow difficult as that of standing on the edge of

a sword. And being inly consumed by that grief, losing his taste for all enjoyment, he made a vow and feasted Bráhmans every day. And that wife of his, of heavenly beauty, observing strict silence, used always to give a fee to those Bráhmans after they had eaten. One day an aged Bráhman, who had come to be fed, beheld her exciting the wonder of the world by her dower of beauty; then the Bráhman full of curiosity secretly asked Guhachandra; "Tell me who this young wife of yours is." Then Guhachandra, being importuned by that Bráhman, told him with afflicted mind her whole story. When he heard it, the excellent Bráhman, full of compassion, gave him a charm for appeasing the fire, in order that he might obtain his desire. Accordingly, while Guhachandra was in secret muttering that charm, there appeared to him a Bráhman from the midst of the fire. And that god of fire in the shape of a Bráhman, said to him, as he lay prostrate at his feet, "To-day I will eat in thy house, and I will remain there during the night. And after I have shewn thee the truth with respect to thy wife, I will accomplish thy desire." When he had said this to Guhachandra, the Bráhman entered his house. There he ate like the other Bráhmans, and lay down at night near Guhachandra for one watch of the night only, such was his unwearying zeal. And at this period of the night, Somaprabhá, the wife of Guhachandra, went out from the house of her husband, all the inmates of which were asleep. At that moment that Bráhman woke up Guhachandra, and said to him, "Come, see what thy wife is doing."

And by magic power he gave Guhachandra and himself the shape of bees,[9] and going out he shewed him that wife of his, who had issued from the house. And that fair one went a long distance outside the city, and the Bráhman with Guhachandra followed her. Thereupon Guhachandra saw before him a Nyagrodha[10] tree of wide extent, beautiful with its shady stem, and under it he heard a heavenly sound of singing, sweet with strains floating on the air, accompanied with the music of the lyre and the flute. And on the trunk of the tree he saw a heavenly maiden[11], like his wife in appearance, seated on a splendid throne, eclipsing by her beauty the moon-beam, fanned with white *chowries*, like the goddess presiding over the treasure of all the moon's beauty. And then Guhachandra saw his wife ascend that very tree and sit down beside that lady, occupying half of her

throne. While he was contemplating those two heavenly maidens of equal beauty sitting together, it seemed to him as if that night were lighted by three moons.[12]

Then he, full of curiosity, thought for a moment, “Can this be sleep or delusion? But away with both these suppositions! This is the expanding of the blossom from the bud of association with the wise, which springs on the tree of right conduct, and this blossom gives promise of the appropriate fruit.” While he was thus reflecting at his leisure, those two celestial maidens, after eating food suited for such as they were, drank heavenly wine. Then the wife of Guhachandra said to the second heavenly maiden, “To-day some glorious Bráhman has arrived in our house, for which reason, my sister, my heart is alarmed and I must go.” In these words she took leave of that other heavenly maiden and descended from the tree. When Guhachandra and the Bráhman saw that, they returned in front of her, still preserving the form of bees, and arrived in the house by night before she did, and afterwards arrived that heavenly maiden, the wife of Guhachandra, and she entered the house without being observed. Then that Bráhman of his own accord said to Guhachandra; “You have had ocular proof that your wife is divine and not human, and you have to-day seen her sister who is also divine; and how do you suppose that a heavenly nymph can desire the society of a man? So I will give you a charm to be written up over her door, and I will also teach you an artifice to be employed outside the house, which must increase the force of the charm. A fire burns even without being fanned, but much more when a strong current of air is brought to bear on it; in the same way a charm will produce the desired effect unaided, but much more readily when assisted by an artifice.” When he had said this, the excellent Bráhman gave a charm to Guhachandra, and instructed him in the artifice, and then vanished in the dawn. Guhachandra for his part wrote it up over the door of his wife’s apartment, and in the evening had recourse to the following stratagem calculated to excite her affection. He dressed himself splendidly and went and conversed with a certain *hetæra* before her eyes. When she saw this, the heavenly maiden being jealous, called to him with voice set free by the charm, and asked him who that woman was. He answered her falsely; “She is a *hetæra* who has taken a fancy to me, and I shall go and pay her a visit to-day.” Then she looked at him askance with

wrinkled brows, and lifting up her veil with her left hand, said to him, “Ah! I see: this is why you are dressed so grandly, do not go to her, what have you to do with her? Visit me, for I am your wife.” When he had been thus implored by her, agitated with excitement, as if she were possessed, though that evil demon which held her had been expelled by the charm, he was in a state of ecstatic joy, and he immediately entered into her chamber with her, and enjoyed, though a mortal, celestial happiness not conceived of in imagination. Having thus obtained her as a loving wife, conciliated by the magic power of the charm, who abandoned for him her celestial rank, Guhachandra lived happily ever after.

“Thus heavenly nymphs, who have been cast down by some curse, live as wives in the houses of righteous men, as a reward for their good deeds, such as acts of devotion and charity. For the honouring of gods and Bráhmans is considered the wishing-cow[13] of the good. For what is not obtained by that? All the other politic expedients, known as conciliation and so on, are mere adjuncts.[14] But evil actions are the chief cause of even heavenly beings, born in a very lofty station, falling from their high estate; as a hurricane is the cause of the falling of blossoms.” When he had said this to the princess, Vasantaka continued; “Hear moreover what happened to Ahalyá.”

Story of Ahalyá.

Once upon a time there was a great hermit named Gautama, who knew the past, the present, and the future. And he had a wife named Ahalyá, who in beauty surpassed the nymphs of heaven. One day Indra, in love with her beauty, tempted her in secret, for the mind of rulers, blinded with power, runs towards unlawful objects.

And she in her folly encouraged that husband of Śachí, being the slave of her passions; but the hermit Gautama found out the intrigue by his superhuman power, and arrived upon the scene. And Indra immediately

assumed, out of fear, the form of a cat. Then Gautama said to Ahalyá; "Who is here?" She answered her husband ambiguously in the Prákrit dialect, —"Here forsooth is a cat," so managing to preserve verbal truth.[15] Then Gautama said, laughing, "It is quite true that your lover is here,—and he inflicted on her a curse, but ordained that it should terminate because she had shewed some regard for truth." The curse ran as follows; "Woman of bad character, take for a long time the nature of a stone, until thou behold Ráma wandering in the forest." And Gautama at the same time inflicted on the god Indra the following curse; "A thousand pictures of that which thou hast desired shall be upon thy body, but when thou shalt behold Tilottamá, a heavenly nymph, whom Viśvakarman shall make, they shall turn into a thousand eyes." When he had pronounced this curse, the hermit returned to his austerities according to his desire, but Ahalyá for her part assumed the awful condition of a stone. And Indra immediately had his body covered with repulsive marks; for to whom is not immorality a cause of humiliation?

"So true is it that every man's evil actions always bear fruit in himself, for whatever seed a man sows, of that he reaps the fruit. Therefore persons of noble character never desire that, which is disagreeable to their neighbours, for this is the invariable observance of the good, prescribed by divine law. And you two were sister goddesses in a former birth, but you have been degraded in consequence of a curse, and accordingly your hearts are free from strife and bent on doing one another good turns." When they heard this from Vasantaka, Vásavadattá and Padmávatí dismissed from their hearts even the smallest remnants of mutual jealousy. But the queen Vásavadattá made her husband equally the property of both, and acted as kindly to Padmávatí as if she were herself, desiring her welfare.

When the king of Magadha heard of that so great generosity of hers from the messengers sent by Padmávatí, he was much pleased. So on the next day the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa came up to the king of Vatsa in the presence of the queen, the others also standing by, and said, "Why do we not go now to Kauśámbí, my prince, in order to begin our enterprise, for we know that there is nothing to be feared from the king of Magadha, even though he has been deceived? For he has been completely gained over by

means of the negotiation termed ‘Giving of a daughter’: and how could he make war and so abandon his daughter whom he loves more than life? He must keep his word; moreover he has not been deceived by you; I did it all myself; and it does not displease him; indeed I have learned from my spies that he will not act in a hostile way, and it was for this very purpose that we remained here for these days.” While Yaugandharáyaṇa, who had accomplished the task he had in hand, was speaking thus, a messenger belonging to the king of Magadha arrived there, and entered into the palace immediately, being announced by the warder, and after he had done obeisance, he sat down and said to the king of Vatsa; “The king of Magadha is delighted with the intelligence sent by the queen Padmávatí, and he now sends this message to your Highness—‘What need is there of many words? I have heard all, and I am pleased with thee. Therefore do the thing for the sake of which this beginning has been made; we submit ourselves.’” The king of Vatsa joyfully received this clear speech of the messenger’s, resembling the blossom of the tree of policy planted by Yaugandharáyaṇa. Then he brought Padmávatí with the queen, and, after he had bestowed a present upon the messenger, he dismissed him with honour. Then a messenger from Chaṇḍamahásena also arrived, and, after entering, he bowed before the king, according to custom, and said to him, “O king, his majesty Chaṇḍamahásena, who understands the secrets of policy, has learnt the state of thy affairs and delighted sends this message—‘Your majesty’s excellence is plainly declared by this one fact, that you have Yaugandharáyaṇa for your minister, what need of further speeches? Blessed too is Vásavadattá, who, through devotion to you, has done a deed which makes us exalt our head for ever among the good, moreover Padmávatí is not separated from Vásavadattá in my regard, for they two have one heart; therefore quickly exert yourself.’”

When the king of Vatsa heard this speech of his father-in-law’s messenger, joy suddenly arose in his heart, and his exceeding warmth of affection for the queen was increased, and also the great respect which he felt for his excellent minister. Then the king, together with the queens, entertained the messenger according to the laws of due hospitality, in joyful excitement of mind, and sent him away pleased; and as he was bent on commencing his

enterprise, he determined, after deliberating with his ministers, on returning to Kauśámbí.

1

For parallels to the story of Urvaśí, see Kuhn's Herabkunft des Feuer's, p. 88.

2

This, with the water weapon, and that of whirlwind, is mentioned in the Rámáyaṇa and the Uttara Ráma Charita.

3

Or Devarshi, belonging to the highest class of Ṛishis or patriarchal saints.

4

This dance is mentioned in the 1st Act of the Málavikágnimitra.

5

Literally broke. The *vyádhi* or disease must have been of the nature of an abscess.

6

Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur. (Publius Syrus.)

7

Liebrecht in an essay on some modern Greek songs (Zur Volkskunde, p. 211) gives numerous stories of children who spoke shortly after birth. It appears to have been generally considered an evil omen. Cp. the Romance of Merlin. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 146.) See Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages (New Edition, 1869) p. 170. In a startling announcement of the birth of Antichrist which appeared in 1623, purporting to come from the brothers of the Order of St. John, the following passage occurs,—"The child is dusky, has pleasant mouth and eyes, teeth pointed like those of a cat, ears large, stature by no means exceeding that of other children; *the said child, incontinent on his birth, walked and talked perfectly well*."

8

More literally; blockaded his house with policemen, and his throat with tears.

9

So in the XXIst of Miss Stokes's Indian Fairy Tales the *fakir* changes the king's son into a fly. Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 127.

10

Ficus Indica. Such a tree is said to have sheltered an army. Its branches take root and form a natural cloister. Cp. Milton's Paradise Lost, Book IX, lines 1000 and ff.

11

Grimm in his Teutonic Mythology (translation by Stallybrass, p. 121, note,) connects the description of wonderful maidens sitting inside hollow trees or perched on the boughs, with tree-worship. See also Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 41.

12

For the illuminating power of female beauty, see Note 3 to the 1st Tale in Miss Stokes's Collection, where parallels are cited from the folk-lore of Europe and Asia.

13

Kámadhenu means a cow granting all desires; such a cow is said to have belonged to the sage Vaśishta.

14

Conciliation, bribery, sowing dissension, and war.

15

The Prákrit word *majjáo* means "a cat" and also "my lover."

Chapter XVIII.

So on the next day the king of Vatsa set out from Lávánaka for Kauśámbí, accompanied by his wives and his ministers, and as he advanced, shouts broke forth from his forces, that filled the plains like the waters of the ocean overflowing out of due time. An image would be furnished of that king advancing on his mighty elephant, if the sun were to journey in the heaven accompanied by the eastern mountain. That king, shaded with his white umbrella, shewed as if waited upon by the moon, delighted at having outdone the splendour of the sun. While he towered resplendent above them all, the chiefs circled around him, like the planets[1] in their orbits around the polar star. And those queens, mounted on a female elephant that followed his, shone like the earth-goddess and the goddess of Fortune accompanying him out of affection in visible shape. The earth, that lay in his path, dinted with the edges of the hoofs of the troops of his prancing steeds, seemed to bear the prints of loving nails, as if it had been enjoyed by the king. In this style progressing, the king of Vatsa, being continually praised by his minstrels, reached in a few days the city of Kauśámbí, in which the people kept holiday. The city was resplendent on that occasion, her lord[2] having returned from sojourning abroad. She was clothed in the red silk of banners, round windows were her expanded eyes, the full pitchers in the space in front of the gates were her two swelling breasts, the joyous shouts of the crowd were her cheerful conversation, and white palaces her smile.[3] So, accompanied by his two wives, the king entered the city, and the ladies of the town were much delighted at beholding him. The heaven was filled with hundreds of faces of fair ones standing on charming palaces, as if with the soldiers of the moon[4] that was surpassed in beauty by the faces of the queens, having come to pay their respects. And other women established at the windows, looking with unwinking eyes,[5] seemed like heavenly nymphs in aërial chariots, that had come there out of curiosity. Other women, with their long-lashed eyes closely applied to the lattice of the windows, made, so to speak, cages of arrows to confine love. The eager eye of one woman expanded with desire to behold the king, came, so to speak, to the side of

her ear,[6] that did not perceive him, in order to inform it. The rapidly heaving breasts of another, who had run up hastily, seemed to want to leap out of her bodice with ardour to behold him. The necklace of another lady was broken with her excitement, and the pearl-beads seemed like tear-drops of joy falling from her heart. Some women, beholding Vásavadattá and remembering the former report of her having been burned, said as if with anxiety; “If the fire were to do her an injury at Lávánaka, then the sun might as well diffuse over the world darkness which is alien to his nature.” Another lady beholding Padmávatí said to her companion; “I am glad to see that the queen is not put to shame by her fellow-wife, who seems like her friend.” And others beholding those two queens, and throwing over them garlands of eyes expanded with joy so as to resemble blue lotuses, said to one another; “Surely Śiva and Vishṇu have not beheld the beauty of these two, otherwise how could they regard with much respect their consorts Umá and Śrí?” In this way feasting the eyes of the population, the king of Vatsa with the queens entered his own palace, after performing auspicious ceremonies. Such as is the splendour of a lotus-pool in windy weather, or of the sea when the moon is rising, such was at that period the wonderful splendour of the king’s palace. And in a moment it was filled with the presents, which the feudatories offered to procure good luck, and which foreshadowed the coming in of offerings from innumerable kings. And so the king of Vatsa, after honouring the chiefs, entered with great festivity the inner apartments, at the same time finding his way to the heart of every one present. And there he remained between the two queens, like the god of Love between Rati and Príti,[7] and spent the rest of the day in drinking and other enjoyments.

The next day, when he was sitting in the hall of assembly accompanied by his ministers, a certain Bráhman came and cried out at the door; “Protection for the Bráhmans! O king! certain wicked herdsmen have cut off my son’s foot in the forest without any reason.” When he heard that, the king immediately had two or three herdsmen seized and brought before him, and proceeded to question them. Then they gave the following answer; “O king, being herdsmen we roam in the wilderness, and there we have among us a herdsman named Devasena, and he sits in a certain place in the forest on a

stone seat, and says to us ‘I am your king’ and gives us orders. And not a man among us disobeys his orders. Thus, O king, that herdsman rules supreme in the wood. Now to-day the son of this Bráhman came that way, and did not do obeisance to the herdsman king, and when we by the order of the king said to him—‘Depart not without doing thy reverence’—the young fellow pushed us aside, and went off laughing in spite of the admonition. Then the herdsman king commanded us to punish the contumacious boy by cutting off his foot. So we, O king, ran after him, and cut off his foot; what man of our humble degree is able to disobey the command of a ruler?” When the herdsmen had made this representation to the king, the wise Yaugandharáyaṇa, after thinking it over, said to him in private; “Certainly that place must contain treasure, on the strength of which a mere herdsman has such influence.[8] So let us go there.” When his minister had said this to him, the king made those herdsmen shew him the way, and went to that place in the forest with his soldiers and his attendants.

And while, after the ground had been examined, peasants were digging there, a Yaksha in stature like a mountain rose up from beneath it, and said, “O king, this treasure, which I have so long guarded, belongs to thee, as having been buried by thy forefathers, therefore take possession of it.” After he had said this to the king and accepted his worship, the Yaksha disappeared, and a great treasure was displayed in the excavation. And from it was extracted a valuable throne studded with jewels,[9] for in the time of prosperity a long series of happy and fortunate events takes place. The Lord of Vatsa took away the whole treasure from the spot in high glee, and after chastising those herdsmen returned to his own city. There the people saw that golden throne brought by the king, which seemed with the streams of rays issuing from its blood-red jewels to foretell[10] the king’s forceful conquest of all the regions, and which with its pearls fixed on the end of projecting silver spikes seemed to show its teeth as if laughing again and again when it considered the astonishing intellect of the king’s ministers;[11] and they expressed their joy in a charming manner, by striking drums of rejoicing so that they sent forth their glad sounds. The ministers too rejoiced exceedingly, making certain of the king’s triumph; for prosperous events happening at the very commencement of an enterprise portend its final

success. Then the sky was filled with flags resembling flashes of lightning, and the king like a cloud rained gold on his dependants. And this day having been spent in feasting, on the morrow Yaugandharáyaṇa, wishing to know the mind of the king of Vatsa, said to him; “O king, ascend and adorn that great throne, which thou hast obtained by inheritance from thy ancestors.” But the king said, “Surely it is only after conquering all the regions that I can gain glory by ascending that throne, which those famous ancestors of mine mounted after conquering the earth. Not till I have subdued this widely-gemmed earth bounded by the main, will I ascend the great jewelled throne of my ancestors.” Saying this, the king did not mount the throne as yet. For men of high birth possess genuine loftiness of spirit. Thereupon Yaugandharáyaṇa being delighted said to him in private; “Bravo! my king! So make first an attempt to conquer the eastern region.” When he heard that, the king eagerly asked his minister; “When there are other cardinal points, why do kings first march towards the East?” When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard this, he said to him again; “The North, O king, though rich, is defiled by intercourse with barbarians, and the West is not honoured as being the cause of the setting of the sun and other heavenly bodies; and the South is seen to be neighboured by Rákshasas and inhabited by the god of death; but in the eastern quarter the sun rises, over the East presides Indra, and towards the East flows the Ganges, therefore the East is preferred. Moreover among the countries situated between the Vindhya and Himálaya mountains, the country laved by the waters of the Ganges is considered most excellent. Therefore monarchs who desire success march first towards the East, and dwell moreover in the land visited by the river of the gods.[12] For your ancestors also conquered the regions by beginning with the East, and made their dwelling in Hastinápura on the banks of the Ganges; but Śatáníka repaired to Kauśámbí on account of its delightful situation, seeing that empire depended upon valour, and situation had nothing to do with it.” When he had said this Yaugandharáyaṇa stopped speaking; and the king out of his great regard for heroic exploits said; “It is true that dwelling in any prescribed country is not the cause of empire in this world, for to men of brave disposition their own valour is the only cause of success. For a brave man by himself without any support obtains prosperity; have you never heard *à propos* of this the tale of the brave

man?" Having said this, the lord of Vatsa on the entreaty of his ministers again began to speak, and related in the presence of the queens the following wonderful story.

Story of Vidúshaka.

In the city of Ujjayiní, which is celebrated throughout the earth, there was in former days a king named Ádityasena. He was a treasure-house of valour, and on account of his sole supremacy, his war chariot, like that of the sun,[13] was not impeded anywhere. When his lofty umbrella, gleaming white like snow, illuminated the firmament, other kings free from heat depressed theirs. He was the receptacle of the jewels produced over the surface of the whole earth, as the sea is the receptacle of waters. Once on a time, he was encamped with his army on the banks of the Ganges, where he had come for some reason or other. There a certain rich merchant of the country, named Gunavartman, came to the king bringing a gem of maidens as a present, and sent this message by the mouth of the warder. This maiden, though the gem of the three worlds, has been born in my house, and I cannot give her to any one else, only your Highness is fit to be the husband of such a girl. Then Gunavartman entered and shewed his daughter to the king. The king, when he beheld that maiden, Tejasvatí by name, illuminating with her brightness the quarters of the heavens, like the flame of the rays from the jewels in the temple of the god of Love, was all enveloped with the radiance of her beauty and fell in love with her, and, as if heated with the fire of passion, began to dissolve in drops of sweat. So he at once accepted her, who was fit for the rank of head queen, and being highly delighted made Gunavartman equal to himself in honour. Then, having married his dear Tejasvatí, the king thought all his objects in life accomplished, and went with her to Ujjayiní. There the king fixed his gaze so exclusively on her face, that he could not see the affairs of his kingdom, though they were of great importance. And his ear being, so to speak,

riveted on her musical discourse could not be attracted by the cries of his distressed subjects. The king entered into his harem for a long time and never left it, but the fever of fear left the hearts of his enemies. And after some time there was born to the king, by the queen Tejasvatí, a girl welcomed by all, and there arose in his heart the desire of conquest, which was equally welcome to his subjects. That girl of exceeding beauty, who made the three worlds seem worthless as stubble, excited in him joy, and desire of conquest excited his valour. Then that king Ádityasena set out one day from Ujjayiní to attack a certain contumacious chieftain; and he made that queen Tejasvatí go with him mounted on an elephant, as if she were the protecting goddess of the host. And he mounted an admirable horse, that in spirit and fury resembled a torrent,[14] tall like a moving mountain, with a curl on its breast, and a girth. It seemed to imitate with its feet raised as high as its mouth, the going of Garuḍa which it had seen in the heaven, rivalling its own swiftness, and it lifted up its head and seemed with fearless eye to measure the earth, as if thinking, "what shall be the limit of my speed?" And after the king had gone a little way, he came to a level piece of ground, and put his horse to its utmost speed to shew it off to Tejasvatí. That horse, on being struck with his heel, went off rapidly, like an arrow impelled from a catapult, in some unknown direction, so that it became invisible to the eyes of men. The soldiers, when they saw that take place, were bewildered, and horsemen galloped in a thousand directions after the king, who was run away with by his horse, but could not overtake him. Thereupon the ministers with the soldiers, fearing some calamity, in their anxiety took with them the weeping queen and returned to Ujjayiní; there they remained with gates closed and ramparts guarded, seeking for news of the king, having cheered up the citizens.

In the meanwhile the king was carried by the horse in an instant to the impassable forest of the Vindhya hills, haunted by terrible lions. Then the horse happened to stand still, and the king was immediately distracted with bewilderment, as the great forest made it impossible for him to know whereabouts he was. Seeing no other way out of his difficulties, the king, who knew what the horse had been in a former birth, got down from his saddle, and prostrating himself before the excellent horse, said to him[15]:

“Thou art a god; a creature like thee should not commit treason against his lord; so I look upon thee as my protector, take me by a pleasant path.” When the horse heard that, he was full of regret, remembering his former birth; and mentally acceded to the king’s request, for excellent horses are divine beings. Then the king mounted again, and the horse set out by a road bordered with clear cool lakes, that took away the fatigue of the journey; and by evening the splendid horse had taken the king another hundred *yojanas* and brought him near Ujjayiní. As the sun beholding his horses, though seven in number, excelled by this courser’s speed, had sunk, as it were through shame, into the ravines of the western mountain, and as the darkness was diffused abroad, the wise horse seeing that the gates of Ujjayiní were closed, and that the burning-place outside the gates was terrible at that time, carried the king for shelter to a concealed monastery of Bráhmans, that was situated in a lonely place outside the walls. And the king Ádityasena seeing that that monastery was a fit place to spend the night in, as his horse was tired, attempted to enter it. But the Bráhmans, who dwelt there, opposed his entrance, saying that he must be some keeper of a cemetery[16] or some thief. And out they poured in quarrelsome mood, with savage gestures, for Bráhmans who live by chanting the Sáma Veda, are the home of timidity, boorishness, and ill-temper. While they were clamouring, a virtuous Bráhman named Vidúshaka, the bravest of the brave, came out from that monastery. He was a young man distinguished for strength of arm, who had propitiated the fire by his austerities, and obtained a splendid sword from that divinity, which he had only to think of, and it came to him. That resolute youth Vidúshaka seeing that king of distinguished bearing, who had arrived by night, thought to himself that he was some god in disguise. And the well-disposed youth pushed away all those other Bráhmans, and bowing humbly before the king, caused him to enter the monastery. And when he had rested, and had the dust of the journey washed off by female slaves, Vidúshaka prepared for him suitable food. And he took the saddle off that excellent horse of his, and relieved its fatigue by giving it grass and other fodder. And after he had made a bed for the wearied king, he said to him,—“My lord, I will guard your person, so sleep in peace”—and while the king slept, that Bráhman kept watch the

whole night at the door with the sword of the Fire-god in his hand, that came to him on his thinking of it.

And on the morrow early, Vidúshaka, without receiving any orders, of his own accord saddled the horse for the king, as soon as he awoke. The king for his part took leave of him, and mounting his horse entered the city of Ujjayiní, beheld afar off by the people bewildered with joy. And the moment he entered, his subjects approached him with a confused hum of delight at his return. The king accompanied by his ministers entered the palace, and great anxiety left the breast of the queen Tejasvatí. Immediately grief seemed to be swept away from the city by the rows of silken flags displayed out of joy, which waved in the wind; and the queen made high festival until the end of the day, until such time as the people of the city and the sun were red as vermilion.[17] And the next day the king Ádityasena had Vidúshaka summoned from the monastery with all the other Bráhmans. And as soon as he had made known what took place in the night, he gave his benefactor Vidúshaka a thousand villages. And the grateful king also gave that Bráhman an umbrella and an elephant and appointed him his domestic chaplain, so that he was beheld with great interest by the people. So Vidúshaka then became equal to a chieftain, for how can a benefit conferred on great persons fail of bearing fruit? And the noble-minded Vidúshaka shared all those villages, which he had received from the king, with the Bráhmans who lived in the monastery. And he remained in the court of the king in attendance upon him, enjoying together with the other Bráhmans the income of those villages. But as time went on, those other Bráhmans began striving each of them to be chief, and made no account of Vidúshaka, being intoxicated with the pride of wealth. Dwelling in separate parties, seven in one place, with their mutual rivalries they oppressed the villages like malignant planets. Vidúshaka regarded their excesses with scornful indifference, for men of firm mind rightly treat with contempt men of little soul. Once upon a time a Bráhman of the name of Chakradhara, who was naturally stern, seeing them engaged in wrangling, came up to them. Chakradhara, though he was one-eyed, was keen-sighted enough in deciding what was right in other men's affairs, and though a hunchback, was straightforward enough in speech. He said to them—"While you were living by begging, you obtained this windfall, you rascals, then why do you

ruin the villages with your mutual intolerance? It is all the fault of Vidúshaka who has permitted you to act thus; so you may be certain that in a short time you will again have to roam about begging. For a situation, in which there is no head, and every one has to shift for himself by his own wits as chance directs, is better than one of disunion under many heads, in which all affairs go to rack and ruin. So take my advice and appoint one firm man as your head, if you desire unshaken prosperity, which can only be ensured by a capable governor." On hearing that, every one of them desired the headship for himself; thereupon Chakradhara after reflection again said to those fools; "As you are so addicted to mutual rivalry I propose to you a basis of agreement. In the neighbouring cemetery three robbers have been executed by impalement; whoever is daring enough to cut off the noses of those three by night and to bring them here, he shall be your head, for courage merits command.[18]" When Chakradhara made this proposal to the Bráhmans, Vidúshaka, who was standing near, said to them; "Do this, what is there to be afraid of?" Then the Bráhmans said to him; "We are not bold enough to do it, let whoever is able, do it, and we will abide by the agreement." Then Vidúshaka said, "Well, I will do it, I will cut off the noses of those robbers by night and bring them from the cemetery." Then those fools, thinking the task a difficult one, said to him; "If you do this you shall be our lord, we make this agreement." When they had pronounced this agreement, and night had set in, Vidúshaka took leave of those Bráhmans and went to the cemetery. So the hero entered the cemetery awful as his own undertaking, with the sword of the Fire-god, that came with a thought, as his only companion. And in the middle of that cemetery where the cries of vultures and jackals were swelled by the screams of witches, and the flames of the funeral pyres were reinforced by the fires in the mouths of the fire-breathing demons, he beheld those impaled men with their faces turned up, as if through fear of having their noses cut off. And when he approached them, those three being tenanted by demons struck him with their fists[19]; and he for his part slashed them in return with his sword, for fear has not learned to bestir herself in the breast of the resolute. Accordingly the corpses ceased to be convulsed with demons, and then the successful hero cut off their noses and brought them away, binding them up in his garment. And as he was returning, he beheld in that cemetery a

religious mendicant sitting on a corpse muttering charms, and through curiosity to have the amusement of seeing what he was doing, he stood concealed behind that mendicant. In a moment the corpse under the mendicant gave forth a hissing sound, and flames issued from its mouth, and from its navel mustard-seeds. And then the mendicant took the mustard-seeds, and rising up struck the corpse with the flat of his hand, and the corpse, which was tenanted by a mighty demon, stood up, and then that mendicant mounted on its shoulder, and began to depart at a rapid rate,[20] and Vidúshaka silently followed him unobserved, and after he had gone a short distance Vidúshaka saw an empty temple with an image of Durgá in it. Then the mendicant got down from the shoulder of the demon, and entered the inner shrine of the temple, while the demon fell flat on the earth. But Vidúshaka was present also, contriving to watch the mendicant, unperceived by him. The mendicant worshipped the goddess there and offered the following prayer; "If thou art pleased with me, O goddess, grant me the desired boon. If not I will propitiate thee with the sacrifice of myself." When the mendicant, intoxicated with the success of his powerful spells, said this, a voice coming from the inner shrine thus addressed the mendicant; "Bring here the maiden daughter of king Ádityasena, and offer her as a sacrifice, then thou shalt obtain thy desire." When the mendicant heard this, he went out, and striking once more with his hand the demon,[21] who hissed at the blow, made him stand upright. And mounting on the shoulder of the demon, from whose mouth issued flames of fire, he flew away through the air to bring the princess. Vidúshaka seeing all this from his place of concealment thought to himself; "What! shall he slay the king's daughter while I am alive? I will remain here until the scoundrel returns." Having formed this resolve, Vidúshaka remained there in concealment. But the mendicant entered the female apartments of the palace through the window, and found the king's daughter asleep, as it was night. And he returned, all clothed in darkness, through the air, bringing with him the princess who illuminated with her beauty the region, as Ráhu carries off a digit of the moon. And bearing along with him that princess who exclaimed in her grief—"Alas! my father! Alas! my mother"—he descended from the sky in that very temple of the goddess. And then, dismissing the demon, he entered with that pearl of maidens into the inner shrine of the goddess, and

while he was preparing to slay the princess there, Vidúshaka came in with his sword drawn. He said to the mendicant, “Villain! do you wish to smite a jasmine flower with a thunder-bolt, in that you desire to employ a weapon against this tender form?” And then he seized the trembling mendicant by the hair, and cut off his head. And he consoled the princess distracted with fear, who clung to him closely as she began to recognise him. And then the hero thought; “How can I manage during the night to convey this princess from this place to the harem?” Then a voice from the air addressed him; “Hear this O Vidúshaka! the mendicant, whom thou hast slain, had in his power a great demon and some grains of mustard-seed. Thence arose his desire to be ruler of the earth and marry the daughters of kings, and so the fool has this day been baffled. Therefore thou hero, take those mustard-seeds, in order that for this night only thou mayest be enabled to travel through the air.” Thus the aërial voice addressed the delighted Vidúshaka; for even the gods often take such a hero under their protection. Then he took in his hand those grains of mustard-seed from the corner of the mendicant’s robe, and the princess in his arms. And while he was setting out from that temple of the goddess, another voice sounded in the air; “Thou must return to this very temple of the goddess at the end of a month, thou must not forget this, O hero!” When he heard this, Vidúshaka said “I will do so,”—and by the favour of the goddess he immediately flew up into the air bearing with him the princess. And flying through the air he quickly placed that princess in her private apartments, and said to her after she had recovered her spirits; “To-morrow morning I shall not be able to fly through the air, and so all men will see me going out, so I must depart now.” When he said this to her, the maiden being alarmed, answered him; “When you are gone, this breath of mine will leave my body overcome with fear. Therefore do not depart, great-souled hero; once more save my life, for the good make it their business from their birth to carry out every task they have undertaken.” When the brave Vidúshaka heard that, he reflected, “If I go, and leave this maiden, she may possibly die of fear; and then what kind of loyalty to my sovereign shall I have exhibited? Thinking thus he remained all night in those female apartments, and he gradually dropped off to sleep wearied with toil and watching. But the princess in her terror passed that night without sleeping: and even when the morning came she did not wake

up the sleeping Vidúshaka, as her mind was made tender by love[22], and she said to herself; “Let him rest a little longer.” Then the servants of the harem came in and saw him, and in a state of consternation they went and told the king. The king for his part sent the warder to discover the truth, and he entering beheld Vidúshaka there. And he heard the whole story from the mouth of the princess, and went and repeated it all to the king. And the king knowing the excellent character of Vidúshaka, was immediately bewildered, wondering what it could mean. And he had Vidúshaka brought from his daughter’s apartment, escorted all the way by her soul, which followed him out of affection. And when he arrived, the king asked him what had taken place, and Vidúshaka told him the whole story from the beginning, and shewed him the noses of the robbers fastened up in the end of his garment, and the mustard-seeds which had been in the possession of the mendicant, different from those found on earth. The high-minded monarch suspected that Vidúshaka’s story was true from these circumstances, so he had all the Bráhmans of the monastery brought before him, together with Chakradhara, and asked about the original cause of the whole matter. And he went in person to the cemetery and saw those men with their noses cut off, and that base mendicant with his neck severed, and then he reposed complete confidence in, and was much pleased with, the skilful and successful Vidúshaka, who had saved his daughter’s life. And he gave him his own daughter on the spot; what do generous men withhold when pleased with their benefactors? Surely the goddess of Prosperity,[23] out of love for the lotus, dwelt in the hand of the princess, since Vidúshaka obtained great good fortune after he had received it in the marriage ceremony. Then Vidúshaka enjoying a distinguished reputation, and engaged in attending upon the sovereign, lived with that beloved wife in the palace of king Ádityasena. Then as days went on, once upon a time the princess impelled by some supernatural power said at night to Vidúshaka; “My lord, you remember that when you were in the temple of the goddess a divine voice said to you, ‘Come here at the end of a month.’ To-day is the last day of the month, and you have forgotten it.” When his beloved said this to him, Vidúshaka was delighted, and recalled it to mind, and said to his wife —“Well remembered on thy part, fair one! But I had forgotten it.” And then he embraced her by way of reward. And then, while she was asleep, he left

the women's apartments by night, and in high spirits he went armed with his sword to the temple of the goddess; then he exclaimed outside, "I Vidúshaka am arrived:" and he heard this speech uttered by some one inside —"Come in, Vidúshaka." Thereupon he entered and beheld a heavenly palace, and inside it a lady of heavenly beauty with a heavenly retinue, dispelling with her brightness the darkness, like a night set on fire, looking as if she were the medicine to restore to life the god of love consumed with the fire of the wrath of Śiva. He wondering what it could all mean, was joyfully received by her in person with a welcome full of affection and great respect. And when he had sat down and had gained confidence from seeing her affection, he became eager to understand the real nature of the adventure, and she said to him; "I am a maiden of the Vidyádhara race, of high descent, and my name is Bhadrá, and as I was roaming about at my will I saw you here on that occasion. And as my mind was attracted by your virtues, I uttered at that time that voice which seemed to come from some one invisible, in order that you might return. And to-day I bewildered the princess by employing my magic skill, so that under my impulse she revived your remembrance of this matter, and for your sake I am here, and so, handsome hero, I surrender myself to you; marry me." The noble Vidúshaka, when the Vidyádharí Bhadrá addressed him in this style, agreed that moment, and married her by the Gándharva ceremony. Then he remained in that very place, having obtained celestial joys, the fruits of his own valour, living with that beloved wife.

Meanwhile the princess woke up when the night came to an end, and not seeing her husband, was immediately plunged in despair. So she got up and went with tottering steps to her mother, all trembling, with her eyes flooded with gushing tears. And she told her mother that her husband had gone away somewhere in the night, and was full of self-reproach, fearing that she had been guilty of some fault. Then her mother was distracted owing to her love for her daughter, and so in course of time the king heard of it, and came there, and fell into a state of the utmost anxiety. When his daughter said to him—"I know my husband has gone to the temple of the goddess outside the cemetery"—the king went there in person. But he was not able to find Vidúshaka there in spite of all his searching, for he was concealed by virtue of the magic science of the Vidyádharí. Then the king returned, and

his daughter in despair determined to leave the body, but while she was thus minded, some wise man came to her and said this to her; “Do not fear any misfortune, for that husband of thine is living in the enjoyment of heavenly felicity, and will return to thee shortly.” When she heard that, the princess retained her life, which was kept in her by the hope of her husband’s return, that had taken deep root in her heart.

Then, while Vidúshaka was living there, a certain friend of his beloved, named Yogeśvarí, came to Bhadrá, and said to her in secret—“My friend, the Vidyádharas are angry with you because you live with a man, and they seek to do you an injury, therefore leave this place. There is a city called Kárkoṭaka on the shore of the eastern sea, and beyond that there is a sanctifying stream named Śítodá, and after you cross that, there is a great mountain named Udaya,[24] the land of the Siddhas,[25] which the Vidyádharas may not invade; go there immediately, and do not be anxious about the beloved mortal whom you leave here, for before you start you can tell all this to him, so that he shall be able afterwards to journey there with speed.” When her friend said this to her, Bhadrá was overcome with fear, and though attached to Vidúshaka, she consented to do as her friend advised. So she told her scheme to Vidúshaka, and providently gave him her ring, and then disappeared at the close of the night. And Vidúshaka immediately found himself in the empty temple of the goddess, in which he had been before, and no Bhadrá and no palace. Remembering the delusion produced by Bhadrá’s magic skill, and beholding the ring, Vidúshaka was overpowered by a paroxysm of despair and wonder. And remembering her speech as if it were a dream, he reflected,—“Before she left, she assigned as a place of meeting the mountain of the sun-rising; so I must quickly go there to find her: but if I am seen by the people in this state, the king will not let me go: so I will employ a stratagem in this matter, in order that I may accomplish my object.” So reflecting, the wise man assumed another appearance, and went out from that temple with tattered clothes, begrimed with dust, exclaiming, “Ah Bhadrá! Ah Bhadrá!” And immediately the people, who lived in that place, beholding him, raised a shout; “Here is Vidúshaka found!” And the king hearing of it came out from his palace in person, and seeing Vidúshaka in such a state, conducting himself like a madman, he laid hold on him and took him back to his palace. When he was

there, whatever his servants and connexions, who were full of affection, said to him, he answered only by exclaiming, “Ah Bhadrá! Ah Bhadrá!” And when he was anointed with unguents prescribed by the physicians, he immediately defiled his body with much cinder-dust; and the food which the princess out of love offered to him with her own hands, he instantly threw down and trampled under foot. And in this condition Vidúshaka remained there some days, without taking interest in anything, tearing his own clothes, and playing the madman. And Ádityasena thought to himself; “His condition is past cure, so what is the use of torturing him? He may perhaps die, and then I should be guilty of the death of a Bráhman, whereas if he roams about at his will, he may possibly recover in course of time.” So he let him go. Then the hero Vidúshaka, being allowed to roam where he liked, set out the next day at his leisure to find Bhadrá, taking with him the ring. And as he journeyed on day by day towards the East, he at last reached a city named Pauṇḍravardhana[26], which lay in his way as he travelled on; there he entered the house of a certain aged Bráhman woman, saying to her —“Mother, I wish to stop here one night.” And she gave him a lodging and entertained him, and shortly after, she approached him, full of inward sorrow, and said to him—“My son, I hereby give thee all this house, therefore receive it, since I cannot now live any longer.” He, astonished, said to her—“Why do you speak thus?” Then she said—“Listen, I will tell you the whole story,” and so continued as follows—“My son, in this city there is a king named Devasena, and to him there was born one daughter, the ornament of the earth. The affectionate king said—‘I have with difficulty obtained this one daughter’,—so he gave her the name of Duḥkalabdhiká.[27]

“In course of time when she had grown up, the king gave her in marriage to the king of Kachchhapa, whom he had brought to his own palace. The king of Kachchhapa entered at night the private apartments of his bride, and died the very first time he entered them. Then the king much distressed, again gave his daughter in marriage to another king; he also perished in the same way[28]: and when through fear of the same fate other kings did not wish to marry her, the king gave this order to his general—‘You must bring a man in turn from every single house in this country, so that one shall be supplied

every day, and he must be a Bráhman or a Kshatriya. And after you have brought the man, you must cause him to enter by night into the apartment of my daughter; let us see how many will perish in this way, and how long it will go on. Whoever escapes shall afterwards become her husband; for it is impossible to bar the course of fate, whose dispensations are mysterious.' The general, having received this order from the king, brings a man every day turn about from every house in this city, and in this way hundreds of men have met their death in the apartment of the princess. Now I, whose merits in a former life must have been deficient, have one son here; his turn has to-day arrived to go to the palace to meet his death; and I being deprived of him must to-morrow enter the fire. Therefore, while I am still alive, I give to you, a worthy object, all my house with my own hand, in order that my lot may not again be unfortunate in my next birth." When she had said this, the resolute Vidúshaka answered; "If this is the whole matter, do not be despondent, mother, I will go there to-day, let your only son live. And do not feel any commiseration with regard to me, so as to say to yourself—'Why should I be the cause of this man's death?'—for owing to the magical power which I possess I run no risk by going there." When Vidúshaka had said this, that Bráhman woman said to him, "Then you must be some god come here as a reward for my virtue, so cause me, my son, to recover life, and yourself to gain felicity." When she had expressed her approval of his project in these words, he went in the evening to the apartment of the princess, together with a servant appointed by the general to conduct him. There he beheld the princess flushed with the pride of youth, like a creeper weighed down with the burden of its abundant flowers that had not yet been gathered. Accordingly, when night came, the princess went to her bed, and Vidúshaka remained awake in her apartment, holding in his hand the sword of the Fire-god, which came to him with a thought, saying to himself, "I will find out who it is that slays men here." And when people were all asleep, he saw a terrible Rákshasa coming from the side of the apartment where the entrance was, having first opened the door; and the Rákshasa standing at the entrance stretched forward into the room an arm, which had been the swift wand of Death to hundreds of men. But Vidúshaka in wrath springing forward, cut off suddenly the arm of the Rákshasa with one stroke of his sword.[29] And the Rákshasa immediately fled away

through fear of his exceeding valour, with the loss of one arm, never again to return. When the princess awoke, she saw the severed arm lying there, and she was terrified, delighted and astonished at the same time. And in the morning the king Devasena saw the arm of the Rákshasa, which had fallen down after it was cut off, lying at the door of his daughter's apartments; in this way Vidúshaka, as if to say "Henceforth no other men must enter here"—fastened the door as it were with a long bar.[30] Accordingly the delighted king gave to Vidúshaka, who possessed this divine power, his daughter and much wealth; and Vidúshaka dwelt there some days with this fair one, as if with prosperity incarnate in bodily form. But one day he left the princess while asleep, and set out at night in haste to find his Bhadrá. And the princess in the morning was afflicted at not seeing him, but she was comforted by her father with the hope of his return. Vidúshaka journeying on day by day, at last reached the city of Támraliptá not far from the eastern sea. There he joined himself to a certain merchant, named Skandhadása who desired to cross the sea. In his company, embarking on a ship laden with much wealth belonging to the merchant, he set out on the ocean path. Then that ship was stopped suddenly when it had reached the middle of the ocean, as if it were held by something. And when it did not move, though the sea was propitiated with jewels, that merchant Skandhadása being grieved, said this: "Whosoever releases this ship of mine which is detained, to him I will give half of my own wealth and my daughter." The resolute-souled Vidúshaka, when he heard that, said, "I will descend into the water of the sea and search it, and I will set free in a moment this ship of yours which is stopped: but you must support me by ropes fastened round my body. And the moment the ship is set free, you must draw me up out of the midst of the sea by the supporting ropes." The merchant welcomed his speech with a promise to do what he asked, and the steersmen bound ropes under his armpits. Supported in that way Vidúshaka descended in the sea; a brave man never desponds when the moment for action has arrived. So taking in his hand the sword of the Fire-god, that came to him with a thought, the hero descended into the midst of the sea under the ship. And there he saw a giant asleep, and he saw that the ship was stopped by his leg. So he immediately cut off his leg with his sword, and at once the ship moved on freed from its impediment.[31] When the wicked merchant saw

that, he cut the ropes, by which Vidúshaka was supported, through desire to save the wealth he had promised him; and went swiftly to the other shore of the ocean vast as his own avarice, in the ship which had thus been set free. Vidúshaka for his part, being in the midst of the sea with the supporting ropes cut, rose to the surface, and seeing how matters stood he calmly reflected for a moment; "Why did the merchant do this? Surely in this case the proverb is applicable; 'Ungrateful men blinded by desire of gain cannot see a benefit.' Well, it is now high time for me to display intrepidity, for if courage fails, even a small calamity cannot be overcome." Thus he reflected on that occasion, and then he got astride on the leg which he had cut off from the giant sleeping in the water, and by its help he crossed the sea, as if with a boat, paddling with his hands, for even destiny takes the part of men of distinguished valour. Then a voice from heaven addressed that mighty hero, who had come across the ocean, as Hanumán did for the sake of Ráma[32]; "Bravo, Vidúshaka! Bravo! who except thee is a man of valour? I am pleased with this courage of thine: therefore hear this. Thou hast reached a desolate coast here, but from this thou shalt arrive in seven days at the city of Kárkoṭaka; then thou shalt pluck up fresh spirits, and journeying quickly from that place, thou shalt obtain thy desire. But I am the Fire, the consumer of the oblations to gods and the spirits of deceased ancestors, whom thou didst before propitiate: and owing to my favour thou shalt feel neither hunger nor thirst,—therefore go prosperously and confidently;" having thus spoken, the voice ceased. And Vidúshaka, when he heard that, bowed, adoring the Fire-god, and set forth in high spirits, and on the seventh day he reached the city of Kárkoṭaka. And there he entered a monastery, inhabited by many noble Bráhmans from various lands, who were noted for hospitality. It was a wealthy foundation of the king of that place Áryavarman, and had annexed to it beautiful temples all made of gold. There all of the Bráhmans welcomed him, and one Bráhman took the guest to his chamber, and provided him with a bath, with food and with clothing. And while he was living in the monastery, he heard this proclamation being made by beat of drum in the evening; "Whatever Bráhman or Kshatriya wishes to-morrow morning to marry the king's daughter, let him spend a night in her chamber." When he heard that, he suspected the real reason, and being always fond of daring adventures, he

desired immediately to go to the apartment of the princess. Thereupon the Bráhmans of the monastery said to him,—"Bráhman, do not be guilty of rashness. The apartment of the princess is not rightly so called, rather is it the open mouth of death,[33] for whoever enters it at night does not escape alive, and many daring men have thus met their death there." In spite of what these Bráhmans told him, Vidúshaka would not take their advice,[34] but went to the palace of the king with his servants. There the king Áryavarman, when he saw him, welcomed him in person, and at night he entered the apartment of the king's daughter, looking like the sun entering the fire. And he beheld that princess who seemed by her appearance to be attached to him, for she looked at him with tearful eye, and a sad look expressive of the grief produced by utter despair. And he remained awake there all night gazing intently, holding in his hand the sword of the Fire-god that came to him with a thought. And suddenly he beheld at the entrance a very terrible Rákshasa, extending his left hand because his right had been cut off. And when he saw him, he said to himself; "Here is that very Rákshasa, whose arm I cut off in the city of Pauṇḍravardhana. So I will not strike at his arm again, lest he should escape me and depart as before, and for this reason it is better for me to kill him." Thus reflecting, Vidúshaka ran forward and seized his hair, and was preparing to cut off his head, when suddenly the Rákshasa in extreme terror said to him; "Do not slay me, you are brave, therefore shew mercy." Vidúshaka let him go and said, "Who are you, and what are you about here?" Then the Rákshasa, being thus questioned by the hero, continued—"My name is Yamadanshṭra, and I had two daughters, this is one, and she who lives in Pauṇḍravardhana is another. And Śiva favoured me by laying on me this command; 'Thou must save the two princesses from marrying any one who is not a hero.' While thus engaged I first had an arm cut off at Pauṇḍravardhana, and now I have been conquered by you here, so this duty of mine is accomplished." When Vidúshaka heard this, he laughed, and said to him in reply; "It was I that cut off your arm there in Pauṇḍravardhana." The Rákshasa answered "Then you must be a portion of some divinity, not a mere man, I think it was for your sake that Śiva did me the honour of laying that command upon me. So henceforth I consider you my friend, and when you call me to mind I will appear to you to ensure your success even in difficulties." In these words

the Rákshasa Yamadanshṭra out of friendship chose him as a sworn brother, and when Vidúshaka accepted his proposal, disappeared. Vidúshaka, for his part, was commended for his valour by the princess, and spent the night there in high spirits; and in the morning the king hearing of the incident and highly pleased, gave him his daughter as the conspicuous banner of his valour together with much wealth. Vidúshaka lived there some nights with her, as if with the goddess of prosperity, bound so firmly by his virtue[35] that she could not move a step. But one night he went off of his own accord from that place, longing for his beloved Bhadrá, for who that has tasted heavenly joys, can take pleasure in any other? And after he had left the town, he called to mind that Rákshasa, and said to him, who appeared the moment he called him to mind, and made him a bow,—"My friend, I must go to the land of the Siddhas on the Eastern mountain for the sake of the Vidyádharí named Bhadrá, so do you take me there." The Rákshasa said —"Very good"—so he ascended his shoulder, and travelled in that night over sixty *yojanas* of difficult country; and in the morning he crossed the Śítodá, a river that cannot be crossed by mortals, and without effort reached the border of the land of the Siddhas.[36] The Rákshasa said to him; "Here is the blessed mountain, called the mountain of the rising sun, in front of you, but I cannot set foot upon it as it is the home of the Siddhas." Then the Rákshasa being dismissed by him departed, and there Vidúshaka beheld a delightful lake, and he sat down on the bank of that lake beautiful with the faces of full-blown lotuses, which, as it were, uttered a welcome to him with the hum of roaming bees. And there he saw unmistakeable footsteps as of women, seeming to say to him, this is the path to the house of your beloved. While he was thinking to himself—"Mortals cannot set foot on this mountain, therefore I had better stop here a moment, and see whose footsteps these are"—there came to the lake to draw water many beautiful women with golden pitchers in their hands. So he asked the women, after they had filled their pitchers with water, in a courteous manner; "For whom are you taking this water?" And those women said to him—"Excellent Sir, a Vidyádharí of the name of Bhadrá is dwelling on this mountain, this water is for her to bathe in." Wonderful to say! Providence seeming to be pleased with resolute men, who attempt mighty enterprises, makes all things subserve their ends. For one of these women suddenly said to Vidúshaka;

“Noble sir, please lift this pitcher on to my shoulder.” He consented and when he lifted the pitcher on to her shoulder, the discreet man put into it the jewelled ring he had before received from Bhadrá,[37] and then he sat down again on the bank of that lake, while those women went with the water to the house of Bhadrá. And while they were pouring over Bhadrá the water of ablution, her ring fell into her lap. When Bhadrá saw it, she recognized it and asked those friends of hers whether they had seen any stranger about. And they gave her this answer; “We saw a young mortal on the banks of the lake, and he lifted this pitcher for us.” Then Bhadrá said “Go and make him bathe and adorn himself, and quickly bring him here, for he is my husband who has arrived in this country.” When Bhadrá had said this, her companions went and told Vidúshaka the state of the case, and after he had bathed brought him into her presence. And when he arrived, he saw after long separation Bhadrá who was eagerly expecting him, like the ripe blooming fruit of the tree of his own valour in visible form: she for her part rose up when she saw him, and offering him the *argha*,[38] so to speak, by sprinkling him with her tears of joy, she fastened her twining arms round his neck like a garland. When they embraced one another, the long accumulated affection[39] seemed to ooze from their limbs in the form of sweat, owing to excessive pressure. Then they sat down, and never satisfied with gazing at one another, they both, as it were, endured the agony of longing multiplied a hundred-fold. Bhadrá then said to Vidúshaka; “How did you come to this land?” And he thereupon gave her this answer; “Supported by affection for thee, I came here enduring many risks to my life, what else can I say, fair one?” When she heard that, seeing that his love was excessive, as it caused him to disregard his own life, Bhadrá said to him who through affection had endured the utmost, “My husband, I care not for my friends, nor my magic powers; you are my life, and I am your slave, my lord, bought by you with your virtues.” Then Vidúshaka said, “Then come with me to live in Ujjayiní, my beloved, leaving all this heavenly joy.” Bhadrá immediately accepted his proposal, and gave up all her magic gifts, (which departed from her the moment she formed that resolution,) with no more regret than if they had been straw. Then Vidúshaka rested with her there during that night, being waited on by her friend Yogeśvarí, and in the morning the successful hero descended with her from the

mountain of the sun-rise, and again called to mind the Rákshasa Yamadanshṭra; the Rákshasa came the moment he was thought of, and Vidúshaka told him the direction of the journey he had to take, and then ascended his shoulder, having previously placed Bhadrá there. She too endured patiently to be placed on the shoulder of a very loathsome Rákshasa; what will not women do when mastered by affection? So Vidúshaka, mounted on the Rákshasa, set out with his beloved, and again reached the city of Kárkoṭaka; and there men beheld him with fear inspired by the sight of the Rákshasa; and when he saw king Áryavarman, he demanded from him his daughter; and after receiving that princess surrendered by her father, whom he had won with his arm, he set forth from that city in the same style, mounted on the Rákshasa. And after he had gone some distance, he found that wicked merchant on the shore of the sea, who long ago cut the ropes when he had been thrown into the sea. And he took, together with his wealth, his daughter, whom he had before won as a reward for setting free the ship in the sea. And he considered the depriving that villain of his wealth as equivalent to putting him to death, for grovelling souls often value their hoards more than their life. Then mounted on the Rákshasa as on a chariot, taking with him that daughter of the merchant, he flew up into the heaven with the princess and Bhadrá, and journeying through the air, he crossed the ocean, which like his valour was full of boisterous impetuosity, exhibiting it to his fair ones.[40] And he again reached the city of Pauṇḍravardhana, beheld with astonishment by all as he rode on a Rákshasa. There he greeted his wife, the daughter of Devasena, who had long desired his arrival, whom he had won by the defeat of the Rákshasa; and though her father tried to detain him, yet longing for his native land, he took her also with him, and set out for Ujjayiní. And owing to the speed of the Rákshasa, he soon reached that city, which appeared like his satisfaction at beholding his home, exhibited in visible form. There Vidúshaka was seen by the people, perched on the top of that huge Rákshasa, whose vast frame was illuminated by the beauty of his wives seated on his shoulder, as the moon[41] rising over the eastern mountain with gleaming herbs on its summit. The people being astonished and terrified, his father-in-law the king Ádityasena came to hear of it, and went out from the city. But Vidúshaka, when he saw him, quickly descended from the Rákshasa, and

after prostrating himself approached the king; the king too welcomed him. Then Vidúshaka caused all his wives to come down from the shoulder of the Rákshasa, and released him to wander where he would. And after that Rákshasa had departed, Vidúshaka accompanied by his wives entered the king's palace together with the king his father-in-law. There he delighted by his arrival that first wife of his, the daughter of that king, who suffered a long regret for his absence. And when the king said to him; "How did you obtain these wives, and who is that Rákshasa?" he told him the whole story. Then that king pleased with his son-in-law's valour, and knowing what it was expedient to do, gave him half his kingdom; and immediately Vidúshaka, though a Bráhman, became a monarch, with a lofty white umbrella and *chowries* waving on both sides of him. And then the city of Ujjayiní was joyful, full of the sound of festive drums and music, uttering shouts of delight. Thus he obtained the mighty rank of a king, and gradually conquered the whole earth, so that his foot was worshipped by all kings, and with Bhadrá for his consort he long lived in happiness with those wives of his, who were content, having abandoned jealousy. Thus resolute men when fortune favours them, find their own valour a great and successful stupefying charm that forcibly draws towards them prosperity.

When they heard from the mouth of the king of Vatsa this varied tale[42] full of marvellous incident, all his ministers sitting by his side and his two wives experienced excessive delight.

1

Cp. Schiller's "Der Graf von Habsburg," lines 9–12.

2

The word *pati* here means king and husband.

3

A smile is always white according to the Hindu poetic canons.

4

The countenance of the fair ones were like moons.

5

There should be a mark of elision before *nimishekshanáh*.

6

The eyes of Hindu ladies are said to reach to their ears. I read *tadákhyátum* for *tadákhyátim* with a MS. in the Sanskrit college, kindly lent me by the Librarian with the consent of the Principal.

7

Love and affection, the wives of Kámadeva the Hindu Cupid.

8

So the mouse in the Panchatantra possesses power by means of a treasure (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 320. Vol. II, p. 178.) The story is found also in the 61st Chapter of this work. Cp. also Sagas from the Far East, pp. 257 and 263. The same idea is found in the 39th Játaka, p. 322 of Rhys Davids' translation, and in the 257th Játaka, Vol. II, p. 297 of Fausböll's edition.

9

Cp. Sagas from the Far East, p. 263.

10

I read *darśayat*.

11

Sati is a misprint for *mati*, Böhtlingk and Roth sv.

12

i. e. the Ganges.

13

In Sanskrit *pratápa* the word translated "valour," also means heat, and *chakra* may refer to the wheels of the chariot and the orb of the sun, so that there is a pun all through.

14

More literally, a torrent of pride and kicking.

15

Grimm in his Teutonic Mythology (translation by Stallybrass, p. 392) remarks—"One principal mark to know heroes by is their possessing intelligent horses, and conversing with them. The touching conversation of Achilles with his Xanthos and Balios finds a complete parallel in the beautiful Karling legend of Bayard. (This is most pathetically told in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. II, Die Heimonskinder, see especially page 54).

Grimm proceeds to cite many other instances from European literature. See also Note 3 to the XXth story in Miss Stokes's collection. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, p. 336 and *ff*. See the remarks in Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 237.

16

The keeper of a burning or burial-ground would be impure.

17

Probably the people sprinkled one another with red powder as at the Holi festival.

18

So in Grimm's *Märchen von einem der auszog das Fürchten zu lernen* the youth is recommended to sit under the gallows where seven men have been executed. Cp. also the story of "The Shroud" in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 307.

The belief that the dead rose from the tomb in the form of Vampires appears to have existed in Chaldæa and Babylon. Lenormant observes in his Chaldæan Magic and Sorcery, (English Translation, p. 37) "In a fragment of the Mythological *epopée* which is traced upon a tablet in the British Museum, and relates the descent of Ishtar into Hades, we are told that the goddess, when she arrived at the doors of the infernal regions, called to the porter whose duty it was to open them, saying,

"Porter, open thy door;
Open thy door that I may enter.
If thou dost not open the door, and if I cannot enter,
I will attack the door, I will break down its bars,
I will attack the enclosure, I will leap over its fences by force;
I will cause the dead to rise and devour the living;
I will give to the dead power over the living."

The same belief appears also to have existed in Egypt. The same author observes (p. 92). "These formulæ also kept the body from becoming, during its separation from the soul, the prey of some wicked spirit which would enter, re-animate, and cause it to rise again in the form of a vampire. For, according to the Egyptian belief, the possessing spirits, and the spectres which frightened or tormented the living were but the souls of the condemned returning to the earth, before undergoing the annihilation of the 'second death.'"

19

Cp. Ralston's account of the Vampire as represented in the Skazkas. "It is as a vitalized corpse that the visitor from the other world comes to trouble mankind, often subject to

human appetites, constantly endowed with more than human strength and malignity."—Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 306.

20

Cp. the way in which the witch treats the corpse of her son in the VIth book of the Æthiopica of Heliodorus, ch. 14, and Lucan's Pharsalia, Book VI, 754–757.

21

I. e., the corpse tenanted by the Vetála or demon.

22

Cp. Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III, p. 399.

23

Lakshmí or Śrí the goddess of Prosperity appeared after the churning of the ocean with a lotus in her hand. According to another story she is said to have appeared at the creation floating on the expanded leaves of a lotus-flower. The hand of a lady is often compared to a lotus.

24

I. e., rising; the eastern mountain behind which the sun is supposed to rise.

25

I. e., semi-divine beings supposed to be of great purity and holiness.

26

General Cunningham identifies Pauṇḍravardhana with the modern Pubna.

27

There is a curious parallel to this story in Táránátha's History of Buddhism, translated into German by Schiefner, p. 203. Here a Rákshasí assumes the form of a former king's wife, and kills all the subjects, one after another, as fast as they are elected to the royal dignity.

28

Compare the Apocryphal book of Tobit. See also the 30th page of Lenormant's Chaldæan Magic and Sorcery, English translation.

29

Ralston in his Russian Folk-Tales, p. 270, compares this incident with one in a Polish story, and in the Russian story of the Witch Girl. In both the arm of the destroyer is cut off.

30

I read *iva*; the arm was the long bar, and the whole passage is an instance of the rhetorical figure called *utprekshá*.

31

Cp. the freeing of Argo by Hercules cutting off Pallair's arm in the Togail Troi, ed. Stokes, p. 67.

32

There is probably a pun here. *Rámártham* may mean "for the sake of a fair one."

33

I read *na tad* for tatra with a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

34

Here there is a pun on Ananga, a name of the Hindu Cupid.

35

Here there is a pun. The word *guṇa* also means rope.

36

For stories of transportation through the air, see Wirt Sikes, British Goblins, p. 157 and *ff.*

37

Cp. the way in which Torello informs his wife of his presence in Boccacio's Decameron Xth day Nov. IX. The novels of the Xth day must be derived from Indian, and probably Buddhistic sources. There is a Buddhistic vein in all of them. A striking parallel to the 5th Novel of the Xth day will be found further on in this work.

Cp. also, for the incident of the ring, Thorpe's Yuletide Stories, p. 167. See also the story of Heinrich der Löwe, Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, pp. 21 and 22. Cp. also Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, pp. 365 and 432, Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 76; and Prym und Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 72. See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction pp. xlix and 1.

38

An oblation to gods, or venerable men of, rice, *dúrva* grass, flowers, &c., with water, or of water only in a small boat-shaped vessel.

39

Sneha means oil, and also affection.

40

Sattva when applied to the ocean probably means “monsters.” So the whole compound would mean “in which was conspicuous the fury of gambling monsters.” The pun defies translation.

41

I read *aushadeḥ*. The Rákshasa is compared to the mountain, Vidúshaka to the moon, his wives to the gleaming herbs.

42

Thorpe in his Yule-tide Stories remarks that the story of Vidúshaka somewhat resembles in its ground-plot the tale of the Beautiful Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth. With the latter he also compares the story of Śaktivega in the 5th book of the Kathá Sarit Ságara. (See the table of contents of Thorpe’s Yule-tide Stories, p. xi.) Cp. also Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 1, and for the cutting off of the giant’s arm, p. 50.

Chapter XIX.

Then Yaugandharáyaṇa said to the king of Vatsa; “King, it is known that you possess the favour of destiny, as well as courage; and I also have taken some trouble about the right course of policy to be pursued in this matter: therefore carry out as soon as possible your plan of conquering the regions.” When his chief minister had said this to him, the king of Vatsa answered, —“Admitting that this is true, nevertheless the accomplishment of auspicious undertakings is always attended with difficulties, accordingly I will with this object propitiate Śiva by austerities, for without his favour, how can I obtain what I desire?” When they heard that, his ministers approved of his performing austerities, as the chiefs of the monkeys did in the case of Ráma, when he was intent upon building a bridge over the ocean. And after the king had fasted for three nights, engaged in austerities with the queens and the ministers, Śiva said to him in a dream—“I am satisfied with thee, therefore rise up, thou shalt obtain an unimpeded triumph, and shalt soon have a son who shall be king of all the Vidyádharas.” Then the king woke up, with all his fatigue removed by the favour of Śiva, like the new moon increased by the rays of the sun. And in the morning he delighted his ministers by telling them that dream, and the two queens, tender as flowers, who were worn out by the fasting they had endured to fulfil the vow. And they were refreshed by the description of his dream, well worthy of being drunk in with the ears, and its effect was like that of medicine,[1] for it restored their strength. The king obtained by his austerities a power equal to that of his ancestors, and his wives obtained the saintly renown of matrons devoted to their husband. But on the morrow when the feast at the end of the fast was celebrated, and the citizens were beside themselves with joy, Yaugandharáyaṇa thus addressed the king —“You are fortunate, O king, in that the holy god Śiva is so well disposed towards you, so proceed now to conquer your enemies, and then enjoy the prosperity won by your arm. For when prosperity is acquired by a king’s own virtues, it remains fixed in his family, for blessings acquired by the virtues of the owners are never lost. And for this reason it was that that

treasure long buried in the ground, which had been accumulated by your ancestors and then lost, was recovered by you. Moreover with reference to this matter hear the following tale:”

Story of Devadása.

Long ago there was in the city of Páṭaliputra a certain merchant’s son, sprung from a rich family, and his name was Devadása. And he married a wife from the city of Pauṇḍravardhana, the daughter of some rich merchant. When his father died, Devadása became in course of time addicted to vice, and lost all his wealth at play. And then his wife’s father came and took away to his own house in Pauṇḍravardhana his daughter, who was distressed by poverty and the other hardships of her lot. Gradually the husband began to be afflicted by his misfortunes, and wishing to be set up in his business, he came to Pauṇḍravardhana to ask his father-in-law to lend him the capital which he required. And having arrived in the evening at the city of Pauṇḍravardhana, seeing that he was begrimed with dust, and in tattered garments, he thought to himself, “How can I enter my father-in-law’s house in this state? In truth for a proud man death is preferable to exhibiting poverty before one’s relations.” Thus reflecting, he went into the market-place, and remained outside a certain shop during the night, crouching with contracted body, like the lotus which is folded at night. And immediately he saw a certain young merchant open the door of that shop and enter it. And a moment after he saw a woman come with noiseless step to that same place, and rapidly enter. And while he fixed his eyes on the interior of the shop in which a light was burning, he recognized in that woman his own wife. Then Devadása seeing that wife of his repairing to another man, and bolting the door, being smitten with the thunderbolt of grief, thought to himself; “A man deprived of wealth loses even his own body, how then can he hope to retain the affections of a woman? For women have fickleness implanted in their nature by an invariable law, like

the flashes of lightning. So here I have an instance of the misfortunes which befall men who fall into the sea of vice, and of the behaviour of an independent woman who lives in her father's house." Thus he reflected as he stood outside, and he seemed to himself to hear his wife confidentially conversing with her lover. So he applied his ear to the door, and that wicked woman was at the moment saying in secret to the merchant, her paramour; "Listen; as I am so fond of you, I will to-day tell you a secret; my husband long ago had a great-grandfather named Víravarman; in the courtyard of his house he secretly buried in the ground four jars of gold, one jar in each of the four corners. And he then informed one of his wives of that fact, and his wife at the time of her death told her daughter-in-law, she told it to her daughter-in-law who was my mother-in-law, and my mother-in-law told it to me. So this is an oral tradition in my husband's family, descending through the mothers-in-law. But I did not tell it to my husband though he is poor, for he is odious to me as being addicted to gambling, but you are above all dear to me. So go to my husband's town and buy the house from him with money, and after you have obtained that gold, come here and live happily with me." When the merchant, her paramour, heard this from that treacherous woman, he was much pleased with her, thinking that he had obtained a treasure without any trouble. Devadása for his part, who was outside, bore henceforth the hope of wealth, so to speak, riveted in his heart with those piercing words of his wicked wife. So he went thence quickly to the city of Páṭaliputra, and after reaching his house, he took that treasure and appropriated it. Then that merchant, who was in secret the paramour of his wife, arrived in that country, on pretence of trading, but in reality eager to obtain the treasure. So he bought that house from Devadása, who made it over to him for a large sum of money. Then Devadása set up another home, and cunningly brought back that wife of his from the house of his father-in-law. When this had been done, that wicked merchant, who was the lover of his wife, not having obtained the treasure, came and said to him; "This house of yours is old, and I do not like it. So give me back my money, and take back your own house." Thus he demanded, and Devadása refused, and being engaged in a violent altercation, they both went before the king. In his presence Devadása poured forth the whole story of his wife, painful to him as venom concealed in his breast. Then the king had his wife summoned, and after ascertaining the truth of the case, he punished that adulterous

merchant with the loss of all his property; Devadása for his part cut off the nose of that wicked wife, and married another, and then lived happily in his native city on the treasure he had obtained.

“Thus treasure obtained by virtuous methods is continued to a man’s posterity, but treasure of another kind is as easily melted away as a flake of snow when the rain begins to fall. Therefore a man should endeavour to obtain wealth by lawful methods, but a king especially, since wealth is the root of the tree of empire. So honour all your ministers according to custom in order that you may obtain success, and then accomplish the conquest of the regions, so as to gain opulence in addition to virtue. For out of regard to the fact that you are allied by marriage with your two powerful fathers-in-law, few kings will oppose you, most will join you. However, this king of Benares named Brahmadatta is always your enemy, therefore conquer him first; when he is conquered, conquer the eastern quarter, and gradually all the quarters, and exalt the glory of the race of Páṇḍu gleaming white like a lotus.” When his chief minister said this to him, the king of Vatsa consented, eager for conquest, and ordered his subjects to prepare for the expedition; and he gave the sovereignty of the country of Videha to his brother-in-law Gopálaka, by way of reward for his assistance, thereby shewing his knowledge of policy; and he gave to Sinhavarman the brother of Padmávatí, who came to his assistance with his forces, the land of Chedi, treating him with great respect; and the monarch summoned Pulindaka the friendly king of the Bhillas,[2] who filled the quarters with his hordes, as the rainy season fills them with clouds; and while the preparation for the expedition was going on in the great king’s territories, a strange anxiety was produced in the heart of his enemies; but Yaugandharáyaṇa first sent spies to Benares to find out the proceedings of king Brahmadatta; then on an auspicious day, being cheered with omens portending victory, the king of Vatsa first marched against Brahmadatta in the Eastern quarter, having mounted[3] a tall victorious elephant, with a lofty umbrella on its back, as a furious lion ascends a mountain with one tree in full bloom on it. And his expedition was facilitated[4] by the autumn which arrived as a harbinger of good fortune, and shewed him an easy path, across rivers flowing with diminished volume, and he filled the face of the land with his shouting

forces, so as to produce the appearance of a sudden rainy season without clouds; and then the cardinal points resounding with the echoes of the roaring of his host, seemed to be telling one another their fears of his coming, and his horses, collecting the brightness of the sun on their golden trappings, moved along followed, as it were, by the fire pleased with the purification of his army.[5]

And his elephants with their ears like white *chowries*, and with streams of ichor flowing from their temples reddened by being mixed with vermilion, appeared, as he marched along, like the sons of the mountains, streaked with white clouds of autumn, and pouring down streams of water coloured with red mineral, sent by the parent hills, in their fear, to join his expedition. And the dust from the earth concealed the brightness of the sun, as if thinking that the king could not endure the effulgent splendour of rivals. And the two queens followed the king step by step on the way, like the goddess of Fame, and the Fortune of Victory, attracted by his politic virtues.[6] The silk of his host's banners, tossed to and fro in the wind, seemed to say to his enemies,—"Bend in submission, or flee." Thus he marched, beholding the districts full of blown white lotuses, like the uplifted hoods of the serpent Śesha[7] terrified with fear of the destruction of the world. In the meanwhile those spies, commissioned by Yaugandharáyaṇa, assuming the vows of scull-bearing worshippers of Śiva, reached the city of Benares. And one of them, who was acquainted with the art of juggling, exhibiting his skill, assumed the part of teacher, and the others passed themselves off as his pupils. And they celebrated that pretended teacher, who subsisted on alms, from place to place, saying, "This master of ours is acquainted with past, present, and future." Whatever that sage predicted, in the way of fires and so on, to those who came to consult him about the future, his pupils took care to bring about secretly; so he became famous. He gained complete ascendancy over the mind of a certain Rájpút courtier there, a favourite of the king's, who was won over by this mean skill of the teacher's. And when the war with the king of Vatsa came on, the king Brahmadatta began to consult him by the agency of the Rájpút, so that he learnt the secrets of the government. Then the minister of Brahmadatta, Yogakaraṇḍaka, laid snares in the path of the king of Vatsa as

he advanced. He tainted, by means of poison and other deleterious substances, the trees, flowering creepers, water and grass all along the line of march. And he sent poison-damsels[8] as dancing girls among the enemy's host, and he also despatched nocturnal assassins into their midst. But that spy, who had assumed the character of a prophet, found all this out, and then quickly informed Yaugandharáyaṇa of it by means of his companions. Yaugandharáyaṇa for his part, when he found it out, purified at every step along the line of march the poisoned grass, water, and so on, by means of corrective antidotes, and forbade in the camp the society of strange women, and with the help of Rumaṇvat he captured and put to death those assassins. When he heard of that, Brahmadatta having found all his stratagems fail, came to the conclusion that the king of Vatsa, who filled with his forces the whole country, was hard to overcome. After deliberating and sending an ambassador, he came in person to the king of Vatsa who was encamped near, placing his clasped hands upon his head in token of submission.

The king of Vatsa for his part, when the king of Benares came to him, bringing a present, received him with respect and kindness, for heroes love submission. He being thus subdued, that mighty king went on pacifying the East, making the yielding bend, but extirpating the obstinate, as the wind treats the trees, until he reached the Eastern ocean, rolling with quivering waves, as it were, trembling with terror on account of the Ganges having been conquered. On its extreme shore he set up a pillar of victory,[9] looking like the king of the serpents emerging from the world below to crave immunity for Pátála. Then the people of Kalinga[10] submitted and paid tribute, and acted as the king's guides, so that the renown of that renowned one ascended the mountain of Mahendra. Having conquered a forest of kings by means of his elephants, which seemed like the peaks of the Vindhya come to him terrified at the conquest of Mahendra, he went to the southern quarter. There he made his enemies cease their threatening murmurs and take to the mountains, strengthless[11] and pale, treating them as the season of autumn treats the clouds. The Káverí being crossed by him in his victorious onset, and the glory of the king of the Chola[12] race being surpassed, were befouled at the same time. He no longer allowed the Muralas[13] to exalt their heads, for they were completely beaten down by

tributes imposed on them. Though his elephants drank the waters of the Godávarí divided into seven streams, they seemed to discharge them again seven-fold in the form of ichor. Then the king crossed the Revá and reached Ujjayiní, and entered the city, being made by king Chaṇḍamahásena to precede him. And there he became the target of the amorous sidelong glances of the ladies of Málava, who shine with twofold beauty by loosening their braided hair and wearing garlands, and he remained there in great comfort, hospitably entertained by his father-in-law, so that he even forgot the long-regretted enjoyments of his native land. And Vásavadattá was continually at her parents' side, remembering her childhood, seeming despondent even in her happiness. The king Chaṇḍamahásena was as much delighted at meeting Padmávatí, as he was at meeting again his own daughter. But after he had rested some days, the delighted king of Vatsa, reinforced by the troops of his father-in-law, marched towards the western region; his curved sword[14] was surely the smoke of the fire of his valour, since it dimmed with gushing tears the eyes of the women of Láṭa; the mountain of Mandara, when its woods were broken through by his elephants, seemed to tremble lest he should root it up to churn the sea.[15] Surely he was a splendid luminary excelling the sun and other orbs, since in his victorious career he enjoyed a glorious rising even in the western quarter. Then he went to Alaká, distinguished by the presence of Kuvera, displaying its beauties before him, that is to say, to the quarter made lovely by the smile of Kailása, and having subdued the king of Sindh, at the head of his cavalry he destroyed the Mlechchhas as Ráma destroyed the Rákshasas at the head of the army of monkeys; the cavalry squadrons of the Turushkas[16] were broken on the masses of his elephants, as the waves of the agitated sea on the woods that line the sea-shore. The august hero received the tribute of his foes, and cut off the head of the wicked king of the Párasíkas[17] as Vishṇu did that of Ráhu.[18] His glory, after he had inflicted a defeat on the Húṇas[19], made the four quarters resound, and poured down the Himálaya like a second Ganges. When the hosts of the monarch, whose enemies were still from fear, were shouting, a hostile answer was heard only in the hollows of the rocks. It is not strange that then the king of Kámarúpa,[20] bending before him with head deprived of the umbrella, was without shade and also without brightness. Then that

sovereign returned, followed by elephants presented by the king of Kámarúpa, resembling moving rocks made over to him by the mountains by way of tribute. Having thus conquered the earth, the king of Vatsa with his attendants reached the city of the king of Magadha the father of Padmávatí. But the king of Magadha, when he arrived with the queens, was as joyous as the god of love when the moon illuminates the night. Vásavadattá, who had lived with him before without being recognised, was now made known to him, and he considered her deserving of the highest regard.

Then that victorious king of Vatsa, having been honoured by the king of Magadha with his whole city, followed by the minds of all the people which pursued him out of affection, having swallowed the surface of the earth with his mighty army, returned to Lávánaka in his own dominions.

1

Perhaps we should read *svádvaushadha* = sweet medicine.

2

I. q., Bheels.

3

I read *árúḍhaḥ*.

4

A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *sambhavaḥ* for the *sampadaḥ* of Dr. Brockhaus's text.

5

Lustratio exercitus; waving lights formed part of the ceremony.

6

It also means "drawing cords."

7

He is sometimes represented as bearing the entire world on one of his heads.

8

One of these poison-damsels is represented as having been employed against Chandragupta in the Mudrá Rákshasa. Compare the XIth tale in the Gesta Romanorum, where an Indian queen sends one to Alexander the Great. Aristotle frustrates the stratagem.

9

Jayastambha. Wilson remarks that the erection of these columns is often alluded to by Hindu writers, and explains the character of the solitary columns which are sometimes met with, as the Láṭ at Delhi, the pillars at Allahábád, Buddal, &c.

10

Kalinga is usually described as extending from Orissa to Drávida or below Madras, the coast of the Northern Circars. It appears, however, to be sometimes the Delta of the Ganges. It was known to the ancients as Regio Calingarum, and is familiar to the natives of the Eastern Archipelago by the name of Kling. *Wilson.*

11

The clouds are *niḥsára* void of substance, as being no longer heavy with rain. The thunder ceases in the autumn.

12

Chola was the sovereignty of the western part of the Peninsula on the Carnatic, extending southwards to Tanjore where it was bounded by the Pándyan kingdom. It appears to have been the Regio Soretanum of Ptolemy and the Chola *maṇḍala* or district furnishes the modern appellation of the Coromandel Coast.—*Wilson*, Essays, p. 241 note.

13

Murala is another name for Kerala, now Malabar (Hall.) Wilson identifies it with the Curula of Ptolemy.

14

Or perhaps more literally "creeper-like sword." Probably the expression means "flexible, well-tempered sword," as Professor Nílmani Mukhopádhyáya has suggested to me.

15

It had been employed for this purpose by the gods and Asuras. Láṭa = the Larice of Ptolemy. (*Wilson.*)

16

Turks, the Indo-scythæ of the ancients. (*Wilson.*)

17

Persians.

18

A Daitya or demon. His head swallows the sun and moon.

19

Perhaps the Huns.

20

The western portion of Assam. (*Wilson.*)

Chapter XX.

Then the king of Vatsa, while encamped in Lávánaka to rest his army, said in secret to Yaugandharáyaṇa, “Through your sagacity I have conquered all the kings upon the earth, and they being won over by politic devices will not conspire against me. But this king of Benares, Brahmadatta, is an ill-conditioned fellow, and he alone, I think, will plot against me; what confidence can be reposed in the wicked-minded?” Then Yaugandharáyaṇa, being spoken to in this strain by the king, answered, “O king, Brahmadatta will not plot against you again, for when he was conquered and submitted, you shewed him great consideration; and what sensible man will injure one who treats him well? Whoever does, will find that it turns out unfortunately for himself, and on this point, listen to what I am going to say; I will tell you a tale.”

Story of Phalabhúti.

There was once on a time in the land of Padma an excellent Bráhman of high renown, named Agnidatta, who lived on a grant of land given by the king. He had born to him two sons, the elder named Somadatta, and the second Vaiśvánaradatta. The elder of them was of fine person, but ignorant, and ill-conducted, but the second was sagacious, well-conducted, and fond of study. And those two after they were married, and their father had died, divided that royal grant and the rest of his possessions between them, each taking half; and the younger of the two was honoured by the king, but the elder Somadatta, who was of unsteady character, remained a husbandman. One day a Bráhman, who had been a friend of his father’s, seeing him engaged in conversation with some Śúdras, thus addressed him, “Though you are the son of Agnidatta, you behave like a Śúdra, you blockhead, and

you are not ashamed, though you see your own brother in favour with the king." Somadatta, when he heard that, flew into a passion, and forgetting the respect due to the old man, ran upon him, and gave him a kick. Then the Bráhman, enraged on account of the kick, immediately called on some other Bráhmans to bear witness to it, and went and complained to the king. The king sent out soldiers to take Somadatta prisoner, but they, when they went out, were slain by his friends, who had taken up arms. Then the king sent out a second force, and captured Somadatta, and blinded by wrath ordered him to be impaled. Then that Bráhman, as he was being lifted on to the stake, suddenly fell to the ground, as if he were flung down by somebody. And those executioners, when preparing to lift him on again, became blind, for the fates protect one who is destined to be prosperous. The king, as soon as he heard of the occurrence, was pleased, and being entreated by the younger brother, spared the life of Somadatta; then Somadatta, having escaped death, desired to go to another land with his wife on account of the insulting treatment of the king, and when his relations in a body disapproved of his departure, he determined to live without the half of the king's grant, which he resigned; then, finding no other means of support, he desired to practise husbandry, and went to the forest on a lucky day to find a piece of ground suitable for it. There he found a promising piece of ground, from which it seemed likely that an abundant crop could be produced, and in the middle of it he saw an Aśvattha tree of great size. Desiring ground fit for cultivation, and seeing that tree to be cool like the rainy season, as it kept off the rays of the sun with its auspicious thick shade, he was much delighted. He said, "I am a faithful votary of that being, whoever he may be, that presides over this tree," and walking round the tree so as to keep it on his right, he bowed before it.[1] Then he yoked a pair of bullocks, and recited a prayer for success, and after making an oblation to that tree, he began to plough there. And he remained under that tree night and day, and his wife always brought him his meals there. And in course of time, when the corn was ripe that piece of ground was, as fate would have it, unexpectedly plundered by the troops of a hostile kingdom. Then the hostile force having departed, the courageous man, though his corn was destroyed, comforted his weeping wife, gave her the little that remained, and after making an offering as before, remained in the same place, under the same

tree. For that is the character of resolute men, that their perseverance is increased by misfortune. Then one night, when he was sleepless from anxiety and alone, a voice came out from that Aśvattha tree, “O Somadatta, I am pleased with thee, therefore go to the kingdom of a king named Ádityaprabha in the land of Śríkaṇṭha; continually repeat at the door of that king, (after reciting the form of words used at the evening oblation to Agni,) the following sentence—‘I am Phalabhúti by name, a Bráhman, hear what I say: he who does good will obtain good, and he who does evil, will obtain evil;’—by repeating this there thou shalt attain great prosperity; and now learn from me the form of words used at the evening oblation to Agni; I am a Yaksha.” Having said this, and having immediately taught him by his power the form of words used in the evening oblation, the voice in the tree ceased. And the next morning the wise Somadatta set out with his wife, having received the name of Phalabhúti by imposition of the Yaksha, and after crossing various forests uneven and labyrinthine as his own calamities,[2] he reached the land of Śríkaṇṭha. There he recited at the king’s door the form of words used at the evening oblation, and then he announced, as he had been directed, his name as Phalabhúti, and uttered the following speech which excited the curiosity of the people, “The doer of good will obtain good, but the doer of evil, evil.” And after he had said this frequently, the king Ádityaprabha, being full of curiosity, caused Phalabhúti to be brought into the palace, and he entered, and over and over again repeated that same speech in the presence of the king. That made the king and all his courtiers laugh. And the king and his chiefs gave him garments and ornaments, and also villages, for the amusement of great men is not without fruit; and so Phalabhúti, having been originally poor, immediately obtained by the favour of the Guhyaka[3] wealth bestowed by the king; and by continually reciting the words mentioned above, he became a special favourite of the monarch for the regal mind loves diversion. And gradually he attained to a position of love and respect in the palace, in the kingdom, and in the female apartments, as being beloved by the king. One day that king Ádityaprabha returned from hunting in the forest, and quickly entered his harem; his suspicions were aroused by the confusion of the warders, and when he entered, he saw the queen named Kuvalayávalí engaged in worshipping the gods, stark naked,[4] with her hair standing on end, and her

eyes half-closed, with a large patch of red lead upon her forehead, with her lips trembling in muttering charms, in the midst of a great circle[5] strewed with various coloured powders, after offering a horrible oblation of blood, spirits, and human flesh. She for her part, when the king entered, in her confusion seized her garments, and when questioned by him immediately answered, after craving pardon for what she had done, “I have gone through this ceremony in order that you might obtain prosperity, and now, my lord, listen to the way in which I learnt these rites, and the secret of my magic skill.”

Story of Kuvalayávalí and the witch Kálarátri.

Long ago, when I was living in my father’s house, I was thus addressed, while enjoying myself in the garden during the spring festival, by my friends who met me there; “There is in this pleasure-garden an image of Gaṇeśa, the god of gods, in the middle of an arbour made of trees, and that image grants boons, and its power has been tested. Approach with devout faith that granter of petitions, and worship him, in order that you may soon obtain without difficulty a suitable husband.” When I heard that, I asked my friends in my ignorance; “What! do maidens obtain husbands by worshipping Gaṇeśa?” Then they answered me; “Why do you ask such a question? Without worshipping him no one obtains any success in this world; and in proof of it we will give you an instance of his power, listen.” Saying this, my friends told me the following tale:

Story of the birth of Kártikeya.

Long ago, when Indra oppressed by Táraka was desirous or obtaining a son from Śiva to act as general of the gods, and the god of love had been consumed,[6] Gaurí by performing austerities sought and gained as a husband the three-eyed god, who was engaged in a very long and terrible course of mortification. Then she desired the obtaining of a son, and the return to life of the god of love, but she did not remember to worship Gaṇeśa in order to gain her end. So, when his beloved asked that her desire should be granted, Śiva said to her, "My dear goddess, the god of love was born long ago from the mind of Brahmá, and no sooner was he born than he said in his insolence, 'Whom shall I make mad? (*kan darpayámi*).' So Brahmá called him Kandarpa, and said to him, 'Since thou art very confident, my son, avoid attacking Śiva only, lest thou receive death from him.' Though the Creator gave him this warning, the ill-disposed god came to trouble my austerities, therefore he was burnt up by me, and he cannot be created again with his body.[7] But I will create by my power a son from you, for I do not require the might of love in order to have offspring as mortals do." While the god, whose ensign is a bull,[8] was saying this to Párvatí, Brahmá accompanied by Indra appeared before him; and when he had been praised by them, and entreated to bring about the destruction of the Asura Táraka, Śiva consented to beget on the goddess a son of his body. And, at their entreaty, he consented that the god of love should be born without body in the minds of animate creatures, to prevent the destruction of created beings. And he gave permission to love to influence his own mind; pleased with that, the Creator went away and Párvatí was delighted. But when, after the lapse of hundreds of years, there appeared no hope of Párvatí having any offspring, the god by the order of Brahmá called to mind Agni; Agni for his part, the moment they called him to mind, thinking that the foe of the god of love was irresistible, and afraid to interfere, fled from the gods and entered the water; but the frogs being burned by his heat told the gods, who were searching for him, that he was in the water; then Agni by his curse immediately made the speech of the frogs thenceforth inarticulate, and again disappearing fled to a place of refuge. There the gods found him, concealed in the trunk of a tree, in the form of a snail, for he was betrayed by the elephants and parrots, and he appeared to them. And after making by a curse the tongues of the parrots and the elephants incapable of clear

utterance, he promised to do what the gods requested, having been praised by them. So he went to Śiva, and after inclining humbly before him, through fear of being cursed, he informed him of the commission the gods had given him. Śiva thereupon deposited the embryo in the fire. Then the goddess distracted with anger and grief, said, "I have not obtained a son from you after all," and Śiva said to her; "An obstacle has arisen in this matter, because you neglected to worship Gaṇeśa, the lord of obstacles; therefore adore him now in order that a child may be born to us of the fire." When thus addressed by Śiva, the goddess worshipped Gaṇeśa, and the fire became pregnant with that germ of Śiva. Then, bearing that embryo of Śiva, the fire shone even in the day as if the sun had entered into it. And then it discharged into the Ganges the germ difficult to bear, and the Ganges, by the order of Śiva, placed it in a sacrificial cavity on mount Meru.[9] There that germ was watched by the Gaṇas, Śiva's attendants, and after a thousand years had developed it, it became a boy with six faces. Then, drinking milk with his six mouths from the breasts of the six Kṛittikás[10] appointed by Gaurí to nurse him, the boy grew big in a few days. In the meanwhile, the king of the gods, overcome by the Asura Táraka, fled to the difficult peaks of mount Meru, abandoning the field of battle. And the gods together with the Ṛishis went to the six-mouthed Kártikeya for protection, and he, defending the gods, remained surrounded by them. When Indra heard that, he was troubled, considering that his kingdom was taken from him, and being jealous he went and made war upon Kártikeya. But from the body of Kártikeya, when struck by the thunderbolt of Indra, there sprang two sons called Śákha and Viśákha, both of incomparable might. Then Śiva came to his offspring Kártikeya, who exceeded Indra in might, and forbade him and his two sons to fight, and rebuked him in the following words: "Thou wast born in order that thou mightest slay Táraka and protect the realm of Indra, therefore do thy own duty." Then Indra was delighted and immediately bowed before him, and commenced the ceremony of consecrating by ablutions Kártikeya as general of his forces. But when he himself lifted the pitcher for that purpose, his arm became stiff, wherefore he was despondent, but Śiva said to him; "Thou didst not worship the elephant-faced god, when thou desiredst a general; it was for this reason that thou hast met with this obstacle, therefore adore him now." Indra, when he heard

that, did so, and his arm was set free, and he duly performed the joyful ceremony of consecrating the general. And not long after, the general slew the Asura Táraka, and the gods rejoiced at having accomplished their object, and Gaurí at having obtained a son. So, princess, you see even the gods are not successful without honouring Gaṇeśa, therefore adore him when you desire a blessing.

After hearing this from my companions I went, my husband, and worshipped an image of Gaṇeśa, that stood in a lonely part of the garden, and after I had finished the worship, I suddenly saw that those companions of mine had flown up by their own power and were disporting themselves in the fields of the air; when I saw that, out of curiosity I called them and made them come down from the heaven, and when I asked them about the nature of their magic power, they immediately gave me this answer; "These are the magic powers of witches' spells, and they are due to the eating of human flesh, and our teacher in this is a Bráhman woman known by the name of Kálarátri." When my companions said this to me, I being desirous of acquiring the power of a woman that can fly in the air, but afraid of eating human flesh, was for a time in a state of hesitation; then eager to possess that power, I said to those friends of mine, "Cause me also to be instructed in this science." And immediately they went and brought, in accordance with my request, Kálarátri, who was of repulsive appearance. Her eyebrows met,[11] she had dull eyes, a depressed flat nose, large cheeks, widely parted lips, projecting teeth, a long neck, pendulous breasts, a large belly, and broad expanded feet. She appeared as if the creator had made her as a specimen of his skill in producing ugliness. When I fell at her feet, after bathing and worshipping Gaṇeśa, she made me take off my clothes and perform, standing in a circle, a horrible ceremony in honour of Śiva in his terrific form, and after she had sprinkled me with water, she gave me various spells known to her, and human flesh to eat that had been offered in sacrifice to the gods; so, after I had eaten man's flesh and had received the various spells, I immediately flew up, naked as I was, into the heaven with my friends, and after I had amused myself, I descended from the heaven by command of my teacher, and I, the princess, went to my own apartments. Thus even in my girlhood I became one of the society of witches, and in our meetings we devoured the bodies of many men.

Story of Sundaraka.

But listen, king, to a story which is a digression from my main tale. That Kálarátri had for husband a Bráhman of the name of Vishṇusvámin, and he, being an instructor in that country, taught many pupils who came from different lands, as he was skilful in the exposition of the Vedas. And among his pupils he had one young man of the name of Sundaraka, the beauty of whose person was set off by his excellent character; one day the teacher's wife Kálarátri being love-sick secretly courted him, her husband having gone away to some place or other. Truly Love makes great sport with ugly people as his laughing-stocks, in that she, not considering her own appearance, fell in love with Sundaraka. But he, though tempted, detested with his whole soul the crime; however women may misbehave, the mind of the good is not to be shaken. Then, he having departed, Kálarátri in a rage tore her own body with bites and scratches, and she remained weeping,[12] with dress and locks disordered, until the teacher Vishṇusvámin entered the house. And when he had entered, she said to him,—"Look, my Lord, to this state has Sundaraka reduced me, endeavouring to gain possession of me by force." As soon as the teacher heard that, he was inflamed with anger, for confidence in women robs even wise men of their power of reflection; and when Sundaraka returned home at night, he ran upon him, and he and his pupils kicked him, and struck him with fists, and sticks; moreover when he was senseless with the blows, he ordered his pupils to fling him out in the road by night, without regard to his safety, and they did so. Then Sundaraka was gradually restored to consciousness by the cool night breeze, and seeing himself thus outraged he reflected, "Alas! the instigation of a woman troubles the minds even of those men whose souls are not under the dominion of passion, as a storm disturbs the repose of lakes which are not reached by dust.[13] This is why that teacher of mine in the excess of his anger, though old and wise, was so inconsiderate as to treat me so cruelly. But the fact is, lust and wrath are appointed in the

dispensation of fate, from the very birth even of wise Bráhmans, to be the two bolts on the door of their salvation.[14] For were not the sages long ago angry with Śiva in the *devadáru*-wood, being afraid that their wives would go astray? And they did not know that he was a god, as he had assumed the appearance of a Buddhist mendicant, with the intention of shewing Umá that even Ṛishis do not possess self-restraint. But after they had cursed him, they discovered that he was the ruling god, that shakes the three worlds, and they fled to him for protection. So it appears that even hermits injure others, when beguiled by the six faults that are enemies of man,[15] lust, wrath, and their crew, much more so Bráhmans learned in the Vedas." Thinking thus, Sundaraka from fear of robbers during the night, climbed up and took shelter in a neighbouring cow-house. And while he was crouching unobserved in a corner of that cow-house, Kálarátri came into it with a drawn sword in her hand,[16] terrible from the hissing she uttered, with wind and flames issuing from her mouth and eyes, accompanied by a crowd of witches. Then the terrified Sundaraka, beholding Kálarátri arriving in such a guise, called to mind the spells that drive away Rákshasas, and bewildered by these spells Kálarátri did not see him crouching secretly in a corner, with his limbs drawn together from fear. Then Kálarátri with her friends recited the spells that enable witches to fly, and they flew up into the air, cow-house and all.

And Sundaraka heard the spell and remembered it;[17] but Kálarátri with the cow-house quickly flew through the air to Ujjayiní: there she made it descend by a spell in a garden of herbs, and went and sported in the cemetery among the witches: and immediately Sundaraka being hungry went down into the garden of herbs, and made a meal on some roots which he dug up, and after he had allayed the pangs of hunger, and returned as before to the cow-house, Kálarátri came back in the middle of the night from her meeting. Then she got up into the cow-house, and, just as before, she flew through the air with her pupils by the power of her magic, and returned home in the night. And after she had replaced the cow-house, which she made use of as a vehicle, in its original situation, and had dismissed those followers of hers, she entered her sleeping apartment. And Sundaraka, having thus passed through that night, astonished at the troubles

he had undergone, in the morning left the cow-house and went to his friends; there he related what had happened to him, and, though desirous of going to some other country, he was comforted by those friends and took up his abode among them, and leaving the dwelling of his teacher, and taking his meals in the almshouse for Bráhmans, he lived there enjoying himself at will in the society of his friends. One day Kálarátri, having gone out to buy some necessaries for her house, saw Sundaraka in the market. And being once more love-sick, she went up to him and said to him a second time —"Sundaraka, shew me affection even now, for my life depends on you." When she said this to him, the virtuous Sundaraka said to her, "Do not speak thus, it is not right; you are my mother, as being the wife of my teacher." Then Kálarátri said; "If you know what is right, then grant me my life, for what righteousness is greater than the saving of life?" Then Sundaraka said—"Mother, do not entertain this wish, for what righteousness can there be in approaching the bed of my preceptor." Thus repulsed by him, and threatening him in her wrath, she went home, after tearing her upper garment with her own hand, and shewing the garment to her husband, she said to him, "Look, Sundaraka ran upon me, and tore this garment of mine in this fashion;" so her husband went in his anger and stopped Sundaraka's supply of food at the almshouse, by saying that he was a felon who deserved death. Then Sundaraka in disgust, being desirous of leaving that country, and knowing the spell for flying up into the air which he had learnt in the cow-house, but being conscious that he had forgotten, after hearing it, the spell for descending from the sky, which he had been taught there also, again went in the night to that deserted cow-house, and while he was there, Kálarátri came as before, and flying up in the cow-house in the same way as on the former occasion, travelled through the air to Ujjayiní, and having made the cow-house descend by a spell in the garden of herbs, went again to the cemetery to perform her nightly ceremonies.

And Sundaraka heard that spell again, but failed again to retain it; for how can magic practices be thoroughly learnt without explanation by a teacher? Then he ate some roots there, and put some others in the cow-house to take away with him, and remained there as before; then Kálarátri came, and climbing up into the cow-house, flew through the air by night, and stopping

the vehicle, entered her house. In the morning Sundaraka also left that house, and taking the roots with him he went to the market in order to procure money with which to purchase food. And while he was selling them there, some servants of the king's, who were natives of Málava, took them away without paying for them, seeing that they were the produce of their own country. Then he began to remonstrate angrily, so they manacled him, and took him before the king on a charge of throwing stones at them, and his friends followed him. Those villains said to the king—"This man, when we asked him how he managed continually to bring roots from Málava and sell them in Ujjayiní, would not give us any answer, on the contrary he threw stones at us."

When the king heard this, he asked him about that marvel,[18] then his friends said—"If he is placed on the palace with us, he will explain the whole wonder, but not otherwise." The king consented, and Sundaraka was placed on the palace, whereupon by the help of the spell he suddenly flew up into the heaven with the palace. And travelling on it with his friends, he gradually reached Prayága,[19] and being now weary he saw a certain king bathing there, and after stopping the palace there, he plunged from the heaven into the Ganges, and, beheld with wonder by all, he approached that king. The king inclining before him, said to him, "Who art thou, and why hast thou descended from heaven?" Sundaraka answered, "I am an attendant of the god Śiva, named Murajaka, and by his command I have come to thee desiring human pleasures." When the king heard this, he supposed it was true, and gave him a city, rich in corn, filled with jewels, with women and all the insignia of rank. Then Sundaraka entered that city and flew up into the heaven with his followers, and for a long time roamed about at will, free from poverty. Lying on a golden bed, and fanned with *chowries* by beautiful women, he enjoyed happiness like that of Indra. Then once on a time a Siddha, that roamed in the air, with whom he had struck up a friendship, gave him a spell for descending from the air, and Sundaraka, having become possessed of this spell enabling him to come down to earth, descended from the sky-path in his own city of Kányakubja. Then the king hearing that he had come down from heaven, possessed of full prosperity, with a city, went in person to meet him out of curiosity, and Sundaraka,

when recognized and questioned, knowing what to say on all occasions, informed the king of all his own adventures brought about by Kálarátri. Then the king sent for Kálarátri and questioned her, and she fearlessly confessed her improper conduct, and the king was angry and made up his mind to cut off her ears, but she, when seized, disappeared before the eyes of all the spectators. Then the king forbade her to live in his kingdom, and Sundaraka having been honourably treated by him returned to the air.

Having said this to her husband the king Ádityaprabha, the queen Kuvalayávalí went on to say; "King, such magic powers, produced by the spells of witches, do exist, and this thing happened in my father's kingdom, and it is famous in the world, and, as I told you at first, I am a pupil of Kálarátri's, but because I am devoted to my husband, I possess greater power even than she did. And to-day you saw me just at the time when I had performed ceremonies to ensure your welfare, and was endeavouring to attract by a spell a man to offer as a victim. So do you enter now into our practice, and set your foot on the head of all kings, conquering them by magic power. When he heard this proposal, the king at first rejected it, saying, "What propriety is there in a king's connecting himself with the eating of human flesh, the practice of witches?" But when the queen was bent on committing suicide, he consented, for how can men who are attracted by the objects of passion remain in the good path? Then she made him enter into the circle previously consecrated, and said to the king, after he had taken an oath; "I attempted to draw hither as a victim that Bráhman named Phalabhúti, who is so intimate with you, but the drawing him hither is a difficult task, so it is the best way to initiate some cook in our rites, that he may himself slay him and cook him. And you must not feel any compunction about it, because by eating a sacrificial offering of his flesh, after the ceremonies are complete, the enchantment will be perfect, for he is a Bráhman of the highest caste." When his beloved said this to him, the king, though afraid of the sin, a second time consented. Alas! terrible is compliance with women! Then that royal couple had the cook summoned, whose name was Sáhasika, and after encouraging him, and initiating him, they both said to him,—"Whoever comes to you to-morrow morning and says—'The king and queen will eat together to-day, so get some food ready quickly,' him you must slay, and make for us secretly a savoury dish of his

flesh." When the cook heard this, he consented, and went to his own house. And the next morning, when Phalabhúti arrived, the king said to him, "Go and tell the cook Sáhasika in the kitchen, 'the king together with the queen will eat to-day a savoury mess, therefore prepare as soon as possible a splendid dish.'" Phalabhúti said, "I will do so" and went out. When he was outside, the prince whose name was Chandraprabha, came to him, and said —"Have made for me this very day with this gold a pair of earrings, like those you had made before for my noble father." When the prince said this, Phalabhúti, in order to please him, went that moment, as he was commissioned, to get the earrings made, and the prince readily went with the king's message, which Phalabhúti told him, alone to the kitchen; when he got there and told the king's message, the cook Sáhasika, true to his agreement, immediately killed him with a knife, and made a dish of his flesh, which the king and queen, after performing their ceremonies, ate, not knowing the truth;[20] and after spending that night in remorse, the next morning the king saw Phalabhúti arrive with the earrings in his hand.

So, being bewildered, he questioned him about the earrings immediately; and when Phalabhúti had told him his story, the king fell on the earth, and cried out; "Alas my son!" blaming the queen and himself, and when his ministers questioned him, he told them the whole story, and repeated what Phalabhúti had said every day—"'The doer of good will obtain good, and the doer of evil, evil.' Often the harm that one wishes to do to another, recoils on one's self, as a ball thrown against a wall rebounding frequently; thus we, wicked ones, desiring to slay a Bráhman, have brought about our own son's death, and devoured his flesh." After the king had said this and informed his ministers, who stood with their faces fixed on the earth, of the whole transaction, and after he had anointed that very Phalabhúti as king in his place, he made a distribution of alms and then, having no son, entered the fire with his wife to purify himself from guilt, though already consumed by the fire of remorse: and Phalabhúti, having obtained the royal dignity, ruled the earth; thus good or evil done by a man is made to return upon himself.

Having related the above tale in the presence of the king of Vatsa, Yaugandharáyaṇa again said to that king; "If Brahmadatta therefore were to

plot against you, O great king, who, after conquering him, treated him kindly, he ought to be slain." When the chief minister had said this to him, the king of Vatsa approved of it, and rising up went to perform the duties of the day, and the day following he set out from Lávánaka to go to his own city Kauśámbí, having accomplished his objects in effecting the conquest of the regions; in course of time the lord of earth accompanied by his retinue reached his own city, which seemed to be dancing with delight, imitating with banners uplifted the taper arms[21] of the dancing girl. So he entered the city, producing, at every step, in the lotus-garden composed of the eyes of the women of the city, the effect of the rising of a breeze. And the king entered his palace, sung by minstrels, praised by bards, and worshipped by kings. Then the monarch of Vatsa laid his commands on the kings of every land, who bowed before him, and triumphantly ascended that throne, the heirloom of his race, which he had found long ago in the deposit of treasure. And the heaven was filled with the combined high and deep echoes of the sound of the drums, which accompanied the auspicious ceremonies on that occasion, like simultaneous shouts of applause uttered by the guardians of the world, each in his several quarter, being delighted with the prime minister of the king of Vatsa. Then the monarch, who was free from avarice, distributed to the Bráhmans all kinds of wealth acquired by the conquest of the world, and after great festivities, satisfied the desires of the company of kings and of his own ministers. Then in that city filled with the noise of drums resembling the thunder of the clouds, while the king was raining benefits on the fields[22] according to each man's desert, the people, expecting great fruit in the form of corn, kept high festival in every house. Having thus conquered the world, that victorious king devolved on Rumaṇvat and Yaugandharáyaṇa the burden of his realm, and lived at ease there with Vásavadattá and Padmávatí. So he, being praised by excellent bards, seated between those two queens as if they were the goddesses of Fame and Fortune, enjoyed the rising of the moon white as his own glory, and continually drank wine as he had swallowed the might of his foes.

1

For the worship of trees and tree-spirits, see Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, p. 75 and *ff.*, and Tylor's Primitive Culture, Vol. II, p. 196 and *ff.*

2

I here read *durdaśáḥ* for the *durdarśáḥ* of Dr. Brockhaus' text. It must be a misprint. A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *durdaśáḥ*.

3

The Guhyakas are demi-gods, attendants upon Kuvera and guardians of his wealth.

4

Literally—having the cardinal points as her only garment.

5

For the circle cp. Henry VI. Part II, Act I, Sc. IV, line 25 and Henry V. Act V, Sc. 2, line 420. "If you would conjure, you must make a circle." See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 272. Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, pp. 292, 302, 303. See also Wirt Sikes, British Goblins, pp. 200, and 201; Henderson's Northern Folk-lore, p. 19, Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, pp. 128, 213. Professor Jebb, in his notes on Theophrastus' Superstitious man, observes "The object of all those ceremonies, in which the offerings were carried round the person or place to be purified, was to trace a charmed circle within which the powers of evil should not come." Cp. also Grössler's Sagen aus der Grafschaft Mansfeld, p. 217, Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, p. 56; Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 226.

6

i. e. by the fire of Śiva's eye.

7

Perhaps we ought to read *sadehasya*. I find this rending in a MS. lent to me by the librarian of the Sanskrit College with the kind permission of the Principal.

8

i. e. Śiva.

9

In this wild legend, resembling one in the first book of the Rámáyaṇa, I have omitted some details for reasons which will be obvious to those who read it in the original.

10

i. e. the six Pleiades.

11

Mr. Tylor (in his Primitive Culture, Vol. II, p. 176) speaking of Slavonian superstitions, says, “A man whose eyebrows meet as if his soul were taking flight to enter some other body, may be marked by this sign either as a were-wolf or a vampire.” In Icelandic Sagas a man with meeting eyebrows is said to be a werewolf. The same idea holds in Denmark, also in Germany, whilst in Greece it is a sign that a man is a Brukolak or Vampire. (Note by Baring-Gould in Henderson’s Folk-lore of the Northern Counties). The same idea is found in Bohemia, see Grohmann’s Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 210. Cp. Grimm’s Irische Märchen, p. cviii.

12

I read *ásta* for *áśu*.

13

rajas in Sanskrit means dust and also passion.

14

i. e. immunity from future births.

15

i. e. desire, wrath, covetousness, bewilderment, pride and envy.

16

Cp. the Æthiopica of Heliodorus, Book VII, ch. 15, where the witch is armed with a sword during her incantations; and Homer’s Odyssey, XI, 48. See also for the magic virtues of steel Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, pp. 312, 313.

17

See Veckenstedt’s Wendische Sagen, p. 289, where a young man overhears a spell with similar results. See also Bartsch’s Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 115.

18

I read *tan tad*.

19

Called more usually by English people Allahabad.

20

This incident reminds one of Schiller’s ballad—*Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*. (Benfey Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 320.)

The story of Fridolin in Schiller's ballad is identical with the story of Fulgentius which is found in the English Gesta Romanorum, see Bohn's Gesta Romanorum, Introduction, page 1. Douce says that the story is found in Scott's Tales from the Arabic and Persian, p. 53 and in the Contes devots or Miracles of the Virgin. (Le Grand, Fabliaux, v. 74.) Mr. Collier states upon the authority of M. Boettiger that Schiller founded his ballad upon an Alsatian tradition which he heard at Mannheim. Cp. also the 80th of the Sicilianische Märchen which ends with these words, "*Wer gutes thut, wird gutes erhalten*." There is a certain resemblance in this story to that of Equitan in Murie's lays. See Ellis's Early English Metrical Romances, pp. 46 and 47. It also resembles the story of Lalitánga extracted from the Kathá Kosha by Professor Nilmani Mukerjea in his Sáhitya Parichaya, Part II, and the conclusion of the story of Damannaka from the same source found in his Part I. The story of Fridolin is also found in Schöppner's Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, p. 204.

21

Literally creeper-like.

22

There is a double meaning here; *kshetra* means fit recipients as well as field. The king no doubt distributed corn.

Book IV.

Chapter XXI.

> Victory to the conqueror of obstacles,[1] who marks with a line like the parting of the hair, the principal mountains[2] by the mighty fanning of his ear-flaps, pointing out, as it were, a path of success!

Then Udayana, the king of Vatsa, remaining in Kauśámbí, enjoyed the conquered earth which was under one umbrella; and the happy monarch devolved the care of his empire upon Yaugandharáyaṇa and Rumaṇvat, and addicted himself to pleasure only in the society of Vasantaka. Himself playing on the lute, in the company of the queen Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, he was engaged in a perpetual concert. While the notes of his lyre were married to the soft sweet song of the queens, the rapid movement of his executing finger alone indicated the difference of the sounds. And while the roof of the palace was white with moonlight as with his own glory, he drank wine in plenteous streams as he had swallowed the pride of his enemies[3]; beautiful women brought him, as he sat retired, in vessels of gold, wine flaming with rosy glow,[4] as it were the water of his appointment as ruler in the empire of love; he divided between the two queens the cordial liquor red, delicious, and pellucid, in which danced the reflection of their faces; as he did his own heart, impassioned, enraptured and transparent, in which the same image was found; his eyes were never sated with resting on the faces of those queens, which had the eyebrows arched, and blushed with the rosy hue of love, though envy and anger were far from them; the scene of his banquet, filled with many crystal goblets of wine, gleamed like a lake of white lotuses tinged red with the rising sun. And occasionally, accompanied by huntsmen, clad in a vest dark green as the *paláśa* tree, he ranged, bow and arrows in hand, the forest full of wild beasts, which was of the same colour as himself. He slew with arrows herds of wild boars besmeared with mud, as the sun disperses with its dense rays the masses of darkness; when he ran towards them, the antelopes fleeing in

terror, seemed like the sidelong glances of the quarters previously conquered[5] by him.

And when he slew the buffaloes, the ground, red with blood, looked like a bed of red lotuses, come to thank him humbly for delivering it from the goring of their horns. When the lions too were transfixed by his javelins falling in their open mouths, and their lives issued from them with a suppressed roar, he was delighted. In that wood he employed dogs in the ravines, and nets in the glades; this was the method of his pursuit of the chase in which he relied only upon his own resources. While he was thus engaged in his pleasant enjoyments, one day the hermit Nárada came to him as he was in the hall of audience, diffusing a halo with the radiance of his body, like the sun, the orb of heaven, descending therefrom out of love for the Solar dynasty. The king welcomed him, inclining before him again and again, and the sage stood a moment as if pleased, and said to that king, "Listen, O king, I will tell you a story in few words; you had an ancestor once, a king of the name of Páṇḍu; he like you had two noble wives; one wife of the mighty prince was named Kuntí and the other Mádrí. That Páṇḍu conquered this sea-engirdled earth, and was very prosperous, and being addicted to the vice of hunting he went one day to the forest. There he let fly an arrow and slew a hermit of the name of Arindama, who was sporting with his wife in the form of a deer.[6] That hermit abandoned that deer-form, and with his breath struggling in his throat cursed that Páṇḍu, who in his despair had flung away his bow; 'Since I have been slain while sporting at will by thee, inconsiderate one, thou also shalt die in the embraces of thy wife.' Having been thus cursed, Páṇḍu, through fear of its effect, abandoned the desire of enjoyment, and accompanied by his wives lived in a tranquil grove of ascetic quietism. While he was there, one day impelled by that curse, he suddenly approached his beloved Mádrí, and died. So you may rest assured that the occupation called hunting is a madness of kings, for other kings have been done to death by it, even as the various deer they have slain. For how can hunting produce benign results, since the genius of hunting is like a female Rákshasa, roaring horribly, intent on raw flesh, defiled with dust, with upstanding hair and lances for teeth. Therefore give up that useless exertion, the sport of hunting; wild

elephants and their slayers are exposed to the same risk of losing their lives. And you, who are ordained for prosperity, are dear to me on account of my friendship with your ancestors, so hear how you are to have a son who is to be a portion of the god of love. Long ago, when Rati worshipped Śiva with praises in order to effect the restoration of Káma's body, Śiva being pleased told her this secret in few words; 'This Gaurí,[7] desiring a son, shall descend to earth with a part of herself, and after propitiating me, shall give birth to an incarnation of Káma.' Accordingly, king, the goddess has been born in the form of this Vásavadattá, daughter of Chaṇḍamahásena, and she has become your queen. So she, having propitiated Śiva, shall give birth to a son who shall be a portion of Káma, and shall become the emperor of all the Vidyádharas." By this speech the Ṛishi Nárada, whose words command respect, gave back to the king the earth which he had offered him as a present, and then disappeared. When he had departed, the king of Vatsa in company with Vásavadattá, in whom had arisen the desire of obtaining a son, spent the day in thinking about it.

The next day the chief warder called Nityodita, came to the lord of Vatsa while he was in the hall of assembly, and said to him; "A certain distressed Bráhman woman, accompanied by two children, is standing at the door, O king, desiring to see your Highness." When the king heard this, he permitted her to enter, and so that Bráhman woman entered, thin, pale, and begrimed, distressed by the tearing of her clothes and wounding of her self-respect, carrying in her bosom two children looking like Misery and Poverty. After she had made the proper obeisance, she said to the king, "I am a Bráhman woman of good caste, reduced to such poverty; as fate would have it, I gave birth to these two boys at the same time, and I have no milk for them, O king, without food. Therefore I have come in my misery and helplessness for protection to the king, who is kind to all who fly to him for protection; now, my lord the king must determine what my lot is to be." When the king heard that, he was filled with pity, and said to the warder, "Take this woman and commend her to the queen Vásavadattá." Then that woman was conducted into the presence of the queen by that warder, as it were by her own good actions marching in front of her. The queen, when she heard from that warder that the Bráhman woman who had come had been sent by the king, felt all the more confidence in her. And when she saw

that the woman, though poor, had two children, she thought, “This is exceedingly unfair dealing on the part of the Creator! Alas! he grudges a son to me who am rich, and shews affection to one who is poor! I have not yet one son, but this woman has these twins.” Thus reflecting, the queen, who was herself desiring a bath, gave orders to her servants to provide the Bráhman woman with a bath and other restoratives. After she had been provided with a bath, and had had clothes given her, and had been supplied by them with agreeable food, that Bráhman woman was refreshed like the heated earth bedewed with rain. And as soon as she had been refreshed, the queen Vásavadattá, in order to test her by conversation, artfully said to her, “O Bráhman lady, tell us some tale,” when she heard that, she agreed and began to tell this story.

Story of Devadatta.

In old time there was a certain petty monarch of the name of Jayadatta and there was born to him a son, named Devadatta. And that wise king wishing to marry his son who was grown up, thus reflected—“The prosperity of kings is very unstable, being like a *hetæra* to be enjoyed by force, but the prosperity of merchants is like a woman of good family, it is steady and does not fly to another man. Therefore I will take a wife to my son from a merchant’s family, in order that misfortune may not overtake his throne, though it is surrounded with many relations.” Having formed this resolve, that king sought for his son the daughter of a merchant in Páṭaliputra named Vasudatta. Vasudatta, for his part, eager for such a distinguished alliance, gave that daughter of his to the prince, though he dwelt in a remote foreign land.

And he loaded his son-in-law with wealth to such an extent that he no longer felt much respect for his father’s magnificence. Then king Jayadatta dwelt happily with that son of his who had obtained the daughter of that

rich merchant. Now one day the merchant Vasudatta came, full of desire to see his daughter, to the palace of his connexion by marriage, and took away his daughter to his own home. Shortly after the king Jayadatta suddenly went to heaven, and that kingdom was seized by his relations who rose in rebellion; through fear of them his son Devadatta was secretly taken away by his mother during the night to another country. Then that mother distressed in soul said to the prince—"Our feudal lord is the emperor who rules the eastern region, repair to him, my son, he will procure you the kingdom." When his mother said this to him, the prince answered her; "Who will respect me if I go there without attendants?" When she heard that, his mother went on to say, "Go to the house of your father-in-law, and get money there and so procure followers, and then repair to the emperor." Being urged in these words by his mother, the prince, though full of shame, slowly plodded on and reached his father-in-law's house in the evening, but he could not bear to enter at such an unseasonable hour, for he was afraid of shedding tears, being bereaved of his father, and having lost his worldly splendour, besides shame withheld him. So he remained in the verandah of an alms house near, and at night he suddenly beheld a woman descending with a rope from his father-in-law's house, and immediately he recognized her as his wife, for she was so resplendent with jewels that she looked like a meteor fallen from the clouds, and he was much grieved thereat, but she, though she saw him, did not recognise him, as he was emaciated and begrimed, and asked him who he was; when he heard that, he answered, "I am a traveller;" then the merchant's daughter entered the alms-house, and the prince followed her secretly to watch her. There she advanced towards a certain man, and he towards her, and asking her why she had come so late, he bestowed several kicks on her.[8] Then the passion of the wicked woman was doubled, and she appeased him and remained with him on the most affectionate terms. When he saw that, the discreet prince reflected; "This is not the time for me to shew anger, for I have other affairs in hand, and how could I employ against these two contemptible creatures, this wife of mine and the man who has done me this wrong, this sword which is to be used against my foes? Or what quarrel have I with this adulteress, for this is the work of malignant destiny, that showers calamities upon me, shewing skill in the game of testing my firmness? It is my marriage with a woman below

me in rank that is in fault, not the woman herself; how can a female crow leave the male crow to take pleasure in a cuckoo?" Thus reflecting, he allowed that wife of his to remain in the society of her paramour; for in the minds of heroes possessed with an ardent desire of victory, of what importance is woman, valueless as a straw? But at the moment when his wife ardently embraced her paramour, there fell from her ear an ornament thickly studded with valuable jewels. And she did not observe this, but at the end of her interview taking leave of her paramour, returned hurriedly to her house as she came. And that unlawful lover also departed somewhere or other. Then the prince saw that jewelled ornament and took it up; it flashed with many jewel-gleams, dispelling the gathering darkness of despondency, and seemed like a hand-lamp obtained by him to assist him in searching for his lost prosperity. The prince immediately perceived that it was very valuable, and went off, having obtained all he required, to Kányakubja; there be pledged that ornament for a hundred thousand gold pieces, and after buying horses and elephants went into the presence of the emperor. And with the troops, which he gave him, he marched and slew his enemies in fight, and recovered his father's kingdom, and his mother applauded his success. Then he redeemed from pawn that ornament, and sent it to his father-in-law to reveal that unsuspected secret; his father-in-law, when he saw that ear-ring of his daughter's, which had come to him in such a way, was confounded and shewed it to her: she looked upon it, lost long ago like her own virtue, and when she heard that it had been sent by her husband, she was distracted and called to mind the whole circumstance: "This is the very ornament which I let fall in the alms-house the night I saw that unknown traveller standing there; so that must undoubtedly have been my husband come to test my virtue, but I did not recognize him, and he picked up this ornament." While the merchant's daughter was going through this train of reflection, her heart, afflicted by the misfortune of her unchastity having been discovered, in its agony, broke. Then her father artfully questioned a maid of hers who knew all her secrets, and found out the truth, and so ceased to mourn for his daughter; as for the prince, after he recovered the kingdom, he obtained as wife the daughter of the emperor won by his virtues, and enjoyed the highest prosperity.

So you see that the hearts of women are hard as adamant in daring sin, but are soft as a flower when the tremor of fear falls upon them. But there are some few women born in good families, that, having hearts virtuous[9] and of transparent purity, become like pearls the ornaments of the earth. And the fortune of kings is ever bounding away like a doe, but the wise know how to bind it by the tether of firmness, as you see in my story; therefore those who desire good fortune must not abandon their virtue even in calamity, and of this principle my present circumstances are an illustration, for I preserved my character, O queen, even in this calamity, and that has borne me fruit in the shape of the good fortune of beholding you.

Having heard this tale from the mouth of that Bráhman woman, the queen Vásavadattá, feeling respect for her, immediately thought,—"Surely this Bráhman woman must be of good family, for the indirect way in which she alluded to her own virtue and her boldness in speech prove that she is of gentle birth, and this is the reason why she shewed such tact in entering the king's court of justice,"—having gone through these reflections, the queen again said to the Bráhman woman: "Whose wife are you, or what is the history of your life? Tell me." When she heard that, the Bráhman woman again began to speak—

Story of Pingaliká.

Queen, there was a certain Bráhman in the country or Málava, named Agnidatta, the home of Fortune and of Learning, who willingly impoverished himself to help suppliants, and in course of time there were born to him two sons like himself; the eldest was called Śankaradatta and the other Śántikara; of these two, oh glorious one, Śántikara suddenly left his father's house in quest of learning, while he was still a boy, and went, I know not whither, and the other son his elder brother married me, who am the daughter of Yajnadatta who collected wealth for the sake of sacrifice only. In course of time the father of my husband, who was named

Agnidatta, being old, went to the next world and his wife followed him,[10] and my husband left me, when I was pregnant, to go to holy places, and through sorrow for his loss abandoned the body in fire purified by the goddess Sarasvatí; and when that fact was told us by those who accompanied him in his pilgrimage, I was not permitted to follow him by my relations, as I was pregnant. Then, while my grief was fresh, brigands suddenly swooped down on us and plundered my house and all the royal grant; immediately I fled with three Bráhman women from that place, for fear that I might be outraged, taking with me very few garments. And, as the whole kingdom was ravaged, I went to a distant land accompanied by them, and remained there a month only supporting myself by menial drudgery. And then hearing from people that the king of Vatsa was the refuge of the helpless, I came here with the three Bráhman women, with no other travelling provision than my virtue; and as soon as I arrived I gave birth at the same time to two boys. Thus, though I have the friendly assistance of these three Bráhman women, I have suffered bereavement, banishment, poverty, and now comes this birth of twins; Alas! Providence has opened to me the door of calamity. Accordingly, reflecting that I had no other means of maintaining these children, I laid aside shame, the ornament of women, and entering into the king's court I made a petition to him. Who is able to endure the sight of the misery of youthful offspring? And in consequence of his order, I have come into your august presence, and my calamities have turned back, as if ordered away from your door. This is my history: as for my name, it is Pingaliká, because from my childhood my eyes have been reddened by the smoke of the burnt-offerings. And that brother-in-law of mine Śántikara dwells in a foreign land, but in what land he is now living, I have not as yet discovered.

When the Bráhman woman had told her history in these words, the queen came to the conclusion that she was a lady of high birth, and after reflecting, said this to her with an affectionate manner: "There is dwelling here a foreign Bráhman of the name of Śántikara, and he is our domestic chaplain; I am certain he will turn out to be your brother-in-law." After saying this to the eager Bráhman lady, the queen allowed that night to pass, and the next morning sent for Śántikara and asked him about his descent. And when he had told her his descent, she, ascertaining that the two

accounts tallied completely, shewed him that Bráhman lady, and said to him —"Here is your brother's wife." And when they recognised one another, and he had heard of the death of his relations, he took the Bráhman lady the wife of his brother to his own house. There he mourned exceedingly, as was natural, for the death of his parents and his brother, and comforted the lady who was accompanied by her two children; and the queen Vásavadattá settled that the Bráhman lady's two young sons should be the domestic chaplains of her future son, and the queen also gave the eldest the name of Śántisoma, and the next of Vaiśvánara, and she bestowed on them much wealth. The people of this world are like a blind man, being led to the place of recompense by their own actions, going before them,[11] and their courage is merely an instrument. Then those two children, and their mother and Śántikara remained united there, having obtained wealth.

Then once upon a time, as days went on, the queen Vásavadattá beheld from her palace a certain woman of the caste of potters coming with five sons, bringing plates, and she said to the Bráhman lady Pingaliká, who was at her side; "Observe, my friend: this woman has five sons, and I have not even one as yet, to such an extent is such a one the possessor of merit, while such a one as myself is not."[12]

Then Pingaliká said, "Queen, these numerous sons are people who have committed many sins in a previous existence, and are born to poor people in order that they may suffer for them, but the son that shall be born to such a one as you, must have been in a former life a very virtuous person. Therefore do not be impatient, you will soon obtain a son such as you deserve." Though Pingaliká said this to her, Vásavadattá, being eager for the birth of a son, remained with her mind overpowered by anxiety about it. At that moment the king of Vatsa came and perceiving what was in her heart said—"Queen, Nárada said that you should obtain a son by propitiating Śiva, therefore we must continually propitiate Śiva, that granter of boons." Upon that, the queen quickly determined upon performing a vow, and when she had taken a vow, the king and his ministers and the whole kingdom also took a vow to propitiate Śiva; and after the royal couple had fasted for three nights, that Lord was so pleased that he himself appeared to them and commanded them in a dream,—"Rise up; from you

shall spring a son who shall be a portion of the god of love, and owing to my favour shall be king of all the Vidyádharas.” When the god, whose crest is the moon, had said this and disappeared, that couple woke up, and immediately felt unfeigned joy at having obtained their boon, and considered that they had gained their object. And in the morning the king and queen rose up, and after delighting the subjects with the taste of the nectarous story of their dream, kept high festival with their relations and servants, and broke in this manner the fast of their vow. After some days had past, a certain man with matted locks came and gave the queen Vásavadattá a fruit in her dream. Then the king of Vatsa rejoiced with the queen, who informed him of that clear dream, and he was congratulated by his ministers, and supposing that the god of the moon-crest had given her a son under the form of a fruit, he considered the fulfilment of his wish to be not far off.

1

i. e. the god Gaṇeśa, who has an elephant’s head.

2

Seven principal mountains are supposed to exist in each Varsha or division of a continent.

3

There is a reference here to the *mada* or ichor which exudes from an elephant’s temples when in rut.

4

rága also means passion.

5

The quarters are often conceived of as women.

6

In the XVIIIth tale of the Gesta Romanorum Julian is led into trouble by pursuing a deer. The animal turns round and says to him, “Thou who pursuest me so fiercely shalt be the destruction of thy parents.” See also Bernhard Schmidt’s Griechische Märchen, p. 38. “A popular ballad referring to the story of Digenis gives him a life of 300 years, and represents his death as due to his killing a hind that had on its shoulder the image of the Virgin Mary, a legend the foundation of which is possibly a recollection of the old mythological story of

the hind of Artemis killed by Agamemnon." [Sophoclis Electra, 568.] In the Romance of Doolin of Mayence Guyon kills a hermit by mistake for a deer. (Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 138) See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, pp. 84–86.

7

I. g. Umá and Párvatí. Káma = the god of love.

8

Cp. Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. I, p. 96; also an incident in Gül and Sanaubar, (Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 144).

9

Here there is a pun, *suvritta* meaning also well-rounded.

10

i. e. burnt herself with his body.

11

Purogaiḥ means "done in a previous life," and also "going before."

12

Cp. Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 364; Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, pp. 285 and 294.

Chapter XXII.

Then, in a short time, Vásavadattá became pregnant with a child, glorious inasmuch as it was an incarnation of the god of Love, and it was a feast to the eyes of the king of Vatsa. She shone with a face, the eyes of which rolled, and which was of palish hue, as if with the moon come to visit her out of affection for the god of Love conceived in her. When she was sitting down, the two images of her form, reflected in the sides of the jewelled couch, seemed like Rati and Príti come there out of regard for their husband.[1] Her ladies-in-waiting attended upon her like the Sciences that grant desires, come in bodily form to shew their respect for the future king of the Vidyádharas[2] conceived in her. At that time she had breasts with points dark like a folded bud, resembling pitchers intended for the inaugural sprinkling[3] of her unborn son. When she lay down on a comfortable couch in the middle of the palace, which gleamed with pavement composed of translucent, flashing, lustrous jewels, she appeared as if she were being propitiated by the waters, that had come there trembling, through fear of being conquered by her future son, with heaps of jewels on every side. Her image reflected from the gems in the middle of the chariot, appeared like the Fortune of the Vidyáharas coming in the heaven to offer her adoration. And she felt a longing for stories of great magicians provided with incantations by means of spells, introduced appropriately in conversation. Vidyádhara ladies, beginning melodious songs, waited upon her when in her dream she rose high up in the sky, and when she woke up, she desired to enjoy in reality the amusement of sporting in the air, which would give the pleasure of looking down upon the earth. And Yaugandharáyaṇa gratified that longing of the queen's by employing spells, machines, juggling, and such like contrivances. So she roamed through the air by means of those various contrivances, which furnished a wonderful spectacle to the upturned eyes of the citizens' wives. But once on a time, when she was in her palace, there arose in her heart a desire to hear the glorious tales of the Vidyádharas; then Yaugandharáyaṇa, being entreated by that queen, told her this tale while all were listening.

Story of Jímútaváhana.

There is a great mountain named Himavat, the father of the mother of the world,[4] who is not only the chief of hills, but the spiritual preceptor of Śiva, and on that great mountain, the home of the Vidyádharas, dwelt the lord of the Vidyádharas, the king Jímútaketu. And in his house there was a wishing-tree[5], which had come down to him from his ancestors, called by a name which expressed its nature, The Giver of Desires. And one day the king Jímútaketu approached that wishing-tree in his garden, which was of divine nature, and supplicated it; "We always obtain from you all we desire, therefore give me, O god, who am now childless, a virtuous son." Then the wishing-tree said,—"King, there shall be born to thee a son who shall remember his past birth, who shall be a hero in giving, and kind to all creatures." When he heard that, the king was delighted, and bowed before that tree, and then he went and delighted his queen with the news: accordingly in a short time a son was born to him, and his father called the son Jímútaváhana. Then that Jímútaváhana, who was of great goodness, grew up step by step with the growth of his innate compassion for all creatures. And in course of time, when he was made Crown-Prince, he being full of compassion for the world said in secret to his father, who was pleased by his attentions—"I know, O father, that in this world all things perish in an instant, but the pure glory of the great alone endures till the end of a Kalpa.[6] If it is acquired by benefiting others, what other wealth can be, like it, valued by high-minded men more than life. And as for prosperity, if it be not used to benefit others, it is like lightning which for a moment pains the eye, and flickering disappears somewhere or other. So, if this wishing-tree, which we possess, and which grants all desires, is employed for the benefit of others, we shall have reaped from it all the fruit it can give. So let me take such steps as that by its riches the whole multitude of men in need may be rescued from poverty." This petition Jímútaváhana made to his father, and having obtained his permission, he went and said to that

wishing-tree, “O god, thou always givest us the desired fruit, therefore fulfil to-day this one wish of ours. O my friend, relieve this whole world from its poverty, success to thee, thou art bestowed on the world that desires wealth!” The wishing-tree being addressed in this style by that self-denying one, showered much gold on the earth, and all the people rejoiced; what other compassionate incarnation of a Bodhisattva except the glorious Jímútaváhana would be able to dispose even of a wishing-tree in favour of the needy? For this reason every region of the earth[7] became devoted to Jímútaváhana, and his stainless fame was spread on high.

Then the relations of Jímútaketu, seeing that his throne was firmly established by the glory of his son, were envious, and became hostile to him. And they thought it would be easy to conquer that place, which possessed the excellent wishing-tree that was employed for bestowing gifts, on account of its not being strong: then they assembled and determined on war, and thereupon the self-denying Jímútaváhana said to his father,—“As this body of ours is like a bubble in the water, for the sake of what do we desire prosperity, which flickers like a candle exposed to the wind? And what wise man desires to attain prosperity by the slaughter of others? Accordingly, my father, I ought not to fight with my relations. But I must leave my kingdom and go to some forest or other; let these miserable wretches be, let us not slay the members of our own family.” When Jímútaváhana had said this, his father Jímútaketu formed a resolution and said to him; “I too must go, my son, for what desire for rule can I, who am old, have, when you, though young, out of compassion abandon your realm as if it were so much grass?” In these words his father expressed his acquiescence in the project of Jímútaváhana, who then, with his father and his father’s wife, went to the Malaya mountain. There he remained in a hermitage, the dwelling of the Siddhas, where the brooks were hidden by the sandal-wood trees, and devoted himself to taking care of his father. There he struck up a friendship with the self-denying son of Viśvávasu, the chief prince of the Siddhas, whose name was Mitrávasu. And once on a time the all-knowing Jímútaváhana beheld in a lonely place Mitrávasu’s maiden sister, who had been his beloved in a former birth. And the mutual

gaze of those two young people was like the catching in a frail net of the deer of the mind.[8]

Then one day Mitrávasu came up suddenly to Jímútaváhana, who deserved the respect of the three worlds, with a pleased expression, and said to him, “I have a younger sister, the maiden called Malayavatí; I give her to you, do not refuse to gratify my wish.” When Jímútaváhana heard that, he said to him, “O prince, she was my wife in a former birth, and in that life you became my friend, and were like a second heart to me. I am one who remembers the former state of existence, I recollect all that happened in my previous birth.” When he said this, Mitrávasu said to him, “then tell me this story of your former birth, for I feel curiosity about it.” When he heard this from Mitrávasu, the benevolent Jímútaváhana told him the tale of his former birth as follows:

Story of Jímútaváhana’s adventures in a former birth.

Thus it is; formerly I was a sky-roaming Vidyádhara, and once on a time I was passing over a peak of the Himálaya. And then Śiva, who was below, sporting with Gaurí, being angry at my passing above him, cursed me, saying, “Descend into a mortal womb, and after obtaining a Vidyádharí for your wife, and appointing your son in your place, you shall remember your former birth, and again be born as a Vidyádhara.” Having pronounced when this curse should end, Śiva ceased and disappeared; and soon after I was born upon earth in a family of merchants. And I grew up as the son of a rich merchant in a city named Vallabhí, and my name was Vasudatta. And in course of time, when I became a young man, I had a retinue given me by my father, and went by his orders to another land to traffic. As I was going along, robbers fell upon me in a forest, and after taking all my property, led me in chains to a temple of Durgá in their village, terrible with a long waving banner of red silk like the tongue of Death eager to devour the lives

of animals. There they brought me into the presence of their chief named Pulindaka, who was engaged in worshipping the goddess, in order that I might serve as a victim. He, though he was a Śavara,[9] the moment he saw me, felt his heart melt with pity for me; an apparently causeless affectionate movement of the heart is a sign of friendship in a former birth. Then that Śavara king, having saved me from slaughter, was about to complete the rite by the sacrifice of himself, when a heavenly voice said to him—"Do not act thus, I am pleased with thee, crave a boon of me,"—thereupon he was delighted, and said—"O goddess, thou art pleased; what other blessing can I need, nevertheless I ask so much—may I have friendship with this merchant's son in another birth also." The voice said—"So be it," and then ceased, and then that Śavara gave me much wealth, and sent me back to my own home. And then, as I had returned from foreign travel and from the jaws of death, my father, when he heard the whole occurrence, made a great feast in my honour. And in course of time I saw there that very same Śavara chief, whom the king had ordered to be brought before him as a prisoner for plundering a caravan. I told my father of it immediately, and making a petition to the king, I saved him from capital punishment by the payment of a hundred thousand gold-pieces. And having in this way repaid the benefit, which he conferred upon me by saving my life, I brought him to my house, and entertained him honourably for a long time with all loving attention. And then, after this hospitable entertainment, I dismissed him, and he went to his own village fixing upon me a heart tender with affection. Then, while he thought about a present for me that might be worthy of my return for his previous kindness, he came to the conclusion that the pearls and musk and treasures of that kind, which were at his disposal, were not valuable enough. Thereupon he took his bow and went off to the Himálaya to shoot elephants, in order to obtain a surpassingly splendid necklace[10] for me. And while he was roaming about there, he reached a great lake with a temple upon its shore, being welcomed by its lotuses, which were as devoted to their friend[11] as he was to me. And suspecting that the wild elephants would come there to drink water, he remained in concealment with his bow, in order to kill them. In the meanwhile he saw a young lady of wonderful beauty come riding upon a lion to worship Śiva, whose temple stood on the shore of the lake; looking like a second daughter of the king of the snowy

mountains, devoted to the service of Śiva while in her girlhood. And the Śavara, when he saw her, being overpowered with wonder, reflected —"Who can this be? If she is a mortal woman, why does she ride upon a lion? On the other hand, if she is divine, how can she be seen by such as me? So she must certainly be the incarnate development of the merits of my eyes in a former birth. If I could only marry my friend to her, then I should have bestowed upon him a new and wonderful recompense. So I had better first approach her to question her." Thus reflecting, my friend the Śavara advanced to meet her. In the meanwhile she dismounted from the lion, that lay down in the shade, and advancing began to pick the lotuses of the lake. And seeing the Śavara, who was a stranger, coming towards her and bowing, out of a hospitable feeling she gratified him with a welcome. And she said to him—"Who are you, and why have you come to this inaccessible land?" Thereupon the Śavara answered her, "I am a prince of the Śavaras, who regard the feet of Bhaváni as my only refuge, and I am come to this wood to get pearls from the heads of elephants. But when I beheld you just now, O goddess, I called to mind my own friend that saved my life, the son of a merchant prince, the auspicious Vasudatta. For he, O fair one, is, like you, matchless for beauty and youth, a very fount of nectar to the eyes of this world. Happy is that maiden in the world, whose braceleted hand is taken in this life by that treasure-house of friendship, generosity, compassion, and patience. And if this beautiful form of yours is not linked to such a man, then I cannot help grieving that Káma bears the bow in vain." By these words of the king of the hunters the mind of the maiden was suddenly carried away, as if by the syllables of the god of Love's bewildering spell. And prompted by love, she said to that Śavara, "Where is that friend of yours? Bring him here and shew him to me." When he heard that, he said—"I will do so," and that moment the Śavara took leave of her and set out on his journey in high spirits, considering his object attained. And after he had reached his village, he took with him pearls and musk, a weight sufficient for hundreds of heavily-laden porters, and came to our house. There he was honoured by all the inmates, and entering it, he offered to my father that present, which was worth much gold. And after that day and that night had been spent in feasting, he related to me in private the story of his interview with the maiden from the very commencement. And he said to me, who was all excitement, "Come, let us

go there," and so the Śavara carried me off at night just as he pleased. And in the morning my father found that I had gone off somewhere with the Śavara prince, but feeling perfect confidence in his affection, he remained master of his feelings. But I was conducted in course of time by that Śavara, who travelled fast, to the Himálaya, and he tended me carefully throughout the journey.

And one evening we reached that lake, and bathed, and we remained that one night in the wood eating sweet fruits. That mountain wood, in which the creepers strewed the ground with flowers, and which was charming with the hum of bees, full of balmy gales, and with beautiful gleaming herbs for lamps, was like the chamber of Rati to repose in during the night for us two, who drank the water of the lake. Then, the next day that maiden came there, and at every step my mind, full of strange longings, flew to meet her, and her arrival was heralded by this my right eye, throbbing as if through eagerness to behold her.[12] And that maid with lovely eyebrows was beheld by me, on the back of a knotty-maned lion, like a digit of the moon resting in the lap of an autumn cloud; and I cannot describe how my heart felt at that time while I gazed on her, being full of tumultuous emotions of astonishment, longing, and fear; then that maiden dismounted from the lion, and gathered flowers, and after bathing in the lake, worshipped Śiva who dwelt in the temple on its banks.[13] And when the worship was ended, that Śavara, my friend, advanced towards her and announcing himself, bowed, and said to her who received him courteously; "Goddess, I have brought that friend of mine as a suitable bridegroom for you: if you think proper, I will shew him to you this moment." When she heard that, she said, "Shew him," and that Śavara came and took me near her and shewed me to her. She looked at me askance with an eye that shed love, and being overcome by Cupid's taking possession of her soul, said to that chieftain of the Śavaras; "This friend of yours is not a man, surely he is some god come here to deceive me to-day: how could a mortal have such a handsome shape?" When I heard that, I said myself to remove all doubt from her mind: "Fair one, I am in very truth a mortal, what is the use of employing fraud against one so honest as yourself, lady? For I am the son of a merchant named Mahádhana that dwells in Vallabhí, and I was gained by

my father by the blessing of Śiva. For he, when performing austerities to please the god of the moony crest, in order that he might obtain a son, was thus commanded by the god in a dream being pleased with him; 'Rise up, there shall spring from thee a great-hearted son, and this is a great secret, what is the use of setting it forth at length?' After hearing this, he woke up, and in course of time I was born to him as a son, and I am known by the name of Vasudatta. And long ago, when I went to a foreign land, I obtained this Śavara chieftain for a chosen friend, who shewed himself a true helper in misfortune. This is a brief statement of the truth about me." When I had said this I ceased; and that maiden, with her face cast down from modesty, said—"It is so; to-day, I know, Śiva being propitiated deigned to tell me in a dream, after I had worshipped him,—'To-morrow morning thou shalt obtain a husband:'—so you are my husband, and this friend of yours is my brother." When she had delighted me by this nectar-like speech, she ceased; and after I had deliberated with her, I determined to go to my own house with my friend, in order that the marriage might be solemnized in due form. Then that fair one summoned by a sign of her own that lion, on which she rode, and said to me, "Mount it, my husband," then I, by the advice of my friend, mounted the lion, and taking that beloved one in my arms, I set out thence for my home, having obtained all my objects, riding on the lion with my beloved, guided by that friend. And living on the flesh of the deer that he killed with his arrows, we all reached in course of time the city of Vallabhí. Then the people, seeing me coming along with my beloved, riding on a lion, being astonished, ran and told that fact quickly to my father. He too came to meet me in his joy, and when he saw me dismount from the lion and fall at his feet, he welcomed me with astonishment.

And when he saw that incomparable beauty adore his feet, and perceived that she was a fit wife for me, he could not contain himself for joy. So he entered the house, and after asking us about the circumstances, he made a great feast, praising the friendship of the Śavara chieftain. And the next day, by the appointment of the astrologers, I married that excellent maiden, and all my friends and relations assembled to witness our wedding. And that lion, on which my wife had ridden, having witnessed the marriage, suddenly before the eyes of all, assumed the form of a man. Then all the by-standers were bewildered thinking—"What can this mean?" But he,

assuming heavenly garments and ornaments, thus addressed me: “I am a Vidyádhara named Chitrángada, and this maiden is my daughter Manovatí by name, dearer to me than life. I used to wander continually through the forest with her in my arms, and one day I reached the Ganges, on the banks of which are many ascetic groves. And as I was going along in the middle of the river, for fear of disturbing the ascetics, my garland by accident fell into its waters. Then the hermit Nárada, who was under the water, suddenly rose up, and angry because the garland had fallen upon his back, cursed me in the following words: ‘On account of this insolence, depart, wicked one, thou shalt become a lion, and repairing to the Himálaya, shalt carry this daughter upon thy back. And when thy daughter shall be taken in marriage by a mortal, then after witnessing the ceremony, thou shalt be freed from this curse.’ After being cursed in these words by the hermit, I became a lion, and dwelt on the Himálaya carrying about this daughter of mine, who is devoted to the worship of Śiva. And you know well the sequel of the story, how by the exertions of the Śavara chieftain this highly auspicious event has been brought about. So I shall now depart; good luck to you all! I have now reached the termination of that curse.” Having said this, that Vidyádhara immediately flew up into the sky. Then my father, overwhelmed with astonishment at the marvel, delighted at the eligible connection, and finding that his friends and relations were overjoyed, made a great feast. And there was not a single person who did not say with astonishment, reflecting again and again on that noble behaviour of the Śavara chieftain —“Who can imagine the actions of sincere friends, who are not even satisfied when they have bestowed on their sworn brothers the gift of life?” The king of the land too, hearing of that occurrence, was exceedingly pleased with the affection which the Śavara prince had shown me, and finding he was pleased, my father gave him a present of jewels, and so induced him immediately to bestow on the Śavara a vast forest territory. Then I remained there in happiness, considering myself to have attained all that heart could wish, in having Manovatí for a wife, and the Śavara prince for a friend. And that Śavara chieftain generally lived in my house, finding that he took less pleasure in dwelling in his own country than he formerly did. And the time of us two friends, of him and me, was spent in continually conferring benefits upon one another without our ever being satisfied. And not long after I had a son born to me by Manovatí, who seemed like the

heart-joy of the whole family in external visible form; and being called Hiraṇyadatta he gradually grew up, and after having been duly instructed, he was married. Then my father having witnessed that, and considering that the object of his life had been accomplished, being old, went to the Ganges with his wife to leave the body. Then I was afflicted by my father's death, but having been at last persuaded by my relations to control my feelings, I consented to uphold the burden of the family. And at that time on the one hand the sight of the beautiful face of Manovatí, and on the other the society of the Śavara prince delighted me. Accordingly those days of mine passed, joyous from the goodness of my son, charming from the excellence of my wife, happy from the society of my friend.

Then, in course of time, I became well-stricken in years, and old age seized me by the chin, as it were out of love giving me this wholesome reproach —"Why are you remaining in the house so long as this, my son?" Then disgust with the world was suddenly produced in my breast, and longing for the forest I appointed my son in my stead. And with my wife I went to the mountain of Kálinjara, together with the king of the Śavaras, who abandoned his kingdom out of love to me. And when I arrived there, I at once remembered that I had been a Vidyádhara in a former state of existence, and that the curse I had received from Śiva had come to an end. And I immediately told my wife Manovatí of that, and my friend the king of the Śavaras, as I was desirous of leaving this mortal body. I said—"May I have this wife and this friend in a future birth, and may I remember this birth," and then I meditated on Śiva in my heart, and flung myself from that hill side, and so suddenly quitted the body together with that wife and friend. And so I have been now born, as you see, in this Vidyádhara family, under the name of Jímútaváhana, with a power of recollecting my former existence. And you, that prince of the Śavaras, have been also born again by the favour of Śiva, as Mitrávasu the son of Viśvávasu the king of the Siddhas. And, my friend, that Vidyádhara lady, my wife Manovatí, has been again born as your sister Malayavatí by name. So your sister is my former wife, and you were my friend in a former state of existence, therefore it is quite proper that I should marry her. But first go and tell this to my parents, for if the matter is referred to them, your desire will be successfully accomplished.

When Mitrávasu heard this from Jímútaváhana, he was pleased, and he went and told all that to the parents of Jímútaváhana. And when they received his proposal gladly, he was pleased, and went and told that same matter to his own parents. And they were delighted at the accomplishment of their desire, and so the prince quickly prepared for the marriage of his sister. Then Jímútaváhana, honoured by the king of the Siddhas, received according to usage the hand of Malayavatí. And there was a great festival, in which the heavenly minstrels bustled about, the dense crowd of the Siddhas assembled, and which was enlivened by bounding Vidyádharas. Then Jímútaváhana was married, and remained on that Malaya mountain with his wife in very great prosperity. And once on a time he went with his brother-in-law Mitrávasu to behold the woods on the shore of the sea. And there he saw a young man come in an agitated state, sending away his mother, who kept exclaiming "Alas! my son!" And another man, who seemed to be a soldier, following him, conducted him to a broad and high slab of rock and left him there. Jímútaváhana said to him: "Who are you? What are you about to do, and why does your mother weep for you?" Then the man told him his story.

"Long ago Kadrú and Vinatá, the two wives of Kaśyapa, had a dispute in the course of a conversation which they were carrying on. The former said that the Sun's horses were black, the latter that they were white, and they made an agreement that the one that was wrong should become a slave to the other.[14] Then Kadrú, bent on winning, actually induced her sons, the snakes, to defile the horses of the Sun by spitting venom over them; and shewing them to Vinatá in that condition, she conquered her by a trick and made her her slave: terrible is the spite of women against each other! When Garuḍa the son of Vinatá heard of that, he came and tried to induce Kadrú by fair means to release Vinatá from her slavery; then the snakes, the sons of Kadrú, reflecting, said this to him; 'O Garuḍa, the gods have began to churn the sea of milk, bring the nectar thence and give it to us as a substitute, and then take your mother away with you, for you are the chief of heroes.' When Garuḍa heard that, he went to the sea of milk, and displayed his great might in order to obtain the nectar. Then the god Vishṇu pleased with his might deigned to say to him, 'I am pleased with thee, choose some boon.' Then Garuḍa, angry because his mother was made a

slave, asked as a boon from Vishṇu—'May the snakes become my food.' Vishṇu consented, and when Garuḍa had obtained the nectar by his own valour, he was thus addressed by Indra who had heard the whole story: 'King of birds, you must take steps to prevent the foolish snakes from consuming the nectar, and to enable me to take it away from them again.' When Garuḍa heard that, he agreed to do it, and elated by the boon of Vishṇu, he went to the snakes with the vessel containing the nectar.

And he said from a distance to those foolish snakes, who were terrified on account of the boon granted to him, "Here is the nectar brought by me, release my mother and take it; if you are afraid, I will put it for you on a bed of Darbha grass. When I have procured my mother's release, I will go; take the nectar thence." The snakes consented, and then he put the vessel of nectar on a pure bed of Kuśa grass,[15] and they let his mother go. So Garuḍa departed, having thus released his mother from slavery; but while the snakes were unsuspectingly taking the nectar, Indra suddenly swooped down, and bewildering them by his power, carried off the vessel of nectar from the bed of Kuśa grass. Then the snakes in despair licked that bed of Darbha grass, thinking there might be a drop of spilt nectar on it; the effect was that their tongues were split, and they became double-tongued for nothing.[16] What but ridicule can ever be the portion of the over-greedy? Then the snakes did not obtain the nectar of immortality, and their enemy Garuḍa, on the strength of Vishṇu's boon, began to swoop down and devour them. And this he did again and again. And while he was thus attacking them, the snakes[17] in Pátála were dead with fear, the females miscarried, and the whole serpent race was well-nigh destroyed. And Vásuki the king of the snakes, seeing him there every day, considered that the serpent world was ruined at one blow: then, after reflecting, he preferred a petition to that Garuḍa of irresistible might, and made this agreement with him—"I will send you every day one snake to eat, O king of birds, on the hill that rises out of the sand of the sea. But you must not act so foolishly as to enter Pátála, for by the destruction of the serpent world your own object will be baffled." When Vásuki said this to him, Garuḍa consented, and began to eat every day in this place one snake sent by him: and in this way innumerable serpents have met their death here. But I am a snake called Śankachúḍa,[18]

and it is my turn to-day: for that reason I have to-day, by the command of the king of the snakes, in order to furnish a meal to Garuḍa, come to this rock of execution, and to be lamented by my mother."

When Jímútaváhana heard this speech of Śankachúḍa's, he was grieved, and felt sorrow in his heart and said to him, "Alas! Vásuki exercises his kingly power in a very cowardly fashion, in that with his own hand he conducts his subjects to serve as food for his enemy. Why did he not first offer himself to Garuḍa? To think of this effeminate creature choosing to witness the destruction of his race! And how great a sin does Garuḍa, though the son of Kaśyapa, commit! How great folly do even great ones commit for the sake of the body only! So I will to-day deliver you alone from Garuḍa by surrendering my body. Do not be despondent, my friend." When Śankachúḍa heard this, he out of his firm patience said to him, —"This be far from thee, O great-hearted one, do not say so again. The destruction of a jewel for the sake of a piece of glass is never becoming. And I will never incur the reproach of having disgraced my race." In these words the good snake Śankachúḍa tried to dissuade Jímútaváhana, and thinking that the time of Garuḍa's arrival would come in a moment, he went to worship in his last hour an image of Śiva under the name of Gokarṇa, that stood on the shore of the sea. And when he was gone, Jímútaváhana, that treasure-house of compassion, considered that he had gained an opportunity of offering himself up to save the snake's life. Thereupon he quickly dismissed Mitrávasu to his own house on the pretext of some business, artfully pretending that he himself had forgotten it. And immediately the earth near him trembled, being shaken by the wind of the wings of the approaching Garuḍa, as if through astonishment at his valour. That made Jímútaváhana think that the enemy of the snakes was approaching, and full of compassion for others he ascended the stone of execution. And in a moment Garuḍa swooped down, darkening the heaven with his shadow, and carried off that great-hearted one, striking him with his beak. He shed drops of blood, and his crest-jewel dropped off torn out by Garuḍa, who took him away and began to eat him on the peak of the mountain. At that moment a rain of flowers fell from heaven, and Garuḍa was astonished when he saw it, wondering what it could mean.

In the meanwhile Śankachúḍa came there, having worshipped Gokarṇa, and saw the rock of execution sprinkled with many drops of blood; then he thought—"Alas! surely that great-hearted one has offered himself for me, so I wonder where Garuḍa has taken him in this short time. I must search for him quickly, perhaps I may find him." Accordingly the good snake went following up the track of the blood. And in the meanwhile Garuḍa, seeing that Jímútaváhana was pleased, left off eating and thought with wonder: "This must be some one else, other than I ought to have taken, for though I am eating him, he is not at all miserable, on the contrary the resolute one rejoices." While Garuḍa was thinking this, Jímútaváhana, though in such a state, said to him in order to attain his object: "O king of birds, in my body also there is flesh and blood; then why have you suddenly stopped eating, though your hunger is not appeased?" When he heard that, that king of birds, being overpowered with astonishment, said to him—"Noble one, you are not a snake, tell me who you are." Jímútaváhana was just answering him, "I am a snake,[19] so eat me, complete what you have begun, for men of resolution never leave unfinished an undertaking they have begun," when Śankachúḍa arrived and cried out from afar, "Stop, stop, Garuḍa, he is not a snake, I am the snake meant for you, so let him go, alas! how have you suddenly come to make this mistake?" On hearing that, the king of birds was excessively bewildered, and Jímútaváhana was grieved at not having accomplished his desire. Then Garuḍa, learning, in the course of their conversation[20] with one another, that he had begun to devour by mistake the king of the Vidyádharas, was much grieved. He began to reflect, "Alas! in my cruelty I have incurred sin. In truth those who follow evil courses easily contract guilt. But this great-hearted one who has given his life for another, and despising[21] the world, which is altogether under the dominion of illusion, come to face me, deserves praise." Thinking thus, he was about to enter the fire to purify himself from guilt, when Jímútaváhana said to him: "King of birds, why do you despond? If you are really afraid of guilt, then you must determine never again to eat these snakes: and you must repent of eating all those previously devoured, for this is the only remedy available in this case, it was idle for you ever to think of any other." Thus Jímútaváhana, full of compassion for creatures, said to Garuḍa, and he was pleased and accepted the advice of that king, as if he had been his spiritual

preceptor, determining to do what he recommended; and he went to bring nectar from heaven to restore to life rapidly that wounded prince, and the other snakes, whose bones only remained. Then the goddess Gaurí, pleased with Jímútaváhana's wife's devotion to her, came in person and rained nectar on him: by that his limbs were reproduced with increased beauty, and the sound of the drums of the rejoicing gods was heard at the same time. Then, on his rising up safe and sound, Garuḍa brought the nectar of immortality[22] from heaven, and sprinkled it along the whole shore of the sea. That made all the snakes there rise up alive, and then that forest along the shore of the sea, crowded with the numerous tribe of snakes, appeared like Pátála[23] come to behold Jímútaváhana, having lost its previous dread of Garuḍa. Then Jímútaváhana's relations congratulated him, having seen that he was glorious with unwounded body and undying fame. And his wife rejoiced with her relations, and his parents also. Who would not joy at pain ending in happiness? And with his permission Śankachúḍa departed to Rasátala,[24] and without it his glory, of its own accord, spread through the three worlds. Then, by virtue of the favour of the daughter of the Himálaya all his relations, Matanga and others, who were long hostile to him, came to Garuḍa, before whom the troops of gods were inclining out of love, and timidly approaching the glory of the Vidyádhara race, prostrated themselves at his feet. And being entreated by them, the benevolent Jímútaváhana went from that Malaya mountain to his own home, the slope of the Himálaya. There, accompanied by his parents and Mitrávasu and Malayavatí, the resolute one long enjoyed the honour of emperor of the Vidyádharas. Thus a course of fortunate events always of its own accord follows the footsteps of all those, whose exploits arouse the admiration of the three worlds. When the queen Vásavadattá heard this story from the mouth of Yaugandharáyaṇa, she rejoiced, as she was eager to hear of the splendour of her unborn son. Then, in the society of her husband, she spent that day in conversation about her son, who was to be the future king of the Vidyádharas, which was suggested by that story, for she placed unfailing reliance upon the promise of the favouring gods.

1

I read with a MS. in the Sanskrit College *patisnehád* for *pratisnehád*. The two wives of the god of Love came out of lovo to their husband, who was conceived in Vásavadattá.

2

Vidyádhara—means literally “magical-knowledge-holder.”

3

The ceremony of coronation.

4

Ambiká, *i. q.*, Párvatí the wife of Śiva.

5

Liebrecht, speaking of the novel of Guerino Meschino, compares this tree with the sun and moon-trees mentioned in the work of the Pseudo-Callisthenes, Book III. c. 17. They inform Alexander that the years of his life are accomplished, and that he will die in Babylon. See also Ralston’s Songs of the Russian people, p. 111.

6

A period of 432 million years of mortals.

7

More literally the cardinal and intermediate points.

8

Reading *manomṛigi*, the deer of the mind.

9

Member of a savage tribe.

10

I. e. of the pearls in the heads of the elephants.

11

I. e. the sun.

12

Throbbing of the right eye in men portends union with the beloved.

13

No doubt by offering the flowers which she had gathered.

14

Like the two physicians in Gesta Romanorum, LXXVI.

15

A peculiarly sacred kind of Darbha grass.

16

M. Lévêque considers that the above story, as told in the Mahábhárata, forms the basis of the Birds of Aristophanes. He identifies Garuḍa with the hoopoe. (Les Mythes et Légendes de l'Inde et de la Perse, p. 14).

17

Rájila is a striped snake, said to be the same as the *ḍuṇḍubha* a non-venomous species.

18

The remarks which Ralston makes (Russian Folk-tales, page 65) with regard to the snake as represented in Russian stories, are applicable to the Nága of Hindu superstition; "Sometimes he retains throughout the story an exclusively reptilian character, sometimes he is of a mixed nature, partly serpent and partly man." The snakes described in Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, (pp. 402–409,) resemble in some points the snakes which we hear so much of in the present work. See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 277 and *ff.*

19

The word *nága*, which means snake, may also mean, as Dr. Brockhaus explains it, a mountaineer from *naga* a mountain.

20

I conjecture *kramád* for *krandat*. If we retain *krandat* we must suppose that the king of the Vidyádharas wept because his scheme of self-sacrifice was frustrated.

21

I read *adhaḥ* for *adaḥ*.

22

In the Sicilian stories of the Signora von Gonzenbach an ointment does duty for the *amṛita*, cp. for one instance out of many, page 145 of that work. Ralston remarks that in European stories the raven is connected with the Water of Life. See his exhaustive account of this cycle of stories on pages 231 and 232 of his Russian Folk-tales. See also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 245, and the story which begins on page 227. In the 33rd of the Syrian stories collected by Prym and Socin we have a king of snakes and water of life.

23

The home of the serpent race below the earth.

24

Here equivalent to Pátála.

Chapter XXIII.

Then Vásavadattá on the next day said to the king of Vatsa in private, while he was surrounded by his ministers;—"My husband, ever since I have been pregnant with this child, the difficult duty of taking care of it afflicts my heart; and last night, after thinking over it long, I fell asleep with difficulty, and I am persuaded I saw a certain man come in my dream, glorious with a shape distinguished by matted auburn locks and a trident-bearing hand; and he approaching me, said as if moved by compassion,—'My daughter, you need not feel at all anxious about the child with which you are pregnant, I will protect it, for I gave it to you. And hear something more, which I will tell you to make you confide in me; a certain woman waits to make a petition to you to-morrow, she will come dragging her husband with her as a prisoner, reviling him, accompanied by five sons, begirt with many relations: and she is a wicked woman who desires by the help of her relations to get that husband of hers put to death, and all that she will say will be false. And you, my daughter, must beforehand inform the king of Vatsa about this matter, in order that that good man may be freed from that wicked wife.' This command that august one gave and vanished, and I immediately woke up, and lo! the morning had come." When the queen had said that, all spoke of the favour of Śiva, and were astonished, their minds eagerly expecting the fulfilment of the dream; when lo! at that very moment the chief warder entered, and suddenly said to the king of Vatsa, who was compassionate to the afflicted, "O king, a certain woman has come to make a representation, accompanied by her relations, bringing with her five sons, reviling her helpless husband." When the king heard that, being astonished at the way it tallied with the queen's dream, he commanded the warder to bring her into his presence. And the queen Vásavadattá felt the greatest delight, having become certain that she would obtain a good son, on account of the truth of the dream. Then that woman entered by the command of the warder, accompanied by her husband, looked at with curiosity by all, who had their faces turned towards the door. Then, having entered, she assumed an expression of misery, and making a bow according

to rule, she addressed the king in council accompanied by the queen: “This man, though he is my husband, does not give to me, helpless woman that I am, food, raiment, and other necessaries, and yet I am free from blame with respect to him.”

When she had said this, her husband pleaded—“King, this woman speaks falsely, supported by her relations, for she wishes me to be put to death. For I have given her supplies beforehand to last till the end of the year, and other relations of hers, who are impartial, are prepared to witness the truth of this for me.” When he had said this to the king, the king of his own accord answered: “The trident-bearing god himself has given evidence in this case, appearing to the queen in a dream. What need have we of more witnesses? This woman with her relations must be punished.” When the king had delivered this judgment, the discreet Yaugandharáyaṇa said, “Nevertheless, king, we must do what is right in accordance with the evidence of witnesses, otherwise the people, not knowing of the dream, would in no wise believe in the justice of our proceedings.” When the king heard that, he consented and had the witnesses summoned that moment, and they, being asked, deposed that that woman was speaking falsely. Then the king banished her, as she was plotting against one well known to be a good husband, from his territory, with her relations and her sons. And with heart melting from pity he discharged her good husband, after giving him much treasure sufficient for another marriage. And in connexion with the whole affair the king remarked,—“An evil wife, of wildly[1] cruel nature, tears her still living husband like a she-wolf, when he has fallen into the pit of calamity; but an affectionate, noble, and magnanimous wife averts sorrow as the shade[2] of the wayside-tree averts heat, and is acquired by a man’s special merits.” Then Vasantaka, who was a clever story-teller, being at the king’s side, said to him *à propos* of this: “Moreover, king, hatred and affection are commonly produced in living beings in this world owing to their continually recalling the impressions of a past state of existence, and in proof of this, hear the story which I am about to tell.”

Story of Sinhaparákrama.

There was a king in Benares named Vikramachaṇḍa, and he had a favourite follower named Sinhaparákrama; who was wonderfully successful in all battles and in all gambling contests. And he had a wife very deformed both in body and mind, called by a name, which expressed her nature, Kalahakárí.[3] This brave man continually obtained much money both from the king and from gambling, and, as soon as he got it, he gave it all to his wife. But the shrewish woman, backed by her three sons begotten by him, could not in spite of this remain one moment without a quarrel. She continually worried him by yelling out these words at him with her sons —"You are always eating and drinking away from home, and you never give us anything." And though he was for ever trying to propitiate her with meat, drink, and raiment, she tortured him day and night like an interminable thirst. Then, at last, Sinhaparákrama vexed with indignation on that account, left his house, and went on a pilgrimage to the goddess Durgá that dwells in the Vindhya hills. While he was fasting, the goddess said to him in a dream: "Rise up, my son, go to thy own city of Benares; there is an enormous *nyagrodha* tree, by digging round its root thou wilt at once obtain a treasure. And in the treasure thou wilt find a dish of emerald, bright as a sword-blade, looking like a piece of the sky fallen down to earth; casting thy eyes on that, thou wilt see, as it were, reflected inside, the previous existence of every individual, in whatever case thou mayest wish to know it. By means of that thou wilt learn the previous birth of thy wife and of thyself, and having learned the truth wilt dwell there in happiness free from grief." Having thus been addressed by the goddess, Sinhaparákrama woke up and broke his fast, and went in the morning to Benares; and after he had reached the city, he found at the root of the *nyagrodha* tree a treasure, and in it he discovered a large emerald dish, and, eager to learn the truth, he saw in that dish that in a previous birth his wife had been a terrible she-bear, and himself a lion. And so recognising that the hatred between himself and his wife was irremediable owing to the influence of bitter enmity in a previous birth, he abandoned grief and bewilderment. Then Sinhaparákrama examined many maidens by means of the dish, and discovering that they had belonged to alien races in a previous birth, he avoided them, but after

he had discovered one, who had been a lioness in a previous birth and so was a suitable match for him, he married her as his second wife, and her name was Sinhaśrí. And after assigning to that Kalahakárí one village only as her portion, he lived, delighted with the acquisition of treasure, in the society of his new wife. Thus, O king, wives and others are friendly or hostile to men in this world by virtue of impressions in a previous state of existence.

When the king of Vatsa had heard this wonderful story from Vasantaka, he was exceedingly delighted and so was the queen Vásavadattá. And the king was never weary day or night of contemplating the moon-like face of the pregnant queen. And as days went on, there were born to all of his ministers in due course sons with auspicious marks, who heralded approaching good fortune. First there was born to Yaugandharáyaṇa, the chief minister, a son Marubhúti by name. Then Rumaṇvat had a son called Hariśikha, and to Vasantaka there was born a son named Tapantaka. And to the head-warder called Nityodita, whose other title was Ityaka,[4] there was born a son named Gomukha. And after they were born a great feast took place, and during it a bodiless voice was heard from heaven—"These ministers shall crush the race of the enemies of the son of the king of Vatsa here, the future universal emperor. And as days went by, the time drew near for the birth of the child, with which the queen Vásavadattá was destined to present the king of Vatsa, and she repaired to the ornamented lying-in-chamber, which was prepared by matrons having sons, and the windows of which were covered with *arka* and *śamí* plants. The room was hung with various weapons, rendered auspicious by being mixed with the gleam of jewel-lamps, shedding a blaze[5] able to protect the child; and secured by conjurers who went through innumerable charms and spells and other incantations, so that it became a fortress of the matrons hard for calamity to storm, and there she brought forth in good time a prince of lovely aspect, as the heaven brings forth the moon from which stream pure nectarous rays. The child, when born, not only irradiated that room, but the heart also of that mother from which the darkness of grief had departed; then, as the delight of the inmates of the harem was gradually extended, the king heard of the birth of a son from the people who were admitted to it; the reason he did not give his kingdom in

his delight to the person, who announced it, was, that he was afraid of committing an impropriety, not that he was avaricious. And so the king, suddenly coming to the harem with longing mind, beheld his son, and his hope bore fruit after a long delay. The child had a long red lower lip like a leaf, beautiful flowing hair like wool, and his whole face was like the lotus, which the goddess of the Fortune of empire carries for her delight. He was marked on his soft feet with umbrellas and *chowries*, as if the Fortunes of other kings had beforehand abandoned their badges in his favour, out of fear. Then, while the king shed with tearful eye, that swelled with the pressure of the fulness of the weight of his joy, drops that seemed to be drops of paternal affection,[6] and the ministers with Yaugandharáyaṇa at their head rejoiced, a voice was heard from heaven at that time to the following effect:

"King, this son that is born to thee is an incarnation of Káma,[7] and know that his name is Naraváhanadatta; and he will soon become emperor of the kings of the Vidyádharas, and maintain that position unwearied for a *kalpa* of the gods."[8] When so much had been said, the voice stopped, and immediately a rain of flowers fell from heaven, and the sounds of the celestial drums went forth. Then the king, excessively delighted, made a great feast, which was rendered all the more solemn from the gods having begun it. The sound of cymbals floated in the air rising from temples, as if to tell all the Vidyádharas of the birth of their king: and red banners, flying in the wind on the tops of the palaces, seemed with their splendour to fling red dye to one another. On earth beautiful women assembled and danced everywhere, as if they were the nymphs of heaven glad that the god of love had been born with a body.[9] And the whole city appeared equally splendid with new dresses and ornaments bestowed by the rejoicing king. For while that rich king rained riches upon his dependants, nothing but the treasury was empty. And the ladies belonging to the families of the neighbouring chieftains came in from all sides, with auspicious prayers, versed in the good custom,[10] accompanied by dancing girls, bringing with them splendid presents, escorted by various excellent guards, attended with the sound of musical instruments, like all the cardinal points in bodily form. Every movement there was of the nature of a dance, every word uttered was

attended with full vessels,[11] every action was of the nature of munificence, the city resounded with musical instruments, the people were adorned with red powder, and the earth was covered with bards,—all these things were so in that city which was all full of festivity. Thus the great feast was carried on with increasing magnificence for many days, and did not come to an end before the wishes of the citizens were fully satisfied. And as days went on, that infant prince grew like the new moon, and his father bestowed on him with appropriate formalities the name of Naraváhanadatta, which had been previously assigned him by the heavenly voice. His father was delighted when he saw him make his first two or three tottering steps, in which gleamed the sheen of his smooth fair toe-nails, and when he heard him utter his first two or three indistinct words, shewing his teeth which looked like buds. Then the excellent ministers brought to the infant prince their infant sons, who delighted the heart of the king, and commended them to him. First Yaugandharáyaṇa brought Marubhúti, and then Rumaṇvat Hariśikha, and then the head-warder named Ityaka brought Gomukha, and Vasantaka his son named Tapantaka. And the domestic chaplain Śántikara presented the two twin sons of Pingaliká, his nephews Śántisoma and Vaiśvánara. And at that moment there fell from heaven a rain of flowers from the gods, which a shout of joy made all the more auspicious, and the king rejoiced with the queens, having bestowed presents on that company of ministers' sons. And that prince Naraváhanadatta was always surrounded by those six ministers' sons devoted to him alone, who commanded respect even in their boyhood,[12] as if with the six political measures that are the cause of great prosperity. The days of the lord of Vatsa passed in great happiness, while he gazed affectionately on his son with his smiling lotus-like face, going from lap to lap of the kings whose minds were lovingly attached to him, and making in his mirth a charming indistinct playful prattling.

1

Here there is a pun: *ákula* may also mean "by descent."

2

Kulíná may mean falling on the earth, referring to the shade of the tree. *Márgasthá* means "in the right path" when applied to the wife.

3

I. e. Madam Contentious. Her husband's name means "of lion-like might."

4

I read (after Böhtlingk and Roth) *Ityakápara*. See Chapter 34. śl. 115.

5

Tejas = also means might, courage. For the idea see note on page 305.

6

Sneha which means love, also means oil. This is a fruitful source of puns in Sanskrit.

7

The Hindu Cupid.

8

Infinitely longer than a mortal kalpa. A mortal kalpa lasts 432 million years.

9

He is often called *Ananga*, the bodiless, as his body was consumed by the fire of Śiva's eye.

10

Or virtuous and generous.

11

It is still the custom to give presents of vessels filled with rice and coins. Empty vessels are inauspicious, and even now if a Bengali on going out of his house meets a person carrying an empty pitcher, he turns back, and waits a minute or two.

12

A: Peace, war, march, halt, stratagem and recourse to the protection of a mightier king.

Book V.

Chapter XXIV.

May Gaṇeśa, painting the earth with mosaic by means of the particles of red lead flying from his trunk whirled round in his madness,[1] and so, as it were, burning up obstacles with the flames of his might, protect you.

Thus the king of Vatsa and his queen remained engaged in bringing up their only son Naraváhanadatta, and once on a time the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, seeing the king anxious about taking care of him, said to him as he was alone,—"King, you must never feel any anxiety now about the prince Naraváhanadatta, for he has been created by the adorable god Śiva in your house as the future emperor over the kings of the Vidyádharas; and by their divine power the kings of the Vidyádharas have found this out, and meaning mischief have become troubled, unable in their hearts to endure it; and knowing this, the god with the moon-crest has appointed a prince of the Gaṇas,[2] Stambhaka by name, to protect him. And he remains here invisible, protecting this son of yours, and Nárada coming swiftly informed me of this." While the minister was uttering these words, there descended from the midst of the air a divine man wearing a diadem and a bracelet, and armed with a sword. He bowed, and then the king of Vatsa, after welcoming him, immediately asked him with curiosity: "Who are you, and what is your errand here?" He said, "I was once a mortal, but I have now become a king of the Vidyádharas, named Śaktivega and I have many enemies. I have found out by my power that your son is destined to be our emperor, and I have come to see him, O king." When Śaktivega, over-awed at the sight of his future emperor, had said this, the king of Vatsa was pleased and again asked him in his astonishment, "How can the rank of a Vidyádhara be attained, and of what nature is it, and how did you obtain it? Tell me this, my friend." When he heard this speech of the king's, that Vidyádhara Śaktivega courteously bowing, answered him thus, "O king, resolute souls having propitiated Śiva either in this or in a former birth,

obtain by his favour the rank of Vidyádhara. And that rank, denoted by the insignia of supernatural knowledge, of sword, garland and so on, is of various kinds, but listen! I will tell you how I obtained it. Having said this, Śaktivega told the following story, relating to himself, in the presence of the queen Vásavadattá.

Story of Śaktivega king of the Vidyádharas.

There lived long ago in a city called Vardhamána,[3] the ornament of the earth, a king the terror of his foes, called Paropakárin. And this exalted monarch possessed a queen of the name of Kanakaprabhá,[4] as the cloud holds the lightning, but she had not the fickleness of the lightning. And in course of time there was born to him by that queen a daughter, who seemed to have been formed by the Creator to dash Lakshmí's pride in her beauty. And that moon of the eyes of the world was gradually reared to womanhood by her father, who gave her the name of Kanakarekhá suggested by her mother's name Kanakaprabhá. Once on a time, when she had grown up, the king, her father, said to the queen Kanakaprabhá, who came to him in secret: "A grown up daughter cannot be kept in one's house, accordingly Kanakarekhá troubles my heart with anxiety about a suitable marriage for her. For a maiden of good family, who does not obtain a proper position, is like a song out of tune; when heard of by the ears even of one unconnected with her, she causes distress. But a daughter, who through folly is made over to one not suitable, is like learning imparted to one not fit to receive it, and cannot tend to glory or merit but only to regret. So I am very anxious as to what king I must give this daughter of mine to, and who will be a fit match for her." When Kanakaprabhá heard this, she laughed and said, —"You say this, but your daughter does not wish to be married; for to-day when she was playing with a doll and making believe it was a child, I said to her in fun, 'My daughter, when shall I see you married?' When she heard

that, she answered me reproachfully: ‘Do not say so, you must not marry me to any one; and my separation from you is not appointed, I do well enough as a maiden, but if I am married, know that I shall be a corpse; there is a certain reason for this.’ As she has said this to me I have come to you, O king, in a state of distress; for, as she has refused to be married, what use is there in deliberating about a bridegroom?” When the king heard this from the queen, he was bewildered, and going to the private apartments of the princess he said to his daughter: “When the maidens of the gods and Asuras practise austerities in order to obtain a husband, why, my daughter, do you refuse to take one?’ When the princess Kanakarekhá heard this speech of her father’s, she fixed her eyes on the ground and said, Father, I do not desire to be married at present, so what object has my father in it, and why does he insist upon it?” That king Paropakárin, when his daughter addressed him in that way, being the discreetest of men, thus answered her: “How can sin be avoided unless a daughter is given in marriage? And independence is not fit for a maiden who ought to be in dependence on relations? For a daughter in truth is born for the sake of another and is kept for him. The house of her father is not a fit place for her except in childhood. For if a daughter reaches puberty unmarried, her relations go to hell, and she is an outcast, and her bridegroom is called the husband of an outcast.” When her father said this to her, the princess Kanakarekhá immediately uttered a speech that was in her mind, “Father, if this is so, then whatever Bráhman or Kshatriya has succeeded in seeing the city called the Golden City, to him I must be given, and he shall be my husband, and if none such is found, you must not unjustly reproach me.” When his daughter said that to him, that king reflected: “It is a good thing at any rate that she has agreed to be married on a certain condition, and no doubt she is some goddess born in my house for a special reason, for else how comes she to know so much though she is a child?” Such were the king’s reflections at that time: so he said to his daughter, “I will do as you wish,” and then he rose up and did his day’s work. And on the next day, as he was sitting in the hall of audience, he said to his courtiers, “Has any one among you seen the city called the Golden City? Whoever has seen it, if he be a Bráhman or a Kshatriya, I will give him my daughter Kanakarekhá, and make him crown-prince.” And they all, looking at one another’s faces, said, “We have not even heard of it, much less have we seen it.” Then the king summoned the warder and said

to him, “Go and cause a proclamation to be circulated in the whole of this town with the beating of drums, and find out if any one has really seen that city.” When the warder received this order, he said, “I will do so,” and went out; and after he had gone out, he immediately gave orders to the police, and caused a drum to be beaten all round the city, thus arousing curiosity to hear the proclamation, which ran as follows: “Whatever Bráhman or Kshatriya youth has seen the city called the Golden City, let him speak, and the king will give him his daughter and the rank of crown-prince.” Such was the astounding announcement proclaimed all about the town after the drum had been beaten. And the citizens said, after hearing that proclamation: “What is this Golden City that is to-day proclaimed in our town, which has never been heard of or seen even by those among us who are old?” But not a single one among them said, “I have seen it.”

And in the meanwhile a Bráhman living in that town, Śaktideva by name, the son of Baladeva, heard that proclamation; that youth, being addicted to vice, had been rapidly stripped of his wealth at the gaming-table, and he reflected, being excited by hearing of the giving in marriage of the king’s daughter: “As I have lost all my wealth by gambling, I cannot now enter the house of my father, nor even the house of a *hetæra*, so, as I have no resource, it is better for me to assert falsely to those who are making the proclamation by beat of drum, that I have seen that city. Who will discover that I know nothing about it, for who has ever seen it? And in this way I may perhaps marry the princess.” Thus reflecting Śaktideva went to the police, and said falsely, “I have seen that city.” They immediately said to him, “Bravo! then come with us to the king’s warder.” So he went with them to the warder. And in the same way he falsely asserted to him that he had seen that city, and he welcomed him kindly, and took him to the king. And without wavering he maintained the very same story in the presence of the king: what indeed is difficult for a blackleg to do who is ruined by play? Then the king, in order to ascertain the truth, sent that Bráhman to his daughter Kanakarekhá, and when she heard of the matter from the mouth of the warder, and the Bráhman came near, she asked him: “Have you seen that Golden City?” Then he answered her, “Yes, that city was seen by me when I was roaming through the earth in quest of knowledge.”[5] She next asked him, “By what road did you go there, and what is it like?” That

Bráhman then went on to say: “From this place I went to a town called Harapura, and from that I next came to the city of Benares; and from Benares in a few days to the city of Pauṇḍravardhana, thence I went to that city called the Golden City, and I saw it, a place of enjoyment for those who act aright, like the city of Indra, the glory of which is made for the delight of gods.[6] And having acquired learning there, I returned here after some time; such is the path by which I went, and such is that city.” After that fraudulent Bráhman Śaktideva had made up this story, the princess said with a laugh;—“Great Bráhman, you have indeed seen that city, but tell me, tell me again by what path you went.” When Śaktideva heard that, he again displayed his effrontery, and then the princess had him put out by her servants. And immediately after putting him out, she went to her father, and her father asked her: “Did that Bráhman speak the truth?”—And then the princess said to her father: “Though you are a king you act without due consideration; do you not know that rogues deceive honest people? For that Bráhman simply wants to impose on me with a falsehood, but the liar has never seen the golden city. And all kinds of deceptions are practised on the earth by rogues; for listen to the story of Śiva and Mádhava, which I will tell you.” Having said this, the princess told the following tale:

Story of Śiva and Mádhava.

There is an excellent city rightly named Ratnapura,[7] and in it there were two rogues named Śiva and Mádhava. Surrounding themselves with many other rogues, they contrived for a long time to rob, by making use of trickery, all the rich men in the town. And one day those two deliberated together and said—“We have managed by this time to plunder this town thoroughly; so let us now go and live in the city of Ujjayiní; there we hear that there is a very rich man named Śankarasvámin, who is chaplain to the king. If we cheat him out of his money we may thereby enjoy the charms of the ladies of Málava. He is spoken of by Bráhmans as a miser, because he withholds[8] half their usual fee with a frowning face, though he possesses

treasure enough to fill seven vessels; and that Bráhman has a pearl of a daughter spoken of as matchless, we will manage to get her too out of him along with the money." Having thus determined, and having arranged beforehand what part each was to play, the two rogues Śiva and Mádhava went out of that town. At last they reached Ujjayiní, and Mádhava, with his attendants, disguised as a Rájpút, remained in a certain village outside the town. But Śiva, who was expert in every kind of deception, having assumed perfectly the disguise of a religious ascetic, first entered that town alone. There he took up his quarters in a hut on the banks of the Siprá, in which he placed, so that they could be seen, clay, *darbha* grass, a vessel for begging, and a deer-skin. And in the morning he anointed his body with thick clay, as if testing beforehand his destined smearing with the mud of the hell Avíchi. And plunging in the water of the river, he remained a long time with his head downward, as if rehearsing beforehand his future descent to hell, the result of his evil actions. And when he rose up from his bath, he remained a long time looking up towards the sun, as if shewing that he deserved to be impaled. Then he went into the presence of the god and making rings of Kuśa grass,[9] and muttering prayers, he remained sitting in the posture called Padmásana,[10] with a hypocritical cunning face, and from time to time he made an offering to Vishṇu, having gathered white flowers, even as he took captive the simple hearts of the good by his villainy; and having made his offering he again pretended to betake himself to muttering his prayers, and prolonged his meditations as if fixing his attention on wicked ways. And the next day, clothed in the skin of a black antelope, he wandered about the city in quest of alms, like one of his own deceitful leers intended to beguile it, and observing a strict silence he took three handfuls of rice from Bráhmans' houses, still equipped with stick and deer-skin, and divided the food into three parts like the three divisions of the day, and part he gave to the crows, and part to his guest, and with the third part he filled his maw; and he remained for a long time hypocritically telling his beads, as if he were counting his sins at the same time, and muttering prayers; and in the night he remained alone in his hut, thinking over the weak points of his fellow-men, even the smallest; and by thus performing every day a difficult pretended penance he gained complete ascendancy over the minds of the citizens in every quarter. And all the people became devoted to him,

and a report spread among them in every direction that Śiva was an exceedingly self-denying hermit.

And in the meanwhile his accomplice, the other rogue Mádhava, having heard from his emissaries how he was getting on, entered that city; and taking up his abode there in a distant temple, he went to the bank of the Siprá to bathe, disguised as a Rájpút, and after bathing, as he was returning with his retinue, he saw Śiva praying in front of the god, and with great veneration he fell at his feet, and said before all the people, "There is no other such ascetic in the world, for he has been often seen by me going round from one holy place to another." But Śiva, though he saw him, kept his neck immoveable out of cunning, and remained in the same position as before, and Mádhava returned to his own lodging. And at night those two met together and ate and drank, and deliberated over the rest of their programme, what they must do next. And in the last watch of the night Śiva went back leisurely to his hut. And in the morning Mádhava said to one of his gang, "Take these two garments and give them as a present to the domestic chaplain of the king here, who is called Śankarasvámin, and say to him respectfully: 'There is a Rájpút come from the Deccan of the name of Mádhava, who has been oppressed by his relations, and he brings with him much inherited wealth; he is accompanied by some other Rájpúts like himself, and he wishes to enter into the service of your king here, and he has sent me to visit you, O treasure-house of glory.'" The rogue, who was sent off by Mádhava with this message, went to the house of that chaplain with the present in his hand, and after approaching him, and giving him the present at a favourable moment, he delivered to him in private Mádhava's message, as he had been ordered; he, for his part, out of his greed for presents, believed it all, anticipating other favours in the future, for a bribe is the sovereign specific for attracting the covetous. The rogue then came back, and on the next day Mádhava, having obtained a favourable opportunity, went in person to visit that chaplain, accompanied by attendants, who hypocritically assumed the appearance of men desiring service,[11] passing themselves off as Rájpúts, distinguished by the maces they carried; he had himself announced by an attendant preceding him, and thus he approached the family priest, who received him with welcomes which expressed his delight at his arrival. Then Mádhava remained engaged

in conversation with him for some time, and at last being dismissed by him, returned to his own house. On the next day he sent another couple of garments as a present, and again approached that chaplain and said to him, "I indeed wish to enter into service to please my retainers, for that reason I have repaired to you, but I possess wealth." When the chaplain heard that, he hoped to get something out of him, and he promised Mádhava to procure for him what he desired, and he immediately went and petitioned the king on this account, and, out of respect for the chaplain, the king consented to do what he asked. And on the next day the family priest took Mádhava and his retinue, and presented them to the king with all due respect. The king too, when he saw that Mádhava resembled a Rájpút in appearance, received him graciously and appointed him a salary. Then Mádhava remained there in attendance upon the king, and every night he met Śiva to deliberate with him. And the chaplain entreated him to live with him in his house, out of avarice, as he was intent on presents.

Then Mádhava with his followers repaired to the house of the chaplain; this settlement was the cause of the chaplain's ruin, as that of the mouse in the trunk of the tree was the cause of its ruin. And he deposited a safe in the strong room of the chaplain, after filling it with ornaments made of false gems. And from time to time he opened the box and by cunningly half-shewing some of the jewels, he captivated the mind of the chaplain as that of a cow is captivated by grass. And when he had gained in this way the confidence of the chaplain, he made his body emaciated by taking little food, and falsely pretended that he was ill. And after a few days had passed, that prince of rogues said with weak voice to that chaplain, who was at his bedside; "My condition is miserable in this body, so bring, good Bráhman, some distinguished man of your caste, in order that I may bestow my wealth upon him for my happiness here and hereafter, for, life being unstable, what care can a wise man have for riches?" That chaplain, who was devoted to presents, when addressed in this way, said, "I will do so," and Mádhava fell at his feet. Then whatever Bráhman the chaplain brought, Mádhava refused to receive, pretending that he wanted a more distinguished one. One of the rogues in attendance upon Mádhava, when he saw this, said —"Probably an ordinary Bráhman does not please him. So it will be better now to find out whether the strict ascetic on the banks of Siprá named Śiva

pleases him or not?" When Mádhava heard that, he said plaintively to that chaplain: "Yes, be kind, and bring him, for there is no other Bráhman like him."

The chaplain, thus entreated, went near Śiva, and beheld him immoveable, pretending to be engaged in meditation. And then he walked round him, keeping him on his right hand, and sat down in front of him: and immediately the rascal slowly opened his eyes. Then the family priest, bending before him, said with bowed head,—"My Lord, if it will not make you angry, I will prefer a petition to you. There is dwelling here a very rich Rájpút from the Deccan, named Mádhava, and he, being ill, is desirous of giving away his whole property: if you consent, he will give you that treasure which glitters with many ornaments made out of priceless gems." When Śiva heard that, he slowly broke silence, and said,—"O Bráhman, since I live on alms, and observe perpetual chastity, of what use are riches to me?" Then that chaplain went on to say to him, "Do not say that, great Bráhman, do you not know the due order of the periods in the life of a Bráhman?[12] By marrying a wife, and performing in his house offerings to the Manes, sacrifices to the gods and hospitality to guests, he uses his property to obtain the three objects of life;[13] the stage of the householder is the most useful of all." Then Śiva said, "How can I take a wife, for I will not marry a woman from any low family?" When the covetous chaplain heard that, he thought that he would be able to enjoy his wealth at will, and, catching at the opportunity, he said to him: "I have an unmarried daughter named Vinayasváminí, and she is very beautiful, I will bestow her in marriage on you. And I will keep for you all the wealth which you receive as a donation from Mádhava, so enter on the duties of a householder." When Śiva heard this, having got the very thing he wanted, he said, "Bráhman, if your heart is set on this,[14] I will do what you say. But I am an ascetic who knows nothing about gold and jewels: I shall act as you advise; do as you think best." When the chaplain heard that speech of Śiva's, he was delighted, and the fool said, "Agreed"—and conducted Śiva to his house. And when he had introduced there that inauspicious guest named Śiva,[15] he told Mádhava what he had done and was applauded by him. And immediately he gave Śiva his daughter, who had been carefully brought up,

and in giving her he seemed to be giving away his own prosperity lost by his folly. And on the third day after his marriage, he took him to Mádhava who was pretending to be ill, to receive his present. And Mádhava rose up and fell at his feet and said what was quite true, “I adore thee whose asceticism is incomprehensible.”[16] And in accordance with the prescribed form he bestowed on Śiva that box of ornaments made of many sham jewels, which was brought from the chaplain’s treasury. Śiva for his part, after receiving it, gave it into the hand of the chaplain, saying, “I know nothing about this, but you do.” And that priest immediately took it, saying, “I undertook to do this long ago, why should you trouble yourself about it?” Then Śiva gave them his blessing, and went to his wife’s private apartments, and the chaplain took the box and put it in his strong room. Mádhava for his part gradually desisted from feigning sickness, affecting to feel better the next day, and said that his disease had been cured by virtue of his great gift. And he praised the chaplain when he came near, saying to him, “It was by your aiding me in an act of faith that I tided over this calamity.” And he openly struck up a friendship with Śiva, asserting that it was due to the might of Śiva’s holiness that his life had been saved. Śiva, for his part, after some days said to the chaplain: “How long am I to feast in your house in this style? Why do you not take from me those jewels for some fixed sum of money? If they are valuable, give me a fair price for them.” When the priest heard that, thinking that the jewels were of incalculable value, he consented, and gave to Śiva as purchase-money his whole living. And he made Śiva sign a receipt for the sum with his own hand, and he himself too signed a receipt for the jewels, thinking that that treasure far exceeded his own wealth in value. And they separated, taking one another’s receipts, and the chaplain lived in one place, while Śiva kept house in another. And then Śiva and Mádhava dwelt together and remained there leading a very pleasant life consuming the chaplain’s wealth. And as time went on, that chaplain, being in need of cash, went to the town to sell one of the ornaments in the bazar.

Then the merchants, who were connoisseurs in jewels, said after examining it, “Ha! the man who made these sham jewels was a clever fellow, whoever he was. For this ornament is composed of pieces of glass and quartz coloured with various colours and fastened together with brass, and there

are no gems or gold in it." When the chaplain heard that, he went in his agitation and brought all the ornaments from his house, and showed them to the merchants. When they saw them, they said that all of them were composed of sham jewels in the same way; but the chaplain, when he heard that, was, so to speak, thunderstruck. And immediately the fool went off and said to Śiva, "Take back your ornaments and give me back my own wealth." But Śiva answered him, "How can I possibly have retained your wealth till now? Why it has all in course of time been consumed in my house." Then the chaplain and Śiva fell into an altercation, and went, both of them, before the king, at whose side Mádhava was standing. And the chaplain made this representation to the king: "Śiva has consumed all my substance, taking advantage of my not knowing that a great treasure, which he deposited in my house,[17] was composed of skilfully coloured pieces of glass and quartz fastened together with brass." Then Śiva said, "King, from my childhood I have been a hermit, and I was persuaded by that man's earnest petition to accept a donation, and when I took it, though inexperienced in the ways of the world, I said to him, 'I am no connoisseur in jewels and things of that kind, and I rely upon you,' and he consented saying, 'I will be your warrant in the matter.' And I accepted all the donation and deposited it in his hand. Then he bought the whole from me at his own price, and we hold from one another mutual receipts; and now it is in the king's power to grant me help in my sorest need." Śiva having thus finished his speech, Mádhava said, "Do not say this, you are honourable, but what fault have I committed in the matter? I never received anything either from you or from Śiva; I had some wealth inherited from my father, which I had long deposited elsewhere; then I brought that wealth and presented it to a Bráhman. If the gold is not real gold, and the jewels are not real jewels, then let us suppose that I have reaped fruit from giving away brass, quartz, and glass. But the fact that I was persuaded with sincere heart that I was giving something, is clear from this, that I recovered from a very dangerous illness." When Mádhava said this to him without any alteration in the expression of his face, the king laughed and all his ministers, and they were highly delighted. And those present in court said, laughing in their sleeves, "Neither Mádhava nor Śiva has done anything unfair." Thereupon that chaplain departed with downcast countenance, having lost

his wealth. For of what calamities is not the blinding of the mind with excessive greed the cause? And so those two rogues Śiva and Mádhava long remained there, happy in having obtained the favour of the delighted king.

“Thus do rogues spread the webs of their tongue with hundreds of intricate threads, like fishermen upon dry land, living by the net. So you may be certain, my father, that this Bráhman is a case in point. By falsely asserting that he has seen the City of Gold, he wishes to deceive you, and to obtain me for a wife. So do not be in a hurry to get me married; I shall remain unmarried at present, and we will see what will happen.” When the king Paropakárin heard this from his daughter Kanakarekhá, he thus answered her: “When a girl is grown up, it is not expedient that she should remain long unmarried, for wicked people envious of good qualities, falsely impute sin. And people are particularly fond of blackening the character of one distinguished; to illustrate this, listen to the story of Harasvámin which I am about to tell you.”

Story of Harasvámin.[18]

There is a city on the banks of the Ganges named Kusumapura,[19] and in it there was an ascetic who visited holy places, named Harasvámin. He was a Bráhman living by begging; and constructing a hut on the banks of the Ganges, he became, on account of his surprisingly rigid asceticism, the object of the people’s respect.[20] And one day a wicked man among the inhabitants, who could not tolerate his virtue, seeing him from a distance going out to beg, said, “Do you know what a hypocritical ascetic that is? It is he that has eaten up all the children in this town.” When a second there who was like him, heard this, he said, “It is true, I also have heard people saying this.” And a third confirming it said, “Such is the fact.” The chain of villains’ conversation binds reproach on the good. And in this way the report spread from ear to ear, and gained general credence in the city. And all the citizens kept their children by force in their houses, saying,

“Harasvámin carries off all the children and eats them.” And then the Bráhmans in that town, afraid that their offspring would be destroyed, assembled and deliberated about his banishment from the city. And as they did not dare to tell him face to face, for fear he might perhaps eat them up in his rage, they sent messengers to him. And those messengers went and said to him from a distance; “The Bráhmans command you to depart from this city.” Then in his astonishment he asked them “Why?” And they went on to say; “You eat every child as soon as you see it.” When Harasvámin heard that, he went near those Bráhmans, in order to reassure them, and the people fled before him for fear. And the Bráhmans, as soon as they saw him, were terrified and went up to the top of their monastery. People who are deluded by reports are not, as a rule, capable of discrimination. Then Harasvámin standing below called all the Bráhmans who were above, one by one, by name, and said to them, “What delusion is this, Bráhmans? Why do you not ascertain with one another how many children I have eaten, and whose, and how many of each man’s children.” When they heard that, the Bráhmans began to compare notes among themselves, and found that all of them had all their children left alive. And in course of time other citizens, appointed to investigate the matter, admitted that all their children were living. And merchants and Bráhmans and all said, “Alas in our folly we have belied a holy man; the children of all of us are alive; so whose children can he have eaten?” Harasvámin, being thus completely exonerated, prepared to leave that city, for his mind was seized with disgust at the slanderous report got up against him by wicked men. For what pleasure can a wise man take in a wicked place, the inhabitants of which are wanting in discrimination? Then the Bráhmans and merchants, prostrating themselves at his feet, entreated him to stay there, and he at last, though with reluctance, consented to do so.

“In this way evil men often impute crime falsely to good men, allowing their malicious garrulity full play on beholding their virtuous behaviour. Much more, if they obtain a slight glimpse of any opportunity for attacking them, do they pour copious showers of oil on the fire thus kindled. Therefore if you wish, my daughter, to draw the arrow from my heart, you must not, while this fresh youth of yours is developing, remain unmarried to please yourself, and so incur the ready reproach of evil men.” Such was the

advice which the princess Kanakarekhá frequently received from her father the king, but she, being firmly resolved, again and again answered him: “Therefore quickly search for a Bráhman or Kshatriya who has seen that City of Gold and give me to him, for this is the condition I have named.” When the king heard that, reflecting that his daughter, who remembered her former birth, had completely made up her mind, and seeing no other way of obtaining for her the husband she desired, he issued another order to the effect that henceforth the proclamation by beat of drum was to take place every day in the city, in order to find out whether any of the newcomers had seen the Golden City. And once more it was proclaimed in every quarter of the city every day, after the drum had been beaten,—“If any Bráhman or Kshatriya has seen the Golden City, let him speak; the king will give him his own daughter, together with the rank of Crown-prince.” But no one was found who had obtained a sight of the Golden City.

1

The elephant-headed god has his trunk painted with red lead like a tame elephant, and is also liable to become *mast*.

2

Followers and attendants upon Śiva.

3

The modern Burdwan.

4

I. e. Gold-gleam.

5

For an account of the *wanderjahre* of young Bráhman students, see Dr. Bühler’s introduction to the *Vikramánkadevacharita*.

6

More literally—Those whose eyes do not wink. The epithet also means “worthy of being regarded with unwinking eyes.” No doubt this ambiguity is intended.

7

I. e. the city of jewels.

8

Áskandin is translated “granting” by Monier Williams and the Petersburg lexicographers.

9

These are worn on the fingers when offerings are made.

10

A particular posture in religious meditation, sitting with the thighs crossed, with one hand resting on the left thigh, the other held up with the thumb upon the heart, and the eyes directed to the tip of the nose.

11

Kárpaṭika may mean a pilgrim, but it seems to be used in the K. S. S. to mean a kind of dependant on a king or great man, usually a foreigner. See chapters 38, 53, and 81 of this work.

12

First he should be a *Brahmachárin* or unmarried religious student, next a *Gṛihastha* or householder, than a *Vánaprastha* or anchoret, lastly a *Bhikshu* or beggar.

13

i. e. virtue, wealth, pleasure; *dharma*, *artha*, *káma*.

14

Graha, also means planet, *i. e.* inauspicious planet. Śiva tells the truth here.

15

i. e. the auspicious or friendly one.

16

There is probably a double meaning in the word “incomprehensible.”

17

Perhaps we ought to read *dattvá* for *tatra*.

18

A report similar to that spread against Harasvámin was in circulation during the French Revolution. Taine in his history of the Revolution, Vol. I, p. 418 tells the following anecdote: “M. de Montlosier found himself the object of many unpleasant attentions when he went to the National Assembly. In particular a woman of about thirty used to sharpen a large knife when he passed and look at him in a threatening manner. On enquiry he

discovered the cause—*Deux enfants du quartier ont disparu enlevés par de bohémiens, et c'est maintenant un bruit répandu que M. de Montlosier, le marquis de Mirabeau, et d'autres députés du côté droit se rassemblent pour faire des orgies dans lesquelles ils mangent de petits enfants.*"

19

The city of flowers, *i. g.* Páṭaliputra.

20

Perhaps we ought to read *yayau* for *dadau.* This I find is the reading of an excellent MS. in the Sanskrit college, for the loan of which I am deeply indebted to the Principal and the Librarian.

Chapter XXV.

In the meanwhile the young Bráhman Śaktideva, in very low spirits, having been rejected with contempt by the princess he longed for, said to himself; "To-day by asserting falsely that I had seen the Golden City, I certainly incurred contempt, but I did not obtain that princess. So I must roam through the earth to find it, until I have either seen that city or lost my life. For of what use is my life, unless I can return having seen that city, and obtain the princess as the prize of the achievement?" Having thus taken a vow, that Bráhman set out from the city of Vardhamána, directing his course toward the southern quarter, and as he journeyed, he at last reached the great forest of the Vindhya range, and entered it, which was difficult and long as his own undertaking. And that forest, so to speak, fanned, with the soft leaves of its trees shaken by the wind, him, who was heated by the multitudinous rays of the sun; and through grief at being overrun with many robbers, it made its cry heard day and night in the shrill screams of animals which were being slain in it by lions and other noisome beasts. And it seemed, by the unchecked rays of heat flashed upward from its wild deserts, to endeavour to conquer the fierce brightness of the sun: in it, though there was no accumulation of water, calamity was to be easily purchased:[1] and its space seemed ever to extend before the traveller as fast as he crossed it. In the course of many days he accomplished a long journey through this forest, and beheld in it a great lake of cold pure water in a lonely spot: which seemed to lord it over all lakes, with its lotuses like lofty umbrellas, and its swans like gleaming white *chowries*. In the water of that lake he performed the customary ablutions, and on its northern shore he beheld a hermitage with beautiful fruit-bearing trees: and he saw an old hermit named Súryatapas sitting at the foot of an Aśvattha tree, surrounded by ascetics, adorned with a rosary, the beads of which by their number seemed to be the knots that marked the centuries of his life,[2] and which rested against the extremity of his ear that was white with age. And he approached that hermit with a bow, and the hermit welcomed him with hospitable greetings. And the hermit, after entertaining him with fruits and other delicacies, asked

him, “Whence have you come, and whither are you going? Tell me, good sir.” And Śaktideva inclining respectfully, said to that hermit,—“I have come, venerable sir, from the city of Vardhamána, and I have undertaken to go to the Golden City in accordance with a vow. But I do not know where that city lies; tell me venerable sir, if you know.” The hermit answered, “My son, I have lived eight hundred years in this hermitage, and I have never even heard of that city.” Śaktideva when he heard this from the hermit, was cast down, and said again—“Then my wanderings through the earth will end by my dying here.” Then that hermit, having gradually elicited the whole story said to him, “If you are firmly resolved, then do what I tell you. Three *yojanas* from here there is a country named Kámpilya, and in it is a mountain named Uttara, and on it there is a hermitage. There dwells my noble elder brother named Dírghatapas;[3] go to him, he being old may perhaps know of that city.” When Śaktideva heard that, hope arose in his breast, and having spent the night there he quickly set out in the morning from that place. And wearied with the laborious journey through difficult forest country, he at last reached that region of Kámpilya and ascended that mountain Uttara; and there he beheld that hermit Dírghatapas in a hermitage, and he was delighted and approached him with a bow: and the hermit received him hospitably: and Śaktideva said to him, “I am on my way to the City of Gold spoken of by the king’s daughter: but I do not know, venerable sir, where that city is. However I am bound to find it, so I have been sent to you by the sage Súryatapas in order that I may discover where it lies.” When he had said this, the hermit answered him, “Though I am so old, my son, I have never heard of that city till to-day; I have made acquaintance with various travellers from foreign lands, and I have never heard any one speak of it; much less have I seen it. But I am sure it must be in some distant foreign island, and I can tell you an expedient to help you in this matter; there is in the midst of the ocean an island named Utsthala, and in it there is a rich king of the Nishádas[4] named Satyavrata. He goes to and fro among all the other islands, and he may have seen or heard of that city. Therefore first go to the city named Viṭankapura situated on the border of the sea. And from that place go with some merchant in a ship to the island where that Nisháda dwells, in order that you may attain your object.” When Śaktideva heard this from the hermit, he immediately followed his advice,

and taking leave of him set out from the hermitage. And after accomplishing many *kos* and crossing many lands, he reached the city of Viṭankapura, the ornament of the sea-shore. There he sought out a merchant named Samudradatta, who traded with the island of Utsthala, and struck up a friendship with him. And he went on board his ship with him, and having food for the voyage fully supplied by his kindness, he set out on the ocean-path. Then, when they had but a short distance to travel, there arose a black cloud with rumbling thunder, resembling a roaring Rákshasa, with flickering lightning to represent his lolling tongue. And a furious hurricane began to blow like Destiny herself, whirling up light objects and hurling down heavy.[5] And from the sea, lashed by the wind, great waves rose aloft like the mountains equipped with wings,[6] indignant that their asylum had been attacked. And that vessel rose on high one moment, and the next moment plunged below, as if exhibiting how rich men are first elevated and then cast down. And the next moment that ship, shrilly laden with the cries of the merchants, burst and split asunder as if with the weight. And the ship being broken, that merchant its owner fell into the sea, but floating through it on a plank he at last reached another vessel. But as Śaktideva fell, a large fish, opening its mouth and neck, swallowed him without injuring any of his limbs. And as that fish was roaming at will in the midst of the sea, it happened to pass near the island of Utsthala; and by chance some servants of that king of the fishermen Satyavrata, who were engaged in the pursuit of small fish, came there and caught it. And those fishermen, proud of their prize, immediately dragged it along to shew to their king, for it was of enormous size. He too, out of curiosity, seeing that it was of such extraordinary size, ordered his servants to cut it open; and when it was cut open, Śaktideva came out alive from its belly, having endured a second wonderful imprisonment in the womb.[7] Then the fisher-king Satyavrata, when he saw that young man come out and bestow his blessing on him, was astonished, and asked him, “Who are you, and how did this lot of dwelling in the belly of the fish befall you? What means this exceedingly strange fate that you have suffered.” When Śaktideva heard this, he answered that king of the fishermen: “I am a Bráhman of the name of Śaktideva from the city of Vardhamána; and I am bound to visit the City of Gold, and because I do not know where it is, I have for a long time wandered far over the earth;

then I gathered from a speech of Dírghatapas' that it was probably in an island, so I set out to find Satyavrata the king of the fishermen, who lives in the island of Utsthala, in order to learn its whereabouts, but on the way I suffered shipwreck, and so having been whelmed in the sea and swallowed by a fish, I have been brought here now." When Śaktideva had said this, Satyavrata said to him: "I am in truth Satyavrata, and this is the very island you were seeking; but though I have seen many islands, I have never seen the city you desire to find, but I have heard of it as situated in one of the distant islands." Having said this, and perceiving that Śaktideva was cast down, Satyavrata out of kindness for his guest went on to say: "Bráhman, do not be despondent; remain here this night, and to-morrow morning I will devise some expedient to enable you to attain your object." The Bráhman was thus consoled by the king, and sent off to a monastery of Bráhmans, where guests were readily entertained. There Śaktideva was supplied with food by a Bráhman named Vishṇudatta, an inmate of the monastery, and entered into conversation with him. And in the course of that conversation, being questioned by him, he told him in a few words his country, his family, and his whole history. When Vishṇudatta heard that, he immediately embraced him, and said in a voice indistinct from the syllables being choked with tears of joy: "Bravo! you are the son of my maternal uncle and a fellow-countryman of mine. But I long ago in my childhood left that country to come here. So stop here awhile, and soon the stream of merchants and pilots that come here from other islands will accomplish your wish." Having told him his descent in these words, Vishṇudatta waited upon Śaktideva with all becoming attentions. And Śaktideva, forgetting the toil of the journey, obtained delight, for the meeting a relation in a foreign land is like a fountain of nectar in the desert. And he considered that the accomplishment of his object was near at hand, for good luck, befalling one by the way indicates success in an undertaking. So he reclined at night sleepless upon his bed, with his mind fixed upon the attainment of his desire, and Vishṇudatta, who was by his side, in order to encourage and delight him at the same time, related to him the following tale:

Story of Aśokadatta and Vijayadatta.[8]

Formerly there was a great Bráhman named Govindasvámin, living on a great royal grant of land on the banks of the Yamuná. And in course of time there were born to that virtuous Bráhman two sons like himself, Aśokadatta and Vijayadatta. While they were living there, there arose a terrible famine in that land, and so Govindasvámin said to his wife; “This land is ruined by famine, and I cannot bear to behold the misery of my friends and relations. For who gives anything to anybody? So let us at any rate give away to our friends and relations what little food we possess and leave this country. And let us go with our family to Benares to live there.” When he said this to his wife, she consented, and he gave away his food, and set out from that place with his wife, sons, and servants. For men of noble soul cannot bear to witness the miseries of their relatives. And on the road he beheld a skull-bearing Śaiva ascetic, white with ashes, and with matted hair, like the god Śiva himself with his half-moon. The Bráhman approached that wise man with a bow, and out of love for his sons, asked him about their destiny, whether it should be good or bad, and that Yogí answered him: “The future destiny of your sons is auspicious, but you shall be separated, Bráhman, from this younger one Vijayadatta, and finally by the might of the second Aśokadatta you shall be reunited to him.” Govindasvámin, when that wise man said this to him, took leave of him and departed overpowered with joy, grief, and wonder; and after reaching Benares he spent the day there in a temple of Durgá outside the town, engaged in worshipping the goddess and such like occupations. And in the evening he encamped outside that temple under a tree, with his family, in the company of pilgrims who had come from other countries. And at night, while all were asleep, wearied with their long journey, stretched out on strewn leaves, and, such other beds as travellers have to put up with, his younger son Vijayadatta, who was awake, was suddenly seized with a cold ague-fit; that ague quickly made him tremble, and caused his hair to stand on end, as if it had been the fear of his approaching separation from his relations. And oppressed with the cold he woke up his father, and said to him: “A terrible ague afflicts me here now, father, so bring fuel and light me a fire to keep off the cold, in no other way can I obtain relief or get through the night.” When Govindasvámin heard

him say this, he was distressed at his suffering, and said to him; “Whence can I procure fire now my son?” Then his son said; “Why surely we may see a fire burning near us on this side, and it is very large, so why should I not go there and warm my body? So take me by the hand, for I have a shivering fit, and lead me there.” Thus entreated by his son the Bráhman went on to say: “This is a cemetery,[9] and the fire is that of a funeral pyre, so how can you go to a place terrible from the presence of goblins and other spirits, for you are only a child?” When the brave Vijayadatta heard that speech of his affectionate father’s, he laughed and said in his confidence, “What can the wretched goblins and other evil ones do to me? Am I a weakling? So take me there without fear.” When he said this so persistently, his father led him there, and the boy warming his body approached the pyre, which seemed to bear on itself the presiding deity of the Rákshasas in visible form, with the smoke of the flames for dishevelled hair, devouring the flesh of men. The boy at once encouraged his father[10] and asked him what the round thing was that he saw inside the pyre. And his father standing at his side, answered him, “This, my son, is the skull of a man which is burning in the pyre.” Then the boy in his recklessness struck the skull with a piece of wood lighted at the top, and clove it. The brains spouted up from it and entered his mouth, like the initiation into the practices of the Rákshasas, bestowed upon him by the funeral flame. And by tasting them that boy became a Rákshasa, with hair standing on end, with sword that he had drawn from the flame, terrible with projecting tusks: so he seized the skull and drinking the brains from it, he licked it with tongue restlessly quivering like the flames of fire that clung to the bone. Then be flung aside the skull, and lifting his sword he attempted to slay his own father Govindasvámin. But at that moment a voice came out from the cemetery, “Kapálasphoṭa,[11] thou god, thou oughtest not to slay thy father, come here.” When the boy heard that, having obtained the title of Kapálasphoṭa and become a Rákshasa, he let his father alone, and disappeared; and his father departed exclaiming aloud, “Alas my son! Alas my virtuous son! Alas Vijayadatta!” And he returned to the temple of Durgá; and in the morning he told his wife and his eldest son Aśokadatta what had taken place. Then that unfortunate man together with them suffered an attack of the fire of grief, terrible like the falling of lightning

from a cloud, so that the other people, who were sojourning in Benares, and had come to visit the shrine of the goddess, came up to him and sympathised heartily with his sorrow. In the meanwhile a great merchant, who had come to worship the goddess, named Samudradatta, beheld Govindasvámin in that state. The good man approached him and comforted him, and immediately took him and his family home to his own house. And there he provided him with a bath and other luxuries, for this is the innate tendency of the great, to have mercy upon the wretched. Govindasvámin also and his wife recovered their self-command, having heard[12] the speech of the great Śaiva ascetic, hoping to be re-united to their son. And thenceforth he lived in that city of Benares, in the house of that rich merchant, having been asked by him to do so. And there his other son Aśokadatta grew up to be a young man, and after studying the sciences learnt boxing and wrestling. And gradually he attained such eminence in these arts, that he was not surpassed by any champion on the earth. And once on a time there was a great gathering of wrestlers at an idol procession, and a great and famous wrestler came from the Deccan. He conquered all the other wrestlers of the king of Benares, who was called Pratápamukuṭa, before his eyes. Then the king had Aśokadatta quickly summoned from the house of that excellent merchant, and ordered him to contend with that wrestler. That wrestler began the combat by catching the arm of Aśokadatta with his hand, but Aśokadatta seized his arm, and hurled him to the ground. Then the field of combat, as it were, pleased, applauded the victor with the resounding noise produced by the fall of that champion wrestler. And the king being gratified, loaded Aśokadatta with jewels, and having seen his might, he made him his own personal attendant. So he became a favourite of the king's, and in time attained great prosperity, for to one who possesses heroic qualities, a king who appreciates merit is a perfect treasure-house. Once on a time, that king went on the fourteenth day of the month away from his capital, to worship the god Śiva in a splendid temple in a distant town. After he had paid his devotions, he was returning by night near the cemetery when he heard this utterance issue from it: "O king, the chief magistrate out of private malice proclaimed that I deserved death, and it is now the third day since I was impaled, and even now my life will not leave my body, though I am innocent, so I am exceedingly thirsty;

O king, order water to be given me.” When the king heard it, out of pity he said to his personal attendant Aśokadatta, “Send that man some water.” Then Aśokadatta said, “Who would go there at night? So I had better go myself.” Accordingly he took the water, and set off. After the king had proceeded on his way to his capital, the hero entered that cemetery, the interior of which was difficult to penetrate, as it was filled with dense darkness within; in it there were awful evening oblations offered with the human flesh scattered about by the jackals; in places the cemetery was lighted up by the flaming beacons of the blazing funeral pyres, and in it the Vetálas made terrible music with the clapping of their hands, so that it seemed as if it were the palace of black night. Then he cried aloud, “Who asked the king for water?” And he heard from one quarter an answer, “I asked for it.” Following the voice he went to a funeral pyre near, and beheld a man impaled on the top of a stake, and underneath it he saw a woman that he had never seen before, weeping, adorned with beautiful ornaments, lovely in every limb; like the night adorned with the rays of the moon, now that the moon itself had set, its splendour having waned in the dark fortnight, come to worship the funeral pyre. He asked the woman: “Who are you, mother, and why are you standing weeping here?” She answered him, “I am the ill-fated wife of him who is here impaled, and I am waiting here with the firm intention of ascending the funeral pyre with him. And I am waiting some time for his life to leave his body, for though it is the third day of his impalement, his breath does not depart. And he often asks for that water which I have brought here, but I cannot reach his mouth, my friend, as the stake is high.” When he heard that speech of hers, the mighty hero said to her: “But here is water in my hand sent to him by the king, so place your foot on my back and lift it to his mouth, for the mere touching of another man in sore need does not disgrace a woman.” When she heard that, she consented, and taking the water she climbed up so as to plant her two feet on the back of Aśokadatta, who bent down at the foot of the stake. Soon after, as drops of blood unexpectedly began to fall upon the earth and on his back, the hero lifted up his face and looked. Then he saw that woman cutting off slice after slice of that impaled man’s flesh with a knife, and eating it.[13]

Then, perceiving that she was some horrible demon,[14] he dragged her down in a rage, and took hold of her by her foot with its tinkling anklets in order to dash her to pieces on the earth. She, for her part, dragged away from him that foot, and by her deluding power quickly flew up into the heaven, and became invisible. And the jewelled anklet, which had fallen from her foot, while she was dragging it away, remained in one of Aśokadatta's hands. Then he, reflecting that she had disappeared after shewing herself mild at first, and evil-working in the middle, and at the end horror-striking by assuming a terrible form, like association with wicked men,—and seeing that heavenly anklet in his hand, was astonished, grieved and delighted at the same time; and then he left that cemetery, taking the anklet with him, and went to his own house, and in the morning, after bathing, to the palace of the king.

And when the king said—"Did you give the water to the man who was impaled," he said he had done so, and gave him that anklet; and when the king of his own accord asked him where it came from, he told that king his wonderful and terrible night-adventure. And then the king, perceiving that his courage was superior to that of all men, though he was before pleased with his other excellent qualities, was now more exceedingly delighted; and he took that anklet in his joy and gave it with his own hand to the queen, and described to her the way in which he had obtained it. And she, hearing the story and beholding that heavenly jewelled anklet, rejoiced in her heart and was continually engaged in extolling Aśokadatta. Then the king said to her: "Queen, in birth, in learning, in truthfulness and beauty Aśokadatta is great among the great; and I think it would be a good thing if he were to become the husband of our lovely daughter Madanalekhá; in a bridegroom these qualities are to be looked for, not fortune that vanishes in a moment, so I will give my daughter to this excellent hero." When she heard that speech of her husband's, that queen approving the proposal said, "It is quite fitting, for the youth will be an appropriate match for her, and her heart has been captivated by him, for she saw him in a spring-garden, and for some days her mind has been in a state of vacancy and she neither hears nor sees; I heard of it from her confidante, and, after spending an anxious night, towards morning I fell asleep, and I remember I was thus addressed by some heavenly woman in a dream, 'My child, thou must not give this thy

daughter Madanalekhá to any one but Aśokadatta, for she is his wife acquired by him in a former birth.' And when I heard it, I woke up, and in the morning I went myself on the strength of the dream and consoled my daughter. And now, my husband has of his own accord proposed the marriage to me. Let her therefore be united to him, as a spring-creeper to its stalk." When the king's beloved wife said this to him, he was pleased, and he made festal rejoicings, and summoning Aśokadatta gave that daughter to him. And the union of those two, the daughter of the king, and the son of the great Bráhman, was such that each enhanced the other's glory, like the union of prosperity and modesty. And once upon a time the queen said to the king, with reference to the anklet brought by Aśokadatta: "My husband, this anklet by itself does not look well, so let another be made like it." When the king heard that, he gave an order to the goldsmiths and other craftsmen of the kind, to make a second anklet like that. But they, after examining it said;—"It is impossible, O king, to make another like it, for the work is heavenly, not human. There are not many jewels of this kind upon the earth, so let another be sought for where this was obtained." When the king and the queen heard this, they were despondent, and Aśokadatta who was there, on seeing that, immediately said, "I myself will bring you a fellow to that anklet." And having made this promise he could not give up the project on which he was resolved, although the king, terrified at his temerity, endeavoured to dissuade him out of affection. And taking the anklet he went again on the fourteenth night of the black fortnight to the cemetery where he had first obtained it; and after he had entered that cemetery which was full of Rákshasas as it was of trees, besmirched with the copious smoke of the funeral pyres, and with men hanging from their trunks[15] which were weighed down and surrounded with nooses, he did not at first see that woman that he had seen before, but he thought of an admirable device for obtaining that bracelet, which was nothing else than the selling of human flesh.[16] So he pulled down a corpse from the noose by which it was suspended on the tree, and he wandered about in the cemetery, crying aloud—"Human flesh for sale, buy, buy!" And immediately a woman called to him from a distance, saying, "Courageous man, bring the human flesh and come along with me." When he heard that, he advanced following that woman, and beheld at no great distance under a tree a lady of

heavenly appearance, surrounded with women, sitting on a throne, glittering with jewelled ornaments, whom he would never have expected to find in such a place, any more than to find a lotus in a desert. And having been led up by that woman, he approached the lady seated as has been described, and said, “Here I am, I sell human flesh, buy, buy!” And then the lady of heavenly appearance said to him, “Courageous hero, for what price will you sell the flesh?” Then the hero, with the corpse hanging over his shoulder and back, said to her, shewing her at the same time that single jewelled anklet which was in his hand, “I will give this flesh to whoever will give me a second anklet like this one; if you have got a second like it, take the flesh.” When she heard that, she said to him, “I have a second like it, for this very single anklet was taken by you from me. I am that very woman who was seen by you near the impaled man, but you do not recognise me now, because I have assumed another shape. So what is the use of flesh? If you do what I tell you, I will give you my second anklet, which matches the one in your hand.” When she said this to the hero, he consented and said, “I will immediately do whatever you say.” Then she told him her whole desire from the beginning: “There is, good sir, a city named Trighanṭa on a peak of the Himálayas. In it there lived a heroic prince of the Rákshasas named Lambajihva. I am his wife, Vidyuchchhikhá by name, and I can change my form at will. And as fate would have it, that husband of mine, after the birth of my daughter, was slain in battle fighting in front of the king Kapálasphoṭa; then that king being pleased gave me his own city, and I have lived with my daughter in great comfort on its proceeds up to the present time. And that daughter of mine has by this time grown up to fresh womanhood, and I have great anxiety in my mind as to how to obtain for her a brave husband. Then being here on the fourteenth night of the lunar fortnight, and seeing you coming along this way with the king, I thought —‘This good-looking youth is a hero and a fit match for my daughter. So why should I not devise some stratagem for obtaining him?’ Thus I determined, and imitating the voice of an impaled person, I asked for water, and brought you into the middle of that cemetery by a trick. And there I exhibited my delusive power in assuming a false shape and other characteristics, and saying what was false I imposed upon you there, though only for a moment. And I artfully left one of my anklets there to attract you again, like a binding chain to draw you, and then I came away. And to-day I

have obtained you by that very expedient, so come to my house; marry my daughter and receive the other anklet." When the Rákshasí said this to him, the hero consented, and by means of her magic power he went with her through the air to her city. And he saw that city built of gold on a peak of the Himálayas, like the orb of the sun fixed in one spot, being weary with the toil of wandering through the heavens. There he married that daughter of the prince of the Rákshasas, by name Vidyutprabhá, like the success of his own daring incarnate in bodily form. And Aśokadatta dwelt with that loved one some time in that city, enjoying great comfort by means of his mother-in-law's wealth. Then he said to his mother-in-law, "Give me that anklet, for I must now go to the city of Benares, for I myself long ago promised the king that I would bring a second anklet, that would vie with the first one so distinguished for its unparalleled beauty." The mother-in-law, having been thus entreated by her son-in-law, gave him that second anklet of hers, and in addition a golden lotus.[17]

Then he left that city with the anklet and the lotus, after promising to return, and his mother-in-law by the power of her magic knowledge carried him once more through the air to the cemetery. And then she stopped under the tree and said to him, "I always come here on the fourteenth night of the black fortnight, and whenever you come here on that[18] night, you will find me here under the banyan-tree." When Aśokadatta heard this, he agreed to come there on that night, and took leave of that Rákshasí, and went first to his father's house. And just as he was gladdening by his unexpected arrival his parents, who were grieved by such an absence of his, which doubled their grief for their separation from their younger son, the king his father-in-law, who had heard of his arrival, came in. The king indulged in a long outburst of joy, embracing him who bent before him, with limbs the hairs of which stood on end like thorns, as if terrified at touching one so daring.[19] Then Aśokadatta entered with him the palace of the king, like joy incarnate in bodily form, and he gave to the king those two anklets matched together, which so to speak praised his valour with their tinkling, and he bestowed on that king the beautiful golden lotus, as it were the lotus, with which the presiding Fortune of the Rákshasas' treasure plays, torn, from her hand; then being questioned out of curiosity by the king and queen he told the

story of his exploits, which poured nectar into their ears. The king then exclaimed—"Is glittering glory, which astonishes the mind by the description of wonderful exploits, ever obtained without a man's bringing himself to display boldness?" Thus the king spake on that occasion, and he and the queen, who had obtained the pair of anklets, considered their object in life attained, now that they had such a son-in-law. And then that palace, resounding with festal instruments, appeared as if it were chanting the virtues of Aśokadatta. And on the next day the king dedicated the golden lotus in a temple made by himself, placing it upon a beautiful silver vessel; and the two together, the vessel and the lotus, gleamed white and red like the glory of the king and the might[20] of Aśokadatta. And beholding them thus, the king, a devout worshipper of Śiva, with eyes expanded with joy, spoke inspired with the rapture of adoration, "Ah! this lofty vessel appears, with this lotus upon it, like Śiva white with ashes, with his auburn matted locks. If I had a second golden lotus like it, I would place it in this second silver vessel." When Aśokadatta heard this speech of the king's, he said, "I, king, will bring you a second golden lotus;" when the king heard that, he answered him, "I have no need of another lotus, a truce to your temerity!" Then as days went on, Aśokadatta being desirous of bringing a golden lotus, the fourteenth day of the black fortnight returned; and that evening the sun, the golden lotus of the sky-lake, went to the mountain of setting, as if out of fear, knowing his desire for a golden lotus; and when the shades of night, brown as smoke, began immediately to spread everywhere like Rákshasas, proud of having swallowed the red clouds of evening as if they were raw flesh, and the mouth of night, like that of an awful female goblin, began to yawn, shining and terrible as *tamála*, full of flickering flames,[21] Aśokadatta of his own accord left the palace where the princess was asleep, and again went to that cemetery. There he beheld at the foot of that banyan-tree his mother-in-law the Rákshasí, who had again come, and who received him with a courteous welcome, and with her the youth went again to her home, the peak of the Himálayas, where his wife was anxiously awaiting him. And after he had remained some time with his wife, he said to his mother-in-law, "Give me a second golden lotus from somewhere or other." When she heard that, she said to him, "Whence can I procure another golden lotus? But there is a lake here belonging to our king Kapálasphoṭa, where golden

lotuses of this kind grow on all sides. From that lake he gave that one lotus to my husband as a token of affection." When she said this, he answered her, "Then take me to that lake, in order that I may myself take a golden lotus from it." She then attempted to dissuade him saying, "It is impossible; for the lake is guarded by terrible Rákshasas;" but nevertheless he would not desist from his importunity. Then at last his mother-in-law was with much difficulty induced to take him there, and he beheld from afar that heavenly lake on the plateau of a lofty mountain, covered with dense and tall-stalked lotuses of gleaming gold, as if from continually facing the sun's rays they had drunk them in, and so become interpenetrated with them.

So he went there and began to gather the lotuses, and while he was thus engaged, the terrible Rákshasas, who guarded it, endeavoured to prevent him from doing so. And being armed he killed some of them, but the others fled and told their king Kapálasphoṭa,[22] and when that king of the Rákshasas heard of it, he was enraged and came there himself, and saw Aśokadatta with the lotuses he had carried off. And in his astonishment he exclaimed as he recognised his brother: "What! is this my brother Aśokadatta come here?" Then he flung away his weapon, and with his eyes washed with tears of joy, he quickly ran and fell at his feet, and said to him: "I am Vijayadatta, your younger brother, we are both the sons of that excellent Bráhman Govindasvámin. And by the appointment of destiny, I became a Rákshasa such as you see, and have continued such for this long time, and I am called Kapálasphoṭa from my cleaving the skull on the funeral pyre.

"But now from seeing you I have remembered my former Bráhman nature, and that Rákshasa nature of mine, that clouded my mind with delusion, has left me." When Vijayadatta said this, Aśokadatta embraced him, and so to speak, washed with copious tears of joy his body defiled by the Rákshasa nature. And while he was thus engaged, there descended from heaven by divine command the spiritual guide of the Vidyádharas, named Kauśika. And he approaching these two brothers, said, "You and your family are all Vidyádharas, who have been reduced to this state by a curse, and now the curse of all of you has terminated. So receive these sciences, which belong to you, and which you must share with your relations. And return to your

own proper dwelling taking with you your relations." Having said this, the spiritual guide, after bestowing the sciences on them, ascended to heaven.

And they, having become Vidyádharas, awoke from their long dream, and went through the air to that peak of the Himálayas, taking with them the golden lotuses, and there Aśokadatta repaired to his wife the daughter of the king of the Rákshasas, and then her curse came to an end, and she became a Vidyádharí. And those two brothers went in a moment with that fair-eyed one to Benares, travelling through the air. And there they visited their parents, who were scorched with the fire of separation, and refreshed them by pouring upon them the revivifying nectar of their own appearance. And those two, who, without changing the body, had gone through such wonderful transformations, produced joy not only in their parents, but in the people at large. And when Vijayadatta's father, after so long a separation, folded him in a close embrace, he filled full not only his arms, but also his desire. Then the king Pratápamukuṭa, the father-in-law of Aśokadatta, hearing of it, came there in high delight; and Aśokadatta, being kindly received by the king, entered with his relations the king's palace, in which his beloved was anxiously awaiting him, and which was in a state of festal rejoicing. And he gave many golden lotuses to that king, and the king was delighted at getting more than he had asked for. Then Vijayadatta's father Govindasvámin, full of wonder and curiosity, said to him in the presence of all: "Tell me, my son, what sort of adventures you had, after you had become a Rákshasa in the cemetery during the night." Then Vijayadatta said to him—"My father, when in my reckless frivolity I had cloven the burning skull on the funeral pyre, as fate would have it, I immediately, as you saw, became a Rákshasa by its brains having entered my mouth, being bewildered with delusion. Then I was summoned by the other Rákshasas, who gave me the name of Kapálasphoṭa, and I joined them. And then I was led by them to their sovereign the king of the Rákshasas, and he, when he saw me, was pleased with me and appointed me commander-in-chief. And once on a time that king of the Rákshasas went in his infatuation to attack the Gandharvas, and was there slain in battle by his foes. And then his subjects accepted my rule, so I dwelt in his city and ruled those Rákshasas, and while I was there, I suddenly beheld that elder brother of mine Aśokadatta, who had come for golden lotuses, and the sight of him put a

stop to that Rákshasa nature in me. What follows, how we were released from the power of the curse, and thereby recovered our sciences,[23] all this my elder brother will relate to you." When Vijayadatta had told this story, Aśokadatta began to tell his from the beginning: "Long ago we were Vidyádharas, and from the heaven we beheld the daughters of the hermits bathing in the Ganges near the hermitage of Gálava,[24] and then we fell suddenly in love with them, and they returned our affection; all this took place in secret, but their relations, who possessed heavenly insight, found it out and cursed us in their anger: 'May you two wicked ones be born both of you to a mortal woman, and then you shall be separated in a marvellous manner, but when the second of you shall behold the first arrived in a distant land, inaccessible to man, and shall recognise him, then you shall have your magic knowledge restored to you by the spiritual preceptor of the Vidyádharas, and you shall again become Vidyádharas, released from the curse and re-united to your friends.' Having been cursed in this way by those hermits, we were both born here in this land, and you know the whole story of our separation, and now by going to the city of the king of the Rákshasas, by virtue of my mother-in-law's magic power, to fetch the golden lotuses, I have found this younger brother of mine. And in that very place we obtained the sciences from our preceptor Prajnaptikaušika, and suddenly becoming Vidyádharas we have quickly arrived here." Thus Aśokadatta spoke, and then that hero of various adventures, delighted at having escaped the darkness of the curse, bestowed on his parents and his beloved, the daughter of the king, his own wonderful sciences of many kinds, so that their minds were suddenly awakened, and they became Vidyádharas. Then the happy hero took leave of the king, and with his brother, his parents, and his two wives, flew up, and quickly reached through the air the palace of his emperor. There he beheld him, and received his orders, and so did his brother, and he bore henceforth the name of Aśokavega, and his brother of Vijayavega. And both the brothers, having become noble Vidyádhara youths, went, accompanied by their relations, to the splendid mountain named Govindakúṭa, which now became their home. And Pratápamukuṭa the king of Benares, overpowered by wonder, placed one of the golden lotuses in the second vessel in his temple, and offered to

Śiva the other golden lotuses presented by Aśokadatta, and delighted with the honour of his connexion, considered his family highly fortunate.

“Thus divine persons become incarnate for some reason, and are born in this world of men, and possessing their native virtue and courage, attain successes which it is hard to win. So I am persuaded that you, O sea of courage, are some portion of a divinity, and will attain success as you desire; daring in achievements hard to accomplish even by the great, generally indicates a surpassingly excellent nature. Moreover the princess Kanakarekhá, whom you love, must surely be a heavenly being, otherwise being a mere child how could she desire a husband that has seen the Golden City?” Having heard in secret this long and interesting story from Vishṇudatta, Śaktideva desiring in his heart to behold the Golden City, and supporting himself with resolute patience, managed to get through the night.

1

Probably a poor pun.

2

Cf. Uttara Ráma Charita (Vidyáságara’s edition) Act III, p. 82, the speech of the river-goddess Tamasá. Lenormant in his Chaldæan Magic and Sorcery, p. 41, (English Translation), observes: “We must add to the number of those mysterious rites the use of certain enchanted drinks, which doubtless really contained medicinal drugs, as a cure for diseases, and also of magic knots, the efficacy of which was firmly believed in, even up to the middle ages.” See also Ralston’s Songs of the Russian people, p. 288.

3

In the story of the Beautiful Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth, (Thorpe, Yule-tide Stories, p. 158) an old woman sends the youth, who is in quest of the palace, to her old sister, who again refers him to an older sister dwelling in a small ruinous cottage on a mountain. In Signora von Gonzenbach’s Sicilianische Märchen, p. 86, the prince is sent by one “Einsiedler” to his brother, and this brother sends him to an older brother and he again to an older still, who is described as “*Steinalt*” see also p. 162. Compare also the story of Hasan of El Basra in Lane’s Arabian Nights. Cp. also Kaden’s Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 56. We have a similar incident in Melusine, p. 447, The story is entitled La Montagne Noire on Les Filles du Diable. See also the Pentamerone of Basile, Tale 49, Ralston’s

Russian Folk-Tales, p. 76; Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, pp. 37 and 255 and ff; and Dasent's Norse Tales, pp. 31–32, 212–213, and 330–331.

4

Wild aboriginal tribes not belonging to the Aryan race.

5

Destiny often elevates the worthless, and hurls down men of worth.

6

The usual story is that Indra cut off the wings of all except Mainâka the son of Himavat by Mená. He took refuge in the sea. Here it is represented that more escaped. So in Bhartrihari Níti Śataka st. 76 (Bombay edition).

7

For Śaktideva's imprisonment in the belly of the fish cp. Chapter 74 of this work, Indian Fairy Tales by Miss Stokes, No. XIV, and Lucian's Vera Historia, Book I. In this tale the fish swallows a ship. The crew discover countries in the monster's inside, establish a "scientific frontier," and pursue a policy of Annexation. See also Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. III, p. 104.

8

Cf. Grimm's Märchen, No. 60, Sicilianische Märchen, Nos. 39 and 40, with Dr. Köhler's notes.

9

If such a word can be applied to a place where bodies are burnt.

10

Samáśvasya, the reading of a MS. in the Sanskrit College, would perhaps give a better sense.

11

I. e. skull-cleaver.

12

Perhaps we ought to read *smritvá* for *śrutvá*, "Remembering, calling to mind."

13

So in Signora von Gonzenbach's Sicilian Stories, p. 66, a lovely woman opens with a knife the veins of the sleeping prince and drinks his blood. See also Veckenstedt's Wendische

Sagen, p. 354. Ralston in his Russian Folk-Tales, p. 17, compares this part of the story with a Russian story and that of Sidi Noman in the “Thousand and One Nights,” he refers also to Lane’s Translation, Vol. I, p. 32.

14

One is tempted to read *vikṛitám* for *vikṛitim*, but *vikṛiti* is translated by the Petersburg lexicographers as *Gespensterscheinung*. *Vikṛitám* would mean transformed into a Rákshasí.

15

Skandha when applied to the Rákshasas means shoulder.

16

Literally great flesh. “Great” seems to give the idea of unlawfulness, as in the Greek μέγα ἔργον.

17

Cp. the golden rose in Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 44.

18

Reading *tasyán* for *tasmán*.

19

Somadeva no doubt means that the hairs on the king’s body stood on end with joy.

20

According to the canons of Hindu rhetoric glory is always white.

21

Night is compared to a female goblin, (*Rákshasí*). Those creatures have fiery mouths.

22

Cp. Sicilianische Märchen collected by Laura von Gonzenbach, Vol. I, p. 160.

23

Magical sciences, in virtue of which they were Vidyádharas or science-holders.

24

A son or pupil of Viśvámitra.

Chapter XXVI.

The next morning, while Śaktideva was dwelling in the monastery in the island of Utsthala, Satyavrata, the king of the fishermen, came to him, and said to him in accordance with the promise which he had made before, "Bráhman, I have thought of a device for accomplishing your wish; there is a fair isle in the middle of the sea named Ratnakúṭa, and in it there is a temple of the adorable Vishṇu founded by the Ocean, and on the twelfth day of the white fortnight of Áshádha there is a festival there with a procession, and people come there diligently from all the islands to offer worship. It is possible that some one there might know about the Golden City, so come let us go there, for that day is near." When Satyavrata made this proposal, Śaktideva consented gladly, and took with him the provisions for the journey furnished by Vishṇudatta. Then he went on board the ship brought by Satyavrata, and quickly set out with him on the ocean-path, and as he was going with Satyavrata on the home of marvels[1] in which the monsters resembled islands, he asked the king, who was steering the ship, "What is this enormous object which is seen in the sea far off in this direction, looking like a huge mountain equipped with wings rising at will out of the sea?" Then Satyavrata said: "Bráhman, this is a banyan-tree,[2] underneath it they say that there is a gigantic whirlpool, the mouth of the submarine fire. And we must take care in passing this way to avoid that spot, for those who once enter that whirlpool never return again." While Satyavrata was thus speaking, the ship began to be carried in that very direction by the force of the wind;[3] when Satyavrata saw this, he again said to Śaktideva: "Bráhman, it is clear that the time of our destruction has now arrived, for see, this ship suddenly drifts[4] in that direction. And now I cannot anyhow prevent it, so we are certain to be cast into that deep whirlpool, as into the mouth of death, by the sea which draws us on as if it were mighty fate, the result of our deeds. And it grieves me not for myself, for whose body is continuing? But it grieves me to think that your desire has not been accomplished in spite of all your toils, so while I keep back this ship for a moment, quickly climb on to the boughs of this banyan-tree, perhaps some expedient may

present itself for saving the life of one of such noble form, for who can calculate the caprices of fate or the waves of the sea?" While the heroic Satyavrata was saying this, the ship drew near the tree; at that moment Śaktideva made a leap in his terror, and caught a broad branch of that marine banyan-tree,[5] but Satyavrata's body and ship, which he offered for another, were swept down into the whirlpool, and he entered the mouth of the submarine fire. But Śaktideva, though he had escaped to the bough of that tree, which filled the regions with its branches, was full of despair and reflected—"I have not beheld that Golden City, and I am perishing in an uninhabited place, moreover I have also brought about the death of that king of the fishermen. Or rather who can resist the awful goddess of Destiny, that ever places her foot upon the heads of all men?"[6] While the Bráhman youth was thus revolving thoughts suited to the occasion on the trunk of the tree, the day came to an end. And in the evening he saw many enormous birds, of the nature of vultures, coming into that banyan-tree from all quarters, filling the sides of heaven with their cries, and the waves of the sea, that was lashed by the wind of their broad wings, appeared as if running to meet them out of affection produced by long acquaintance.

Then he, concealed by the dense leaves, overheard the conversation of those birds perched on the branches, which was carried on in human language. One described some distant island, another a mountain, another a distant region as the place where he had gone to roam during the day, but an old bird among them said, "I went to-day to the Golden City to disport myself, and to-morrow morning I shall go there again to feed at my ease, for what is the use of my taking a long and fatiguing journey?" Śaktideva's sorrow was removed by that speech of the bird's, which resembled a sudden shower of nectar, and he thought to himself, "Bravo! that city does exist, and now I have an instrument for reaching it, this gigantic bird given me as a means of conveyance." Thinking thus, Śaktideva slowly advanced and hid himself among the back-feathers of that bird while it was asleep, and next morning, when the other birds went off in different directions, that vulture exhibiting a strange partiality to the Bráhman like destiny,[7] carrying Śaktideva unseen on his back where he had climbed up, went immediately to the Golden City to feed again.[8] Then the bird alighted in a garden, and Śaktideva got down

from its back unobserved and left it, but while he was roaming about there, he saw two women engaged in gathering flowers; he approached them slowly, who were astonished at his appearance, and he asked them, “What place is this, good ladies, and who are you?” And they said to him: “Friend, this is a city called the Golden City, a seat of the Vidyádharas, and in it there dwells a Vidyádharí, named Chandraprabhá, and know that we are the gardeners in her garden, and we are gathering these flowers for her.” Then the Bráhman said; “Obtain for me an interview with your mistress here.” When they heard this, they consented, and the two women conducted the young man to the palace in their city. When he reached it, he saw that it was glittering with pillars of precious stones, and had walls of gold,[9] as it were the very *rendezvous* of prosperity. And all the attendants, when they saw him arrived there, went and told Chandraprabhá the marvellous tidings of the arrival of a mortal; then she gave a command to the warder, and immediately had the Bráhman brought into the palace and conducted into her presence; when he entered, he beheld her there giving a feast to his eyes, like the Creator’s ability to create marvels, represented in bodily form. And she rose from her jewelled couch, while he was still far off, and honoured him with a welcome herself, overpowered by beholding him. And when he had taken a seat, she asked him, “Auspicious sir, who are you, that have come here in such guise, and how did you reach this land inaccessible to men?” When Chandraprabhá in her curiosity asked him this question, Śaktideva told her his country and his birth and his name, and he related to her how he had come in order to obtain the princess Kanakarekhá as the reward of beholding the Golden City. When Chandraprabhá heard that, she thought a little and heaved a deep sigh, and said to Śaktideva in private; “Listen, I am now about to tell you something, fortunate sir. There is in this land a king of the Vidyádharas named Śaśikhaṇḍa, and we four daughters were born to him in due course; I am the eldest Chandraprabhá, and the next is Chandrarekhá, and the third is Śaśirekhá and the fourth Śaśiprabhá. We gradually grew up to womanhood in our father’s house, and once upon a time those three sisters of mine went together to the shore of the Ganges to bathe, while I was detained at home by illness; then they began to play in the water, and in the insolence of youth they sprinkled with water a hermit named Agryatapas, while he was in the stream. That hermit in his wrath

cursed those girls, who had carried their merriment too far, saying:—"You wicked maidens, be born all of you in the world of mortals." When our father heard that, he went and pacified the great hermit, and the hermit told how the curse of each of them severally should end, and appointed to each of them in her mortal condition the power of remembering her former existence, supplemented with divine insight. Then, they having left their bodies and gone to the world of men, my father bestowed on me this city, and in his grief went to the forest, but while I was dwelling here, the goddess Durgá informed me in a dream that a mortal should become my husband. For this reason, though my father has recommended to me many Vidyádhara suitors, I have rejected them all and remained unmarried up to this day. But now I am subdued by your wonderful arrival and by your handsome form, and I give myself to you; so I will go on the approaching fourteenth day of the lunar fortnight to the great mountain called Ṛishabha to entreat my father for your sake, for all the most excellent Vidyádharas assemble there from all quarters on that day to worship the god Śiva, and my father comes there too, and after I have obtained his permission, I will return here quickly; then marry me. Now rise up."

Having said this, Chandraprabhá supplied Śaktideva with various kinds of luxuries suited to Vidyádharas, and while he remained there, he was as much refreshed, as one heated by a forest conflagration would be by bathing in a lake of nectar. And when the fourteenth day had arrived, Chandraprabhá said to him: "To-day I go to entreat my father's permission to marry you, and all my attendants will go with me. But you must not be grieved at being left alone for two days, moreover, while you remain alone in this palace, you must by no means ascend the middle terrace." When Chandraprabhá had said this to that young Bráhman, she set out on her journey leaving her heart with him, and escorted on her way by his. And Śaktideva, remaining there alone, wandered from one magnificent part of the palace to another, to delight his mind; and then he felt a curiosity to know why that daughter of the Vidyádhara had forbidden him to ascend the roof of the palace, and so he ascended that middle terrace of the palace, for men are generally inclined to do that which is forbidden: and when he had ascended it, he saw three concealed pavilions, and he entered one of them, the door of which was open, and when he had entered it he saw a certain

woman lying on a magnificently jewelled sofa, on which there was a mattress placed, whose body was hidden by a sheet. But when he lifted up the sheet and looked, he beheld lying dead in that guise that beautiful maiden, the daughter of king Paropakárin; and when he saw her there, he thought, "What is this great wonder? Is she sleeping a sleep from which there is no awaking, or is it a complete delusion on my part? That woman, for whose sake I have travelled to this foreign land, is lying here without breath, though she is alive in my own country, and she still retains her beauty unimpaired, so I may be certain that this is all a magic show, which the Creator for some reason or other exhibits to beguile me." Thinking thus, he proceeded to enter in succession those other two pavilions, and he beheld within them in the same way two other maidens; then he went in his astonishment out of the palace, and sitting down he remained looking at a very beautiful lake below it, and on its bank he beheld a horse with a jewelled saddle; so he descended immediately from where he was, and out of curiosity approached its side; and seeing that it had no rider on it, he tried to mount it, and that horse struck him with its heel and flung him into the lake. And after he had sunk beneath the surface of the lake, he quickly rose up to his astonishment from the middle of a garden-lake in his own city of Vardhamána; and he saw himself suddenly standing in the water of a lake in his own native city, like the *kumuda* plants, miserable without the light of the moon.[10] He reflected "How different is this city of Vardhamána from that city of the Vidyádharas! Alas! what is this great display of marvellous delusion? Alas! I, ill-fated wretch, am wonderfully deceived by some strange power; or rather, who on this earth knows what is the nature of destiny?" Thus reflecting Śaktideva rose from the midst of the lake, and went in a state of wonder to his own father's house. There he made a false representation, giving as an excuse for his absence that he had been himself going about with a drum, and being gladly welcomed by his father he remained with his delighted relations; and on the second day he went outside his house, and heard again these words being proclaimed in the city by beat of drum,—"Let whoever, being a Bráhman or a Kshatriya, has really seen the Golden City, say so: the king will give him his daughter, and make him crown-prince." Then Śaktideva hearing that, having successfully accomplished the task, again went and said to those who were proclaiming

this by beat of drum,—"I have seen that city." And they took him before that king, and the king recognising him, supposed that he was again saying what was untrue, as he had done before. But he said—"If I say what is false, and if I have not really seen that city, I desire now to be punished with death; let the princess herself examine me." When he said this, the king went and had his daughter summoned by his servants. She, when she saw that Bráhman, whom she had seen before, again said to the king; "My father, he will tell us some falsehood again." Then Śaktideva said to her, —"Princess, whether I speak truly or falsely, be pleased to explain this point which excites my curiosity. How is it that I saw you lying dead on a sofa in the golden city, and yet see you here alive?" When the princess Kanakarekhá had been asked this question by Śaktideva, and furnished with this token of his truth, she said in the presence of her father: "It is true that this great-hearted one has seen that city, and in a short time he will be my husband, when I return to dwell there. And there he will marry my other three sisters; and he will govern as king the Vidyádharas in that city. But I must to-day enter my own body and that city, for I have been born here in your house owing to the curse of a hermit, who moreover appointed that my curse should end in the following way, 'When you shall be wearing a human form, and a man, having beheld your body in the Golden City, shall reveal the truth, then you shall be freed from your curse, and that man shall become your husband.' And though I am in a human body I remember my origin, and I possess supernatural knowledge, so I will now depart to my own Vidyádhara home, to a happy fortune." Saying this the princess left her body, and vanished, and a confused cry arose in the palace. And Śaktideva, who had now lost both the maidens, thinking over the two beloved ones whom he had gained by various difficult toils, and who yet were not gained, and not only grieved but blaming himself, with his desires not accomplished, left the king's palace and in a moment went through the following train of thought: "Kanakarekhá said that I should attain my desire; so why do I despond, for success depends upon courage? I will again go to the Golden City by the same path, and destiny will without doubt again provide me with a means of getting there." Thus reflecting Śaktideva set out from that city, for resolute men who have once undertaken a project do not turn back without accomplishing their object. And journeying on, he again reached after a long time that city named

Viṭankapura, situated on the shore of the sea. And there he saw the merchant coming to meet him, with whom he originally went to sea, and whose ship was wrecked there. He thought, "Can this be Samudradatta, and how can he have escaped after falling into the sea? But how can it be otherwise? I myself am a strange illustration of its possibility." While he approached the merchant thinking thus, the merchant recognised him, and embraced him in his delight, and he took him to his own house and after entertaining him, asked him—"When the ship foundered, how did you escape from the sea?" Śaktideva then told him his whole history, how, after being swallowed by a fish, he first reached the island of Utsthala, and then he asked the good merchant in his turn: "Tell me also how you escaped from the sea." Then the merchant said, "After I fell into the sea that time, I remained floating for three days supported on a plank. Then a ship suddenly came that way, and I, crying out, was descried by those in her, and taken on board her. And when I got on board, I saw my own father who had gone to a distant island long before, and was now returning after a long absence. My father, when he saw me, recognised me, and embracing me asked my story with tears, and I told it him as follows—'My father, you had been away for a long time and had not returned, and so I set about trading myself, thinking it was my proper employment; then on my way to a distant island my ship was wrecked, and I was plunged in the sea, and you have found me and rescued me.' When I had said this to him, my father asked me reproachfully —'Why do you run such risks? For I possess wealth, my son, and I am engaged in acquiring it, see, I have brought you back this ship full of gold.' Thus spoke my father to me, and comforting me took me home in that very ship to my own dwelling in Viṭankapura." When Śaktideva had heard this account from the merchant, and had rested that night, he said to him on the next day—"Great merchant, I must once more go to the island of Utsthala, so tell me how I can get there now." The merchant said to him—"Some agents of mine are preparing to go there to-day, so go on board the ship, and set out with them." Thereupon the Bráhman set out with the merchant's agents to go to that island of Utsthala, and by chance the sons of the king of the fishermen saw him there, and when they were near him, they recognised him and said,—"Bráhman, you went with our father to search here and there for the Golden City, and how is it that you have come back here to-day alone?" Then Śaktideva said, "Your father, when out at sea, fell into the

mouth of the submarine fire, his ship having been dragged down by the current." When those sons of the fisher-king heard that, they were angry and said to their servants—"Bind this wicked man, for he has murdered our father. Otherwise how could it have happened that, when two men were in the same ship, one should have fallen into the mouth of the submarine fire, and the other escaped it. So we must to-morrow morning sacrifice our father's murderer in front of the goddess Durgá, treating him as a victim." Having said this to their servants, those sons of the fisher-king bound Śaktideva, and took him off to the awful temple of Durgá, the belly of which was enlarged, as if it continually swallowed many lives, and which was like the mouth of death devouring *tamála* with projecting teeth. There Śaktideva remained bound during the night in fear for his life, and he thus prayed to the goddess Durgá,—"Adorable one, granter of boons, thou didst deliver the world with thy form which was like the orb of the rising sun, appearing as if it had drunk its fill of the blood gushing freely from the throat of the giant Ruru;[11] therefore deliver me, thy constant votary, who have come a long distance out of desire to obtain my beloved, but am now fallen without cause into the power of my enemies." Thus he prayed to the goddess, and with difficulty went off to sleep, and in the night he saw a woman come out of the inner cell of the temple; that woman of heavenly beauty came up to him, and said with a compassionate manner, "Do not fear, Śaktideva, no harm shall happen to you. The sons of that fisher-king have a sister named Vindumatí, that maiden shall see you in the morning and claim you for a husband, and you must agree to that, she will bring about your deliverance: and she is not of the fisher-caste: for she is a celestial female degraded in consequence of a curse." When he heard this, he woke up, and in the morning that fisher-maiden came to the temple, a shower of nectar to his eyes. And announcing herself, she came up to him and said in her eagerness, "I will have you released from this prison, therefore do what I desire. For I have refused all these suitors approved of by my brothers, but the moment I saw you, love arose in my soul, therefore marry me." When Vindumatí, the daughter of the fisher-king, said this to him, Śaktideva remembering his dream, accepted her proposal gladly; she procured his release, and he married that fair one, whose wish was gratified by her brothers receiving the command to do so from Durgá in a dream.

And he lived there with that heavenly creature that had assumed a human form, obtained solely by his merits in a former life, as if with happy success. And one day, as he was standing upon the roof of his palace, he saw a Chaṇḍála coming along with a load of cow's flesh, and he said to his beloved—"Look, slender one! how can this evildoer eat the flesh of cows, those animals that are the object of veneration to the three worlds?" Then Vindumatí, hearing that, said to her husband; "The wickedness of this act is inconceivable, what can we say in palliation of it. I have been born in this race of fishermen for a very small offence owing to the might of cows, but what can atone for this man's sin?" When she said this, Śaktideva said to her;—"That is wonderful: tell me, my beloved, who you are, and how you came to be born in a family of fishermen." When he asked this with much importunity, she said to him, "I will tell you, though it is a secret, if you promise to do what I ask you." He affirmed with an oath; "Yes, I will do what you ask me."

She then told him first what she desired him to do; "In this island you will soon marry another wife, and she, my husband, will soon became pregnant, and in the eighth month of her pregnancy you must cut her open and take out the child, and you must feel no compunction about it." Thus she said, and he was astonished, exclaiming, "What can this mean?" and he was full of horror, but that daughter of the fisher-king went on to say, "This request of mine you must perform for a certain reason; now hear who I am, and how I came to be born in a family of fishermen. Long ago in a former birth I was a certain Vidyádharí, and now I have fallen into the world of men in consequence of a curse. For when I was a Vidyádharí, I bit asunder some strings with my teeth and fastened them to lyres, and it is owing to that that I have been born here in the house of a fisherman. So, if such a degradation is brought about by touching the mouth with the dry sinew of a cow, much more terrible must be the result of eating cow's flesh!" While she was saying this, one of her brothers rushed in in a state of perturbation, and said to Śaktideva, "Rise up, an enormous boar has appeared from somewhere or other, and after slaying innumerable persons is coming this way in its pride, towards us." When Śaktideva heard that, he descended from his palace, and mounting a horse, spear in hand,[12] he galloped to meet the boar, and struck it the moment he saw it, but when the hero attacked him the boar fled, and

managed, though wounded, to enter a cavern: and Śaktideva entered there in pursuit of him, and immediately beheld a great garden-shrubbery with a house. And when he was there, he beheld a maiden of very wonderful beauty, coming in a state of agitation to meet him, as if it were the goddess of the wood advancing to receive him out of love.

And he asked her,—"Auspicious lady, who are you, and why are you perturbed?"—Hearing that, the lovely one thus answered him; "There is a king of the name of Chaṇḍavikrama, lord of the southern region. I am his daughter, auspicious sir, a maiden named Vindurekhá. But a wicked Daitya, with flaming eyes, carried me off by treachery from my father's house to-day, and brought me here. And he, desiring flesh, assumed the form of a boar, and sallied out, but while he was still hungry, he was pierced with a spear to-day by some hero; and as soon as he was pierced, he came in here and died. And I rushed out and escaped without being outraged by him." Then Śaktideva said to her, "Then why all this perturbation? For I slew that boar with a spear, princess." Then she said, "Tell me who you are," and he answered her "I am a Bráhman named Śaktideva." Then she said to him, "You must accordingly become my husband," and the hero consenting went out of the cavern with her. And when he arrived at home, he told it to his wife Vindumatí, and with her consent he married that princess Vindurekhá. So, while Śaktideva was living there with his two wives, one of his wives Vindurekhá became pregnant; and in the eighth month of her pregnancy, the first wife Vindumatí came up to him of her own accord and said to him, "Hero, remember what you promised me; this is the eighth month of the pregnancy of your second wife: so go and cut her open and bring the child here, for you cannot act contrary to your own word of honour." When she said this to Śaktideva, he was bewildered by affection and compassion; but being bound by his promise he remained for a short time unable to give an answer; at last he departed in a state of agitation and went to Vindurekhá; and she seeing him come with troubled air, said to him, "Husband, why are you despondent to-day? Surely I know; you have been commissioned by Vindumatí to take out the child with which I am pregnant; and that you must certainly do, for there is a certain object in view, and there is no cruelty in it, so do not feel compunction; in proof of it, hear the following story of Devadatta."

Story of Devadatta.

Long ago there lived in the city of Kambuka a Bráhman named Haridatta; and the son of that auspicious man, who was named Devadatta, though he studied in his boyhood, was, as a young man, exclusively addicted to the vice of gaming. As he had lost his clothes and everything by gambling, he was not able to return to his father's house, so he entered once on a time an empty temple. And there he saw alone a great ascetic, named Jálapáda, who had attained many objects by magic, and he was muttering spells in a corner. So he went up to him slowly and bowed before him, and the ascetic, abandoning his habit of not speaking to any one, greeted him with a welcome; and after he had remained there a moment, the ascetic, seeing his trouble, asked him the cause, and he told him of his affliction produced by the loss of his wealth, which had been dissipated in gambling. Then the ascetic said to Devadatta; "My child, there is not wealth enough in the whole world to satisfy gamblers; but if you desire to escape from your calamity, do what I tell you, for I have made preparations to attain the rank of a Vidyádhara; so help me to accomplish this, O man of fortunate destiny,[13] you have only to obey my orders and then your calamities will be at an end." When the ascetic said this to him, Devadatta promised to obey him, and immediately took up his residence with him. And the next day the ascetic went into a corner of the cemetery and performed worship by night under a *banyan*-tree, and offered rice boiled in milk, and flung portions of the oblation towards the four cardinal points, after worshipping them, and said to the Bráhman who was in attendance on him; "You must worship here in this style every day, and say 'Vidyutprabhá, accept this worship.' And then I am certain that we shall both attain our ends;" having said this the ascetic went with him to his own house. Then Devadatta, consenting, went every day and duly performed worship at the foot of that tree, according to his instructions. And one day, at the end of his worship, the tree suddenly clave open, and a heavenly nymph came out of it before his

eyes, and said, “My good sir, my mistress summons you to come to her.” And then she introduced him into the middle of that tree. When he entered it, he beheld a heavenly palace made of jewels, and a beautiful lady within it reclining upon a sofa. And he immediately thought—“This may be the success of our enterprise incarnate in bodily form,” but while he was thinking thus, that beautiful lady, receiving him graciously, rose with limbs on which the ornaments rang as if to welcome him, and seated him on her own sofa. And she said to him, “Illustrious sir, I am the maiden daughter of a king of the Yakshas, named Ratnavarsha, and I am known by the name of Vidyutprabhá; and this great ascetic Jálapáda was endeavouring to gain my favour, to him I will give the attainment of his ends, but you are the lord of my life. So, as you see my affection, marry me.” When she said this, Devadatta consented, and did so. And he remained there some time, but when she became pregnant, he went to the great ascetic with the intention of returning, and in a state of terror he told him all that had happened, and the ascetic, desiring his own success, said to him, “My good sir, you have acted quite rightly, but go and cut open that Yakshí and taking out the embryo, bring it quickly here.” The ascetic said this to him, and then reminded him of his previous promise, and being dismissed by him, the Bráhman returned to his beloved, and while he stood there despondent with reflecting on what he had to do, the Yakshí Vidyutprabhá of her own accord said to him;—“My husband, why are you cast down? I know, Jálapáda has ordered you to cut me open, so cut me open and take out this child, and if you refuse, I will do it myself, for there is an object in it.” Though she said this to him, the Bráhman could not bring himself to do it, then she cut herself open and took out the child, and flung it down before him and said, “Take this, which will enable him who consumes it, to obtain the rank of a Vidyádhara. But I, though properly a Vidyádharí, have been born as a Yakshí owing to a curse, and this is the appointed end of my curse, strange as it is, for I remember my former existence. Now I depart to my proper home, but we two shall meet again in that place.” Saying this Vidyutprabhá vanished from his eyes. And Devadatta took the child with sorrowful mind, and went to that ascetic Jálapáda, and gave it to him, as that which would ensure the success of his incantations, for good men do not even in calamity give way to selfishness. The great ascetic divided the child’s flesh, and sent Devadatta to the wood to worship Durgá in her terrific form. And when the

Bráhman came back after presenting an oblation, he saw that the ascetic had made away with all the flesh. And while he said—"What, have you consumed it all?" the treacherous Jálapáda, having become a Vidyádhara, ascended to heaven. When he had flown up, with sword blue as the sky, adorned with necklace and bracelet, Devadatta reflected, "Alas! how I have been deceived by this evil-minded one! Or rather on whom does not excessive compliance entail misfortune? So how can I revenge myself on him for this ill turn, and how can I reach him who has become a Vidyádhara? Well! I have no other resource in this matter except propitiating a Vetála."[14] After he had made up his mind to do this, he went at night to the cemetery. There he summoned at the foot of a tree a Vetála into the body of a man, and after worshipping him, he made an oblation of human flesh to him. And as that Vetála was not satisfied, and would not wait for him to bring more, he prepared to cut off his own flesh in order to gratify him. And immediately that Vetála said to that brave man;—"I am pleased with this courage of yours, do not act recklessly. So, my good sir, what desire have you for me to accomplish for you?" When the Vetála said this, the hero answered him; "Take me to the dwelling-place of the Vidyádharas, where is the ascetic Jálapáda, who deceives those that repose confidence in him, in order that I may punish him." The Vetála consented, and placing him on his shoulder, carried him through the air in a moment to the dwelling of the Vidyádharas; and there he saw Jálapáda in a palace, seated on a jewelled throne, elated at being a king among the Vidyádharas, endeavouring by various speeches to induce that Vidyutprabhá,[15] who had obtained the rank of a Vidyádharí, to marry him in spite of her reluctance. And the moment that the young man saw him, he attacked him with the help of the Vetála, being to the eyes of the delighted Vidyutprabhá, what the moon, the repository of nectar, is to the partridges.[16] And Jálapáda beholding him suddenly arrived in this way, dropped his sword in his fright, and fell from his throne on the floor. But Devadatta, though he had obtained his sword, did not slay him, for the great-hearted feel pity even for their enemies when they are terrified.

And when the Vetála wanted to kill him, he dissuaded him, and said, "Of what use will it be to us to kill this miserable heretic? So take him and place

him in his own house on earth, it is better that this wicked skull-bearing ascetic should remain there." At the very moment that Devadatta was saying this, the goddess Durgá descended from heaven and appeared to him, and said to him who bent before her, "My son, I am satisfied with thee now, on account of this incomparable courage of thine; so I give thee on the spot the rank of king of the Vidyádharas." Having said this, she bestowed the magic sciences[17] on him, and immediately disappeared. And the Vetála immediately took Jálapáda, whose splendour fell from him, and placed him on earth; (wickedness does not long ensure success;) and Devadatta accompanied by Vidyutprabhá, having obtained that sovereignty of the Vidyádharas, flourished in his kingdom.

Having told this story to her husband Śaktideva, the softly-speaking Vindurekhá again said to him with eagerness; "Such necessities do arise, so cut out this child of mine as Vindumatí told you, without remorse." When Vindurekhá said this, Śaktideva was afraid of doing wrong, but a voice sounded from heaven at this juncture, "O Śaktideva, take out this child without fear, and seize it by the neck with your hand, then it will turn into a sword." Having heard this divine voice, he cut her open; and quickly taking out the child, he seized it by the throat with his hand; and no sooner did he seize it, than it became a sword in his hand; like the long hair of Good Fortune seized by him with an abiding grasp. Then that Bráhman quickly became a Vidyádhara, and Vindurekhá that moment disappeared. And when he saw that, he went, as he was, to his second wife Vindumatí, and told her the whole story. She said to him, "My lord, we are three sisters, the daughter of a king of the Vidyádharas, who have been banished from Kanakapurí in consequence of a curse. The first was Kanakarekhá, the termination of whose curse you beheld in the city of Vardhamána; and she has gone to that city of hers, her proper home. For such was the strange end of her curse, according to the dispensation of fate, and I am the third sister, and now my curse is at an end. And this very day I must go to that city of mine, my beloved, for there our Vidyádhara bodies remain. And my elder sister, Chandraprabhá, is dwelling there; so you also must come there quickly by virtue of the magic power of your sword. And you shall rule in that city, after obtaining all four of us as wives, bestowed upon you by our father who has retired to the forest, and others in addition to us."

Thus Vindumatí declared the truth about herself, and Śaktideva consenting, went again to the City of Gold, this time through the air, together with that Vindumatí. And when he arrived, he again saw those three darlings of his bending before him, Kanakarekhá and the others, after entering with their souls, as was fitting, those heavenly female bodies, which he saw on a former occasion extended lifeless on the couches in those three pavilions. And he saw that fourth sister there, Chandraprabhá, who had performed auspicious ceremonies, and was drinking in his form with an eye rendered eager by seeing him after so long an absence. His arrival was joyfully hailed by the servants, who were occupied in their several duties, as well as by the ladies, and when he entered the private apartments, that Chandraprabhá said to him—"Noble sir, here is that princess Kanakarekhá, who was seen by you in the city of Vardhamána, my sister called Chandrarekhá. And here is that daughter of the fisher king, Vindumatí, whom you first married in the island of Utsthala, my sister Śaśirekhá. And here is my youngest sister Śaśiprabhá, the princess who after that was brought there by the Dánava, and then became your wife. So now come, successful hero, with us into the presence of our father, and quickly marry us all, when bestowed upon you by him."

When Chandraprabhá had swiftly and boldly uttered this decree of Cupid, Śaktideva went with those four to the recesses of the wood to meet their father, and their father, the king of the Vidyádharas, having been informed of the facts by all his daughters who bowed at his feet, and also moved by a divine voice, with delighted soul gave them all at once to Śaktideva. Immediately after that, he bestowed on Śaktideva his opulent realm in the City of Gold, and all his magic sciences, and he gave the successful hero his name, by which he was henceforth known among his Vidyádharas. And he said to him; "No one else shall conquer thee, but from the mighty lord of Vatsa there shall spring a universal emperor, who shall reign among you here under the title of Naraváhanadatta and be thy superior, to him alone wilt thou have to submit." With these words the mighty lord of the Vidyádharas, named Śaśikhaṇḍapada, dismissed his son-in-law from the wood where he was practising asceticism, after entertaining him kindly, that he might go with his wives to his own capital. Then that Śaktivega, having become a king, entered the City of Gold, that glory of the Vidyádhara

world, proceeding thither with his wives. Living in that city, the palaces of which gleamed with fabric of gold, which seemed on account of its great height to be the condensed rays of the sun falling in brightness, he enjoyed exceeding happiness with those fair-eyed wives, in charming gardens, the lakes of which had steps made out of jewels.

Having thus related his wonderful history, the eloquent Śaktivega went on to say to the king of Vatsa, “Know me, O lord of Vatsa, ornament of the lunar race, to be that very Śaktideva come here, full of desire to behold the two feet of your son who is just born, and is destined to be our new emperor. Thus I have obtained, though originally a man, the rank of sovereign among the Vidyádharas by the favour of Śiva: and now, O king, I return to my own home; I have seen our future lord; may you enjoy unfailing felicity.”

After finishing his tale, Śaktivega said this with clasped hands, and receiving permission to depart, immediately flew up into the sky like the moon in brightness, and then the king of Vatsa in the company of his wives, surrounded by his ministers, and with his young son, enjoyed, in his own capital a state of indescribable felicity.

1

I.e. the Ocean.

2

Compare the ἐρινεὸς μέγας φύλλοισι τεθηλὼς in the Odyssey, Book XII., 103.

3

The metre of this line is incorrect. There is a superfluous syllable. Perhaps we ought to read *ambuvegataḥ*, by the current.

4

I think we ought to read *adhaḥ*, downwards.

5

Cp. Odyssey XII., 432

αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ποτὶ μακρὸν ἐρινεὸν ὑψόσ’ ἀερθείς

τῷ προσφὺς ἐχόμην ὡς νυκτερίς.

See also Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. III, p. 7.

6

ἀλλ' ἄρα ἥ γε κατ' ἀνδρῶν κράατα βαίνει. Iliad XIX, v. 93.

7

Pakshapáta also means flapping of wings. So there is probably a pun here.

8

So in the Swedish tale "The Beautiful Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth," the Phœnix carries the youth on his back to the Palace. Dr. Rost compares Arabian Nights, Night 77. See Lane, Vol. III, p. 17 and compare the Halcyon in Lucian's Vera Historia, Book II. 40, (Tauchnitz edition,) whose nest is seven miles in circumference, and whose egg is probably the prototype of that in the Arabian Nights. Cp. the Glücksvogel in Prym and Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 269, and the eagle which carries Chaucer in the House of Fame. In the story of Lalitánga, extracted by Professor Nilmani Mukerjea from the Kathá Kosha, a collection of Jaina stories, a Bhárunḍa carries the hero to the city of Champá. There he cures the princess by a remedy, the knowledge of which he had acquired by overhearing a conversation among the birds.

9

We should read *sauvarnabhitti*.

10

Or Chandraprabhá, whose name means "light of the moon." The forbidden chamber will at once remind the reader of Perrault's La Barbe Bleue. The lake incident is exactly similar to one in Chapter 81 of this work and to that of Kandarpaketu in the Hitopadeśa. See Ralston's Russian Folk-tales page 99. He refers to this story and compares it with that of the Third Royal Mendicant, Lane I, 160–173, and gives many European equivalents. See also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 214. Many parallels will be found in the notes to Grimm's Märchen, Nos. 3 and 46; to which Ralston refers in his exhaustive note. In Wirt Sikes's British Goblins, p. 84, a draught from a forbidden well has the same effect.

11

The *Dánavas* are a class of demons or giants. Ruru was a Dánava slain by Durgá.

12

In Śloka 172 b. I conjecture *Śaktihasto* for *Śaktidevo*, as we read in śl. 181 b. that the boar was wounded with a *śakti*.

13

Literally, having auspicious marks.

14

A spirit that enters dead bodies.

15

I read *Vidyutprabhám* for *Vidyádharím*. But perhaps it is unnecessary.

16

The Chakora is said to subsist upon moonbeams.

17

So making him a Vidyádhara or “magic-knowledge-holder.”

Book VI.

Chapter XXVII.

May the god with the face of an elephant,[1] who appears, with his head bowed down and then raised, to be continually threatening the hosts of obstacles, protect you.

I adore the god of Love, pierced with the showers of whose arrows even the body of Śiva seems to bristle with dense thorns, when embraced by Umá.

Now hear the heavenly adventures which Naraváhanadatta, speaking of himself in the third person, told from the very beginning, after he had obtained the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas, and had been questioned about the story of his life on some occasion or other by the seven Ṛishis and their wives.

Then that Naraváhanadatta being carefully brought up by his father, passed his eighth year. The prince lived at that time with the sons of the ministers, being instructed in sciences, and sporting in gardens. And the queen Vásavadattá and Padmávatí also on account of their exceeding affection were devoted to him day and night. He was distinguished by a body which was sprung from a noble stock, and bent under the weight of his growing virtues, and gradually filled out, as also by a bow which was made of a good bamboo, which bent as the string rose, and slowly arched itself into a crescent.[2] And his father the king of Vatsa spent his time in wishes for his marriage and other happiness, delightful because so soon to bear fruit. Now hear what happened at this point of the story.

Story of the merchant’s son in Takshaśilá.

There was once a city named Takshaśilá[3] on the banks of the Vitastá, the reflection of whose long line of palaces gleamed in the waters of the river, as if it were the capital of the lower regions come to gaze at its splendour. In it there dwelt a king named Kalingadatta, a distinguished Buddhist, all whose subjects were devoted to the great Buddha the bridegroom of Tárá.[4] His city shone with splendid Buddhist temples densely crowded together, as if with the horns of pride elevated because it had no rival upon earth. He not only cherished his subjects like a father, but also himself taught them knowledge like a spiritual guide. Moreover there was in that city a certain rich Buddhist merchant called Vitastadatta, who was exclusively devoted to the honouring of Buddhist mendicants. And he had a son, a young man named Ratnadatta. And he was always expressing his detestation of his father, calling him an impious man. And when his father said to him, "Son, why do you blame me?"—the merchant's son answered with bitter scorn, "My father, you abandon the religion of the three Vedas and cultivate irreligion. For you neglect the Bráhmans and are always honouring Śramaṇas.[5] What have you to do with that Buddhist discipline, which all kinds of low-caste men resort to, to gratify their desire to have a convent to dwell in, released from bathing and other strict ordinances, loving to feed whenever it is convenient,[6] rejecting the Bráhmanical lock and other prescribed methods of doing the hair, quite at ease with only a rag round their loins?" When the merchant heard that he said—"Religion is not confined to one form; a transcendent religion is a different thing from a religion that embraces the whole world. People say that Bráhmanism too consists in avoiding passion and other sins, in truth, and compassion to creatures, not in quarrelling causelessly with one's relations.[7] Moreover you ought not to blame generally that school which I follow, which extends security to all creatures, on account of the fault of an individual. Nobody questions the propriety of conferring benefits, and my beneficence consists simply in giving security to creatures. So, if I take exceeding pleasure in this system, the principal characteristic of which is abstinence from injuring any creature, and which brings liberation, wherein am I irreligious in doing so?" When his father said this to him, that merchant's son obstinately refused to admit it, and only blamed his father all the more. Then his father, in disgust, went and reported the whole matter to the king Kalingadatta,

who superintended the religion of his people. The king, for his part, summoned on some pretext the merchant's son into his judgement-hall, and feigning an anger he did not feel, said to the executioner, "I have heard that this merchant's son is wicked and addicted to horrible crimes, so slay him without mercy as a corrupter of the realm." When the king had said this, the father interceded, and then the king appointed that the execution should be put off for two months, in order that he might learn virtue, and entrusted the merchant's son to the custody of his father, to be brought again into his presence at the end of that time. The merchant's son, when he had been taken home to his father's house, was distracted with fear, and kept thinking, "What crime can I have committed against the king?" and pondering over his causeless execution which was to take place at the end of two months; and so he could get no sleep day or night, and was exhausted by taking less than his usual food at all times. Then, the reprieve of two months having expired, that merchant's son was again taken, thin and pale, into the presence of the king. And the king seeing him in such a depressed state said to him—"Why have you become so thin? Did I order you not to eat?" When the merchant's son heard that, he said to the king —"I forgot myself for fear, much more my food. Ever since I heard your majesty order my execution, I have been thinking every day of death slowly advancing." When the merchant's son said this, the king said to him, "I have by an artifice made you teach yourself what the fear of death is.[8] Such must be the fear which every living creature entertains of death, and tell me what higher piety can there be than the benefit of preserving creatures from that? So I shewed you this in order that you might acquire religion and the desire of salvation,[9] for a wise man being afraid of death strives to attain salvation. Therefore you must not blame your father who follows this religion." When the merchant's son heard this, he bowed and said to the king—"Your majesty has made me a blessed man by teaching me religion, and now a desire for salvation has arisen in me, teach me that also, my lord." When the king heard that, as it was a feast in the city, he gave a vessel full of oil into the hand of the merchant's son and said to him, "Take this vessel in your hand and walk all round this city, and you must avoid spilling a single drop of it, my son; if you spill one drop of it, these men will immediately cut you down."[10] Having said this, the king dismissed the

merchant's son to walk round the city, ordering men with drawn swords to follow him. The merchant's son, in his fear, took care to avoid spilling a drop of oil, and having perambulated that city with much difficulty, returned into the presence of the king. The king, when he saw that he had brought the oil without spilling it, said to him: "Did you see any one to-day, as you went along in your perambulation of the city?" When the merchant's son heard that, he clasped his hands, and said to the king—"In truth, my lord, I neither saw nor heard any thing, for at the time when I was perambulating the city I had my undivided attention fixed on avoiding spilling a drop of oil, lest the swords should descend upon me." When the merchant's son said this, the king said to him; "Because your whole soul was intent on looking at the oil, you saw nothing. So practise religious contemplation with the same undivided attention. For a man, who with intent concentration averts his attention from all outward operations, has intuition of the truth, and after that intuition he is not entangled again in the meshes of works. Thus I have given you in a compendious form instruction in the doctrine of salvation." Thus the king spoke and dismissed him, and the merchant's son fell at his feet and went home rejoicing to his father's house, having attained all his objects. This Kalingadatta, who superintended in this way the religion of his subjects, had a wife named Tárádattá, of equal birth with the king, who being politic and well-conducted, was such an ornament to the king as language is to a poet, who delights in numerous illustrations. She was meritorious for her bright qualities and was inseparable from that beloved king, being to him what the moonlight is to the moon, the receptacle of nectar. The king lived happily there with that queen, and passed his days like Indra with Śachí in heaven.

Story of the Apsaras Surabhidattá.

At this point of my tale Indra, for some cause or other, had a great feast in heaven. All the Apsarases assembled there to dance, except one beautiful Apsaras named Surabhidattá, who was not to be seen there. Then Indra by

his divine power of insight perceived her associating in secret with a certain Vidyádhara in Nandana. When Indra saw it, wrath arose in his bosom, and he thought—"Ah! these two, blinded with love, are both wicked: the Apsaras, because forgetting us she acts in a wilful manner, the Vidyádhara, because he enters the domain of the gods and commits improprieties. Or rather, what fault is that miserable Vidyádhara guilty of? For she has enticed him here, ensnaring him with her beauty. A lovely one will sweep away with the sea of her beauty, flowing between the lofty banks of her breasts, even one who can restrain his passions. Was not even Śiva disturbed long ago when he beheld Tilottamá, whom the Creator made by taking an atom from all the noblest beings?[11] And did not Viśvámitra leave his asceticism when he beheld Menaká? And did not Yayáti come to old age for love of Śarmishṭá? So this young Vidyádhara has committed no crime in allowing himself to be allured by an Apsaras with her beauty, which is able to bewilder the three worlds.[12] But this heavenly nymph is in fault, wicked creature, void of virtue, who has deserted the gods, and introduced this fellow into Nandana." Thus reflecting, the lover of Ahalyá[13] spared the Vidyádhara youth, but cursed that Apsaras in the following words: "Wicked one, take upon thyself a mortal nature, but after thou hast obtained a daughter not sprung from the womb, and hast accomplished the object of the gods, thou shalt return to this heaven."

In the meanwhile Tárádattá, the consort of that king in the city of Takshaśilá, reached the period favourable for procreation. And Surabhidattá, the Apsaras who had been degraded from heaven by the curse of Indra, was conceived in her, giving beauty to her whole body. Then Tárádattá beheld in a dream a flame descending from heaven and entering into her womb; and in the morning she described with astonishment her dream to her husband, the king Kalingadatta; and he being pleased said to her,—"Queen, heavenly beings owing to a curse fall into human births, so I am persuaded that this is some divine being conceived in you. For beings, bound by various works, good and evil, are ever revolving in the state of mundane existence in these three worlds, to receive fruits blessed and miserable." When the queen was thus addressed by the king, she took the opportunity of saying to him; "It is true, actions, good and bad, have a

wonderful power, producing the perception of joy and sorrow,[14] and in proof of it I will tell you this illustration, listen to me."

Story of king Dharmadatta and his wife Nágaśrí.

There once lived a king named Dharmadatta, the lord of Kośala; he had a queen named Nágaśrí, who was devoted to her husband and was called Arundhatí on the earth, as, like her, she was the chief of virtuous women. And in course of time, O slayer of your enemies, I was born as the daughter of that king by that queen; then, while I was a mere child, that mother of mine suddenly remembered her former birth and said to her husband; "O king, I have suddenly to-day remembered my former birth; it is disagreeable to me not to tell it, but if I do tell it, it will cause my death, because they say that, if a person suddenly remembers his or her former birth and tells it, it surely brings death. Therefore, king, I feel excessively despondent." When his queen said this to him, the king answered her; "My beloved, I, like you, have suddenly remembered my former birth; therefore tell me yours, and I will tell you mine, let what will be, be; for who can alter the decree of fate." When thus urged by her husband, the queen said to him, "If you press the matter, king, then I will tell you, listen.

"In my former birth I was a well-conducted female slave in this very land, in the house of a certain Bráhman named Mádhava. And in that birth I had a husband named Devadása, an excellent hired servant in the house of a certain merchant. And so we two dwelled there, having built a house that suited us, living on the cooked rice brought from the houses of our respective masters. A water vessel and a pitcher, a broom and a brazier, and I and my husband, formed three couples. We lived happy and contented in our house into which the demon of quarrelling never entered, eating the little food that remained over after we had made offerings to the gods, the manes and guests.

“And any clothes which either of us had over, we gave to some poor person or other. Then there arose a grievous famine in our country, and owing to that the allowance of food, which we had to receive every day, began to come to us in small quantities. Then our bodies became attenuated by hunger, and we began to despond in mind, when once on a time at meal-time there arrived a weary Bráhman guest. To him we both gave all our own food, as much as we had, though we were in danger of our lives. When the Bráhman had eaten and departed, my husband’s breath left him, as if angry that he respected a guest more than it. And then I heaped up in honour of my husband a suitable pyre, and ascended it, and so laid down the load of my own calamity. Then I was born in a royal family, and I became your queen, for the tree of good deeds produces to the righteous inconceivably glorious fruit.” When his queen said this to him, the king Dharmadatta said —“Come, my beloved, I am that husband of thine in a former birth; I was that very Devadása the merchant’s servant, for I have remembered this moment this former existence of mine.” Having said this, and mentioned the tokens of his own identity, the king, despondent and yet glad, suddenly went with his queen to heaven.

“In this way my parents went to another world, and my mother’s sister brought me to her own house to rear me, and while I was unmarried, there came there a certain Bráhman guest, and my mother’s sister ordered me to wait on him. And I diligently strove to please him as Kuntí to please Durvásas, and owing to a boon conferred by him, I obtained you, a virtuous husband. Thus good fortune is the result of virtue, owing to which my parents were both born at the same time in royal families, and also remembered their former birth.” Having heard this speech of the queen Tárádattá, the king Kalingadatta, who was exclusively devoted to righteousness, answered her, “It is true, a trifling act of righteousness duly performed will bring much fruit, and in proof of this, O queen, hear the ancient tale of the seven Bráhmans.”

Story of the seven Bráhmans who devoured a cow in time of famine.[15]

Long ago, in a city called Kuṇḍina, a certain Bráhman teacher had for pupils seven sons of Bráhmans. Then that teacher, under pressure of famine, sent those pupils to ask his father-in-law, who was rich in cows, to give him one. And those pupils of his went, with their bellies pinched by hunger, to his father-in-law, who dwelt in another land, and asked him, as their teacher had ordered them, for a cow. He gave them one cow to support them, but the miserly fellow did not give them food, though they were hungry. Then they took the cow, and as they were returning and had accomplished half the journey, being excessively pained by hunger, they fell exhausted on the earth. They said—"Our teacher's house is far off, and we are afflicted by calamity far from home, and food is hard to obtain everywhere, so it is all over with our lives. And in the same way this cow is certain to die in this wilderness without water, wood, or human beings, and our teacher will not derive even the smallest advantage from it. So let us support our lives with its flesh, and quickly restore our teacher and his family with what remains over: for it is a time of sore distress." Having thus deliberated, those seven students treated that cow as a victim, and sacrificed it on the spot according to the system prescribed in the sacred treatises. After sacrificing to the gods and manes, and eating its flesh according to the prescribed method, they went and took what remained of it to their teacher. They bowed before him, and told him all that they had done, to the letter, and he was pleased with them, because they told the truth, though they had committed a fault. And after seven days they died of famine, but because they told the truth on that occasion, they were born again with the power of remembering their former birth.

"Thus even a small germ of merit, watered with the water of holy aspiration, bears fruit to men in general, as a seed to cultivators, but the same corrupted by the water of impure aspiration bears fruit in the form of misfortune, and *à propos* of this I will tell you another tale, listen!"

Story of the two ascetics, one a Bráhman the other a Chaṇḍála.

Once on a time two men remained for the same length of time fasting on the banks of the Ganges, one a Bráhman and the other a Chaṇḍála. Of those two, the Bráhman being overpowered with hunger, and seeing some Nishádas[16] come that way bringing fish and eating them, thus reflected in his folly—"O happy in the world are these fishermen, sons of female slaves though they be, for they eat to their fill of the fresh meat of fish!" But the other, who was a Chaṇḍála, thought, the moment he saw those fishermen, "Out on these destroyers of life, and devourers of raw flesh! So why should I stand here and behold their faces?" Saying this to himself, he closed his eyes and remained buried in his own thoughts. And in course of time those two, the Bráhman and the Chaṇḍála, died of starvation; the Bráhman was eaten by dogs on the bank, the Chaṇḍála rotted in the water of the Ganges. So that Bráhman, not having disciplined his spirit, was born in the family of a fisherman, but owing to the virtue of the holy place, he remembered his former existence. As for that Chaṇḍála, who possessed self-control, and whose mind was not marred by passion, he was born as a king in a palace on that very bank of the Ganges, and recollected his former birth. And of those two, who were born with a remembrance of their former existence, the one suffered misery being a fisherman, the other being a king enjoyed happiness.

"Such is the root of the tree of virtue; according to the purity or impurity of a man's heart is without doubt the fruit which he receives." Having said this to the queen Tárádattá, king Kalingadatta again said to her in the course of conversation,—"Moreover actions which are really distinguished by great courage produce fruit, since prosperity follows on courage; and to illustrate this I will tell the following wonderful tale. Listen!"

Story of king Vikramasinha and the two Bráhmans.

There is in Avanti a city named Ujjayiní, famous in the world, which is the dwelling-place of Śiva,[17] and which gleams with its white palaces as if with the peaks of Kailása, come thither in the ardour of their devotion to the god. This vast city, profound as the sea, having a splendid emperor for its water, had hundreds of armies entering it, as hundreds of rivers flow into the sea, and was the refuge of allied kings, as the sea is of mountains that retain their wings.[18] In that city there was a king who had the name of Vikramasinha,[19] a name that thoroughly expressed his character, for his enemies were like deer and never met him in fight. And he, because he could never find any enemy to face him, became disgusted with weapons and the might of his arm, and was inwardly grieved as he never obtained the joy of battle. Then his minister Amaragupta, who discovered his longing, said to him incidentally in the course of conversation—"King, it is not hard for kings to incur guilt, if through pride in their strong arms, and confidence in their skill in the use of weapons, they even long for enemies; in this way Báṇa in old time, through pride in his thousand arms, propitiated Śiva and asked for an enemy that was a match for him in fight, until at last his prayer was actually granted, and Vishṇu became his enemy, and cut off his innumerable arms in battle. So you must not shew dissatisfaction because you do not obtain an opportunity of fighting, and a terrible enemy must never be desired. If you want to shew here your skill in weapons and your strength, shew it in the forest an appropriate field for it, and in hunting. And since kings are not generally exposed to fatigue, hunting is approved to give them exercise and excitement, but warlike expeditions are not recommended. Moreover the malignant wild animals desire that the earth should be depopulated, for this reason the king should slay them; on this ground too hunting is approved. But wild animals should not be too

unremittingly pursued, for it was owing to the vice of exclusive devotion to hunting that former kings, Páṇḍu and others, met destruction." When the wise minister Amaragupta said this to him, the king Vikramasinha approved the advice saying—"I will do so." And the next day the king went out of the city to hunt, to a district beset with horses, footmen and dogs, and where all the quarters were filled with the pitching of various nets, and he made the heaven resound with the shouts of joyous huntsmen. And as he was going out on the back of an elephant, he saw two men sitting together in private in an empty temple outside the walls. And the king, as he beheld them from afar, supposed that they were only deliberating together over something at their leisure, and passed on to the forest where his hunting was to be. There he was delighted with the drawn swords, and with the old tigers, and the roaring of lions, and the scenery, and the elephants. He strewed that ground with pearls fallen from the nails of elephant-slaying lions whom he killed, resembling the seeds of his prowess. The deer leaping sideways, being oblique-goers,[20] went obliquely across his path; his straight-flying arrow easily transfixing them first, reached afterwards the mark of delight. And after the king had long enjoyed the sport of hunting, he returned, as his servants were weary, with slackened bowstring to the city of Ujjayiní. There he saw those two men, whom he had seen as he was going out, who had remained the whole time in the temple occupied in the same way. He thought to himself—"Who are these, and why do they deliberate so long? Surely they must be spies, having a long talk over secrets." So he sent his warder, and had those men captured and brought into his presence, and then thrown into prison. And the next day he had them brought into his judgement-hall, and asked them—"Who are you and why did you deliberate together so long?" When the king in person asked them this, they entreated him to spare their lives, and one of these young men began to say; "Hear, O king, I will now tell the whole story as it happened.

"There lived a Bráhman, of the name of Karabhaka, in this very city of yours. I, whom you see here, am the son of that learned student of the Vedas, born by his propitiating the god of fire in order to obtain a heroic son. And, when my father went to heaven, and his wife followed him,[21] I being a mere boy, though I had learned the sciences, abandoned the course

of life suited to my caste, because I was friendless. And I set myself to practise gaming and the use of arms; what boy does not become self-willed if he is not kept in order by some superior? And, having passed my childhood in this way, I acquired overweening confidence in my prowess, and went one day to the forest to practise archery. And while I was thus engaged, a bride came out of the city in a covered palanquin, surrounded by many attendants of the bridegroom. And suddenly an elephant, that had broken its chain, came from some quarter or other at that very moment, and attacked that bride in its fury. And through fear of that elephant, all those cowardly attendants and her husband with them deserted the bride, and fled in all directions. When I saw that, I immediately said to myself in my excitement,—'What! have these miserable wretches left this unfortunate woman alone? So I must defend this unprotected lady from this elephant. For what is the use of life or courage, unless employed to succour the unfortunate?' Thus reflecting I raised a shout and ran towards that huge elephant; and the elephant, abandoning the woman, charged down upon me. Then I, before the eyes of that terrified woman, shouted and ran, and so drew off that elephant to a distance, at last I got hold of a bough of a tree thickly covered with leaves, which had been broken off, and covering myself with it, I went into the middle of the tree; and placing the bough in front of me, I escaped by a dexterous oblique movement, while the elephant trampled the bough to pieces. Then I quickly went to that lady, who remained terrified there, and asked her whether she had escaped without injury. She, when she saw me, said with afflicted and yet joyful manner; 'How can I be said to be uninjured, now that I have been bestowed on this coward, who has deserted me in such straits, and fled somewhere or other; but so far at any rate I am uninjured, that I again behold you unharmed. So my husband is nothing to me; you henceforth are my husband, by whom regardless of your life, I have been delivered from the jaws of death. And here I see my husband coming with his servants, so follow us slowly; for when we get an opportunity, you and I will elope somewhere together.' When she said this, I consented. I ought to have thought—'Though this woman is beautiful, and flings herself at my head, yet she is the wife of another; what have I to do with her?' But this is the course of calm self-restraint, not of ardent youth. And in a moment her husband came up and greeted her, and she proceeded to continue her journey with him and his

servants. And I, without being detected, followed her through her long journey, being secretly supplied with provisions for the journey by her, though I passed for some one unconnected with her. And she, throughout the journey, falsely asserted that she suffered pain in her limbs, from a strain produced by falling in her terror at the elephant, and so avoided even touching her husband. A passionate woman, like a female snake, terrible from the condensed venom she accumulates within, will never, if injured, neglect to wreak her vengeance. And in course of time we reached the city of Lohanagara, where was the house of the husband of that woman, who lived by trading. And we all remained during that day in a temple outside the walls. And there I met my friend this second Bráhman. And though we had never met before, we felt a confidence in one another at first sight; the heart of creatures recognises friendships formed in a previous birth. Then I told him all my secret. When he heard it, he said to me of his own accord; 'Keep the matter quiet, I know of a device by which you can attain the object for which you came here; I know here the sister of this lady's husband. She is ready to fly from this place with me, and take her wealth with her. So with her help I will accomplish your object for you.'

"When the Bráhman had said this to me, he departed, and secretly informed the merchant's wife's sister-in-law of the whole matter. And on the next day the sister-in-law, according to arrangement, came with her brother's wife and introduced her into the temple. And while we were there, she made my friend at that very time, which was the middle of the day, put on the dress of her brother's wife. And she took him so disguised into the city, and went into the house in which her brother lived, after arranging what we were to do. But I left the temple, and fleeing with the merchant's wife dressed as a man, reached at last this city of Ujjayiní. And her sister-in-law at night fled with my friend from that house, in which there had been a feast, and so the people were in a drunken sleep.

"And then he came with her by stealthy journeys to this city; so we met here. In this way we two have obtained our two wives in the bloom of youth, the sister-in-law and her brother's wife, who bestowed themselves on us out of affection. Consequently, king, we are afraid to dwell anywhere; for whose mind is at ease after performing deeds of reckless temerity? So

the king saw us yesterday from a distance, while we were debating about a place to dwell in, and how we should subsist. And your majesty, seeing us, had us brought and thrown into prison on the suspicion of being thieves, and to-day we have been questioned about our history, and I have just told it; now it is for your highness to dispose of us at pleasure." When one of them had said this, the king Vikramasinha said to those two Bráhmans,—"I am satisfied, do not be afraid, remain in this city, and I will give you abundance of wealth." When the king had said this, he gave them as much to live on as they wished, and they lived happily in his court accompanied by their wives.

"Thus prosperity dwells for men even in questionable deeds, if they are the outcome of great courage, and thus kings, being satisfied, take pleasure in giving to discreet men who are rich in daring. And thus this whole created world with the gods and demons will always reap various fruits, corresponding exactly to their own stock of deeds good or bad, performed in this or in a former birth. So rest assured, queen, that the flame which was seen by you falling from heaven in your dream, and apparently entering your womb, is some creature of divine origin, that owing to some influence of its works has been conceived in you." The pregnant queen Tárádattá, when she heard this from the mouth of her own husband Kalingadatta, was exceedingly delighted.

1

I. e. Gaṇeśa who is invoked to remove obstacles.

2

This is an elaborate pun in the original. *Guṇa*=string and virtue; *vanśa*=race and bamboo.

3

The Taxila of the Greek writers. The Vitastá is the Hydaspes of the Greeks, now called Jhelum.

4

Monier Williams says that Tárá was the wife of the Buddha Amoghasiddha. Benfey (Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 373) says she was a well known Buddhist saint. The passage might perhaps mean "The Buddha adorned with most brilliant stars."

It has been suggested to me that Tárávara may mean Śiva, and that the passage means that the Śaiva and Bauddha religions were both professed in the city of Takshaśilá.

5

I. e. Buddhist ascetics.

6

A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *sukála* for *svakála*: the meaning is much the same.

7

A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *nigrahaḥ*=blaming one's relations without cause.

8

Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 122. See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 90.

9

Moksha is the soul's final release from further transmigrations.

10

Cp. Gesta Romanorum CXLIII (Bohn's Edition). This idea is found in the Telapattajátaka, Fausböll, Vol. I, p. 393.

11

A kind of Pandora.

12

Compare the argument in the Eunuchus of Terence (III. 5.36 & ff) which shocked St. Augustine so much (Confessions I. 16).

13

Et tonantem Jovem et adulterantem.

14

I separate *balavad* from *bhogadáyi*.

15

This appears to be found in a slightly different form in the Harivanśa. (Lévêque, Mythes et Légendes de l'Inde, p. 220).

16

The name of certain aboriginal tribes described as hunters, fishermen, robbers &c.

17

In the original Mahákála, an epithet of Śiva in his character as the destroying deity.

18

Generally only one mountain named Maináka is said to have fled into the sea, and retained its wings when Indra clipped those of the others. The passage is of course an elaborate pun.

19

i. e. lion of valour.

20

i. e. animals, horizontal goers. The pun defies translation, the word I have translated arrow is literally “the not-sideways-goer.”

21

i. e. by burning herself upon the funeral pyre.

Chapter XXVIII.

Then the queen Tárádattá, the consort of king Kalingadatta in Takshaśilá, slowly became oppressed with the burden of her unborn child. And she, now that her delivery was near, being pale of countenance, with tremulous eyeballs,[1] resembled the East in which the pale streak of the young moon is about to rise. And there was soon born from her a daughter excelling all others, like a specimen of the Creator's power to produce all beauty. The lights kept burning to protect the child against evil spirits, blazing with oil,[2] were eclipsed by her beauty, and darkened, as if through grief that a son of equal beauty had not been born instead. And her father Kalingadatta, when he saw her born, beautiful though she was, was filled with despondency at the disappointment of his hope to obtain a son like her. Though he divined that she was of heavenly origin, he was grieved because he longed for a son. For a son, being embodied joy, is far superior to a daughter, that is but a lump of grief. Then in his affliction, the king went out of his palace to divert his mind, and he entered a monastery full of many images of Buddha. In a certain part of the monastery, he heard this speech being uttered by a begging hermit, who was a religious preacher, as he sat in the midst of his hearers.

"They say that the bestowal of wealth in this world is great asceticism; a man who gives wealth is said to give life, for life depends on wealth. And Buddha, with mind full of pity, offered up himself for another, as if he were worthless straw, much more should one offer up sordid pelf. And it was by such resolute asceticism, that Buddha, having got rid of desire, and obtained heavenly insight, attained the rank of a Buddha. Therefore a wise man should do what is beneficial to other beings, by abstaining from selfish aspirations even so far as to sacrifice his own body, in order that he may obtain perfect insight."

Story of the seven princesses.

Thus, long ago, there were born in succession to a certain king named Kṛita seven very beautiful princesses, and even while they were still youthful they abandoned, in disgust with life, the house of their father, and went to the cemetery, and when they were asked why they did it, they said to their retinue—"This world is unreal, and in it this body, and such delights as union with the beloved are the baseless fabric of a dream; only the good of others in this revolving world is pronounced to be real; so let us with these bodies of ours do good to our fellow creatures, let us fling these bodies, while they are alive, to the eaters of raw flesh[3] in the cemetery; what is the use of them, lovely though they be?"

Story of the prince who tore out his own eye.

For there lived in old time a certain prince who was disgusted with the world, and he, though young and handsome, adopted the life of a wandering hermit. Once on a time that beggar entered the house of a certain merchant, and was beheld by his young wife with his eyes long as the leaf of a lotus. She, with heart captivated by the beauty of his eyes said to him, "How came such a handsome man as you to undertake such a severe vow as this? Happy is the woman who is gazed upon with this eye of yours!" When the begging hermit was thus addressed by the lady, he tore out one eye, and holding it in his hand, said, "Mother, behold this eye, such as it is; take the loathsome mass of flesh and blood, if it pleases you.[4] And the other is like

it; say, what is there attractive in these?" When he said this to the merchant's wife, and she saw the eye, she was despondent, and said, "Alas! I, unhappy wretch that I am, have done an evil deed, in that I have become the cause of the tearing out of your eye!" When the beggar heard that, he said,—"Mother, do not be grieved, for you have done me a benefit; hear the following example, to prove the truth of what I say."

Story of the ascetic who conquered anger.

There lived long ago, in a certain beautiful garden on the banks of the Ganges, a hermit animated by the desire of experiencing all asceticism. And while he was engaged in mortifying the flesh, it happened that a certain king came there to amuse himself with the women of his harem. And after he had amused himself, he fell asleep under the influence of his potations, and while he was in this state, his queens left him out of thoughtlessness and roamed about in the garden. And beholding in a corner of the garden that hermit engaged in meditation, they stood round him out of curiosity, wondering what on earth he could be. And as they remained there a long time, that king woke up, and not seeing his wives at his side, wandered all round the garden. And then he saw the queens standing all round the hermit, and being enraged, he slashed the hermit with his sword out of jealousy. What crime will not sovereign power, jealousy, cruelty, drunkenness, and indiscretion cause separately, much more deadly are they when combined, like five fires.[5] Then the king departed, and though the hermit's limbs were gashed, he remained free from wrath; whereupon a certain deity appeared and said to him,—"Great-souled one, if you approve I will slay by my power that wicked man who did this to you in a passion." When the hermit heard that, he said, "O goddess, say not so, for he is my helper in virtue, not a harmer of me. For by his favour I have attained the grace of patience; to whom could I have shown patience, O goddess, if he had not acted thus towards me? What anger does the wise man shew for the sake of this

perishing body? To shew patience equally with regard to what is agreeable and disagreeable is to have attained the rank of Brahmá." When the hermit said this to the deity, she was pleased, and after healing the wounds in his limbs, she disappeared.

"In the same way as that king was considered a benefactor by the hermit, you, my mother, have increased my asceticism by causing me to tear out my eye." Thus spake the self-subduing hermit to the merchant's wife, who bowed before him, and being regardless of his body, lovely though it was, he passed on to perfection.

"Therefore, though our youth be very charming, why should we cling to this perishable body? But the only thing which, in the eye of the wise man, it is good for, is to benefit one's fellow-creatures. So we will lay down our bodies to benefit living creatures in this cemetery, the natural home of happiness." Having said this to their attendants, those seven princesses did so, and obtained therefrom the highest beatitude.

"Thus you see that the wise have no selfish affection even for their own bodies, much less for such worthless things[6] as son, wife, and servants."

When the king Kalingadatta had heard these and other such things from the religious teacher in the monastery, having spent the day there, he returned to his palace. And when he was there, he was again afflicted with grief on account of the birth of a daughter to him, and a certain Bráhman, who had grown old in his house, said to him—"King, why do you despond on account of the birth of a pearl of maidens? Daughters are better even than sons, and produce happiness in this world and the next. Why do kings care so much about those sons that hanker after their kingdom, and eat up their fathers like crabs? But kings like Kuntibhoja and others, by the virtues of daughters like Kuntí and others, have escaped harm from sages like the terrible Durvásas. And how can one obtain from a son the same fruit in the next world, as one obtains from the marriage of a daughter? Moreover I now proceed to tell the tale of Sulochaná, listen to it."

Story of Sulochaná and Sushena.

There was a young king named Sushena on the mountain of Chitrakúṭa, who was created like another god of love by the Creator to spite Śiva. He made at the foot of that great mountain a heavenly garden, which was calculated to make the gods averse to dwelling in the garden of Nandana. And in the middle of it he made a lake with full-blown lotuses, like a new productive bed for the lotuses with which the goddess of Fortune plays. This lake had steps leading down into it made of splendid gems, and the king used to linger on its bank without a bride, because there were no eligible matches for him. Once on a time Rambhá, a fair one of heaven, came that way, wandering at will through the air from the palace of Indra. She beheld the king roaming in that garden like an incarnation of the Spring in the midst of a garden of full-blown flowers. She said—"Can this be the moon, that has swooped down from heaven in pursuit of the goddess of Fortune fallen into a cluster of lotuses of the lake? But that cannot be, for this hero's fortune in the shape of beauty never passes away.[7] Surely this must be the god of the flowery arrows come to the garden in quest of flowers. But where has Rati, his companion, gone?" Thus Rambhá described him in her eagerness, and descending from heaven in human form, she approached that king. And when the king suddenly beheld her advancing towards him, he was astonished and reflected—"Who can this be of incredible beauty? She cannot surely be a human being, since her feet do not touch the dust, and her eye does not wink, therefore she must be some divine person. But I must not ask her who she is, for she might fly from me. Divine beings, who visit men for some cause or other, are generally impatient of having their secrets revealed." While such thoughts were passing in the monarch's mind, she began a conversation with him, which led in due course to his throwing his arms round her neck then and there. And he sported long there with this Apsaras, so that she forgot heaven; love is more charming than one's native home. And the land of that king was

filled with heaps of gold, by means of the Yakshiṇís, friends of hers, who transformed themselves into trees, as the heaven is filled with the peaks of Meru. And in course of time that excellent Apsaras became pregnant, and bore to king Sushena an incomparably beautiful daughter, and no sooner had she given her birth, than she said to the king—"O king, such has been my curse, and it is now at an end; for I am Rambhá, a heavenly nymph that fell in love with you on beholding you: and as I have given birth to a child, I must immediately leave you and depart. For such is the law that governs us heavenly beings; therefore take care of this daughter; when she is married, we shall again be united in heaven." When the Apsaras Rambhá had said this, she departed, sorely against her will, and through grief at it, the king was bent on abandoning life. But his ministers said to him, "Did Viśvámitra, though despondent, abandon life when Menaká had departed after giving birth to Śakuntalá?" When the king had been plied by them with such arguments, he took the right view of the matter, and slowly recovered his self-command, taking to his heart the daughter who was destined to be the cause of their re-union. And that daughter, lovely in all her limbs, her father, who was devoted to her, named Sulochaná, on account of the exceeding beauty of her eyes.

In time she grew up to womanhood, and a young hermit, named Vatsa, the descendant of Kaśyapa, as he was roaming about at will, beheld her in a garden. He, though he was all compact of asceticism, the moment he beheld that princess, felt the emotion of love, and he said to himself then and there; "Oh! exceedingly wonderful is the beauty of this maiden! If I do not obtain her as a wife, what other fruit of my asceticism can I obtain?" While thinking thus, the young hermit was beheld by Sulochaná, and he seemed to her all glorious with brightness, like fire free from smoke. When she saw him with his rosary and water vessel, she fell in love also and thought —"Who can this be that looks so self-restrained and yet so lovely?" And coming towards him as if to select him for her husband, she threw over his body the garland[8] of the blue lotuses of her eyes, and bowed before that hermit. And he, with mind overpowered by the decree of Cupid, hard for gods and Asuras to evade, pronounced on her the following blessing —"Obtain a husband." Then the excellent hermit was thus addressed by that lady, whose modesty was stolen away by love for his exceeding beauty, and

who spoke with downcast face—"If this is your desire, and if this is not jesting talk, then, Bráhman, ask the king, my father, who has power to dispose of me." Then the hermit, after hearing of her descent from her attendants, went and asked the king Sushena, her father, for her hand. He, for his part, when he saw that the young hermit was eminent both in beauty and asceticism, entertained him, and said to him—"Reverend sir, this daughter is mine by the nymph Rambhá, and by my daughter's marriage I am to be re-united with her in heaven; so Rambhá told me when she was returning to the sky; consider, auspicious sir, how that is to be accomplished." When the hermit heard that, he thought for a moment —"Did not the hermit Ruru, when Pramadvará the daughter of Menaká was bitten by a snake, give her the half of his life, and make her his wife? Was not the Chaṇḍála Triśanku carried to heaven by Viśvámitra? So why should not I do the same by expending my asceticism upon it?" Having thus reflected, the hermit said—"There is no difficulty in it," and exclaimed —"Hearken ye gods, may this king mount with his body to heaven to obtain possession of Rambhá by virtue of part of my asceticism." Thus the hermit spoke in the hearing of the court, and a distinct answer was heard from heaven—"So be it." Then the king gave his daughter Sulochaná to the hermit Vatsa, the descendant of Kaśyapa, and ascended to heaven. There he obtained a divine nature, and lived happily with that Rambhá of god-like dignity, appointed his wife by Indra.

"Thus, O king, Sushena obtained all his ends by means of a daughter. For such daughters become incarnate in the houses of such as you. And this daughter is surely some heavenly nymph, fallen from her high estate owing to a curse, and born in your house, so do not grieve, monarch, on account of her birth." When king Kalingadatta had heard this tale from the Bráhman that had grown old in his house, he left off being distressed, and was comforted. And he gave to his dear young daughter, who gave pleasure to his eyes, as if she had been a digit of the moon, the name of Kalingasená. And the princess Kalingasená grew up in the house of her father amongst her companions. And she sported in the palaces, and in the palace-gardens, like a wave of the sea of infancy that is full of the passion[9] for amusement.

Once on a time the daughter of the Asura Maya, named Somaprabhá, as she was journeying through the sky, saw her on the roof of a palace engaged in play. And Somaprabhá, while in the sky, beheld her lovely enough to bewilder with her beauty the mind even of a hermit, and feeling affection for her, reflected—"Who is this? Can she be the form of the moon? If so, how is it that she gleams in the day? But if she is Rati, where is Káma? Therefore I conclude that she is a mortal maiden.

"She must be some celestial nymph that has descended into a king's palace in consequence of a curse; and I am persuaded I was certainly a friend of her's in a former life. For my mind's being full of exceeding affection for her, tells me so. Therefore it is fitting that I should again select her as my chosen friend." Thus reflecting Somaprabhá descended invisible from heaven, in order not to frighten that maiden; and she assumed the appearance of a mortal maiden to inspire confidence, and slowly approached that Kalingasená. Then Kalingasená, on beholding her, reflected —"Bravo! here is a princess of wonderful beauty come to visit me of her own accord! she is a suitable friend for me." So she rose up politely and embraced that Somaprabhá. And making her take a seat, she asked her immediately her descent and name. And Somaprabhá said to her; "Be patient, I will tell you all." Then in the course of their conversation they swore friendship to each other with plighted hands. Then Somaprabhá, said —"My friend, you are a king's daughter, and it is hard to keep up friendship with the children of kings. For they fly into an immoderate passion on account of a small fault. Hear, with regard to this point, the story of the prince and the merchant's son which I am about to tell you."

Story of the prince and the merchant's son who saved his life.[10]

In the city of Pushkarávatí there was a king named Gúḍhasena, and to him there was born one son. That prince was overbearing, and whatever he did,

right or wrong, his father acquiesced in, because he was an only son. And once upon a time, as he was roaming about in a garden, he saw the son of a merchant, named Brahmadatta, who resembled himself in wealth and beauty. And the moment he saw him, he selected him for his special friend, and those two, the prince and the merchant's son, immediately became like one another in all things.[11] And soon they were not able to live without seeing one another, for intimacy in a former birth quickly knits friendship. The prince never tasted food that was not first prepared for that merchant's son.

Once on a time the prince set out for Ahichchhatra in order to be married, having first decided on his friend's marriage. And, as he was journeying with his troops, in the society of that friend, mounted on an elephant, he reached the bank of the Ikshuvatí, and encamped there. There he had a wine-party, when the moon arose; and after he had gone to bed, he began to tell a story at the solicitation of his nurse. When he had begun his story, being tired and intoxicated he was overcome by sleep, and his nurse also, but the merchant's son kept awake out of love for him. And when the others were asleep, the merchant's son, who was awake, heard in the air what seemed to be the voices of women engaged in conversation. The first said —"This wretch has gone to sleep without telling his tale, therefore I pronounce this curse on him. To-morrow morning he shall see a necklace, and if he take hold of it, it shall cling to his neck, and that moment cause his death." Then the first voice ceased, and the second went on: "And if he escape that peril, he shall see a mango-tree, and if he eat the fruit of it, he shall then and there lose his life." Having uttered this, that voice also ceased, and then the third said—"If he escape this also, then, if he enter a house to be married, it shall fall on him and slay him." Having said so much, that voice also ceased, and the fourth said, "If he escape this also, when he enters that night into his private apartments, he shall sneeze a hundred times; and if some one there does not a hundred times say to him, 'God bless you,' he shall fall into the grasp of death. And if the person, who has heard all this, shall inform him of it in order to save his life, he also shall die," having said this, the voice ceased.[12] And the merchant's son having heard all this, terrible as a thunderstroke, being agitated on account

of his affection for the prince, reflected—"Beshrew this tale that was begun, and not finished, for divinities have come invisible to hear it, and are cursing him out of disappointed curiosity. And if this prince dies, what good will my life do to me? So I must by some artifice deliver my friend whom I value as my life. And I must not tell him what has taken place, lest I too should suffer." Having thus reflected, the merchant's son got through the night with difficulty.

And in the morning the prince set out with him on his journey, and he saw a necklace in front of him, and wished to lay hold of it. Then the merchant's son said, "Do not take the necklace, my friend, it is an illusion, else why do not these soldiers see it?" When the prince heard that, he let the necklace alone, but going on further he saw a mango-tree, and he felt a desire to eat its fruit. But he was dissuaded by the merchant's son, as before. He felt much annoyed in his heart, and travelling on slowly he reached his father-in-law's palace. And he was about to enter a building there for the purpose of being married, but just as his friend had persuaded him not to do so, the house fell down. So he escaped this danger by a hair's breadth, and then he felt some confidence in his friend's prescience. Then the prince and his wife entered at night another building. But the merchant's son slipped in there unobserved. And the prince, when he went to bed, sneezed a hundred times, but the merchant's son underneath it said a hundred times—"God bless you"—and then the merchant's son, having accomplished his object, of his own accord left the house in high spirits. But the prince, who was with his wife, saw him going out, and through jealousy, forgetting his love for him, he flew into a passion and said to the sentinels at his gate: "This designing wretch has entered my private apartments when I wished to be alone, so keep him in durance for the present, and he shall be executed in the morning." When the guards heard that, they put him under arrest, and he spent the night in confinement, but as he was being led off to execution in the morning, he said to them—"First take me into the presence of the prince, in order that I may tell him a certain reason, which I had for my conduct; and then put me to death." When he said this to the guards, they went and informed the prince, and on their information and the advice of his ministers, the prince ordered him to be brought before him. When he was brought, he told the prince the whole story, and he believed it to be

true, for the fall of the house carried conviction to his mind. So the prince was satisfied, and countermanded the order for his friend's execution, and he returned with him to his own city, a married man. And there his friend the merchant's son married, and lived in happiness, his virtues being praised by all men.

"Thus the children of kings break loose from restraint and slaying their guides, disregard benefits, like infuriated elephants. And what friendship can there be with those Vetálas, who take people's lives by way of a joke. Therefore, my princess, never abandon your friendship with me."

When Kalingasená heard this story in the palace from the mouth of Somaprabhá, she answered her affectionate friend,—"Those of whom you speak are considered Piśáchas, not the children of kings, and I will tell you a story of the evil importunity of Piśáchas, listen!"[13]

Story of the Bráhman and the Piśácha.

Long ago there was a Bráhman dwelling on a royal grant, which was called Yajnasthala. He once upon a time, being poor, went to the forest to bring home wood. There, a piece of wood being cleft with the axe, fell, as chance would have it, upon his leg, and piercing it, entered deep into it. And as the blood flowed from him, he fainted, and he was beheld in that condition by a man who recognised him, and taking him up carried him home. There his distracted wife washed off the blood, and consoling him, placed a plaster upon the wound. And then his wound, though tended day by day, not only did not heal, but formed an ulcer. Then the man, afflicted with his ulcerated wound, poverty-stricken, and at the point of death, was thus advised in secret by a Bráhman friend, who came to him; "A friend of mine, named Yajnadatta, was long very poor, but he gained the aid of a Piśácha by a charm, and so, having obtained wealth, lived in happiness. And he told me that charm, so do you gain, my friend, by means of it, the aid of a Piśácha;

he will heal your wound." Having said this, he told him the form of words and described to him the ceremony as follows: "Rise up in the last watch of the night, and with dishevelled hair and naked, and without rinsing your mouth, take two handfuls of rice as large as you can grasp with your two hands, and muttering the form of words go to a place where four roads meet, and there place the two handfuls of rice, and return in silence without looking behind you. Do so always until that Piśácha appears, and himself says to you, 'I will put an end to your ailment.' Then receive his aid gladly, and he will remove your complaint."

When his friend had said this to him, the Bráhman did as he had been directed. Then the Piśácha, being conciliated, brought heavenly herbs from a lofty peak of the Himálayas and healed his wound. And then he became obstinately persistent, and said to the Bráhman, who was delighted at being healed, "Give me a second wound to cure, but if you will not, I will do you an injury or destroy your body." When the Bráhman heard that, he was terrified, and immediately said to him to get rid of him—"I will give you another wound within seven days." Whereupon the Piśácha left him, but the Bráhman felt hopeless about his life. But eventually he baffled the Piśácha by the help of his daughter, and having got over the disease, he lived in happiness.[14]

"Such are Piśáchas, and some young princes are just like them, and, though conciliated, produce misfortune, my friend, but they can be guarded against by counsel. But princesses of good family have never been heard to be such. So you must not expect any injury from associating with me." When Somaprabhá heard from the mouth of Kalingasená in due course this sweet, entertaining, and amusing tale, she was delighted. And she said to her —"My house is sixty *yojanas* distant hence, and the day is passing away; I have remained long, so now I must depart, fair one." Then, as the lord of day was slowly sinking to the eastern mountain, she took leave of her friend who was eager for a second interview, and in a moment flew up into the air, exciting the wonder of the spectators, and rapidly returned to her own house. And, after beholding that wonderful sight, Kalingasená entered into her house with much perplexity, and reflected, "I do not know, indeed, whether my friend is a Siddha female, or an Apsaras, or a Vidyádharí. She

is certainly a heavenly female that travels through the upper air. And heavenly females associate with mortal ones led by excessive love. Did not Arundhatí live in friendship with the daughter of king Pṛithu? Did not Pṛithu by means of her friendship bring Surabhi from heaven to earth. And did not he by consuming its milk return to heaven though he had fallen from it. And were not thenceforth perfect cows born upon earth? So I am fortunate; it is by good luck that I have obtained this heavenly creature as a friend; and when she comes to-morrow I will dexterously as her her descent and name." Thinking such thoughts in her heart, Kalingasená spent that night there, and Somaprabhá spent the night in her own house being eager to behold her again.

1

The word *táraká* means also a star. So here we have one of those puns in which our author delights.

2

Also full of affection. This is a common pun.

3

Beasts of prey, or possibly Rákshasas.

4

Compare the translation of the life of St. Brigit by Whitley Stokes, (Three Middle Irish Homilies, p. 65.)

"Shortly after that came a certain nobleman unto Dubthach to ask for his daughter in marriage. Dubthach and his sons were willing, but Brigit refused. Said a brother of her brethren named Beccán unto her: 'Idle is the fair eye that is in thy head not to be on a pillow near a husband.' 'The son of the Virgin knoweth' said Brigit, 'it is not lively for us if it brings harm upon us.' Then Brigit put her finger under her eye and drew it out of her head till it was on her cheek; and she said: 'Lo, here is thy delightful eye, O Beccán.' Then his eye burst forthwith. When Dubthach and his brethren saw that, they promised that she should never be told to go to a husband. Then she put her palm to her eye and it was whole at once. But Beccán's eye was not whole till his death."

That the biographers of Christian saints were largely indebted to Buddhist hagiology, has been shewn by Liebrecht in his Essay on the sources of Barlaam and Josaphat, (Zur

Volkskunde, p. 441.) In Mr. Stokes's book, p. 34, will also be found a reference to the practice of shewing reverence by walking round persons or things keeping the right hand towards them. This is pointed out by Mr. Stokes in his Preface as an interesting link between Ireland and India.

Mr. Whitley Stokes has sent me the following quotation in the Revue Celtique V, 130 from P. Cahier, Caracteristiques des Saints I, 105;

"A certain virgin Lucia (doubtful whether of Bologna or of Alexandria) *se voyant fréquemment suivie par un jeune homme qui affectait de l'accompagner partout dès q'elle quittait sa maison, lui demanda enfin ce qui l'attachait si fort à ses pas. Celui-ci ayant répondu que c'etait la beauté de ses yeux, la jeune fille se servit de son fuseau pour faire sortir ses yeux de leur orbite, et dit à son poursuivant qu'il pouvait les prendre et la laisser dèsormais en repos. On ajoute que cette generosité effrayante changea si fort le cœur du jeune homme qu'il embrassa la profession religieuse.* The story of the ascetic who conquered anger, resembles closely the Khantivádijátaka No. 313 in Fausböll's edition, Vol. III, p. 39. It is also found in the Bodhisattva Avadána, under the title Kshánti Játaka, and in the Mahávastu Avadána in a form closely resembling that of the Páli Játaka book. See Dr. Rajendra Lál Mitra's Nepalese Buddhist Literature, pp. 55, 159, and 160.

5

They are compared to the five sacred fires.

6

Literally the worthless straw-heap of &c.

7

Here there is a pun on the two meanings of Śrí.

8

In the Svayamvara the maiden threw a garland over the neck of the favoured suitor.

9

Rasa also means water.

10

This story is compared by Benfey (Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 374) with the story of the faithful servant Víravara in the Hitopadeśa, which is also found in the Vetálapanchavinśati, (see chapter 78 of this work.) Víravara, according to the account in the Vetálapanchavinśati, hears the weeping of a woman. He finds it is the king's fortune

deserting him. He accordingly offers up his son, and finally slays himself. The king is about to do the same when the goddess Durgá restores the dead to life. The story of "Der Treue Johannes" will at once occur to readers of Grimm's tales. According to Benfey, it is also found in the Pentamerone of Basile. The form of the tale in our text is very similar to that in Grimm. (See Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 416.) The story of the faithful Víravara occurs twice in this collection, in chapter 53, and also in chapter 78. Sir G. Cox (in his Aryan Mythology, Vol. I p. 148), compares the German story with one in Miss Frere's Old Deccan Days, the 5th in that collection. Other parallels will be found in the notes in Grimm's third volume. A very striking parallel will be found in Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, Story No. 3, p. 68. In this story the three Moirai predict evil. The young prince is saved by his sister, from being burnt, and from falling over a precipice when a child, and from a snake on his wedding-day. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, pp. 301–302. Cp. also Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, No. 51, Pedro e Pedrito, p. 118, and Grimm's Irische Märchen, pp. 106, 107. In the Gagga Játaka, No. 135, Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 15, the Buddha tells how the custom of saying "Jíva" or "God bless you" originated. A Yakka was allowed to eat all who did not say "Jíva" and "Paṭijíva." Zimmer in his Alt-Indisches Leben, p. 60, quotes from the Atharva Veda, "vor Unglück-bedeutendem Niesen."

11

The same idea is found in Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 2, beginning, "We, Hermia, like two artificial gods &c."

12

Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, pp. 69 and 71, for the three dangers. The custom of saying "God bless you," or equivalent words, when a man sneezes, is shewn by Tylor (Primitive Culture, Vol. I, pp. 88–94) to exist in many parts of the world. He quotes many passages from classical literature relating to it. "Even the emperor Tiberius, that saddest of men, exacted this observance." See also Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors, Book IV ch. 9, "Of saluting upon sneezing."

13

There is a story illustrating the "pertinacity" of goblins in Wirt Sikes's British Goblins, p. 191.

14

I have been obliged to omit some portion of this story. "It was," Wilson remarks, "acceptable to the *couteurs* of Europe, and is precisely the same as that of 'Le petit diable

de Papefigue' of Fontaine."

Chapter XXIX.

Then in the morning Somaprabhá took with her a basket, in which she had placed many excellent mechanical dolls of wood with magic properties in order to amuse her friend, and travelling through the air she came again to Kalingasená. And when Kalingasená saw her, she was full of tears of joy, and rising up she threw her arms round her neck, and said to her, as she sat by her side—"The dark night of three watches has this time seemed to me to be of a hundred watches without the sight of the full moon of your countenance. So, if you know, my friend, tell me of what kind may have been my union with you in a former birth, of which this present friendship is the result." When Somaprabhá heard this, she said to that princess: "Such knowledge I do not possess, for I do not remember my former birth; and hermits are not acquainted with this, but if any know, they are perfectly acquainted with the highest truth, and they are the original founders of the science by which it is attained." When she had spoken thus, Kalingasená, being full of curiosity, again asked her in private in a voice tender from love and confidence, "Tell me, friend, of what divine father you have adorned the race by your birth, since you are completely virtuous like a beautifully-rounded pearl.[1] And what, auspicious one, is your name, that is nectar to the ears of the world. What is the object of this basket? And what thing is there in it?" On hearing this affectionate speech from Kalingasená, Somaprabhá began to tell the whole story in due course.

"There is a mighty Asura of the name of Maya, famous in the three worlds. And he, abandoning the condition of an Asura, fled to Śiva as his protector. And Śiva having promised him security, he built the palace of Indra. But the Daityas were angry with him, affirming that he had become a partizan of the gods. Through fear of them he made in the Vindhya mountains a very wonderful magic subterranean palace, which the Asuras could not reach. My sister and I are the two daughters of that Maya. My elder sister named Svayamprabhá follows a vow of virginity, and lives as a maiden in my father's house. But I, the younger daughter, named Somaprabhá, have been

bestowed in marriage on a son of Kuvera named Naḍakúvara, and my father has taught me innumerable magic artifices, and as for this basket, I have brought it here to please you." Having said this, Somaprabhá opened the basket and shewed to her some very interesting mechanical dolls constructed by her magic, made of wood. One of them, on a pin in it being touched,[2] went through the air at her orders and fetched a garland of flowers and quickly returned. Another in the same way brought water at will;[3] another danced, and another then conversed. With such very wonderful contrivances Somaprabhá amused Kalingasená for some time, and then she put that magic basket in a place of security, and taking leave of her regretful friend, she went, being obedient to her husband, through the air to her own palace. But Kalingasená was so delighted that the sight of these wonders took away her appetite, and she remained averse to all food. And when her mother perceived that, she feared she was ill; however a physician named Ánanda having examined the child, told her mother that there was nothing the matter with her. He said, "She has lost her appetite through delight at something, not from disease; for her countenance, which appears to be laughing, with eyes wide open, indicates this." When she heard this report from the physician, the girl's mother asked her the real cause of her joy; and the girl told her. Then her mother believed that she was delighted with the society of an eligible friend, and congratulated her, and made her take her proper food.

Then the next day Somaprabhá arrived, and having found out what had taken place, she proceeded to say to Kalingasená in secret, "I told my husband, who possesses supernatural knowledge, that I had formed a friendship with you, and obtained from him, when he knew the facts, permission to visit you every day. So you must now obtain permission from your parents, in order that you may amuse yourself with me at will without fear." When she had said this, Kalingasená took her by the hand, and immediately went to her father and mother, and there introduced her friend to her father, king Kalingadatta, proclaiming her descent and name, and in the same way she introduced her to her mother Tárádattá, and they, on beholding her, received her politely in accordance with their daughter's account of her. And both those two, pleased with her appearance, hospitably

received that beautiful wife of the distinguished Asura out of love for their daughter, and said to her—"Dear girl, we entrust this Kalingasená to your care, so amuse yourselves together as much as you please." And Kalingasená and Somaprabhá having gladly welcomed this speech of theirs, went out together. And they went, in order to amuse themselves, to a temple of Buddha built by the king. And they took there that basket of magic toys. Then Somaprabhá took a magic Yaksha, and sent it on a commission from herself to bring the requisites for the worship of Buddha. That Yaksha went a long distance through the sky, and brought a multitude of pearls, beautiful gems, and golden lotuses. Having performed worship with these, Somaprabhá exhibiting all kinds of wonders, displayed the various Buddhas with their abodes. When the king Kalingadatta heard of that, he came with the queen and beheld it, and then asked Somaprabhá about the magic performance. Then Somaprabhá said, "King, these contrivances of magic machines, and so on, were created in various ways by my father in old time. And even as this vast machine, called the world, consists of five elements, so do all these machines: I will describe them one by one. That machine, in which earth predominates, shuts doors and things of the kind. Not even Indra would be able to open what had been shut with it. The shapes produced by the water-machine appear to be alive. But the machine in which fire predominates, pours forth flames. And the wind-machine performs actions, such as going and coming. And the machine produced from ether utters distinct language. All these I obtained from my father, but the wheel-machine, which guards the water of immortality, my father knows and no one else." While she was saying this, there arose the sound of conchs being blown in the middle of the day, that seemed to confirm her words. Then she entreated the king to give her the food that suited her, and taking Kalingasená as a companion, by permission of the king she set out through the air for her father's house in a magic chariot, to return to her elder sister. And quickly reaching that palace, which was situated in the Vindhya mountains, she conducted her to her sister Svayamprabhá. There Kalingasená saw that Svayamprabhá with her head encircled with matted locks, with a long rosary, a nun clothed in a white garment, smiling like Párvatí, in whom love, the highest joy of earth, had undertaken a severe vow of mortification. And Svayamprabhá, when the princess, introduced by Somaprabhá, kneeled before her, received her hospitably and entertained

her with a meal of fruits. And Somaprabhá said to the princess: ‘My friend, by eating these fruits, you will escape old age which otherwise would destroy this beauty, as the nipping cold does the lotus: and it was with this object that I brought you here out of affection.’ Then that Kalingasená ate those fruits, and immediately her limbs seemed to be bathed in the water of life. And roaming about there to amuse herself, she saw the garden of the city, with tanks filled with golden lotuses, and trees bearing fruit as sweet as nectar: the garden was full of birds of golden and variegated plumage, and seemed to have pillars of bright gems; it conveyed the idea of walls where there was no partition, and where there were partitions, of unobstructed space. Where there was water, it presented the appearance of dry land, and where there was dry land, it bore the semblance of water. It resembled another and a wonderful world, created by the delusive power of the Asura Maya. It had been entered formerly by the monkeys searching for Sítá, which, after a long time, were allowed to come out by the favour of Svayamprabhá. So Svayamprabhá bade her adieu, after she had been astonished with a full sight of her wonderful city, and had obtained immunity from old age; and Somaprabhá making Kalingasená ascend the chariot again, took her through the air to her own palace in Takshaśilá. There Kalingasená told the whole story faithfully to her parents, and they were exceedingly pleased.

And while those two friends spent their days in this way, Somaprabhá once upon a time said to Kalingasená: “As long as you are not married, I can continue to be your friend, but after your marriage, how could I enter the house of your husband? For a friend’s husband ought never to be seen or recognised[4]; *

As for a mother-in-law she eats the flesh of a daughter-in-law as a she-wolf does of a sheep. And *à propos* of this, hear the story of Kírtisená which I am about to tell you.”

Story of Kírtisená and her cruel mother-in-law.[5]

Long ago there lived in the city of Páṭaliputra a merchant named, not without cause, Dhanapálita,[6] for he was the richest of the rich. And there was born to him a daughter, named Kírtisená, who was incomparably beautiful, and dearer to him than life. And he took his daughter to Magadha and married her to a rich merchant, named Devasena. And though Devasena was himself very virtuous, he had a wicked mother as mistress in his house, for his father was dead. She, when she saw that her daughter-in-law Kírtisená was beloved by her husband, being inflamed with anger, ill-treated her in her husband's absence. But Kírtisená was afraid to let her husband know it, for the position of a bride in the power of a treacherous mother-in-law is a difficult one.

Once upon a time her husband Devasena, instigated by his relations, was preparing to go to the city of Vallabhí for the sake of trade. Then that Kírtisená said to her husband,—"I have not told you for this long time what I am now going to say: your mother ill-treats me though you are here, but I do not know what she will do to me when you are in a foreign country." When Devasena heard that, he was perplexed, and being alarmed on account of his affection for his wife, he went and humbly said to his mother —"Kírtisená is committed to your care, mother, now that I am going to a foreign land; you must not treat her unkindly, for she is the daughter of a man of good family." When Devasena's mother heard that, she summoned Kírtisená, and elevating her eyes, said to him then and there,—"What have I done? ask her. This is the way in which she eggs you on, my son, trying to make mischief in the house, but both of you are the same in my eyes." When the good merchant heard that, he departed with his mind easy on her account. For who is not deceived by the hypocritically affectionate speeches of a mother? But Kírtisená stood there silent, smiling in bewilderment, and the next day the merchant set out for Vallabhí. Then, when Kírtisená began to suffer torture at being separated from her husband, the merchant's mother gradually forbade the female slaves to attend on her. And making an agreement with a handmaid of her own, that worked in the house, she took

Kírtisená inside and secretly stripped her. And saying to her, “Wicked woman, you rob me of my son,” she pulled her hair, and with the help of her servant, mangled her with kicks, bites, and scratches. And she threw her into a cellar that was closed with a trap-door and strongly fastened, after first taking out all the things that were in it previously. And the wretch put in it every day half a plate of rice, in the evening, for the girl who was in such a state. And she thought, “I will say in a few days ‘she died of herself during her husband’s absence in a distant land, take her corpse away.’”[7] Thus Kírtisená, who deserved all happiness, was thrown into a cellar by that cruel mother-in-law, and while there she reflected with tears, “My husband is rich, I was born in a good family, I am fortunately endowed and virtuous, nevertheless I suffer such calamity, thanks to my mother-in-law. And this is why relations lament the birth of a daughter, exposed to the terrors of mother-in-law, and sister-in-law, marred with inauspiciousness of every kind.” While thus lamenting, Kírtisená suddenly found a small shovel in that cellar, like a thorn extracted from her heart by the Creator. So she dug a passage underground with that iron instrument, until by good luck she rose up in her own private apartment. And she was able to see that room by the light of a lamp that had been left there before, as if she were lighted by her own undiminished virtue. And she took out of it her clothes and her gold, and leaving it secretly at the close of the night, she went out of the city. She reflected—“It is not fitting that I should go to my father’s house after acting thus; what should I say there, and how would people believe me? So I must manage to repair to my husband by means of my own ingenuity; for a husband is the only refuge of virtuous women in this world and the next.” Reflecting thus, she bathed in the water of a tank, and put on the splendid dress of a prince. Then she went into the bazar and after exchanging some gold for money, she sojourned that day in the house of a certain merchant.

The next day she struck up a friendship with a merchant named Samudrasena who wished to go to Vallabhí. And wearing the splendid dress of a prince, she set out for Vallabhí with the merchant and his servants in order to catch up her husband who had set out beforehand. And she said to that merchant, “I am oppressed by my clansmen,[8] so I will go with you to my friends in Vallabhí.”

Having heard that, the merchant's son waited upon her on the journey, out of respect, thinking to himself that she was some distinguished prince or other; and that caravan preferred for its march the forest road, which was much frequented by travellers, who avoided the other routes because of the heavy duties they had to pay. In a few days they reached the entrance of the forest, and while the caravan was encamped in the evening, a female jackal, like a messenger of death, uttered a terrific howl. Thereupon the merchants, who understood what that meant, became apprehensive of an attack by bandits, and the guards on every side took their arms in hand; and the darkness began to advance like the vanguard of the bandits; then Kírtisená, in man's dress, beholding that, reflected, "Alas! the deeds of those who have sinned in a former life seem to propagate themselves with a brood of evils! Lo! the calamity which my mother-in-law brought upon me has borne fruit here also! First I was engulphed by the wrath of my mother-in-law as if by the mouth of death, then I entered the cellar like a second prison of the womb. By good fortune, I escaped thence, being, as it were, born a second time, and having come here, I have again run a risk of my life. If I am slain here by bandits, my mother-in-law, who hates me, will surely say to my husband, 'She ran off somewhere being attached to another man.' But if some one tears off my clothes and recognises me for a woman, then again I run a risk of outrage, and death is better than that. So I must deliver myself, and disregard this merchant my friend. For good women must regard the duty of virtuous wives, not friends and things of that kind." Thus she determined, and searching about, found a hollow like a house in the middle of a tree, as it were, an opening made for her by the earth out of pity. There she entered and covered her body with leaves and such like things; and remained supported by the hope of reunion with her husband. Then, in the dead of night, a large force of bandits suddenly fell upon the caravan with uplifted weapons, and surrounded it on all sides. And there followed a storm of fight, with howling bandits for thunder-clouds, and the gleam of weapons for long-continued lightning-flashes, and a rain of blood. At last the bandits, being more powerful, slew the merchant-prince Samudrasena and his followers, and went off with all his wealth.

In the meanwhile Kírtisená was listening to the tumult, and that she was not forcibly robbed of breath is to be ascribed to fate only. Then the night

departed, and the keen-rayed sun arose, and she went out from that hollow in the middle of the tree. Surely the gods themselves preserve in misfortune good women exclusively devoted to their husbands, and of unfailing virtue; for not only did a lion beholding her in the lonely wood spare her, but a hermit that had come from somewhere or other, when she asked him for information, comforted her and gave her a drink of water from his vessel, and then disappeared in some direction or other, after telling her the road to take. Then satisfied as if with nectar, free from hunger and thirst, that woman, devoted to her husband, set out by the road indicated by the hermit. Then she saw the sun mounted on the western mountain, stretching forth his rays like fingers, as if saying—"Wait patiently one night"—and so she entered an opening in the root of a forest tree which looked like a house, and closed its mouth with another tree. And in the evening she saw through the opening of a chink in the door of her retreat a terrible Rákshasí approaching, accompanied by her young sons. She was terrified, thinking to herself—"Lo! I shall be devoured by this Rákshasí after escaping all my other misfortunes"—and in the meanwhile the Rákshasí ascended that tree. And her sons ascended after her, and immediately said to that Rákshasí,[9] —"Mother, give us something to eat." Then the Rákshasí said to her children,—"To-day, my children, I went to a great cemetery, but I did not obtain any food, and though I entreated the congregation of witches, they gave me no portion; then grieved thereat I appealed to Śiva in his terrific form and asked him for food. And the god asked me my name and lineage, and then said to me—'Terrible one, thou art of high birth as belonging to the race of Khara and Dúshaṇa;[10] so go to the city of Vasudatta, not far from here. In that city there lives a great king named Vasudatta addicted to virtue; he defends this whole forest, dwelling on its border, and himself takes duties and chastises robbers. Now, one day, while the king was sleeping in the forest, fatigued with hunting, a centipede quickly entered his ear unobserved. And in course of time it gave birth to many others inside his head. That produced an illness which now dries up all his sinews. And the physicians do not know what is the cause of his disease, but if some one does not find out, he will die in a few days. When he is dead, eat his flesh; for by eating it, you will, thanks to your magic power, remain satiated for six months!' In these words Śiva promised me a meal, that is attended with

uncertainty, and cannot be obtained for a long time, so what must I do, my children?" When the Rákshasí said this to her children, they asked her, "If the disease is discovered and removed, will that king live, mother? And tell us how such a disease can be cured in him?" When the children said this, the Rákshasí solemnly said to them, "If the disease is discovered and removed, the king will certainly live. And hear how his great disease may be taken away. First his head must be anointed by rubbing warm butter on it, and then it must be placed for a long time in the heat of the sun intensified by noonday. And a hollow cane-tube must be inserted into the aperture of his ear, which must communicate with a hole in a plate, and this plate must be placed above a pitcher of cool water. Accordingly the centipedes will be annoyed by heat and perspiration, and will come out of his head, and will enter that cane-tube from the aperture of the ear, and desiring coolness will fall into the pitcher. In this way the king may be freed from that great disease." Thus spake the Rákshasí to her sons on the tree, and then ceased; and Kírtisená, who was in the trunk of the tree, heard it. And hearing it, she said to herself, "If ever I get safe away from here, I will go and employ this artifice to save the life of that king. For he takes but small duties, and dwells on the outskirts of this forest; and so all the merchants come this way because it is more convenient. This is what the merchant, Samudrasena, who is gone to heaven, told me; accordingly that husband of mine will be sure to return by this very path. So I will go to the city of Vasudatta, which is on the borders of the forest, and I will deliver the king from his sickness, and there await the arrival of my husband." Thus reflecting, she managed, though with difficulty, to get through the night: in the morning, the Rákshasas having disappeared, she went out from the trunk of the tree.

Then she travelled along slowly in the dress of a man, and in the afternoon she saw a good cowherd. He was moved to compassion by seeing her delicate beauty, and that she had accomplished a long journey, and then she approached him, and said—"What country is this, please tell me?" The cowherd said—"This city in front of you is the city of Vasudatta, belonging to the king Vasudatta: as for the king, he lies there at the point of death with illness." When Kírtisená heard that, she said to the cowherd, "If any one will conduct me into the presence of that king, I know how to remove his

disease." When the cowherd heard that, he said, "I am going to that very city, so come with me, that I may point it out to you." Kírtisená answered —"So be it," and immediately that herdsman conducted her to the city of Vasudatta, wearing her male dress. And telling the circumstances exactly as they were, he immediately commended that lady with auspicious marks to the afflicted warder. And the warder, having informed the king, by his orders introduced the blameless lady into his presence. The king Vasudatta, though tortured with his disease, was comforted the moment he beheld that lady of wonderful beauty; the soul is able to distinguish friends from enemies. And he said to the lady who was disguised as a man, "Auspicious sir, if you remove this disease, I will give you half my kingdom; I remember a lady stripped off from me in my dream a black blanket, so you will certainly remove this my disease." When Kírtisená heard that, she said —"This day is at an end, O king; to-morrow I will take away your disease; do not be impatient." Having said this, she rubbed cow's butter on the king's head; that made sleep come to him, and the excessive pain disappeared. And then all there praised Kírtisená, saying—"This is some god come to us in the disguise of a physician, thanks to our merits in a previous state of existence." And the queen waited on her with various attentions, and appointed for her a house in which to rest at night, with female attendants. Then on the next day, at noon, before the eyes of the ministers and ladies of the harem, Kírtisená extracted from the head of that king, through the aperture of the ear, one hundred and fifty centipedes, by employing the wonderful artifice previously described by the Rákshasí. And after getting the centipedes into the pitcher, she comforted the king by fomenting him with milk and melted butter. The king having gradually recovered, and being free from disease, everybody there was astonished at beholding those creatures in the pitcher. And the king, on beholding these harmful insects that had been extracted from his head, was terrified, puzzled and delighted, and considered himself born again. And he made high feast, and honoured Kírtisená, who did not care for half the kingdom, with villages, elephants, horses, and gold. And the queens and the ministers loaded her with gold and garments, saying that they ought to honour the physician who had saved the life of their sovereign. But she deposited for the present that wealth in the hand of the king, waiting for her husband, and saying—"I am under a vow for a certain time."

So Kírtisená remained there some days in man's clothes, honoured by all men, and in the meanwhile she heard from the people that her own husband, the great merchant Devasena, had come that way from Vallabhí. Then, as soon as she knew that that caravan had arrived in the city, she went to it, and saw that husband of hers as a peahen beholds the new cloud. And she fell at his feet, and her heart, weeping from the pain of long separation, made her bestow on him the *argha*[11] with her tears of joy. Her husband, for his part, after he had examined her, who was concealed by her disguise, like the form of the moon invisible in the day on account of the rays of the sun, recognised her. It was wonderful that the heart of Devasena, who was handsome as the moon, did not dissolve like the moonstone,[12] on beholding the moon of her countenance.

Then, Kírtisená having thus revealed herself, and her husband remaining in a state of wonder, marvelling what it could mean, and the company of merchants being astonished, the king Vasudatta, hearing of it, came there full of amazement. And Kírtisená, being questioned by him, told in the presence of her husband her whole adventure, that was due to the wickedness of her mother-in-law. And her husband Devasena, hearing it, conceived an aversion to his mother, and was affected at the same time by anger, forbearance, astonishment, and joy. And all the people present there, having heard that wonderful adventure of Kírtisená, exclaimed joyfully —"Chaste women, mounted on the chariot of conjugal affection, protected by the armour of modesty, and armed with the weapon of intellect, are victorious in the struggle." The king too said—"This lady, who has endured affliction for the sake of her husband, has surpassed even queen Sítá, who shared the hardships of Ráma. So she is henceforth my sister in the faith, as well as the saviour of my life." When the king said that, Kírtisená answered him—"O king, let your gift of affection which I deposited in your care, consisting of villages, elephants, and horses, be made over to my husband." When she said this to the king, he bestowed on her husband Devasena the villages and other presents, and being pleased gave him a turban of honour. Then Devasena, having his purse suddenly filled with stores of wealth, part of which was given by the king, and part acquired by his own trading, avoiding his mother, and praising Kírtisená, remained dwelling in that

town. And Kírtisená having found a happy lot, from which her wicked mother-in-law was removed, and having obtained glory by her unparalleled adventures, dwelt there in the enjoyment of all luxury and power, like all the rich fruit of her husband's good deeds incarnate in a body.

"Thus chaste women, enduring the dispensations of hostile fate, but preserving in misfortunes the treasure of their virtue, and protected by the great power of their goodness, procure good fortune for their husbands and themselves. And thus, O daughter of a king, many misfortunes befall wives, inflicted by mothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, therefore I desire for you a husband's house of such a kind, that in it there shall be no mother-in-law and no cruel sister-in-law."

Hearing this delightful and marvellous story from the mouth of the Asura princess Somaprabhá, the mortal princess Kalingasená was highly delighted. Then the sun, seeing that these tales, the matter of which was so various, had come to an end, proceeded to set, and Somaprabhá, having embraced the regretful Kalingasená, went to her own palace.

1

Suvṛittayá means virtuous, and beautifully-rounded.

2

Cp. Chaucer's Squire's Tale, line 316, "Ye moten trille a pin, stant in his ere."

3

This may remind the reader of the story of the pestle in Lucian's Philopseudes, that was sent to fetch water. When the Ægyptian sorcerer was away, his pupil tried to perform the trick. But he did not know the charm for stopping the water-carrying process. Accordingly the house was flooded. In despair he chopped the pestle in two with an axe. That made matters worse, for both halves set to work to bring water. The story has been versified by Goethe, and the author of the Ingoldsby Legends.

4

Here Dr. Brockhaus supposes a line to be omitted. The transition is somewhat abrupt.

5

Cp. with the story of Kírtisená the substance of two modern Greek songs given in Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 187.

6

i. e. Wealth-preserved.

7

Böhtlingk and Roth in their Dictionary explain the passage as follows: *imam*, (*i. e.*, *patim*) *vyutthápya yátá iti*, she was unfaithful to her husband.

8

Gotraja nearly equivalent to the Gentile of Roman law, and applied to kindred of the same general family connected by offerings of food and water; hence opposed to the Bandhu or cognate kindred. She represented that she was a prince whose clansmen were trying to disinherit him.

9

Cp. Thorpe's Yuletide Stories, p. 341, cited before on p. 25, also Sagas from the Far East, p. 162. The Mongolian version supplies the connecting link between India and Europe. In the Sagas from the Far East, the Rákshasas are replaced by crows. Compare also the way in which the gardener in "Das Rosmarinsträuchlein," Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 12, acquires some useful information. The story of Kírtisená from this point to the cure of the king closely resembles the latter half of Die Zauberkugeln in the same collection. A striking parallel will be found in Basile's Pentamerone, Vol. I, p. 166. See also Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 272; Gaal, Die Märchen der Magyaren, p. 178; Coelho, Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 47. In Waldau's Story there is a strange similarity in the behaviour of the king, on first seeing the young physician, to that of Vasudatta. See also the Sixth Tale in Ralston's Tibetan Tales and the remarks in the Introduction, p. li.

10

Names of Rákshasas mentioned in the Rámáyaṇa.

11

Water is the principal ingredient of the offering called *argha* or *arghya*.

12

This gem is formed from the congelation of the rays of the moon, and dissolves under the influence of its light. There is of course an elaborate pun in *Chandrakánta*.

Chapter XXX.

Then Kalingasená out of love went to the top of a palace on the high road, to follow with her eyes the course of Somaprabhá, who had set out for her own home, and by chance a young king of the Vidyádharas, named Madanavega, travelling through the air, had a near view of her. The youth beholding her, bewildering the three worlds with her beauty, like the bunch of peacock feathers of the conjuror Cupid, was much troubled. He reflected —"Away with the Vidyádhara beauties! Not even the Apsarases deserve to be mentioned in presence of the surpassing loveliness of this mortal lady. So if she will not consent to become my wife, what is the profit of my life? But how can I associate with a mortal lady, being a Vidyádhara?" Thereupon he called to mind the science named Prajnapti, and that science, appearing in bodily form, thus addressed him, "She is not really a mortal woman, she is an Apsaras, degraded in consequence of a curse, and born in the house of the august king Kalingadatta." When the Vidyádhara had been thus informed by the science, he went off delighted and distracted with love; and averse from all other things, reflected in his palace; "It is not fitting for me to carry her off by force; for the possession of women by force is, according to a curse, fated to bring me death. So in order to obtain her, I must propitiate Śiva by asceticism, for happiness is procurable by asceticism, and no other expedient presents itself." Thus he resolved, and the next day he went to the Ṛishabha mountain, and standing on one foot, performed penance without taking food. Then the husband of Ambiká was soon won over by Madanavega's severe asceticism, and appearing to him, thus enjoined him, "This maiden, named Kalingasená, is famous for beauty on the earth, and she cannot find any husband equal to her in the gift of loveliness. Only the king of Vatsa is a fitting match for her, and he longs to possess her, but through fear of Vásavadattá, does not dare to court her openly. And this princess, who is longing for a handsome husband, will hear of the king of Vatsa from the mouth of Somaprabhá, and repair to him to choose him as her husband. So, before her marriage takes place, assume the form of the impatient king of Vatsa, and go and make her your wife by the

Gándharva ceremony. In this way, fair sir, you will obtain Kalingasená." Having received this command from Śiva, Madanavega prostrated himself before him, and returned to his home on the slope of the Kálakúṭa mountain.

Then Kalingasená went on enjoying herself in the city of Takshaśilá, in the society of Somaprabhá, who went every night to her own home, and came back every morning to her friend, in her chariot that travelled through the air: and one day she said to Somaprabhá in private; "My friend, you must not tell any one what I tell you. Listen, and I will give you a reason that makes me think the time of my marriage has arrived. Ambassadors have been sent here by many kings to ask me in marriage. And they, after an interview with my father, have always hitherto been dismissed by him as they came. But now the king of the name of Prasenajit, who lives in Śrávastí, has sent a messenger, and he alone has been received with honourable distinction by my father. And that course has been recommended by my mother, so I conjecture, the king, my suitor, has been approved of by my father and mother, as of sufficiently noble lineage. For he is born in that family, in which were born Ambá and Ambáliká, the paternal grandmothers of the Kurus and Páṇḍus. So, my friend, it is clear that they have now determined to bestow me in marriage on this king Prasenajit in the city of Śrávastí." When Somaprabhá heard this from Kalingasená, she suddenly shed from grief a copious shower of tears, creating, as it were, a second necklace. And when her friend asked her the cause of her tears, that daughter of the Asura Maya, who had seen all the terrestrial world, said to her—"Of the desirable requisites in a suitor, youth, good looks, noble birth, good disposition, and wealth, youth is of the greatest importance; high birth, and so on, are of subordinate importance. But I have seen that king Prasenajit, and he is an old man; who cares about his high lineage, as he is old, any more than about the birth of the jasmine-flower? You will be to be pitied when linked to him who is white as snow, as the lotus-bed, when linked to the winter, and your face will be a withered lotus. For this reason despondency has arisen in me, but I should be delighted if Udayana, the king of Vatsa, were to become your husband, O auspicious lady. For there is no king upon the earth equal to him in form, beauty, lineage, daring and riches. If, fair one, you should be married to that

fitting mate, the display which the Creator has made in your case of his power to create beauty, would have brought forth fruit." By means of these speeches, artfully framed by Somaprabhá, the mind of Kalingasená was impelled as if by engines, and flew towards the king of Vatsa. And then the princess asked the daughter of Maya, "Friend, how is it that he is called the king of Vatsa? In what race was he born? And whence was he named Udayana? Tell me." Then Somaprabhá said—"Listen, friend, I will tell you that. There is a land, the ornament of the earth, named Vatsa. In it there is a city named Kauśámbí, like a second Amarávatí; and he is called the king of Vatsa because he rules there. And hear his lineage, my friend, related by me. Arjuna of the Páṇḍava race had a son named Abhimanyu, and he, skilled in breaking the close rings of the hostile army, destroyed the force of the Kauravas. From him there sprang a king named Paríkshit, the head of the race of Bharata, and from him sprang Janamejaya, who performed the snake-sacrifice. His son was Śatáníka who settled in Kauśámbí, and he was slain in a war between the gods and Asuras after slaying many giants. His son was king Sahasráníka, an object of praise to the world, to whom Indra sent his chariot, and he went to heaven and returned thence. To him was born this Udayana by the queen Mṛigávatí, the ornament of the race of the Moon, a king that is a feast to the eyes of the world. Hear too the reason of his name. That Mṛigávatí, the mother of this high-born king, being pregnant, felt a desire to bathe in a lake of blood, and her husband, afraid of committing sin, had a lake made of liquid *lac* and other coloured fluids in which she plunged. Then a bird of the race of Garuḍa pounced upon her, thinking she was raw flesh, and carried her off, and, as fate would have it, left her alive on the mountain of the sunrise. And there the hermit Jamadagni saw her, and comforted her, promising her reunion with her husband, and she remained there in his hermitage. For such was the curse inflicted upon her husband by Tilottamá jealous on account of his neglecting her, which caused him separation from his wife for a season. And in some days she brought forth a son in the hermitage of Jamadagni on that very mountain of the sunrise, as the sky brings forth the new moon. And because he was born on the mountain of the sunrise, the gods then and there gave him the name of Udayana, uttering from heaven this bodiless voice—'This Udayana, who is now born, shall be sovereign of the whole

earth, and there shall be born to him a son, who shall be emperor of all the Vidyádharas.'

"Sahasráníka, for his part, who had been informed of the real state of the case by Mátali, and had fixed his hope on the termination of his curse, with difficulty got through the time without that Mṛigávatí. But when the curse had expired, the king obtained his token from a Śavara who, as fate would have it, had come from the mountain of the sunrise. And then he was informed of the truth by a voice that came from heaven, and making that Śavara his guide, he went to the mountain of the sunrise. There he found his wife Mṛigávatí like the success of his wishes, and her son Udayana like the realm of fancy. With them he returned to Kauśámbí, and appointed his son crown-prince, pleased with the excellence of his qualities; and he gave him the sons of his ministers, Yaugandharáyaṇa and others. When his son took the burden of the kingdom off his shoulders, he enjoyed pleasures for a long time in the society of Mṛigávatí. And in time the king established his son, that very Udayana, on the throne, and being old, went with his wife and ministers on the long journey. So, Udayana has obtained that kingdom that belonged to his father, and having conquered all his enemies, rules the earth with the help of Yaugandharáyaṇa."

Having in these words quickly told her in confidence the story of Udayana, she again said to her friend Kalingasená—"Thus that king is called the king of Vatsa, fair one, because he rules in Vatsa, and since he comes of the Páṇḍava lineage, he is also descended from the race of the sun. And the gods gave him the name of Udayana, because he was born on the mountain of the sunrise, and in this world even the god of love is not a match for him in beauty. He alone is a husband fit for you, most beautiful lady of the three worlds, and he, being a lover of beauty, no doubt longs for you, who are famous for it. But, my friend, his head-wife is Vásavadattá, the daughter of Chaṇḍamahásena. And she selected him herself, deserting her relations in the ardour of her passion, and so sparing the blushes of Ushá, Śakuntalá and other maidens. And a son has been born to him by her, called Naraváhanadatta, who is appointed by the gods as the future emperor of the Vidyádharas. So it is through fear of her that the king of Vatsa does not send here to ask for your hand, but she has been seen by me, and she does not vie

with you in the gift of beauty." When her friend Somaprabhá said this, Kalingasená, being in love with the king of Vatsa, answered her—"I know all this, but what can I do, as I am under the power of my parents? But in this, you, who know all things and possess magic power, are my refuge." Somaprabhá then said to her—"The whole matter depends on destiny; in proof of it hear the following tale."

Story of Tejasvatí.

Once on a time there lived in Ujjayiní a king named Vikramasena, and he had a daughter named Tejasvatí, matchless in beauty. And she disapproved of every king who sued for her hand. But one day, while she was on the roof of her palace, she saw a man, and as fate would have it, she felt a desire to meet him as he was very handsome, and she sent her confidante to him, to communicate to him her desire. The confidante went and entreated the man, who shrank from such an audacious step, and at last with much difficulty she made him against his will agree to an assignation, saying, "Await, good sir, the arrival of the princess at night in this retired temple which you see here." After saying this, she took leave of him, and went and told the princess Tejasvatí, who for her part remained watching the sun. But that man, though he had consented, fled somewhere else out of fear; a frog is not capable of relishing the fibres of a bed of red lotuses.

In the meanwhile a certain prince of high lineage came, as his father was dead, to visit the king who had been his father's friend. And that handsome young prince, named Somadatta, whose kingdom and wealth had been taken by pretenders, arriving at night, entered by accident, to pass the night there, that very temple in which the confidante of the princess had arranged a meeting with the man. While he was there, the princess, blind with passion, approached him, without distinguishing who he was, and made him her self-chosen husband. The wise prince gladly received in silence the

bride offered him by fate, who foreshadowed his union with the future Fortune of Royalty. And the princess soon perceived that he was very charming, and considered that she had not been deceived by the Creator. Immediately they conversed together, and the two separated according to agreement; the princess went to her own palace, while the king spent the rest of the night there. In the morning the prince went and announced his name by the mouth of the warder, and being recognised, entered into the presence of the king. There he told his sorrow on account of his kingdom having been taken away, and other insults, and the king agreed to assist him in overthrowing his enemies. And he determined to give him the daughter he had long desired to give away, and then and there told his intention to the ministers. Then the queen told the king his daughter's adventure, having been informed of it before by herself, through the mouths of trusty confidantes. Then the king was astonished at finding that calamity had been averted and his desire attained by mere chance, as in the fable of the crow and the palm,[1] and thereupon one of the ministers said to the king, "Fate watches to ensure the objects of auspicious persons, as good servants of their masters, when the latter are not on the look-out. And to illustrate this, I will tell you the following tale: listen!"

Story of the Bráhman Hariśarman.

There was a certain Bráhman in a certain village, named Hariśarman.[2] He was poor and foolish and in evil ease for want of employment, and he had very many children, that he might reap the fruit of his misdeeds in a former life. He wandered about begging with his family, and at last he reached a certain city, and entered the service of a rich householder called Sthúladatta. He made his sons keepers of this householder's cows and other possessions, and his wife a servant to him, and he himself lived near his house, performing the duty of an attendant. One day there was a feast on account of the marriage of the daughter of Sthúladatta, largely attended by many friends of the bridegroom, and merry-makers. And then Hariśarman

entertained a hope that he would be able to fill himself up to the throat with ghee and flesh and other dainties, together with his family, in the house of his patron. While he was anxiously expecting that occasion, no one thought of him. Then he was distressed at getting nothing to eat, and he said to his wife at night; “It is owing to my poverty and stupidity that I am treated with such disrespect here: so I will display by means of an artifice an assumed knowledge, in order that I may become an object of respect to this Sthúladatta, and when you get an opportunity, tell him that I possess supernatural knowledge.” He said this to her, and after turning the matter over in his mind, while people were asleep he took away from the house of Sthúladatta a horse on which his son-in-law rode. He placed it in concealment at some distance, and in the morning the friends of the bridegroom could not find the horse, though they searched in every direction. Then, while Sthúladatta was distressed at the evil omen, and searching for the thieves who had carried off the horse, the wife of Hariśarman came and said to him—“My husband is a wise man, skilled in astrology and sciences of that kind; and he will procure for you the horse; why do you not ask him?” When Sthúladatta heard that, he called that Hariśarman, who said, “Yesterday I was forgotten, but to-day, now the horse is stolen, I am called to mind,” and Sthúladatta then propitiated the Bráhman with these words—“I forgot you, forgive me”—and asked him to tell him who had taken away their horse? Then Hariśarman drew all kinds of pretended diagrams and said,—“The horse has been placed by thieves on the boundary line south from this place. It is concealed there, and before it is carried off to a distance, as it will be at close of day, quickly go and bring it.” When they heard that, many men ran and brought the horse quickly, praising the discernment of Hariśarman. Then Hariśarman was honoured by all men as a sage, and dwelt there in happiness, honoured by Sthúladatta. Then, as days went on, much wealth consisting of gold and jewels was carried off by a thief from the palace of the king. As the thief was not known, the king quickly summoned Hariśarman on account of his reputation for supernatural knowledge. And he, when summoned, tried to gain time, and said “I will tell you to-morrow,” and then he was placed in a chamber by the king, and carefully guarded. And he was despondent about his pretended knowledge.[3] Now in that palace there was a maid named

Jihvá,[4] who, with the assistance of her brother had carried off that wealth from the interior of the palace: she, being alarmed at Hariśarman's knowledge, went at night and applied her ear to the door of that chamber in order to find out what he was about. And Hariśarman, who was alone inside, was at that very moment blaming his own tongue, that had made a vain assumption of knowledge. He said—"O Tongue, what is this that you have done, through desire of enjoyment? Ill-conducted one, endure now punishment in this place." When Jihvá heard this, she thought in her terror, that she had been discovered by this wise man, and by an artifice she managed to get in where he was, and falling at his feet, she said to that supposed sage;—"Bráhman, here I am, that Jihvá whom you have discovered to be the thief of the wealth, and after I took it, I buried it in the earth in a garden behind the palace, under a pomegranate tree. So spare me, and receive the small quantity of gold which is in my possession." When Hariśarman heard that, he said to her proudly, "Depart, I know all this; I know the past, present and future: but I will not denounce you, being a miserable creature that has implored my protection. But whatever gold is in your possession you must give back to me." When he said this to the maid, she consented and departed quickly. But Hariśarman reflected in his astonishment; "Fate, if propitious, brings about, as if in sport, a thing that cannot be accomplished, for in this matter when calamity was near, success has unexpectedly been attained by me. While I was blaming my tongue (*jihvá*), the thief Jihvá suddenly flung herself at my feet. Secret crimes I see, manifest themselves by means of fear." In these reflections he passed the night happily in the chamber. And in the morning he brought the king by some skilful parade of pretended knowledge into the garden, and led him up to the treasure, which was buried there and he said that the thief had escaped with a part of it. Then the king was pleased and proceeded to give him villages. But the minister, named Devajnánin, whispered in the king's ear, "How can a man possess such knowledge unattainable by men, without having studied treatises; so you may be certain that this is a specimen of the way he makes a dishonest livelihood, by having a secret intelligence with thieves. So it will be better to test him by some new artifice." Then the king of his own accord brought a new covered pitcher into which he had thrown a frog, and said to that Hariśarman—"Bráhman, if you can guess what there

is in this pitcher, I will do you great honour to-day." When the Bráhman Hariśarman heard that, he thought that his last hour had come, and he called to mind the pet name of frog which his father had given him in his childhood in sport, and impelled by the deity he apostrophized himself by it, lamenting his hard fate, and suddenly exclaimed there—"This is a fine pitcher for you, frog, since suddenly it has become the swift destroyer of your helpless self in this place." The people there, when they heard that, made a tumult of applause, because his speech chimed in so well with the object presented to him, and murmured,—"Ah! a great sage, he knows even about the frog!" Then the king, thinking that this was all due to knowledge of divination, was highly delighted, and gave Hariśarman villages with gold, umbrella, and vehicles of all kinds. And immediately Hariśarman became like a feudal chief.

"Thus good objects are brought about by fate for those whose actions in a former life have been good. Accordingly fate made that daughter of yours, Tejasvatí, approach Somadatta a man of equal birth, and kept away one who was unsuited to her." Hearing this from the mouth of his minister, the king Vikramasena gave his daughter to that prince as if she were the goddess of fortune. Then the prince went and overcame his enemies by the help of his father-in-law's host, and being established in his own kingdom, lived happily in the company of his wife.

"So true is it that all this happens by the special favour of fate; who on earth would be able to join you, lovely as you are, with the king of Vatsa, though a suitable match for you, without the help of fate? What can I do in this matter, friend Kalingasená?" Kalingasená, hearing this story in private from the mouth of Somaprabhá, became eager in her soul for union with the king of Vatsa, and, in her aspirations after him, began to feel in a less degree the fear of her relations and the warnings of modesty. Then, the sun, the great lamp of the three worlds, being about to set, Somaprabhá the daughter of the Asura Maya, having with difficulty taken leave, until her morning return, of her friend, whose mind was fixed upon her proposed attempt, went through the air to her own home.

Note on the story of Hariśarman.

The story of Hariśarman resembles closely that of Doctor Allwissend in Grimm's Tales. It is shown by Benfey to exist in various forms in many countries. It is found in the Siddhikür, the Mongolian form of the Sanskrit Vetálapanchavinśati. In this form of the story the incident of the frog in the pot is omitted, and the other incidents are considerably altered. Instead of the king's treasure we find a magic gem, on which the prosperity of the country depends; it is not stolen but lost by the king's daughter. Instead of the horse we have the cure of a sick Khán who had been driven mad by evil spirits. The folly of the man who represents the Bráhman consists in his choosing worthless presents for his reward. (The story is the IVth in Sagas from the Far East.) Benfey considers the fullest form of the story to be that in Schleicher's Lithuanian Legends. In this form of the story we have the stealing of the horse. In other points it resembles the Mongolian version. The Bráhman is represented by a poor cottager, who puts up over his door a notice saying that he is a Doctor, who knows everything and can do everything. The third exploit of the cottager is the finding of a stolen treasure which is the second in the Indian story, but his second is a miraculous cure which is in accordance with the Siddikür. The latter is probably a late work; and we may presume that the Mongols brought the Indian story to Europe, in a form resembling that in the Kathá Sarit Ságara more nearly than the form in the Siddikür does. In the third exploit of the cottager in the Lithuanian tale, which corresponds to the second in the Indian, the treasure has been stolen by three servants. They listen outside while the Doctor is alone in his room. When the clock strikes one,—he says, "We have one." When it strikes two, he says—"We have two." When it strikes three, he says,—"We have now three." In their terror they go to the doctor and beg him not to betray them. He is richly rewarded.

But after all, Grimm's form of the tale is nearest to the Sanskrit. The dish with crabs in it, the contents of which the Doctor has to guess, makes him exclaim—"*Ach ich armer Krebs*." This might almost have been translated from the Sanskrit; it is so similar in form. The guilty servants, who stole the gold are detected by the Doctor's saying to his wife—"Margaret, that is the first"—meaning the first who waited at table, and so on.

The story is also found in the Facetiæ of Henricus Bebelius, 1506. Here a poor charcoal-burner represents the Bráhman. He asks three days to consider. The king gives him a good dinner, and while the first thief is standing at the window, he exclaims "*Jam unus accessit*" meaning "one day is at an end." The next day the second thief comes to listen. The charcoal-burner exclaims "*Secundus accessit*" and so with the third, whereupon they all confess.

Benfey conceives himself to have found the incident of the horse in Poggii Facetiæ (LXXXVI ed. Cracov. 1592, p. 59). Here a doctor boasts a wonder-working pill. A man who has lost his ass takes one of these pills. It conducts him to a bed of reeds where he finds his ass. (The article from which I have taken these parallels is found in Benfey's Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 371 and ff.)

1

This is well known in India now. A crow alighted on a palm-tree when just about to fall, and so it appeared that his weight made it fall. For this and many other hints I am indebted to Paṇḍit S. C. Mookerjea, of the Hindu School.

2

Benfey considers that this, as well as "Haripriya," means "blockhead," Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 374.

3

A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *jnánavijna*, *i. e.*, the knowing one, the astrologer.

4

This word means tongue.

Chapter XXXI.

The next morning Somaprabhá arrived, and Kalingasená said to her friend in her confidential conversation—"My father certainly wishes to give me to Prasenajit, I heard this from my mother, and you have seen that he is an old man. But you have described the king of Vatsa in such a way in the course of conversation, that my mind has been captivated by him entering in through the gate of my ear. So first shew me Prasenajit, and then take me there, where the king of Vatsa is; what do I care for my father, or my mother?" When the impatient girl said this, Somaprabhá answered her—"If you must go, then let us go in the chariot that travels through the air. But you must take with you all your retinue, for, as soon as you have seen the king of Vatsa, you will find it impossible to return. And you will never see or think of your parents, and when you have obtained your beloved, you will forget even me, as I shall be at a distance from you. For I shall never enter your husband's house, my friend." When the princess heard that, she wept and said to her,—"Then bring that king of Vatsa here, my friend, for I shall not be able to exist there a moment without you: was not Aniruddha brought to Ushá by Chitralekhá? And though you know it, hear from my mouth that story."

Story of Ushá and Aniruddha.

The Asura Báṇa had a daughter, famous under the name of Ushá. And she propitiated Gaurí, who granted her a boon in order that she might obtain a husband, saying to her, "He to whom you shall be united in a dream, shall be your husband." Then she saw in a dream a certain man looking like a divine prince. She was married by him according to the Gándharva form of marriage, and after obtaining the joy of union with him, she woke up at the

close of night. When she did not see the husband she had seen in her dream, but beheld the traces of his presence, she remembered the boon of Gaurí, and was full of disquietude, fear, and astonishment. And being miserable without the husband whom she had seen in her dream, she confessed all to her friend Chitralekhá, who questioned her. And Chitralekhá, being acquainted with magic, thus addressed that Ushá, who knew not the name of her lover nor any sign whereby to recognise him,—"My friend, this is the result of the boon of the goddess Gaurí, what doubt can we allege in this matter? But how are you to search for your lover as he is not to be recognised by any token? I will sketch for you the whole world, gods, Asuras, and men, in case you may be able to recognise him;[1] and point him out to me among them, in order that I may bring him." Thus spoke Chitralekhá, and when Ushá answered "By all means!" she painted for her with coloured pencils the whole world in order. Thereupon Ushá exclaimed joyfully, "There he is," and pointed out with trembling finger Aniruddha in Dváravatí of the race of Yadu. Then Chitralekhá said—"My friend, you are fortunate, in that you have obtained for a husband Aniruddha the grandson of the adorable Vishṇu. But he lives sixty thousand *yojanas* from here." When Ushá heard that, she said to her, overpowered by excessive longing, "Friend, if I cannot to-day repair to his bosom cool as sandal wood, know that I am already dead, being burnt up with the uncontrollable fire of love." When Chitralekhá heard this, she consoled her dear friend, and immediately flew up and went through the air to the city of Dváravatí; and she beheld it in the middle of the sea, producing with its vast and lofty palaces an appearance as if the peaks of the churning mountain[2] had again been flung into the ocean. She found Aniruddha asleep in that city at night, and woke him up, and told him that Ushá had fallen in love with him on account of having seen him in a dream. And she took the prince, who was eager for the interview, looking exactly as he had before appeared in Ushá's dream, and returned from Dváravatí in a moment by the might of her magic. And flying with him through the air, she introduced that lover secretly into the private apartments of Ushá, who was awaiting him. When Ushá beheld that Aniruddha arrived in bodily form, resembling the moon, there was a movement in her limbs resembling the tide of the sea.[3] Then she remained there with that sweet-heart who had been given her by her friend, in perfect

happiness, as if with Life embodied in visible form. But her father Báṇa, when he heard it, was angry; however Aniruddha conquered him by his own valour and the might of his grandfather. Then Ushá and Aniruddha returned to Dváravatí and became inseparable like Śiva and Párvatí.[4]

"Thus Chitralekhá united Ushá with her lover in one day, but I consider you, my friend, far more powerful than her. So bring me the king of Vatsa here, do not delay." When Somaprabhá heard this from Kalingasená, she said—"Chitralekhá, a nymph of heaven, might take up a strange man and bring him, but what can one like myself do in the matter, who never touch any man but my husband? So I will take you, my friend, to the place where the king of Vatsa is, having first shewn you your suitor Prasenajit." When Somaprabhá made this proposal to Kalingasená, she consented, and immediately ascended with her the magic chariot prepared by her, and setting out through the air with her treasures and her retinue, she went off unknown to her parents. For women impelled by love regard neither height nor depth in front of them, as a horse urged on by his rider does not fear the keenest sword-edge.

First she came to Śrávastí, and beheld from a distance the king Prasenajit white with age, who had gone out to hunt, distinguished by a *chouri* frequently waved, which seemed at a distance to repel her as if saying —"Leave this old man." And Somaprabhá pointed him out with a scornful laugh, saying—"Look! this is the man to whom your father wishes to give you." Then she said to Somaprabhá—"Old age has chosen him for her own, what other female will choose him?" "So take me away from here quickly, my friend, to the king of Vatsa." Immediately Kalingasená went with her to the city of Kauśámbí through the air. Then she beheld from a distance with eagerness that king of Vatsa, pointed out by her friend in a garden, as the female partridge beholds the nectar-rayed moon. With dilated eye, and hand placed on the heart, she seemed to say "He has entered my soul by this path." Then she exclaimed, "Friend, procure me a meeting here with the king of Vatsa this very day; for having seen him I am not able to wait a moment." But when she said this, her friend Somaprabhá answered her—"I have seen to-day an unfavourable omen, so remain, my friend, this day quiet and unobserved in this garden, do not, my friend, send go-betweens

backwards and forwards. To-morrow I will come and devise some expedient for your meeting: at present, O thou whose home is in my heart, I desire to return to the home of my husband." Having said this, Somaprabhá departed thence after leaving her there; and the king of Vatsa, leaving the garden, entered his palace. Then Kalingasená, remaining there, sent her chamberlain, giving him her message explicitly, to the king of Vatsa; and this she did, though previously forbidden by her friend, who understood omens. Love, when recently enthroned in the breasts of young women, is impatient of all restraint. And the chamberlain went and announced himself by the mouth of the warder, and immediately entering, thus addressed the king of Vatsa—"O king, the daughter of Kalingadatta the king who rules over Takshaśilá, Kalingasená by name, having heard that you are most handsome, has come here to choose you for a husband, abandoning her relatives, having accomplished the journey in a magic car that travels through the air, together with her attendants; and she has been conducted here by her confidante named Somaprabhá, who travels invisible, the daughter of the Asura Maya, the wife of Naḍakúvara. I have been sent by her to inform you; do you receive her; let there be union of you two as of the moonlight and the moon." When the king heard this from the chamberlain, he welcomed him, saying—"I consent," and being delighted, he honoured him with gold and garments. And summoning his chief minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, he said to him, "The daughter of king Kalingadatta, who is called Kalingasená, and whose beauty is famed on the earth, has come of her own accord to choose me as a husband; so tell me quickly, when shall I marry her, for she is not to be rejected?" The minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, when the king of Vatsa said this to him, regarding what would be best for his master in the long run, reflected for a moment as follows:[5] "Kalingasená is certainly famed for beauty in the three worlds, there is no other like her; even the gods are in love with her. If this king of Vatsa obtain her, he will abandon everything else, and then the queen Vásavadattá will lose her life, and then the prince Naraváhanadatta will perish, and Padmávatí out of love for him will find life hard to retain: and then Chaṇḍamahásena and Pradyota, the fathers of the two queens, will lose their lives or become hostile; and thus utter ruin will follow. On the other hand it will not do to forbid the match, since the vicious passion of this king

will increase if he is thwarted. So I will put off the time of his marriage in order to attain a favourable issue." Having thus reflected, Yaugandharáyaṇa said to the king of Vatsa, "O king, you are fortunate in that this Kalingasená has of her own accord come to your house, and the king, her father, has become your servant. So you must consult the astrologers, and marry her in accordance with good custom at an auspicious time, for she is the daughter of a great king. To-day give her a suitable palace to dwell in by herself, and send her male and female slaves, and robes and ornaments." When his chief minister gave him this advice, the king of Vatsa approved it, and with glad heart performed it all with special attention. Then Kalingasená entered the palace assigned her for residence, and considering her desire attained, was exceedingly delighted.

The wise Yaugandharáyaṇa, for his part, immediately left the king's court, went to his own house, and reflected—"Often procrastination serves to avert an inauspicious measure. For long ago, when Indra had fled on account of having caused the death of a Bráhman, and Nahusha obtained the sovereignty over the gods, he fell in love with Śachí,[6] and she was saved by the preceptor of the gods[7], to whom she had fled for refuge. For in order to gain time, he kept saying—'She will come to you to-day or to-morrow,'—until Nahusha was destroyed by the curse of a Bráhman, uttered with an angry roar, and Indra regained the sovereignty of the gods. In the same way I must keep putting off my master." Having thus reflected, the minister secretly made an arrangement with the astrologers that they were to fix a distant date.

Then the queen Vásavadattá found out what had taken place, and summoned the prime-minister to her palace. When he entered and bowed before her, the queen said to him, weeping—"Noble sir, you said to me long ago, 'Queen, as long as I remain where I am, you shall have no other rival but Padmávatí,' and observe now, this Kalingasená is about to be married here: and she is beautiful, and my husband is attached to her, so you have proved a prophet of falsehood and I am now a dead woman." When the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa heard this, he said to her—"Be composed, for how could this happen, queen, while I am alive? However, you must not oppose the king in this matter, but must on the contrary take refuge in self-

restraint, and shew him all complaisance. The sick man is not induced to place himself in the physician's hands by disagreeable speeches, but he is by agreeable speeches, if the physician does his work by a conciliatory method. If a man is dragged against the current, he will never escape from the stream of a river, or from a vicious tendency, but if he is carried with the current, he will escape from both. So when the king comes into your presence, receive him with all attentions, without anger, concealing your real feelings. Approve at present of his marrying Kalingasená, saying that his kingdom will be made more powerful by her father also becoming his ally. And if you do this, the king will perceive that you possess in a high degree the virtue of magnanimity, and his love and courtesy towards you will increase, and thinking that Kalingasená is within his reach, he will not be impatient, for the desire of a man for any object increases if he is restrained. And you must teach this lesson to Padmávatí also, O blameless one, and so that king may submit to our putting him off in this matter. And after this, I ween, you will behold my skill in stratagem. For the wise are tested in difficulty, even as heroes are tested in fight. So, queen, do not be despondent." In these words Yaugandharáyana admonished the queen, and, as she received his counsels with respect, he departed thence.[8] But the king of Vatsa, throughout that day, neither in light nor darkness entered the private apartments of either of the two queens, for his mind was eager for a new well-matched union with Kalingasená, who had approached him in such an ardour of spontaneous choice. And then the queen and the prime-minister and the king and Kalingasená spent the night in wakefulness like that of a great feast, apart in their respective houses, the second couple through impatience for a rare delight, and the first through very profound anxiety.

1

Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 240. So Arthur in the Romance of Artus de la Bretagne (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 107) falls in love with a lady he sees in a dream. Liebrecht in his note at the end of the book tells us that this is a common occurrence in Romances, being found in Amadis of Greece, Palmerin of Oliva, the Romans de Sept Sages, the Fabliau of the Chevalier à la Trappe, the Nibelungen Lied, &c., and ridiculed by

Chaucer in his Rime of Sir Topas. He also refers to Athenæus, p. 575, and the Hermotimus of Lucian.

2

The mountain Mandara which served as a churning-stick at the churning of the ocean of milk.

3

Velátá is evidently corrupt.

4

This is to be understood literally of Śiva and Párvatí, but metaphorically of Ushá and Aniruddha.

5

I read *evam* for *eva*.

6

The wife of Indra.

7

i. e. Bṛihaspati.

8

For *san* I should prefer *sa* which is read in a MS. lent me by the Principal of the Sanskrit College.

Chapter XXXII.

Then the artful minister Yaugandharáyaṇa came the next morning to the king of Vatsa, who was expecting him, and made the following representation—"O king, why do you not immediately enquire about an auspicious moment for celebrating the happy marriage of your highness with Kalingasená, the daughter of Kalingadatta, the king of Takshaśilá?"[1] When the king heard that, he said—"The same desire is fixed in my heart, for my mind cannot endure to remain a moment without her." Having said this, the simple-hearted monarch gave orders to a warder, who stood before him, and summoned the astrologers. When he questioned them, they, having had their cue previously given them by the prime minister, said, "For the king there will be a favourable moment in six months from this time."

When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard this, he pretended to be angry, and the cunning fellow said to the king, "Out on these blockheads! That astrologer, whom your highness previously honoured on the ground of his cleverness, has not come to-day, ask him, and then do what is proper." When he heard this speech of his minister's, the king of Vatsa immediately summoned that very astrologer with mind in an agony of suspense. He also stuck to his agreement, and in order to put off the day of the marriage he named when asked, after some reflection, a moment six months off. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa pretending to be distracted, said to the king—"Let your majesty command what is to be done in this matter!" The king, being impatient and longing for a favourable moment, said, after reflecting—"You must ask Kalingasená, and see what she says." When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard this, he took with him two astrologers and went into the presence of Kalingasená. She received him politely, and beholding her beauty, he reflected—"If the king were to obtain her, he would abandon the whole kingdom in his reckless passion." And he said to her, "I am come with these astrologers to fix the moment of your marriage; so let these servants inform me of the particular star in the lunar mansions under which you were born." When the astrologers heard the lunar mansion stated by her attendants, they

pretended to investigate the matter, and kept saying in the course of their calculations, “It is not on this side, it must be after that.” At last, in accordance with their agreement with the minister, they named again that very moment at the end of six months. When Kalingasená heard that distant date fixed, she was cast down in spirit, but her chamberlain said, “You must first fix a favourable moment, so that this couple may be happy all their lives, what matters it whether it be near or far off?” When they heard this speech of the chamberlain’s, all there immediately exclaimed—“Well said.” And Yaugandharáyaṇa said, “Yes, and if an inauspicious moment is appointed for us, the king Kalingadatta, our proposed connexion, will be grieved.” Then Kalingasená, being helpless, said to them all—“Let it be as you appoint in your wisdom”—and remained silent. And at once accepting that speech of hers, Yaugandharáyaṇa took leave of her, and went with the astrologers into the presence of the king. Then he told the proceedings to the king of Vatsa, exactly as they had happened, and so having settled his mind by an artifice, he went to his own house.

So having attained his object of putting off the marriage, in order to complete the scheme he had in view, he called to mind his friend, the Bráhman-Rákshasa, named Yogeśvara. He, according to his previous promise, when thought of, readily came to the minister, and bowed before him and said—“Why am I called to mind?” Then Yaugandharáyaṇa told him the whole incident of Kalingasená which was tempting his master to vice, and again said to him—“I have managed to gain time, my friend; in that interval, do you, remaining concealed, observe by your skill the behaviour of Kalingasená. For the Vidyádharas and other spirits are without doubt secretly in love with her, since there is no other woman in the three worlds equal to her in beauty. So, if she were to have an intrigue with some Siddha or Vidyádhara, and you were to see it, it would be a fortunate thing. And you must observe the divine lover, though he come disguised, when he is asleep, for divine beings, when asleep, assume their own form. If in this way we are able to discover any offence in her by means of your eyes, the king will be disgusted with her, and will accomplish that object of ours.” When the minister said this to him, the Bráhman-Rákshasa answered, “Why should I not by some artifice cause her to fall or slay her?” When the great minister Yaugandharáyaṇa heard that, he said to him—“This must not be

done, for it would be a very wicked deed. And whoever goes his own way without offending against the god of justice, finds that that god comes to his assistance to enable him to attain his objects. So you must discover in her, my friend, a fault self-caused, in order that through your friendship the king's objects may be accomplished by me." Having received this order from the excellent minister, the Bráhman-Rákshasa departed, and disguised by magic entered the house of Kalingasená.

In the meanwhile Somaprabhá, her friend, the daughter of the Asura Maya, went again into the presence of Kalingasená. And the daughter of Maya, after asking her friend what had happened in the night, said to her who had abandoned her relations, in the hearing of that Rákshasa—"I came here in the forenoon after searching for you, but I remained concealed at your side, seeing Yaugandharáyaṇa. However I heard your conversation, and I understood the whole state of affairs. So why did you make this attempt yesterday though you were forbidden to do so by me? For any business which is undertaken, my friend, without first counteracting the evil omen, will end in calamity; as a proof of this, hear the following tale:"

Story of the Bráhman's son Vishṇudatta and his seven foolish companions.

Long ago there lived in Antarvedi a Bráhman named Vasudatta, and he had a son born to him named Vishṇudatta. That Vishṇudatta, after he reached the age of sixteen years, set out for the city of Vallabhí in order to acquire learning. And there joined him seven other young Bráhmans his fellows, but those seven were fools, while he was wise and sprung from a good family. After they had taken an oath not to desert one another, Vishṇudatta set out with them at night without the knowledge of his parents. And after he had set forth, he saw an evil omen presenting itself in front of him, and he said to those friends of his who were travelling with him,—"Ha! Here is a bad

omen! it is advisable to turn back now; we will set out again with good hope of success, when we have auspicious omens with us." When those seven foolish companions heard that, they said, "Do not entertain groundless fear, for we are not afraid of the omen. If you are afraid, do not go, but we will start this moment; to-morrow morning our relations will abandon us, when they hear of our proceedings." When those ignorant creatures said that, Vishṇudatta set out with them, urged on by his oath, but he first called to mind Hari, the dispeller of sin. And at the end of the night he saw another evil omen, and again mentioned it, and he was rebuked by all those foolish friends of his in the following words; "This is our evil omen, you coward afraid to travel, that you have been brought by us, since you shudder at a crow at every step you take; we require no other evil omen." Having reviled him in these words, they continued their journey and Vishṇudatta went with them, as he could not help it, but kept silence, reflecting—"One ought not to give advice to a fool bent on going his own crooked way, for it only entails ridicule, being like the beautifying of ordure. A single wise man fallen among many fools, like a lotus in the path of the waves, is surely overwhelmed. So I must not henceforth give these men either good or bad advice, but I must go on in silence; destiny will educe prosperity." Engaged in these reflections, Vishṇudatta proceeded on the way with those fools, and at the end of the day he reached a Śavara village. There he wandered about in the night and reached a certain house inhabited by a young woman, and asked the woman for a lodging there. She gave him a room, and he entered it with his friends, and those seven in a moment went to sleep. He alone remained awake, as he had entered a house belonging to a savage. For the stupid sleep resolutely, how can the understanding sleep?

And in the meanwhile a certain young man secretly entered the inner apartment of the house, and went into the presence of that woman. And she remained in confidential conversation with him, and as fate would have it, they both fell asleep. And Vishṇudatta, perceiving it all through the half-open door by the light of a candle, reflected despondently, "Alas! have we entered the house of a profligate woman? Surely this is her paramour, and not the husband of her youth, for otherwise we should not have this timid secret proceeding; I saw at the first that she was of a flighty disposition; but

we have entered here as mutual witnesses, for lack of others." While he was thinking he heard outside a noise of men, and he saw entering a young chief of the Śavaras with a sword, looking about him, while his attendants remained in the sleeping apartment. When the chief said—"Who are you?" Vishṇudatta, supposing him to be the master of the house, said in his terror —"We are travellers." But the Śavara entered, and seeing his wife in such a position, he cut off with his sword the head of her sleeping paramour. But he did not punish or even wake his wife; but placing his sword on the ground he went to sleep on another couch. Seeing that by the light of the candle, Vishṇudatta reflected—"He did right not to kill his wife, but to kill the adulterer; but that he should sleep here in confidence, after performing such a deed, is an act of surprising courage, characteristic of men of mighty minds." While Vishṇudatta was thus reflecting, that wicked woman awoke and beheld her paramour slain, and that husband of hers asleep. So she rose up, and took on her shoulder the body of her lover, and carrying his head in one hand, she went out. And going outside quickly, she threw into an ash-heap the trunk with the head, and came secretly back. And Vishṇudatta going out beheld it all from a distance, and again entering remained as he was, in the midst of his sleeping companions. But the wicked woman came back, and entering the room, cut off with that very sword the head of her sleeping husband. And going out she raised a cry so as to make all the servants hear, "Alas! I am ruined, my husband has been slain by these travellers." Then the servants, hearing the cry, rushed forward and beholding their master slain, ran upon Vishṇudatta and his friends with uplifted weapons. And when those others, his companions, rose up in terror, as they were about to be slain, Vishṇudatta said quickly—"Cease your attempt to slay Bráhmans! We did not do this deed; this wicked woman herself did it, being in love with another man. But I saw the whole affair from the very beginning, through a half-open door; and I went out and observed what she did, and if you will have patience with me, I will tell you." Vishṇudatta with these words restrained the Śavaras, and told them the whole affair from the beginning, and took them out and showed them the trunk with the head freshly severed and thrown by the woman on that heap of refuse. Then the woman confessed the truth by the paleness of her face, and all there reviled the wanton, and said—"Whom will not a wicked woman kill, when won over by another man, like a sword in an enemy's

hand, since enticed by love she commits reckless crime without being taught." Having said this, they thereupon let Vishṇudatta and his companions go; and then the seven companions praised Vishṇudatta, saying, "You became to us, while we were asleep at night, a protecting jewel-lamp, through your kindness we escaped to-day from death produced by an evil omen." In these words they praised Vishṇudatta, and ceased henceforth their reviling, and after bowing before him they set out in the morning on their errand, accompanied by him.

Having told this story to Kalingasená in their mutual conversation, Somaprabhá again said to that friend of hers in Kauśámbí.—"Thus, my friend, an evil omen presenting itself to people engaged in any undertaking, if not counteracted by delay and other methods, produces misfortune. And so people of dull intelligence, neglecting the advice of the wise, and acting impetuously, are afflicted in the end. Accordingly you did not act wisely in sending a messenger to the king of Vatsa, asking him to receive you, when there was an inauspicious omen. May Fate grant you to be married without any impediment, but you came from your house in an unlucky moment, therefore your marriage is far off. And the gods too are in love with you, so you must be on your guard against this. And you must think of the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, who is expert in politic wiles; he, fearing that the king may become engrossed in pleasure, may throw impediments in your way in this business; or he may even bring a charge against you after your marriage is celebrated: but no, being virtuous, he will not bring a false accusation; nevertheless, my friend, you must at all events be on your guard against your rival wife, I will tell you a story illustrative of this, listen."

Story of Kadalígarbhá.

There is in this land a city named Ikshumatí, and by the side of it there runs a river called by the same name; both were created by Viśvámitra. And near it there is a great forest, and in it a hermit of the name of Mankaṇaka had

made himself a hermitage and performed penance with his heels upwards. And while he was performing austerities, he saw an Apsaras of the name of Menaká coming through the air, with her clothes floating on the breeze. Then his mind was bewildered by Cupid, who had found his opportunity, and there was born to him a daughter named Kadalígarbhá,[2] beautiful in every limb. And since she was born in the interior of a plantain, her father, the hermit Mankaṇaka, gave her the name of Kadalígarbhá. She grew up in his hermitage like Kṛipí the wife of Droṇa, who was born to Gautama on his beholding Rambhá. And once on a time Dṛiḍhavarman, a king born in Madhyadeśa,[3] who in the excitement of the chase was carried away by his horse, entered that hermitage. He beheld Kadalígarbhá clothed in garments of bark, having her beauty exceedingly set off by the dress appropriate to the daughter of an ascetic. And she, when seen, captivated the heart of that king so completely, that she left no room in it for the women of his harem. While thinking to himself—"Shall I be able to obtain as a wife this daughter of some hermit or other, as Dushyanta obtained Śakuntalá the daughter of the hermit Kanva?"—the king beheld that hermit Mankaṇaka coming with fuel and *kuśa*-grass. And leaving his horse, he approached him and worshipped at his feet, and when questioned, discovered himself to that hermit. Then the hermit gave the following order to Kadalígarbhá—"My dear child, prepare the *arghya*[4] for this king our guest." She said—"I will do so"—and bowing, prepared the hospitable offering, and then the king said to the hermit—"Whence did you obtain this maiden who is so beautiful?"—Then the hermit told the king the story of her birth, and her name Kadalígarbhá, which indicated the manner of it. Then the king, considering the maiden born from the hermit's thinking on Menaká to be an Apsaras, earnestly craved her hand of her father. And the sage gave him that daughter named Kadalígarbhá, for the actions of the sages of old time, guided by divine insight, were without hesitation. And the nymphs of heaven, discovering the fact by their divine power, came there out of love for Menaká, and adorned her for the wedding. And on that very occasion they put mustard-seeds into her hand and said to her,—"As you are going along the path, sow them, in order that you may know it again. If, daughter, at any time your husband should scorn you, and you should wish to return here, then you will be able, as you come along, to recognise the path by

these, which will have sprung up." When they had said this to her, and her marriage had been celebrated, the king Dṛiḍhavarman placed Kadalígarbhá on his horse, and departed thence. His army came up and escorted him, and in company with that bride of his, who sowed the mustard-seeds all along the path, he reached his own palace. There he became averse to the society of his other wives, and dwelt with that Kadalígarbhá, after telling her story to his ministers.

Then his principal wife, being exceedingly afflicted, said to his minister in secret, after reminding him of the benefits she had conferred upon him: "The king is now exclusively attached to his new wife and has deserted me, so take steps to make this rival of mine depart." When that minister heard that, he said—"Queen, it is not appropriate for people like me to destroy or banish their masters' wives. This is the business of the wives of wandering religious mendicants, addicted to jugglery and such practices, associating with men like themselves. For those hypocritical female ascetics, creeping unforbidden into houses, skilled in deception, will stick at no deed whatever." When he said this to her, the queen, as if abashed, said to him in affected shame—"Then I will have nothing to do with this proceeding disapproved of by the virtuous." But she laid up his speech in her heart, and dismissing that minister, she summoned by the mouth of her maid a certain wandering female ascetic. And she told her all that desire of hers from the beginning, and promised to give her great wealth if the business were successfully accomplished. And the wicked female ascetic, from desire of gain, said to the afflicted queen—"Queen, this is an easy matter, I will accomplish it for you, for I know very many expedients of various kinds." Having thus consoled the queen, that female ascetic departed; and after reaching her house, she reflected as one afraid, "Alas! whom will not excessive desire of gain delude, since I rashly made such a promise before the queen? But the fact is, I know no device of the kind, and it is not possible to carry on any deception in the palace, as I do in other places, for the authorities might perhaps find it out and punish me. There may be one resource in this difficulty, for I have a friend, a barber, and as he is skilled in devices of the kind, all may yet go well, if he exert himself in the matter." After thus reflecting, she went to the barber, and told him all her plan that was to bring her prosperity. Then the barber, who was old and cunning,

reflected—“This is good luck, that an opportunity of making something has now presented itself to me. So we must not kill the king’s new wife, but we must preserve her alive, for her father has divine insight, and would reveal the whole transaction. But by separating her from the king we will now batten upon the queen, for great people become servants to a servant who shares their criminal secrets. And in due time I will re-unite her to the king, and tell him the whole story, in order that he and the sage’s daughter may become a source of subsistence to me. And thus I shall not have done anything very wrong, and I shall have a livelihood for a long time.” Having thus reflected, the barber said to the hypocritical female ascetic—“Mother, I will do all this, but it would not be proper to slay that new wife of the king’s by means of magic, for the king might some day find it out, and then he would destroy us all: besides we should incur the sin of woman-murder, and her father the sage would curse us. Therefore it is far better that she should be separated from the king by means of our ingenuity, in order that the queen may be happy, and we may obtain wealth [punctuation missing in scan] And this is an easy matter to me, for what can I not accomplish by force of intellect? Hear my ingenuity, I will relate a story which illustrates it.”

Story of the king and the barber’s wife

This king Dṛiḍhavarman had an immoral father. And I was then his servant, being engaged in the duties which belong to me. He, one day, as he was roaming about here, cast eyes on my wife; and as she was young and beautiful, his mind became attached to her. And when he asked his attendants who she was, they said—“The barber’s wife.” He thought —“What can the barber do?” So the wicked king entered my house, and after enjoying at will the society of my wife, departed. But, as it happened, I was away from my house that day, being absent somewhere or other. And the next day, when I entered, I saw that my wife’s manner had altered, and when I asked her the reason, she told me the whole story, being full of pride

at what had occurred. And in that way the king went on puffing up my wife by continual visits, which I was powerless to prevent. A prince distracted by unholy passion makes no distinction between what is lawful and what is illicit. The forest is like straw to a sylvan fire fanned by the wind. So, not being in possession of any other expedient for restraining my sovereign, I reduced myself with spare diet, and took refuge in feigned sickness. And in this state I went into the presence of that king to perform my duties, sighing deeply, pale and emaciated. Then the king, seeing that I seemed to be ill, asked me meaningly the following question—"Holla! tell me why you have become thus?" And after he had questioned me persistently, I answered the king in private, after imploring immunity from punishment—"King, my wife is a witch. And when I am asleep she extracts my entrails and sucks them, and then replaces them as before—This is how I have become lean. So how can continual refreshment and eating nourish me?" When I said this to the king, he became anxious and reflected—"Can she really be a witch? Why was I captivated by her? I wonder whether she will suck my entrails also, since I am well nourished with food. So I will myself contrive to test her this very night." Having thus reflected, the king caused food to be given me on the spot. Then I went home and shed tears in the presence of my wife, and when she questioned me, I said to her—"My beloved, you must not reveal to any one what I am about to tell you. Listen! That king has teeth as sharp as the edge of a thunderbolt, where teeth are not usually found, and they broke my razor to-day while I was performing my duties. And in this way I shall break a razor every time. So how am I to be continually procuring fresh razors? This is why I weep, for the means of supporting myself in my home are destroyed." When I had said this to my wife, she made up her mind to investigate the marvel of the concealed teeth while the king was asleep, since he was to visit her at night. But she did not perceive that such a thing had never been seen since the world was, and could not be true. Even clever women are deceived by the tales of an impostor.

So the king came at night and visited my wife at will, and as if fatigued, pretended to go to sleep, remembering what I had said. Then my wife, thinking he was asleep, slowly stretched out her hand to find his concealed teeth. And as soon as her hand reached him, the king exclaimed—"A witch!

A witch!" and left the house in terror. Henceforth my wife, having been abandoned by the king out of fear, became satisfied with me and devoted to me exclusively. In this way I saved my wife on a former occasion from the king by my intelligence.

Having told this story to the female ascetic, the barber went on to say—"So, my good lady, this desire of yours must be accomplished by wisdom; and I will tell you, mother, how it is to be done, listen to me. Some old servant of the harem must be won over to say to this king in secret every day, 'Your wife Kadalígarbhá is a witch.' For she, being a forest maiden, has no attendants of her own, and what will not all alien servants do for gain, being easily corrupted? Accordingly, when the king becomes apprehensive on hearing what the old servant says, you must contrive to place at night hands and feet and other limbs in the chamber of Kadalígarbhá.[5] Then the king will see them in the morning, and concluding that what the old man says is true, will be afraid of Kadalígarbhá and desert her of his own accord. So the queen will be delighted at getting rid of a rival wife, and entertain a favourable opinion of you, and we shall gain some advantage." When the barber said this to the female ascetic, she consented and went and told the whole matter to the king's head queen. And the queen carried out her suggestions, and the king, who had been warned, saw the hands and feet in the morning with his own eyes, and abandoned Kadalígarbhá, thinking her to be wicked. So the female ascetic, together with the barber, enjoyed to the full the presents which the queen secretly gave to her, being pleased with her aid.

So Kadalígarbhá, being abandoned by Dṛiḍhavarman, went out from the palace, grieved because the king would be cursed. And she returned to the hermitage of her father by the same path by which she came, which she was able to recognise by the mustard-seeds she had sown, which had sprung up.[6] Her father, the hermit Mankaṇaka, when he saw her suddenly arrived there, remained for some time suspecting immorality on her part. And then he perceived the whole occurrence by the power of contemplation, and after lovingly comforting her, departed thence with her. And he went and told the king, who bowed before him, the whole treacherous drama, which the head queen had got up out of hatred for her rival. At that moment the barber

himself arrived, and related the whole occurrence to the king, and then proceeded to say this to him; “In this way, my sovereign, I sent away the lady Kadalígarbhá, and so delivered her from the danger of the incantations which would have been practised against her, since I satisfied the head queen by an artifice.” When the king heard that, he saw that the speech of the great hermit was certainly true, and he took back Kadalígarbhá, recovering his confidence in her. And after respectfully accompanying the departing hermit, he rewarded the barber with wealth, thinking that he was attached to his person: kings are the appointed prey of rogues. Then the king, being averse to the society of his queen, lived in great comfort with Kadalígarbhá.

“Many false accusations of this kind do rival wives bring, O Kalingasená of irreproachable beauty. And you are a maiden, the auspicious moment of whose marriage is fixed at a distant date, and even the gods, whose goings transcend our thought, are in love with you. So do you yourself preserve yourself now, as the one jewel of the world, dedicated to the king of Vatsa only, from all assaults, for your own excellence brings you enmity. I indeed, my friend, shall never return to you, since you are now established in the palace of your husband: good women do not visit the house of a friend’s husband, O fair one! besides I have been forbidden by my own lord. And it is not possible for me to come here secretly, induced by my affection for you, inasmuch as my husband possesses divine insight and would find it out; with difficulty in truth did I obtain his permission to come here to-day. And since I can be of no use to you now, my friend, I will return home, but if my husband should give me permission, I will come here again, disregarding modesty.” Thus Somaprabhá, the daughter of the Asura king, spake weeping to Kalingasená, the daughter of the mortal king, whose face also was washed with tears, and after embracing her, departed swiftly to her own palace, as the day was passing away.

1

Takshaśilá has been identified by General Cunningham with the ruins of an ancient city near Shah-deri one mile to the north-east of Kála-ka-serai. Mr. Growse has pointed out to me that I made a mistake in stating (after Wilson) in a note on p. 5 of this translation, that

the precise site of Kauśámbí, the capital of the king of Vatsa, which Kalingasená reached in one day in the magic chariot, has not been ascertained. He says: “It has been discovered by General Cunningham. The place is still called Kosam, and is on the Yamuná, about 30 miles above Allahabad. The ruins consist of an immense fortress, with earthen ramparts from 30 to 35 feet high, and bastions considerably higher, forming a circuit of 23,100 feet, or exactly four miles and 3 furlongs. The parapets were of brick and stone, some of the bricks measuring 19 in. × 12½ × 2½, which is a proof of their great antiquity. In the midst of these ruins is a large stone monolith, similar to those at Allahabad and Delhi, but without any inscription. The portion of the shaft above ground is 14 feet in length, and an excavation made at the base for a depth of 20 feet did not come to the end of it. Its total length probably exceeds 40 feet. There was, I believe, some talk of removing it to Allahabad and setting it up there, but it was found to be too expensive an undertaking.” Śrávastí, which Kalingasená passed on the way from Takshaśilá, has been identified by General Cunningham with Sáhet-Mahet on the south bank of the Rapti in Oudh.

2

Here there is a slight omission in my translation. Cp. the story of St. Macarius.

3

The country lying between the Himálayas on the north, the Vindhya mountains on the south, Vinaśana on the west and Prayága (Allahabad) on the east.

4

A respectful offering to gods or venerable men of rice, *dúrva*-grass, flowers &c. with water.

5

Cp. for the artifice used to ruin Kadalígarbhá, Dusent’s Norse Tales, pp. 65 and 66.

6

Cp. the 40th story in Grimm’s Kinder- und Hausmärchen, where the girl finds her way by the peas and lentiles which had sprung up. See also the 2nd story in Gonzenbach’s Sicilianische Märchen, where the girl scatters bran. The author of the notes to Grimm’s Märchen mentions a story from Hesse in which the heroine scatters ashes. See also the 49th of the Sicilianische Märchen. See also Bartsch’s Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, pp. 265, 313, 441–444, and 447, where peas are used for the same purpose. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, p. 165. See also Perrault’s Le petit Poucet; Basile’s Pentamerone, No. 48.

Chapter XXXIII.

Then the princess Kalingasená, who had deserted her own country and relations, remembering her dear friend Somaprabhá who had left her, and finding the great festival of her marriage with the king of Vatsa delayed, remained in Kauśámbí like a doe that had strayed from the forest.

And the king of Vatsa, feeling a little bitter against the astrologers, who were so dexterous in deferring the marriage of Kalingasená, being despondent with love-longing, went that day to divert his mind, to the private apartments of Vásavadattá. There the queen, who had been tutored beforehand by the excellent minister, let fall no sign of anger, but shewed especial sedulity in honouring her husband with her usual attentions. And the king, wondering how it was that, even though she knew the episode of Kalingasená, the queen was not angry, being desirous of knowing the cause, said to her; "Do you know, queen, that a princess named Kalingasená has come here to choose me for her husband?" The moment she heard it, she answered, without changing the hue of her countenance, "I know it; I am exceedingly delighted, for in her the goddess of Fortune has come to our house; for by gaining her you will also get her father Kalingadatta under your influence, and the earth will be more completely in your power. Now I am delighted on account of his great power and your pleasure, and long ago did I know this circumstance with regard to you. So am I not fortunate, since I have such a husband as you, whom princesses fall in love with, that are themselves sought by other kings?" When thus addressed by queen Vásavadattá, who had been previously tutored by Yaugandharáyaṇa, the king rejoiced in his heart. And after enjoying a drinking-bout with her, he slept that night in her apartments, and waking up in the morning he reflected—"What, does the magnanimous queen obey me so implicitly as even to acquiesce in having Kalingasená for a rival? But how could this same proud woman endure her, since it was owing to the special favour of destiny that she did not yield her breath, even when I married Padmávatí? So, if anything were to happen to her, it would be utter ruin; upon her hang

the lives of my son, my brother-in-law, my father-in-law, and Padmávatí, and the welfare of the kingdom; what higher tribute can I pay her? So how can I marry that Kalingasená?" Thus reflecting the king of Vatsa left her chamber at the close of night, and the next day went to the palace of queen Padmávatí. She too, having been taught her lesson by Vásavadattá, shewed him attentions after the very same fashion, and when questioned by him, gave a similar answer. The next day the king, thinking over the sentiments and speeches of the queens, which were completely in unison, commended them to Yaugandharáyaṇa. And the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, who knew how to seize the right moment, seeing that the king was plunged in doubt, spake slowly to him as follows—"I know well, the matter does not end where you think, there is a terrible resolve here. For the queens spoke thus, because they are steadfastly bent on surrendering their lives. Chaste women, when their beloved is attached to another, or has gone to heaven, become careless about all enjoyments, and determined to die, though their intentions are inscrutable on account of the haughtiness of their character. For matrons cannot endure the interruption of a deep affection; and in proof of this hear now, O king, this story of Śrutasena."

The story of Śrutasena.

There lived long ago in the Dekhan, in a city called Gokarṇa, a king named Śrutasena, who was the ornament of his race, and possessed of learning. And this king, though his prosperity was complete, had yet one source of sorrow, that he had not as yet obtained a wife who was a suitable match for him. And once on a time the king, while brooding over that sorrow, began to talk about it, and was thus addressed by a Bráhman, named Agniśarman: "I have seen two wonders, O king, I will describe them to you: listen! Having gone on a pilgrimage to all the sacred bathing-places, I reached that Panchatírthí, in which five Apsarases were reduced to the condition of crocodiles by the curse of a holy sage, and were rescued from it by Arjuna,

who had come there while going round the holy spots. There I bathed in the blessed water, which possesses the power of enabling those men, who bathe in it and fast for five nights, to become followers of Náráyaṇa. And while I was departing, I beheld a cultivator in the middle of a field, who had furrowed the earth with his plough, singing. That cultivator was asked about the road by a certain wandering hermit, who had come that way, but did not hear what he said, being wholly occupied with his song. Then the hermit was angry with that cultivator, and began to talk in a distracted manner; and the cultivator, stopping his song, said to him—'Alas! though you are a hermit, you will not learn even a fraction of virtue; even I, though a fool, have discovered what is the highest essence of virtue.' When he heard that, the hermit asked him out of curiosity—'What have you discovered?' And the cultivator answered him—'Sit here in the shade, and listen while I tell you a tale.'

Story of the three Bráhman brothers.

In this land there were three Bráhman brothers, Brahmadatta, Somadatta, and Viśvadatta of holy deeds. Of these the two eldest possessed wives, but the youngest was unmarried; he remained as their servant without being angry, obeying their orders along with me; for I was their ploughman. And those elder brothers thought that he was soft, and devoid of intellect, good, not swerving from the right path, simple, and unenterprising. Then, once on a time, the youngest brother Viśvadatta was solicited by his two brothers' wives who fell in love with him, but he rejected their advances as if each of them had been his mother. Then they both of them went and said falsely to their own husbands, "This younger brother of yours makes love to us in secret." This speech made those two elder brothers cherish anger against him in their hearts, for men bewildered by the speeches of wicked women, do not know the difference between truth and falsehood. Then those brothers said once on a time to Viśvadatta—"Go and level that ant-hill in the middle of the field!" He said—"I will"—and went and proceeded to dig

up the ant-hill with his spade, though I said to him, “Do not do it, a venomous snake lives there.” Though he heard what I said, he continued to dig at the ant-hill, exclaiming—“Let what will happen, happen,” for he would not disobey the order of his two elder brothers, though they wished him ill. Then, while he was digging it up, he got out of it a pitcher filled with gold, and not a venomous snake, for virtue is an auxiliary to the good. So he took that pitcher and gave it all to his elder brothers out of his constant affection for them, though I tried to dissuade him. But they sent assassins, hiring them with a portion of that gold, and had his hands and feet cut off, in their desire to seize his wealth. But he was free from anger, and in spite of that treatment, did not wax wroth with his brothers, and on account of that virtue of his, his hands and feet grew again.

‘After beholding that, I renounced from that time all anger, but you, though you are a hermit, have not even now renounced anger. The man who is free from anger has gained heaven, behold now a proof of this.’ After saying this, the husbandman left his body and ascended to heaven. “This is one wonder which I have seen, hear a second, O king;”

After saying this to king Śrutasena, the Bráhman continued, “Then, as I was roaming about on the shore of the sea to visit sacred places, I reached the realm of king Vasantasena. There, as I was about to enter an almshouse where cooked food is distributed by the king, the Bráhmans said to me, —‘Bráhman, advance not in that direction, for there the king’s daughter is present, she is called Vidyuddyotá, and if even a hermit beholds her, he is pierced by the arrow of love, and becoming distracted ceases to live.’ Then I answered them—‘This is not wonderful to me, for I continually behold king Śrutasena, who is a second god of love. When he leaves his palace on an expedition, or for some other purpose, women of good family are removed by guards from any place whence they may possibly see him, for fear they should infringe chastity.’ When I said this, they knew I was a subject of your Majesty’s, and the superintendent of the house of entertainment and the king’s chaplain took me into the presence of the king, that I might share the feast. There I saw that princess Vidyuddyotá, looking like the incarnation of the magic art with which the god of love bewilders the world. After a long time I mastered my confusion at beholding her, and reflected

—‘If this lady were to become the wife of our sovereign, he would forget his kingdom. Nevertheless I must tell this tale to my master, otherwise there might take place the incident of Devasena and Unmádiní.’

The story of Devasena and Unmádiní.

Once on a time, in the realm of king Devasena, there was a merchant’s daughter, a maiden that bewildered the world with her beauty. Her father told the king about her, but the king did not take her in marriage, for the Bráhmans, who wished to prevent his neglecting his duties, told him she had inauspicious marks. So she was married to his prime minister.[1] And once on a time she showed herself to the king at a window. And the king, struck by her with a poisonous look from a distance, as if she had been a female snake,[2] fainted again and again, enjoyed no pleasure, and took no food. And the righteous king, though entreated over and over again to marry her by the ministers, with her husband at their head, refused to do so, and devoted to her, yielded up his breath.

“Accordingly I have come to-day and told you this wonderful tale, thinking that if a similar distraction were to come upon you, I should be guilty of conspiring against your life.”

When king Śrutasena heard from that Bráhman this speech, which was like the command of the god of love, he became ardently attached to Vidyuddyotá, so he immediately sent off the Bráhman and took steps to have her brought quickly and married her. Then the princess Vidyuddyotá became inseparable from the person of that king, as the daylight from the orb of the sun.

Then a maiden of the name of Mátṛidattá, the daughter of a very rich merchant, intoxicated with the pride of her beauty, came to select that king for her husband. Through fear of committing unrighteousness, the king

married that merchant's daughter; then Vidyuddyotá, coming to hear of it, died of a broken heart. And the king came and beheld that dearly loved wife lying dead, and took her up in his arms, and lamenting, died on the spot. Thereupon Mátṛidattá, the merchant's daughter, entered the fire. And so the whole kingdom perished with the king.

"So you see, king, that the breaking off of long love is difficult to bear, especially would it be so to the proud queen Vásavadattá. Accordingly, if you were to marry this Kalingasená, the queen Vásavadattá would indubitably quit her life, and queen Padmávatí would do the same, for their life is one. And then how would your son Naraváhanadatta live? And, I know, the king's heart would not be able to bear any misfortune happening to him. And so all this happiness would perish in a moment, O king. But as for the dignified reserve, which the queens displayed in their speeches, that sufficiently shews that their hearts are indifferent to all things, being firmly resolved on suicide. So you must guard your own interests, for even animals understand self-protection, much more wise men like yourself, O king." The king of Vatsa, when he heard this at length from the excellent minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, having now become quite capable of wise discrimination, said—"It is so; there can be no doubt about it; all this fabric of my happiness would be overthrown. So what is the use of my marrying Kalingasená? Accordingly the astrologers did well in mentioning a distant hour as auspicious for the marriage: and there cannot after all be much sin in abandoning one who had come to select me as her husband." When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard this, he reflected with joy, "Our business has almost turned out according to our wishes. Will not that same great plant of policy, watered with the streams of expedient, and nourished with due time and place, truly bring forth fruit?" Thus reflecting, and meditating upon fitting time and place, the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa went to his house, after taking a ceremonious farewell of the king.

The king too went to the queen Vásavadattá, who had assumed to welcome him a manner which concealed her real feelings, and thus spoke to her to console her: "Why do I speak? you know well, O gazelle-eyed one, that your love is my life, even as the water is of the lotus. Could I bear even to mention the name of another woman? But Kalingasená came to my house

of her own impetuous motion. And this is well known, that Rambhá, who came to visit Arjuna of her own impetuous will, having been rejected by him, as he was engaged in austerities, inflicted on him a curse which made him a eunuch. That curse was endured by him to the end, living in the house of the king of Viráṭa in the garb of a eunuch, though he displayed miraculous valour. So I did not reject this Kalingasená when she came, but I cannot bring myself to do anything without your wish." Having comforted her in these words, and having perceived by the flush of wine which rose to her cheek, as if it were her glowing passionate heart, that her cruel design was a reality, the king of Vatsa spent that night with the queen Vásavadattá, delighted at the transcendent ability of his prime minister.

And in the meanwhile that Bráhman-Rákshasa, named Yogeśvara, who was a friend of Yaugandharáyaṇa, and whom he had commissioned beforehand to watch day and night the proceedings of Kalingasená, came that very night of his own accord and said to the prime minister: "I remain ever at Kalingasená's house, either without it or within it, and I have never seen man or god come there. But to-day I suddenly heard an indistinct noise in the air, at the commencement of the night, as I was lying hid near the roof of the palace. Then my magic science was set in motion to ascertain the cause of the sound, but prevailed not; so I pondered over it, and came to this conclusion: 'This must certainly be the voice of some being of divine power, enamoured of Kalingasená, who is roaming in the sky. Since my science does not succeed, I must look for some opening, for clever people who remain vigilant, find little difficulty in discovering holes in their opponents' armour. And I know that the prime minister said—"Divine beings are in love with her"—moreover I overheard her friend Somaprabhá saying the same. After arriving at this conclusion I came here to make my report to you. This I have to ask you by the way, so tell me so much I pray you. By my magic power I heard, without being seen, what you said to the king, 'Even animals understand self-protection.' Now tell me, sagacious man, if there is any instance of this."—When Yogeśvara asked him this question, Yaugandharáyaṇa answered. "There is, my friend, and to prove it, I will tell you this tale. Listen!"

The tale of the ichneumon, the owl, the cat, and the mouse.

Once on a time there was a large banyan tree outside the city of Vidiśá. In that vast tree dwelt four creatures, an ichneumon, an owl, a cat, and a mouse,[3] and their habitations were apart. The ichneumon and the mouse dwelt in separate holes in the root, the cat in a great hollow in the middle of the tree: but the owl dwelt in a bower of creepers on the top of it, which was inaccessible to the others. Among these the mouse was the natural prey of all three, three out of the four of the cat. The mouse, the ichneumon, and the owl ranged for food during the night, the two first through fear of the cat only, the owl partly because it was his nature to do so. But the cat fearlessly wandered night and day through the neighbouring barley-field, in order to catch the mouse, while the others went there by stealth at a suitable time out of desire for food. One day a certain hunter of the Chaṇḍála caste came there. He saw the track of the cat entering that field, and having set nooses all round the field in order to compass its death, departed. So the cat came there at night to slay the mouse, and entering the field was caught in one of the hunter's nooses. The mouse, for his part, came there secretly in search of food, and seeing the cat caught in the noose, danced for joy. While it was entering the field, the owl and ichneumon came from afar by the same path, and seeing the cat fast in the noose, desired to capture the mouse. And the mouse, beholding them afar off, was terrified and reflected—"If I fly to the cat, which the owl and the ichneumon are afraid of, that enemy, though fast in the noose, may slay me with one blow, but if I keep at a distance from the cat, the owl and the ichneumon will be the death of me. So being compassed about with enemies, where shall I go, what shall I do? Ah! I will take refuge with the cat here, for it is in trouble, and may save me to preserve its own life, as I shall be of use to gnaw through the noose." Thus reflecting the mouse slowly approached the cat, and said to it, "I am exceedingly grieved at your being caught, so I will gnaw through your

noose; the upright come to love even their enemies by dwelling in their neighbourhood. But I do not feel confidence in you, as I do not know your intentions." When the cat heard that, he said "Worthy mouse, be at rest, from this day forth you are my friend as giving me life." The moment he heard this from the cat, he crept into his bosom; when the owl and ichneumon saw that, they went away hopeless. Then the cat, galled with the noose, said to the mouse, "My friend, the night is almost gone, so quickly gnaw through my bonds." The mouse for its part, waiting for the arrival of the hunter, slowly nibbled the noose, and protracted the business, making a continual munching with its teeth, which was all pretence. Soon the night came to an end, and the hunter came near; then the mouse, at the request of the cat, quickly gnawed through the noose which held it. So the cat's noose was severed, and it ran away, afraid of the hunter; and the mouse, delivered from death, fled into its hole. But when called again by the cat, it reposed no confidence in him, but remarked, "The truth is, an enemy is occasionally made a friend by circumstances, but does not remain such for ever."

"Thus the mouse, though an animal, saved its life from many foes, much more ought the same thing to take place among men. You heard that speech which I uttered to the king on that occasion, to the effect that by wisdom he should guard his own interests by preserving the life of the queen. And wisdom is in every exigency the best friend, not valour, Yogeśvara; in illustration of this hear the following story."

The story of king Prasenajit and the Bráhman who lost his treasure.

There is a city named Śrávastí, and in it there lived in old time a king of the name of Prasenajit, and one day a strange Bráhman arrived in that city. A merchant, thinking he was virtuous, because he lived on rice in the husk, provided him a lodging there in the house of a Bráhman. There he was loaded by him every day with presents of unhusked rice and other gifts, and

gradually by other great merchants also, who came to hear his story. In this way the miserly fellow gradually accumulated a thousand *dínárs*, and, going to the forest, he dug a hole and buried it in the ground,[4] and he went every day and examined the spot. Now one day he saw that the hole, in which he had hidden his gold, had been re-opened, and that all the gold had gone. When he saw that hole empty, his soul was smitten, and not only was there a void in his heart, but the whole universe seemed to him to be void also. And then he came crying to the Bráhman, in whose house he lived, and when questioned, he told him his whole story: and he made up his mind to go to a holy bathing-place, and starve himself to death. Then the merchant, who supplied him with food, hearing of it, came there with others, and said to him, "Bráhman, why do you long to die for the loss of your wealth? Wealth, like an unseasonable cloud, suddenly comes and goes." Though plied by him with these and similar arguments, he would not abandon his fixed determination to commit suicide, for wealth is dearer to the miser than life itself. But when the Bráhman was going to the holy place to commit suicide, the king Prasenajit himself, having heard of it, came to him and asked him, "Bráhman, do you know of any mark by which you can recognize the place where you buried your *dínárs*?" When the Bráhman heard that, he said: "There is a small tree in the wood there, I buried that wealth at its foot." When the king heard that, he said, "I will find that wealth and give it back to you, or I will give it you from my own treasury, do not commit suicide, Bráhman." After saying this, and so diverting the Bráhman from his intention of committing suicide, the king entrusted him to the care of the merchant, and retired to his palace. There he pretended to have a headache, and sending out the door-keeper, he summoned all the physicians in the city by proclamation with beat of drum. And he took aside every single one of them and questioned him privately in the following words: "What patients have you here, and how many, and what medicine have you prescribed for each?" And they thereupon, one by one, answered all the king's questions. Then one among the physicians, when his turn came to be questioned, said this, "The merchant Mátṛidatta has been out of sorts, O king, and this is the second day, that I have prescribed for him *nágabalá*.[5] When the king heard that, he sent for the merchant, and said to him—"Tell me, who fetched you the *nágabalá*?" The merchant said—"My

servant, your highness." When the king got this answer from the merchant, he quickly summoned the servant and said to him—"Give up that treasure belonging to a Bráhman, consisting of a store of *dínárs*, which you found when you were digging at the foot of a tree for *nágabalá*." When the king said this to him, the servant was frightened and confessed immediately, and bringing those *dínárs* left them there. So the king for his part summoned the Bráhman and gave him, who had been fasting in the meanwhile, his *dínárs*, lost and found again, like a second soul external to his body.

"Thus that king by his wisdom recovered for the Bráhman his wealth, which had been taken away from the root of the tree, knowing that that simple grew in such spots. So true is it, that intellect always obtains the supremacy, triumphing over valour, indeed in such cases what could courage accomplish? Accordingly, Yogeśvara, you ought to bring it to pass by your wisdom, that some peccadillo be discovered in Kalingasená. And it is true that the gods and Asuras are in love with her. This explains your hearing at night the sound of some being in the air. And if we could only obtain some pretext, calamity would fall upon her, not on us; the king would not marry her, and yet we should not have dealt unrighteously with her." When the Bráhman-Rákshasa Yogeśvara heard all this from the sagacious Yaugandharáyaṇa, he was delighted and said to him—"Who except the god Vṛihaspati can match thee in policy? This counsel of thine waters with ambrosia the tree of empire. I, even I, will investigate with wisdom and might the proceedings of Kalingasená." Having said this, Yogeśvara departed thence.

And at this time Kalingasená, while in her palace, was continually afflicted by beholding the king of Vatsa roaming about in his palace and its grounds. Thinking on him, she was inflamed with love, and though she wore a bracelet and necklace of lotus fibres, she never obtained relief thereby, nor from sandal-ointment, or other remedies.

In the meanwhile the king of the Vidyádharas, named Madanavega, who had seen her before, remained wounded by the arrow of ardent love. Though he had performed a vow to obtain her, and had been granted a boon by Śiva, still she was not easy to gain, because she was living in the land of

another, and attached to another, so the Vidyádhara prince was wandering about at night in the air over her palace, in order to obtain an opportunity. But, remembering the order of Śiva pleased with his asceticism, he assumed one night by his skill the form of the king of Vatsa. And in his shape he entered her palace, saluted with praises by the door-keepers, who said —"Unable to bear delay, the king has come here without the knowledge of his ministers." And Kalingasená, on beholding him, rose up bewildered with agitation, though she was, so to speak, warned by her ornaments which jingled out the sounds—"This is not the man." Then she by degrees gained confidence in him, and Madanavega, wearing the form of the king of Vatsa, made her his wife by the Gándharva rite. At that moment Yogeśvara entered, invisible by his magic, and, beholding the incident, was cast down, supposing that he saw the king of Vatsa before him. He went and told Yaugandharáyaṇa, who, on receiving his report, saw by his skill that the king was in the society of Vásavadattá. So by the order of the prime minister he returned delighted, to observe the shape of that secret paramour of Kalingasená, when asleep. And so he went and beheld that Madanavega asleep in his own form on the bed of the sleeping Kalingasená, a heavenly being, the dustless lotus of whose foot was marked with the umbrella and the banner; and who had lost his power of changing his form, because his science was suspended during sleep. Then Yogeśvara, full of delight, went and told what he had seen in a joyful mood to Yaugandharáyaṇa. He said —"One like me knows nothing, you know everything by the eye of policy; by your counsel this difficult result has been attained for your king. What is the sky without the sun? What is a tank without water? What is a realm without counsel? What is speech without truth?" When Yogeśvara said this, Yaugandharáyaṇa took leave of him, much pleased, and went in the morning to visit the king of Vatsa. He approached him with the usual reverence, and in course of conversation said to the king, who asked him what was to be done about Kalingasená—"She is unchaste, O king, and does not deserve to touch your hand. For she went of her own accord to visit Prasenajit. When she saw that he was old, she was disgusted, and came to visit you out of desire for your beauty, and now she even enjoys at her pleasure the society of another person." When the king heard this, he said —"How could a lady of birth and rank do such a deed? Or who has power to enter my harem?" When the king said this, the wise Yaugandharáyaṇa

answered him, “I will prove it to you by ocular testimony this very night, my sovereign. For the divine Siddhas and other beings of the kind are in love with her. What can a man do against them? And who here can interfere with the movements of gods? So come and see it with your own eyes.” When the minister said this, the king determined to go there with him at night.

Then Yaugandharáyaṇa came to the queen, and said—“To-day, O queen, I have carried out what I promised, that the king should marry no other wife except queen Padmávatí, and thereupon he told her the whole story of Kalingasená. And the queen Vásavadattá congratulated him, bowing low and saying—“This is the fruit which I have reaped from following your instructions.”

Then, at night, when folk were asleep, the king of Vatsa went with Yaugandharáyaṇa to the palace of Kalingasená. And entering unperceived, he beheld Madanavega in his proper form, sleeping by the side of the sleeping Kalingasená. And when the king was minded to slay that audacious one, the Vidyádhara prince was roused by his own magic knowledge, and when awake, he went out, and immediately flew up into the heaven. And then Kalingasená awoke immediately. And seeing the bed empty, she said, “How is this, that the king of Vatsa wakes up before me, and departs, leaving me asleep?” When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard that, he said to the king of Vatsa—“Listen, she has been beguiled by that Vidyádhara wearing your form. He was found out by me by means of my magic power, and now I have exhibited him before your eyes, but you cannot kill him on account of his heavenly might.” After saying this, he and the king approached her, and Kalingasená, for her part, seeing them, stood in a respectful attitude. But when she began to say to the king—“Where, O king, did you go only a moment ago, so as to return with your minister?”—Yaugandharáyaṇa said to her—“Kalingasená, you have been married by some being, who beguiled you by assuming the shape of the king of Vatsa, and not by this lord of mine.”

When Kalingasená heard this, she was bewildered, and as if pierced through the heart by an arrow, she said to the king of Vatsa with tear-streaming eyes,

—“Have you forgotten me, O king, after marrying me by the Gándharva rite, as Śakuntalá long ago was forgotten by Dushyanta?”[6] When the king was thus addressed by her, he said with downcast face, “In truth you were not married by me, for I never came here till this moment.” When the king of Vatsa had said this, the minister said to him—“Come along”—and conducted him at will to the palace.

When the king had departed thence with his minister, that lady Kalingasená, sojourning in a foreign country, like a doe that had strayed from the herd, having deserted her relations, with her face robbed of its painting by kissing, as a lotus is robbed of its leaves by cropping, having her braided tresses disordered, even as a bed of lotuses trampled by an elephant has its cluster of black bees dispersed; now that her maidenhood was gone for ever, not knowing what expedient to adopt or what course to pursue, looked up to heaven and spake as follows—“Whoever that was that assumed the shape of the king of Vatsa and married me, let him appear, for he is the husband of my youth.” When invoked in these words, that king of the Vidyádharas descended from heaven, of divine shape, adorned with necklace and bracelet. And when she asked him who he was, he answered her;—“I, fair one, am a prince of the Vidyádharas, named Madanavega. And long ago I beheld you in your father’s house, and by performing penance obtained a boon from Śiva, which conferred on me the attainment of you. So, as you were in love with the king of Vatsa, I assumed his form, and quickly married you by stealth, before your contract with him had been celebrated.” By the nectar of this speech of his, entering her ears, the lotus of her heart was a little revived. Then Madanavega comforted that fair one, and made her recover her composure, and bestowed on her a heap of gold, and when she had conceived in her heart affection for her excellent husband, as being well suited to her, he flew up into the heaven to return again. And Kalingasená, after obtaining permission from Madanavega, consented to dwell patiently where she was, reflecting that the heavenly home, the abode of her husband, could not be approached by a mortal, and that through passion she had left her father’s house.

1

This is a reproduction of the story of Devasena and Unmádiní in the 3rd book.

2

Compare the “death-darting eye of cockatrice” in Romeo and Juliet. See also Schmidt’s Shakespeare Dictionary under the word “basilisk.”

3

Benfey found this story in the Arabic Version of the Panchatantra and in all the translations and reproductions of it. He finds it also in the Mahábhárata, XII (III, 589) śl. 4930 and ff. He expresses his opinion that it formed a portion of the original Panchatantra. See Benfey’s Panchatantra, pp. 544–560, Orient und Occident, Vol. I. p. 383. The account in the Mahábhárata is very prolix.

4

For *nihatya* I conjecture *nikhanya*.

5

The plant Uraria Lagopodioides (*Monier Williams*).

6

For similar instances of forgetting in European stories, see Nos. 13, 14, 54, 55 in the Sicilianische Märchen with Köhler’s notes, and his article in Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 103.

Chapter XXXIV.

Then the king of Vatsa, thinking on the peerless beauty of Kalingasená, was one night seized with love, so he rose up and went sword in hand, and entered her palace alone; and she welcomed him and received him politely. Then the king asked her to become his wife, but she rejected his addresses, saying, “You should regard me as the wife of another.” Whereupon he answered—“Since you are unchaste as having resorted to three men, I shall not by approaching you incur the guilt of adultery.” When the king said this to Kalingasená, she answered him, “I came to marry you, O king, but I was married by the Vidyádhara Madanavega at his will, for he assumed your shape. And he is my only husband, so why am I unchaste? But such are the misfortunes even of ordinary women who desert their relations, having their minds bewildered with the love of lawless roaming, much more of princesses? And this is the fruit of my own folly in sending a messenger to you, though I had been warned not to do so by my friend, who had seen an evil omen. So if you touch me by force, I will abandon life, for what woman of good family will injure her husband? And to prove this I will tell you a tale—listen O king.”

The story of king Indradatta.

There lived in old time in the land of Chedi a great king called Indradatta, he founded for his glory a great temple at the holy bathing-place of Pápaśodhana, desiring the body of good reputation, as he saw that our mortal body is perishable. And the king in the ardour of his devotion was continually going to visit it, and all kinds of people were continually coming there to bathe in the holy water. Now, one day the king saw a merchant’s wife, whose husband was travelling in foreign parts, who had

come there to bathe in the holy water; she was steeped in the nectar of pure beauty, and adorned with various charms, like a splendid moving palace of the god of Love. She was embraced on both her feet by the radiance of the two quivers of the five-arrowed god,[1] as if out of love, believing that with her he would conquer the world.[2] The moment the king saw her, she captivated his soul so entirely that, unable to restrain himself, he found out her house and went there at night. And when he solicited her, she said to him—"You are a protector of the helpless, you ought not to touch another man's wife. And if you lay violent hands on me, you will commit a great sin; and I will die immediately, I will not endure disgrace." Though she said this to him, the king still endeavoured to use force to her, whereupon her heart broke in a moment through fear of losing her chastity. When the king saw that, he was at once abashed, and went back by the way that he came, and in a few days died out of remorse for that crime.

Having told this tale, Kalingasená bowed in timid modesty, and again said to the king of Vatsa—"Therefore, king, set not your heart on wickedness that would rob me of breath; since I have come here, allow me to dwell here; if not, I will depart to some other place." Then the king of Vatsa, who knew what was right, hearing this from Kalingasená, after reflecting, desisted from his intention, and said to her—"Princess, dwell here at will with this husband of yours; I will not say anything to you, henceforth fear not." When the king had said this, he returned of his own accord to his house, and Madanavega, having heard the conversation, descended from heaven, and said—"My beloved, you have done well, if you had not acted thus, O fortunate one, good fortune would not have resulted, for I should not have tolerated your conduct." When the Vidyádhara had said this, he comforted her, and passed the night there, and continued going to her house and returning again. And Kalingasená, having a king of the Vidyádharas for her husband, remained there, blessed even in her mortal state with the enjoyment of heavenly pleasures. As for the king of Vatsa, he ceased to think about her, and remembering the speech of his minister, he rejoiced, considering that he had saved his queens and kingdom and also his son. And the queen Vásavadattá and the minister Yaugandharáyana were at ease, having reaped the fruit of the wishing-tree of policy.

Then, as days went on, Kalingasená had the lotus of her face a little pale, and was pregnant, having longing produced in her. Her lofty breasts, with extremities a little dark, appeared like the treasure-vessels of Love, marked with his seal of joy.[3] Then her husband Madanavega came to her and said, "Kalingasená, we heavenly beings are subject to this law, that, when a mortal child is conceived we must abandon it, and go afar. Did not Menaká leave Śakuntalá in the hermitage of Kanva? And though you were formerly an Apsaras, you have now, goddess, become a mortal by the curse of Śiva, inflicted on account of your disobedience. Thus it has come to pass that, though chaste, you have incurred the reproach of unchastity; so guard your offspring, I will go to my own place. And whenever you think upon me, I will appear to you." Thus the prince of the Vidyádharas spake to the weeping Kalingasená, and consoled her, and gave her a heap of valuable jewels, and departed with his mind fixed on her, drawn away by the law. Kalingasená, for her part, remained there; supported by the hope of offspring as by a friend, protected by the shade of the king of Vatsa's arm.

In the meanwhile the husband of Ambiká[4] gave the following order to Rati, the wife of the god of Love, who had performed penance in order to get back her husband with his body restored: "That husband of thine who was formerly consumed, has been born in the palace of the king of Vatsa, under the name of Naraváhanadatta, conceived in a mortal womb on account of disrespect shewn to me. But because thou hast propitiated me, thou shalt also be born in the world of mortals, without being conceived in a mortal womb; and then thou shalt be reunited to thy husband, once more possessing a body." Having said this to Rati, Śiva then gave this command to the Creator;[5] "Kalingasená shall give birth to a son of divine origin. By thy power of illusion thou shalt remove her son, and substitute in his place this very Rati, who shall abandon her heavenly body, and be moulded by thee in the form of a mortal maiden." The Creator, in obedience to the order of Śiva,[6] went down to earth, and when the appointed time came, Kalingasená gave birth to a son. The Creator abstracted, by his divine power of illusion, her son, the moment he was born, and substituted Rati, whom he had turned into a girl, in his place, without the change being detected. And all present there saw that girl born, and she seemed like the

streak of the new moon suddenly rising in broad daylight, for she illuminated with her splendour the lying-in chamber, and eclipsing the long row of flames of the jewel-lamps[7] robbed them of lustre, and made them, as it were, abashed. Kalingasená, when she saw that incomparable daughter born, in her delight made greater rejoicing, than she would have made at the birth of a son.

Then the king of Vatsa, with his queen and his ministers, heard that such a lovely daughter had been born to Kalingasená. And when the king heard of it, he suddenly, under the impulsion of the god Śiva, said to the queen Vásavadattá, in the presence of Yaugandharáyaṇa; "I know, this Kalingasená is a heavenly nymph, who has fallen down to earth in consequence of a curse, and this daughter born to her will also be heavenly, and of wonderful beauty. So this girl, being equal in beauty to my son Naraváhanadatta, ought to be his head-queen." When the queen Vásavadattá heard that, she said to the king—"Great king, why do you suddenly say this now? What similarity can there possibly be between this son of yours, of pure descent by both lines, and the daughter of Kalingasená, a girl whose mother is unchaste." When the king heard that, he reflected, and said, "Truly, I do not say this of myself, but some god seems to have entered into me, and to be forcing me to speak. And I seem to hear a voice uttering these words from heaven—'This daughter of Kalingasená is the appointed wife of Naraváhanadatta.' Moreover, that Kalingasená is a faithful wife, of good family; and her reproach of unchastity has arisen from the influence of her actions in a former birth." When the king had said this, the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa spoke—"We hear, king, that when the god of Love was consumed, Rati performed asceticism. And Śiva granted to Rati, who wished to recover her husband, the following boon: 'Thou shalt assume the condition of a mortal, and be reunited to thy husband, who has been born with a body in the world of mortals.' Now, your son has long ago been declared by a heavenly voice to be an incarnation of Káma, and Rati by the order of Śiva has to become incarnate in mortal form. And the midwife said to me to-day—'I inspected previously the fetus when contained in the uterus, and then I saw one quite different from what has now appeared. Having beheld this marvel I have come here to tell you.' This is what that woman told me, and now this inspiration has come to you. So I am

persuaded that the gods have stolen the real child of Kalingasená and substituted this daughter not born in the ordinary way, who is no other than Rati, ordained beforehand to be the wife of your son, who is an incarnation of Káma, O king. To illustrate this, hear the following story concerning a Yaksha."

Story of the Yaksha Virúpáksha.

The god of wealth had for servant a Yaksha, named Virúpáksha, who had been appointed chief guardian of *lacs* of treasure.[8] And he delegated a certain Yaksha to guard a treasure lying outside the town of Mathurá, posted there like an immovable pillar of marble. And once on a time a certain Bráhman, a votary of Paśupati, who made it his business to exhume treasures, went there in search of hidden wealth. While he was examining that place, with a candle made of human fat in his hand, the candle fell from his grasp. By that sign he knew that treasure was concealed there; and he attempted to dig it up with the help of some other Bráhmans his friends. Then the Yaksha, who was told off to guard that treasure, beholding that, came and related the whole circumstance to Virúpáksha. And Virúpáksha in his wrath gave the following command to the Yaksha—"Go and slay immediately those mean treasure-hunters." Then the Yaksha went and slew by his power those Bráhmans, who were digging for treasure, before they had attained their object. Then the god of wealth came to hear of it, and being angry he said to Virúpáksha, "Why did you, evil one, recklessly order the slaughter of a Bráhman? What will not poor people, who are struggling for a livelihood,[9] do out of desire for gain? But they must be prevented by being terrified with various bug-bears, they must not be slain." When the god of Wealth had said this, he cursed that Virúpáksha as follows—"Be born as a mortal on account of your wicked conduct." Then that Virúpáksha, smitten with the curse, was born on the earth as the son of a certain Bráhman who lived on a royal grant. Then the Yakshiṇí his wife implored the lord of wealth, "O god, send me whither my husband has

gone; be merciful to me, for I cannot live without him." When the virtuous lady addressed this prayer to him, Vaiśravana said—"Thou shalt descend, without being born, into the house of a female slave of that very Bráhman, in whose house thy husband is born. There thou shalt be united to that husband of thine, and by thy power he shall surmount his curse and return to my service." In accordance with this decree of Vaiśravana, that virtuous wife became a mortal maiden, and fell at the door of that Bráhman's female slave's house. And the slave suddenly saw that maiden of marvellous beauty, and took her and exhibited her to her master the Bráhman. And the Bráhman rejoiced, and said to the female slave—"This is without doubt some heavenly maiden not born in the ordinary way; so my soul tells me. Bring here this girl who has entered your house, for, I think, she deserves to be my son's wife." Then in course of time that girl and the son of the Bráhman, having grown up, were smitten with ardent reciprocal affection at the sight of one another. Then they were married by the Bráhman; and the couple, though they did not remember their previous births, felt as if a long separation had been brought to an end. Then at last the Yaksha died, and as his wife burnt herself with his mortal body, his sins were wiped away by her sufferings, and he regained his former rank.

"Thus, you see, heavenly beings, on account of certain causes, descend from heaven to the earth, by the appointment of fate, and, because they are free from sin, they are not born in the usual way. What does this girl's family matter to you? So this daughter of Kalingasená is, as I said, the wife appointed for your son by destiny." When Yaugandharáyaṇa had said this to the king of Vatsa and the queen Vásavadattá, they both consented in their hearts that it should be so. Then the prime minister returned to his house, and the king, in the company of his wife, spent the day happily, in drinking and other enjoyments.

Then, as time went on, that daughter of Kalingasená, who had lost her recollection of her former state through illusion, gradually grew up, and her dower of beauty grew with her; and her mother and her attendants gave her the name of Madanamanchuká, because she was the daughter of Madanavega, saying, "Surely the beauty of all other lovely women has fled to her; else how could they have become ugly before her?" And the queen

Vásavadattá, hearing she was beautiful, one day had her brought into her presence out of curiosity. Then the king and Yaugandharáyaṇa and his fellows beheld her clinging to the face of her nurse, as the candle-flame clings to the wick. And there was no one present, who did not think that she was an incarnation of Rati, when they beheld her matchless body, which was like nectar to their eyes. And then the queen Vásavadattá brought there her son Naraváhanadatta, who was a feast to the eyes of the world. He beheld, with the lotus of his face expanded, the gleaming Madanamanchuká, as the bed of water-lilies beholds the young splendour of the sun. The girl gazed with dilated countenance upon that gladdener of the eyes, and could not gaze enough, as the female partridge can never be sated with gazing on the moon. Henceforth these two children could not remain apart even for a moment, being, as it were, fastened together with the nooses of glances.

But, in course of time, the king of Vatsa came to the conclusion that that marriage was made in heaven,[10] and turned his mind to the solemnization of the nuptials. When Kalingasená heard that, she rejoiced, and fixed her affection upon Naraváhanadatta out of love for her daughter's future husband. And then the king of Vatsa, after deliberating with his ministers, had made for his son a separate palace like his own. Then that king, who could discern times and seasons, collected the necessary utensils, and anointed his son as crown-prince, since it was apparent that he possessed all praiseworthy qualities. First there fell on his head the water of his father's tears, and then the water of holy bathing-places, purified by Vaidik spells of mickle might. When the lotus of his face was washed with the water of inauguration, wonderful to say, the faces of the cardinal points became also clear. When his mothers threw on him the flowers of the auspicious garlands, the heaven immediately shed a rain of many celestial wreaths. As if in emulation of the thunder of the drums of the gods, the echoes of the sound of the cymbals of rejoicing floated in the air. Every one there bowed before him, as soon as he was inaugurated as crown-prince; then by that alone he was exalted, without his own power.

Then the king of Vatsa summoned the good sons of the ministers, who were the playfellows of his son, and appointed them to their offices as servants to

the crown-prince. He appointed to the office of prime minister Marubhúti the son of Yaugandharáyaṇa, and then Hariśikha the son of Rumaṇvat to the office of commander-in-chief, and he appointed Tapantaka the son of Vasantaka as the companion of his lighter hours, and Gomukha the son of Ityaka to the duty of chamberlain and warder, and to the office of domestic chaplains the two sons of Pingaliká, Vaiśvánara and Śántisoma, the nephews of the king's family priest. When these men had been appointed by the king servants to his son, there was heard from heaven a voice preceded by a rain of flowers: "These ministers shall accomplish all things prosperously for the prince, and Gomukha shall be his inseparable companion." When the heavenly voice had said this, the delighted king of Vatsa honoured them all with clothes and ornaments; and while that king was showering wealth upon his dependents, none of them could claim the title of poor on account of the accumulation of riches. And the city was filled with dancing girls and minstrels, who seemed to be invited by the rows of silken streamers fanned and agitated by the wind.

Then Kalingasená came to the feast of her future son-in-law, looking like the Fortune of the Vidyádhara race which was to attend him, present in bodily form. Then Vásavadattá and Padmávatí and she danced, all three of them, for joy, like the three powers[11] of a king united together. And all the trees there seemed to dance, as their creepers waved in the wind, much more did the creatures possessing sense.

Then the crown-prince Naraváhanadatta, having been inaugurated in his office, ascended an elephant of victory, and went forth. And he was sprinkled by the city wives with their upcast eyes, blue, white and red, resembling offerings of blue lotuses, parched grain and water-lilies. And after visiting the gods worshipped in that city, being praised by heralds and minstrels, he entered his palace with his ministers. Then Kalingasená gave him, to begin with, celestial viands and drinks far exceeding what his own magnificence could supply, and she presented to him and his ministers, friends and servants, beautiful robes and heavenly ornaments, for she was overpowered with love for her son-in-law. So the day passed in high festivity for all these, the king of Vatsa and the others, charming as the taste of nectar.

Then the night arrived, and Kalingasená pondering over her daughter's marriage, called to mind her friend Somaprabhá. No sooner had she called to mind the daughter of the Asura Maya, than her husband, the much-knowing Naḍakúvara, thus addressed that noble lady, his wife—"Dear one, Kalingasená is now thinking on thee with longing, therefore go and make a heavenly garden for her daughter." Having said this, and revealed the future and the past history of that maiden, her husband dismissed that instant his wife Somaprabhá. And when she arrived, her friend Kalingasená threw her arms around her neck, having missed her so long, and Somaprabhá, after asking after her health, said to her—"You have been married by a Vidyádhara of great power, and your daughter is an incarnation of Rati by the favour of Śiva, and she has been brought into the world as the wife, in a previous state of existence, of an incarnation of Love, that has taken his birth from the king of Vatsa. He shall be emperor of the Vidyádharas for a *kalpa* of the gods; and she shall be honoured above his other wives. But you have descended into this world, being an Apsaras degraded by the curse of Indra, and after you have brought your duties to completion, you shall obtain deliverance from your curse. All this was told me, my friend, by my wise husband, so you must not be anxious; you will enjoy every prosperity. And I will now make here for your daughter a heavenly garden, the like of which does not exist on earth, in heaven, or in the nether regions." Having said this, Somaprabhá made a heavenly garden by her magic power, and taking leave of the regretful Kalingasená, she departed. Then, at the dawn of day, people beheld that garden, looking like the garden of Nandana suddenly fallen down from heaven to earth. Then the king of Vatsa heard of it, and came there with his wives and his ministers, and Naraváhanadatta with his companions. And they beheld that garden, the trees of which bore both flowers and fruits all the year round,[12] with many jewelled pillars, walls, lawns, and tanks; with birds of the colour of gold, with heavenly perfumed breezes, like a second Svarga descended to earth from the region of the gods. The lord of Vatsa, when he saw that wonderful sight, asked Kalingasená, who was intent on hospitality, what it was. And she thus answered the king in the hearing of all: "There is a great Asura, Maya by name, an incarnation of Viśvakarman, who made the assembly-hall of Yudhishṭhira, and the city of Indra: he has a daughter, Somaprabhá by

name, who is a friend of mine. She came here at night to visit me, and out of love made this heavenly garden by her magic power, for the sake of my daughter." After saying this, she told all the past and future fortunes of her daughter, which Somaprabhá had revealed to her, letting the king know that she had heard them from her friend. Then all there, perceiving that the speech of Kalingasená tallied with what they previously knew, dismissed their doubts and were exceedingly delighted. And the king of Vatsa, with his wives and his son, spent that day in the garden, being hospitably entertained by Kalingasená.

The next day, the king went to visit a god in a temple, and he saw many women well-clothed and with beautiful ornaments. And when he asked them who they were, they said to him—"We are the sciences, and these are the accomplishments; and we are come here on account of your son: we shall now go and enter into him." Having said this they disappeared, and the king of Vatsa entered his house astonished. There he told it to the queen Vásavadattá and to the circle of his ministers, and they rejoiced at that favour of the deity. Then Vásavadattá, by the direction of the king, took up a lyre as soon as Naraváhanadatta entered the room. And while his mother was playing, Naraváhanadatta said modestly to her, "This lyre is out of tune." His father said, "Take it, and play on it," whereupon he played upon the lyre so as to astonish even the Gandharvas. When he was thus tested by his father in all the sciences and the accomplishments, he became endowed with them all, and of himself knew all knowledge. When the king of Vatsa beheld his son endowed with all talents, he taught Madanamanchuká, the daughter of Kalingasená, dancing. As fast as she became perfect in accomplishments,[13] the heart of the prince Naraváhanadatta was disturbed. So the sea is disturbed, as fast as the orb of the moon rounds off its digits. And he delighted in beholding her singing and dancing, accomplished in all the gestures of the body, so that she seemed to be reciting the decrees of Love. As for her, if she did not see for a moment that nectar-like lover, the tears rose to her eyes, and she was like a bed of white lotuses, wet with dew at the hour of dawn.[14] And Naraváhanadatta, being unable to live without continually beholding her face, came to that garden of hers. There he remained, and Kalingasená out of affection did all she could to please him,

bringing her daughter to him. And Gomukha, who saw into his master's heart, and wished to bring about his long stay there, used to tell various tales to Kalingasená. The king was delighted by his friend's penetrating his intentions, for seeing into one's lord's soul is the surest way of winning him. And Naraváhanadatta himself perfected Madanamanchuká in dancing and other accomplishments, giving her lessons in a concert-hall that stood in the garden, and while his beloved danced, he played on all instruments so as to put to the blush the most skilful minstrels. And he conquered also various professors that came from all quarters, and were skilful in managing elephants, horses, and chariots, in the use of hand-to-hand and missile weapons, in painting and modelling.[15] In these amusements passed during childhood the days of Naraváhanadatta, who was the chosen bridegroom of Science.

Now, once on a time the prince, with his ministers, and accompanied by his beloved, went on a pilgrimage to a garden called Nágavana. There a certain merchant's wife fell in love with Gomukha, and being repulsed, tried to kill him by offering to him a poisoned drink. But Gomukha came to hear of it from the lips of her confidante, and did not take that drink, but broke out into the following denunciation of women: "Alas! the Creator first created recklessness, and then women in imitation of it; by nature nothing is too bad for them to do. Surely this being they call woman, is created of nectar and poison, for, when she is attached to one, she is nectar, and when estranged she is indeed poison. Who can see through a woman, with loving face secretly planning crime? A wicked woman is like a lotus-bed with its flowers expanded, and an alligator concealed in it. But now and then there falls from heaven, urging on a host of virtues, a good woman that brings praise to her husband, like the pure light of the sun. But another, of evil augury, attached to strangers, not free from inordinate desires, wicked, bearing the poison of aversion,[16] slays her husband like a female snake."

Story of Śatrughna and his wicked wife.

For instance, in a certain village there was a certain man named Śatrughna, and his wife was unchaste. He once saw in the evening his wife in the society of her lover, and he slew that lover of hers, when he was in the house, with the sword. And he remained at the door waiting for the night, keeping his wife inside, and at night-fall a traveller came there to ask for a lodging. He gave him refuge, and artfully carried away with his help the corpse of that adulterer at night, and went with it to the forest. And there, while he was throwing that corpse into a well, the mouth of which was overgrown with plants, his wife came behind him, and pushed him in also.

"What reckless crime of this kind will not a wicked wife commit?" In these words Gomukha, though still a boy, denounced the conduct of women.

Then Naraváhanadatta himself worshipped the snakes in that grove of snakes,[17] and went back to his palace with his retinue.

While he was there, he desired one day to prove his ministers, Gomukha and the others, so he asked them, though he himself knew it well, for a summary of the policy of princes. They consulted among themselves, and said—"You know all things, nevertheless we will tell you this, now that you ask us," and so they proceeded to relate the cream of political science.

"A king should first tame and mount the horses of the senses, and should conquer those internal foes, love, anger, avarice and delusion, and should subdue himself as a preparation for subduing other enemies, for how can a man, who has not conquered himself, being helpless, conquer others? Then he should procure ministers, who, among other good qualities, possess that of being natives of his own country, and a skilful family priest, knowing the Atharva Veda, gifted with asceticism. He should test his ministers with respect to fear, avarice, virtue and passion, by ingenious artifices, and then he should appoint them to appropriate duties, discerning their hearts. He should try their speech, when they are deliberating with one another on affairs, to see if it is truthful, or inspired by malice, spoken out of affection, or connected with selfish objects. He should be pleased with truth, but should punish untruth as it deserves, and he should continually inquire into the conduct of each of them by means of spies. Thus he should look at

business with unhooded eye, and by rooting up opponents,[18] and acquiring a treasure, a force, and the other means of success, should establish himself firmly on the throne. Then, equipped with the three powers of courage, kingly authority, and counsel, he should be eager to conquer the territory of others, considering the difference between the power of himself and his foe. He should continually take counsel with advisers, who should be trusty, learned and wise, and should correct with his own intellect the policy determined on by them, in all its details. Being versed in the means of success,[19] (conciliation, bribery and the others,) he should attain for himself security, and he should then employ the six proper courses, of which alliance and war are the chief.[20] Thus a king acquires prosperity, and as long as he carefully considers his own realm and that of his rival, he is victorious but never vanquished. But an ignorant monarch, blind with passion and avarice, is plundered by wicked servants, who shew him the wrong path, and leading him astray, fling him into pits. On account of these rogues a servant of another kind is never admitted into the presence of the king, as a husbandman cannot get at a crop of rice enclosed with a palisade. For he is enslaved by those faithless servants, who penetrate into his secrets; and consequently Fortune in disgust flies from him, because he does not know the difference between man and man. Therefore a king should conquer himself, should inflict due chastisement, and know the difference of men's characters, for in this way he will acquire his subjects' love and become thereby a vessel of prosperity."

Story of king Śúrasena and his ministers.

In old time a king named Śúrasena, who relied implicitly upon his servants, was enslaved and plundered by his ministers, who had formed a coalition. Whoever was a faithful servant to the king, the ministers would not give even a straw to, though the king wished to bestow a reward upon him; but if any man was a faithful servant to them, they themselves gave him presents, and by their representations induced the king to give to him, though he was

undeserving. When the king saw that, he gradually came to be aware of that coalition of rogues, and set those ministers at variance with one another by a clever artifice. When they were estranged, and the clique was broken up, and they began to inform against one another, the king ruled the realm successfully, without being deceived by others.

Story of Harisinha.

And there was a king named Harisinha, of ordinary power but versed in the true science of policy, who had surrounded himself with devoted and wise ministers, possessed forts, and stores of wealth; he made his subjects devoted to him and conducted himself in such a way that, though attacked by an emperor, he was not defeated.

“Thus discernment and reflection are the main things in governing a kingdom; what is of more importance?” Having said this, each taking his part, Gomukha and his fellows ceased. Naraváhanadatta, approving that speech of theirs, though he knew that heroic action is to be thought upon,[21] still placed his reliance upon destiny whose power surpasses all thought.

Then he rose up, and his ardour being kindled by delay, he went with them to visit his beloved Madanamanchuká; when he had reached her palace and was seated on a throne, Kalingasená, after performing the usual courtesies, said with astonishment to Gomukha,[22] “Before the prince Naraváhanadatta arrived, Madanamanchuká, being impatient, went up to the top of the palace to watch him coming, accompanied by me, and while we were there, a man descended from heaven upon it, he was of divine appearance, wore a tiara, and a sword, and said to me ‘I am a king, a lord of the Vidyádharas named Mánasavega, and you are a heavenly nymph named Surabhidattá who by a curse have fallen down to earth, and this your daughter is of heavenly origin, this is known to me well. So give me this daughter of yours in marriage, for the connexion is a suitable one.’ When he said this, I suddenly

burst out laughing, and said to him, ‘Naraváhanadatta has been appointed her husband by the gods, and he is to be the emperor of all you Vidyádharas.’ When I said this to him, the Vidyádhara flew up into the sky, like a sudden streak of lightning dazzling the eyes of my daughter.” When Gomukha heard that, he said, “The Vidyádharas found out that the prince was to be their future lord, from a speech in the air, by which the future birth of the prince was made known to the king in private, and they immediately desired to do him a mischief. What self-willed one would desire a mighty lord as his ruler and restrainer? For which reason Śiva has made arrangements to ensure the safety of this prince, by commissioning his attendants to wait on him in actual presence. I heard this speech of Nárada’s being related by my father. So it comes to pass that the Vidyádharas are now hostile to us.” When Kalingasená heard this, she was terrified at the thought of what had happened to herself, and said, “Why does not the prince marry Madanamanchuká now, before she is deceived, like me, by delusion?” When Gomukha and the others heard this from Kalingasená, they said, “Do you stir up the king of Vatsa to this business.” Then Naraváhanadatta, with his heart fixed on Madanamanchuká only, amused himself by looking at her in the garden all that day, with her face like a full-blown lotus, with her eyes like opening blue water-lilies, with lips lovely as the *bandhúka*, with breasts like clusters of *mandáras*, with body delicate as the *śirísha*, like a matchless arrow, composed of five flowers, appointed by the god of love for the conquest of the world.

The next day Kalingasená went in person, and proffered her petition to the king for the marriage of her daughter. The king of Vatsa dismissed her, and summoning his ministers, said to them in the presence of the queen Vásavadattá, “Kalingasená is impatient for the marriage of her daughter: so how are we to manage it, for the people think that that excellent woman is unchaste? And we must certainly consider the people: did not Rámabhadra long ago desert queen Sítá, though she was chaste, on account of the slander of the multitude? Was not Ambá, though carried off with great effort by Bhíshma for the sake of his brother, reluctantly abandoned, because she had previously chosen another husband? In the same way this Kalingasená, after spontaneously choosing me, was married by Madanavega; for this reason the people blame her. Therefore let this Naraváhanadatta himself marry by

the Gándharva ceremony her daughter, who will be a suitable wife for him." When the king of Vatsa said this, Yaugandharáyaṇa answered, "My lord, how could Kalingasená consent to this impropriety? For I have often observed that she, as well as her daughter, is a divine being, no ordinary woman, and this was told me by my wise friend the Bráhman-Rákshasa." While they were debating with one another in this style, the voice of Śiva was heard from heaven to the following effect: "The god of love, after having been consumed by the fire of my eye, has been created again in the form of Naraváhanadatta, and having been pleased with the asceticism of Rati I have created her as his wife in the form of Madanamanchuká. And dwelling with her, as his head-wife, he shall exercise supreme sovereignty over the Vidyádharas for a *kalpa* of the gods, after conquering his enemies by my favour." After saying this the voice ceased.

When he heard this speech of the adorable Śiva, the king of Vatsa, with his retinue, worshipped him, and joyfully made up his mind to celebrate the marriage of his son. Then the king congratulated his prime minister, who had before discerned the truth, and summoned the astrologers, and asked them what would be a favourable moment, and they, after being honoured with presents, told him that a favourable moment would arrive within a few days. Again those astrologers said to him—"Your son will have to endure some separation for a short season from this wife of his; this we know, O lord of Vatsa, by our own scientific foresight." Then the king proceeded to make the requisite preparations for the marriage of his son, in a style suited to his own magnificence, so that not only his own city, but the whole earth was made to tremble with the effort of it. Then, the day of marriage having arrived, Kalingasená adorned her daughter, to whom her father had sent his own heavenly ornaments, and Somaprabhá came in obedience to her husband's order. Then Madanamanchuká, adorned with a heavenly marriage thread, looked still more lovely; is not the moon truly beautiful, when accompanied by Kártika? And heavenly nymphs, by the order of Śiva, sang auspicious strains in her honour: they were eclipsed by her beauty and remained hidden as if ashamed, but the sound of their songs was heard. They sang the following hymn in honour of Gaurí, blended with the minstrelsy of the matchless musicians of heaven, so as to make unequalled harmony—"Victory to thee, O daughter of the mountain, that hast mercy on

thy faithful votaries, for thou hast thyself come to-day and blessed with success the asceticism of Rati." Then Naraváhanadatta, resplendent with excellent marriage-thread, entered the wedding-pavilion full of various musical instruments. And the bride and bridegroom, after accomplishing the auspicious ceremony of marriage, with intent care, so that no rite was left out, ascended the altar-platform where a fire was burning, as if ascending the pure flame of jewels on the heads of kings. If the moon and the sun were to revolve at the same time round the mountain of gold,[23] there would be an exact representation in the world of the appearance of those two, the bride and the bridegroom, when circumambulating the fire, keeping it on their right. Not only did the drums of the gods in the air drown the cymbal-clang in honour of the marriage festival, but the rain of flowers sent down by the gods overwhelmed the gilt grain thrown by the women. Then also the generous Kalingasená honoured her son-in-law with heaps of gold studded with jewels, so that the lord of Alaká was considered very poor compared with him, and much more so all miserable earthly monarchs. And then the bride and bridegroom, now that the delightful ceremony of marriage was accomplished in accordance with their long-cherished wishes, entered the inner apartments crowded with women, adorned with pure and variegated decoration, even as they penetrated the heart of the people full of pure and various loyalty. Moreover, the city of the king of Vatsa was quickly filled with kings, surrounded with splendid armies, who, though their valour was worthy of the world's admiration, had bent in submission, bringing in their hands valuable jewels by way of presents, as if with subject seas.[24] On that high day of festival, the king distributed gold with such magnificence to his dependants, that the children in their mothers' wombs were at any rate the only beings in his kingdom not made of gold.[25] Then on account of the troops of excellent minstrels and dancing girls, that came from all quarters of the world, with hymns, music, dances and songs on all sides, the world seemed full of harmony. And at that festival the city of Kauśámbí seemed itself to be dancing, for the pennons agitated by the wind seemed like twining arms, and it was beautified with the toilettes of the city matrons, as if with ornaments. And thus waxing in mirth every day, that great festival continued for a long time, and all friends, relations and people generally were delighted by it, and had their wishes marvellously fulfilled. And that

crown-prince Naraváhanadatta, accompanied by Madanamanchuká, enjoyed, though intent on glory, the long-desired pleasures of this world.

1

i. e. Káma the Hindu Cupid.

2

This probably means in plain English that she wore glittering anklets.

3

Cp. the conduct of the Meerweib in Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 55.

4

i. e. Śiva.

5

Prajápati.

6

Literally—placing it upon his head.Cp. also the following passage from Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. II, p. 78. "Borlase quotes from Martin's Western Islands. 'The same lustration by carrying of fire is performed round about women after child-bearing, and round about children before they are christened, as an effectual means to preserve both the mother and the infant from the power of evil spirits.'" Brand compares the Amphidromia at Athens. See Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, pp. 125, and 289: Vol. II, pp. 17 and 33–34.

7

The superstitious custom of lighting fires, lamps &c., to protect children against evil spirits is found in many countries. Liebrecht (Zur Volkskunde, p. 31,) refers us to Brand's Popular Antiquities, edited by Hazlitt, Vol. II, p. 144, for the prevalence of the practice in England. "Gregory mentions 'an ordinary superstition of the old wives who dare not trust a child in a cradle by itself alone without a candle.' This he attributes to their fear of the night-hag;" (cp. Milton, P. L. II, 662–665). He cites authorities to prove that it exists in Germany, Scotland, and Sweden. In the latter country, it is considered dangerous to let the fire go out until the child is baptized, for fear that the Trolls may substitute a changeling in its place. The custom exists also in the Malay Peninsula, and among the Tájiks in Bokhara. The Roman custom of lighting a candle in the room of a lying-in woman, from which the goddess Candelifera derived her name (Tertullian Adv. nation, 2, 11) is to be accounted for

in the same way. See also Veckenstedt, Wendische Sagen, p. 446. The same notion will be found in Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, pp. 17, 64, 89, 91; Vol. II, p. 43.

8

For treasures and their guardians see Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, pp. 356–374 and p. 394. For the candle of human fat see Benfey in Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 383. For treasures and their guardians see Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 243 and *ff.*, and for the candle of human fat, Vol. II, pp. 333 and 335 of the same work. Cp. also Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, pp. 251 and 262–270.

It appears from Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties, that in Europe a candle of human fat is used with the Hand of Glory by robbers for the purpose of preventing the inmates of a house from awaking. He gives several instances of its use. The following will serve as a specimen: "On the night of the 3rd of January 1831, some Irish thieves attempted to commit a robbery on the estate of Mr. Napier of Loughcrew, county Meath. They entered the house armed with a dead man's hand with a lighted candle in it, believing in the superstitious notion that a candle placed in a dead man's hand will not be seen by any but those by whom it is used, and also that if a candle in a dead hand be introduced into a house, it will prevent those who may be asleep from awaking. The inmates however, were alarmed, and the robbers fled, leaving the hand behind them." The composition of the candle is evident from the following extract from the Dictionnaire Infernal of Colin de Planey. "The Hand of Glory is the hand of a man who has been hanged, and is prepared in the following manner. Wrap the hand in a piece of winding-sheet, drawing it tight to squeeze out the little blood which may remain; then place it in an earthen-ware vessel with saltpetre, salt and long pepper all carefully and thoroughly powdered. Let it remain a fortnight in this pickle till it is well dried, then expose it to the sun in the dog-days till it is completely parched, or if the sun be not powerful enough, dry it in an oven heated with vervain and fern. Next make *a candle with the fat of a hanged man*, virgin wax, and Lapland sesame. The Hand of Glory is used to hold this candle when it is lighted. Wherever one goes with this contrivance, those it approaches are rendered as incapable of motion as though they were dead." Southey in Book V of his Thalaba the Destroyer represents a hand and taper of this kind as used to lull to sleep Zohak, the giant keeper of the caves of Babylon. (See the extracts from Grose and Torquemada in the notes to Southey's poem.) Dousterswivel in Sir Walter Scott's Antiquary tells us that the monks used the Hand of Glory to conceal their treasures. (Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders, p. 200 and ff.)

Preller, in his Römische Mythologie, p. 488, has a note on *incubones* or treasure-guarding spirits. Treasures can often be acquired by stealing the caps worn by these *incubones* as a symbol of their secret and mysterious character. See also the Pentamerone of Basile, p. 96; Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 29 and ff; Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 28. The bug-bears were no doubt much of the kind found in Schöppner's Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, p. 87. For the "hand of glory" see Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, pp. 405–409. Brand in his Popular Antiquities Vol. I, p. 312, quotes from Bergerac's Satirical Characters and Handsome descriptions in his Letters translated out of the French by a Person of Honour, 1658, p. 45, "I cause the thieves to burn candles of dead men's grease to lay the hosts asleep while they rob their houses." A light has this property in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 360; and in Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 146.

9

There is probably a pun too on *varti*, the wick of a lamp.

10

Literally "made by the gods."

11

i. e. prabhutva, the majesty or pre-eminence of the king himself; *mantra*, the power of good counsel; *utsáha* energy.

12

Cp. Odyssey, VII. 116; Spenser's Faery Queene, III, 6, 42.

13

The pun here lies in the word *kalá*, which means "accomplishment," and also a sixteenth of the moon's diameter.

14

This lotus is a friend of the moon's and bewails its absence.

15

Or perhaps books.

16

I read *virága-vishabhṛid*.

17

i. e. Nágavana. For serpent-worship see Tylor's Primitive Culture, Vol. II, pp. 217–220. The author of Sagas from the Far East remarks; "Serpent-Cultus was of very ancient observance, and is practised by both followers of Bráhmanism and Buddhism. The Bráhmans seem to have desired to show their disapproval of it by placing the serpent-gods in the lower ranks of their mythology, (Lassen. I, 707 and 544, n. 2). This cultus, however, seems to have received a fresh development about the time of Aśoka *circa* 250 B. C. (Vol. II, p. 467). When Madhyantika went into Cashmere and Gandhára to teach Buddhism after the holding of the third synod, it is mentioned that he found sacrifices to serpents practised there (II. 234, 235). There is a passage in Plutarch from which it appears to have been the custom to sacrifice an old woman (previously condemned to death for some crime) to the serpent-gods by burying her alive on the banks of the Indus (II. 467, note 4) Ktesias also mentions the serpent worship (II. 642). In Buddhist legends serpents are often mentioned as protecting patrons of certain towns. (Sagas from the Far East, p. 355). See also Mr. F. S. Growse's Mathurá memoir, p. 71.

18

Literally thorns.

19

The *upáyas* which are usually enumerated are four, *viz.* sowing dissension, negotiation, bribery and open attack.

20

The six *guṇas*—peace, war, march, halt, stratagem and recourse to the protection of a mightier king.

21

I read *abhyagát* with a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

22

I read *vismitá* with a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

23

i. e. mount Sumeru. The moon being masculine in Sanskrit, the words "form of the moon" are used in the original, to satisfy the requirements of classical Hindu Rhetoric, according to which feminine things cannot be compared to masculine.

24

The sea is always spoken of as full of “inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.” There is a double meaning throughout. *Sadváhiní*, when applied to the sea, may mean “beautiful rivers.”

25

Játarúpá also means “having assumed a form,” so that there is another pun here. I read *abhavan* for *abhavad*, in accordance with a MS. lent me from the Sanskrit College.

Book VII.

Chapter XXXV.

May the head of Śiva, studded with the nails of Gaurí engaged in playfully pulling his hair, and so appearing rich in many moons,[1] procure you prosperity.

May the god of the elephant face,[2] who, stretching forth his trunk wet with streaming ichor, curved at the extremity, seems to be bestowing successes, protect you.

Thus the young son of the king of Vatsa, having married in Kauśámbí Madanamanchuká, whom he loved as his life, remained living as he chose, with his ministers Gomukha and others, having obtained his wish.

And once on a time, when the feast of spring had arrived, adorned with the gushing notes of love-intoxicated cuckoos, in which the wind from the Malaya mountain set in motion by force the dance of the creepers,—the feast of spring delightful with the hum of bees, the prince went to the garden with his ministers to amuse himself. After roaming about there, his friend Tapantaka suddenly came with his eyes expanded with delight, and stepping up to him, said—"Prince, I have seen not far from here a wonderful maiden, who has descended from heaven and is standing under an *aśoka*-tree, and that very maiden, who illumines the regions with her beauty, advancing towards me with her friends, sent me here to summon you." When Naraváhanadatta heard that, being eager to see her, he went quickly with his ministers to the foot of the tree. He beheld there that fair one, with her rolling eyes like bees, with her lips red like shoots, beautiful with breasts firm as clusters, having her body yellow with the dust of flowers, removing fatigue by her loveliness,[3] like the goddess of the garden

appearing in a visible shape suited to her deity. And the prince approached the heavenly maiden, who bowed before him, and welcomed her, for his eyes were ravished with her beauty. Then his minister Gomukha, after all had sat down, asked her, “Who are you, auspicious one, and for what reason have you come here?” When she heard that, she laid aside her modesty in obedience to the irresistible decree of Love, and frequently stealing sidelong glances at the lotus of Naraváhanadatta’s face with an eye that shed matchless affection, she began thus at length to relate her own history.

Story of Ratnaprabhá.

There is a mountain-chain called Himavat, famous in the three worlds; it has many peaks, but one of its peaks is the mount of Śiva which is garlanded with the brightness of glittering jewels, and flashes with gleaming snow, and like the expanse of the heaven, cannot be measured. Its plateaux are the home of magic powers and of magic herbs, which dispel old age, death, and fear, and are to be obtained by the favour of Śiva. With its peaks yellow with the brightness of the bodies of many Vidyádharas, it transcends the glory of the peaks of Sumeru itself, the mighty hill of the immortals.

On it there is a golden city called Kánchanaśṛinga, which gleams refulgent with brightness, like the palace of the Sun. It extends many *yojanas*, and in it there lives a king of the Vidyádharas named Hemaprabha, who is a firm votary of the husband of Umá. And though he has many wives, he has only one queen, whom he loves dearly, named Alankáraprabhá, as dear to him as Rohiṇí to the moon. With her the virtuous king used to rise up in the morning and bathe, and worship duly Śiva and his wife Gaurí, and then he would descend to the world of men, and give to poor Bráhmans every day a thousand gold-pieces mixed with jewels. And then he returned from earth and attended to his kingly duties justly, and then he ate and drank, abiding

by his vow like a hermit. While days elapsed in this way, melancholy arose once in the bosom of the king, caused by his childlessness, but suggested by a passing occasion. And his beloved queen Alankáraprabhá, seeing that he was in very low spirits, asked him the cause of his sadness. Then the king said to her—"I have all prosperity, but the one grief of childlessness afflicts me, O queen. And this melancholy has arisen in my breast on the occasion of calling to mind a tale, which I heard long ago, of a virtuous man who had no son." Then the queen said to him, "Of what nature was that tale?" When asked this question, the king told her the tale briefly in the following words:

Story of Sattvaśíla and the two treasures.

In the town of Chitrakúṭa there was a king named Bráhmaṇavara, rightly named, for he was devoted to honouring Bráhmans. He had a victorious servant named Sattvaśíla who devoted himself exclusively to war, and every month Sattvaśíla received a hundred gold-pieces from that king. But as he was munificent, that gold was not enough for him, especially as his childlessness made the pleasure of giving the sole pleasure to which he was addicted. Sattvaśíla was continually reflecting—"The Disposer has not given me a son to gladden me, but he has given me the vice of generosity, and that too without wealth. It is better to be produced in the world as an old barren tree or a stone, than as a poor man altogether abandoned to the vice of giving away money." But once on a time Sattvaśíla, while wandering in a garden, happened by luck to find a treasure: and with the help of his servants he quickly brought home that hoard, which gleamed with much gold and glittered with priceless stones. Out of that he provided himself with pleasures, and gave wealth to Bráhmans, slaves, and friends, and thus the virtuous man spent his life. Meanwhile his relations, beholding this, guessed the secret, and went to the king's palace, and of their own accord informed the king that Sattvaśíla had found a treasure. Then Sattvaśíla was summoned by the king, and by order of the door-keeper remained standing for a moment in a lonely part of the king's courtyard.

There, as he was scratching the earth with the hilt of a *lílávajra*,[4] that was in his hand, he found another large treasure in a copper vessel. It appeared like his own heart, displayed openly for him by Destiny pleased with his virtue, in order that he might propitiate the king with it. So he covered it up again with earth as it was before, and when summoned by the door-keeper, entered the king's presence. When he had made his bow there, the king himself said, "I have come to learn that you have obtained a treasure, so surrender it to me." And Sattvaśíla for his part answered him then and there, "O king, tell me: shall I give you the first treasure I found, or the one I found to-day." The king said to him—"Give the one recently found." And thereupon Sattvaśíla went to a corner of the king's courtyard, and gave him up the treasure. Then the king, being pleased with the treasure, dismissed Sattvaśíla with these words—"Enjoy the first-found treasure as you please." So Sattvaśíla returned to his house. There he remained increasing the propriety of his name with gifts and enjoyments, and so managing to dispel somehow or other the melancholy caused by the affliction of childlessness.

"Such is the story of Sattvaśíla, which I heard long ago, and because I have recalled it to mind, I remain sorrowful through thinking over the fact that I have no son." When the queen Alankáraprabhá was thus addressed by her husband Hemaprabha, the king of the Vidyádharas, she answered him, "It is true: Fortune does assist the brave in this way; did not Sattvaśíla, when in difficulties, obtain a second treasure? So you too will obtain your desire by the power of your courage, as an example of the truth of this, hear the story of Vikramatunga."

Story of the brave king Vikramatunga.

There is a city called Páṭaliputra, the ornament of the earth, filled with various beautiful jewels, the colours of which are so disposed as to form a perfect scale of colour. In that city there dwelt long ago a brave king, named Vikramatunga, who in giving[5] never turned his back on a suppliant, nor in

fighting on an enemy. That king one day entered the forest to hunt, and saw there a Bráhman offering a sacrifice with *vilva*[6] fruits. When he saw him, he was desirous to question him, but avoided going near him, and went off to a great distance with his army in his ardour for the chase. For a long time he sported with deer and lions, that rose up and fell slain by his hand, as if with foes, and then he returned and beheld the Bráhman still intent on his sacrifice as before, and going up to him he bowed before him, and asked him his name and the advantage he hoped to derive from offering the *vilva* fruits. Then the Bráhman blessed the king and said to him, "I am a Bráhman named Nágaśarman, and bear the fruit I hope from my sacrifice. When the god of Fire is pleased with this *vilva* sacrifice, then *vilva* fruits of gold will come out of the fire-cavity. Then the god of Fire will appear in bodily form and grant me a boon; and so I have spent much time in offering *vilva* fruits. But so little is my merit that even now the god of Fire is not propitiated." When he said this, that king of resolute valour answered him—"Then give me one *vilva* fruit that I may offer it, and I will to-day, O Bráhman, render the god of Fire propitious to you." Then the Bráhman said to the king, "How will you, unchastened and impure, propitiate that god of Fire, who is not satisfied with me, who remain thus faithful to my vow, and am chastened?" When the Bráhman said this to him, the king said to him again, "Never mind, give me a *vilva* fruit, and in a moment you shall behold a wonder." Then the Bráhman, full of curiosity, gave a *vilva* fruit to the king, and he then and there meditated with soul of firm valour—"If thou art not satisfied with this *vilva* fruit, O god of Fire, then I will offer thee my own head," and thereupon offered the fruit. And the seven-rayed god appeared from the sacrificial cavity, bringing the king a golden *vilva* fruit as the fruit of his tree of valour. And the Fire-god, present in visible form, said to that king—"I am pleased with thy courage, so receive a boon, O king." When the magnanimous king heard that, he bowed before him and said—"Grant this Bráhman his wish. What other boon do I require?" On hearing this speech of the king's, the Fire-god was much pleased and said to him—"O king, this Bráhman shall become a great lord of wealth, and thou also by my favour shalt have the prosperity of thy treasury ever undiminished." When the Fire-god had, in these words, bestowed the boon, the Bráhman asked him this question; "Thou hast appeared swiftly to a king that acts

according to his own will, but not to me that am under vows: why is this, O revered one?" Then the Fire-god, the giver of boons, answered—"If I had not granted him an interview, this king of fierce courage would have offered his head in sacrifice to me. In this world successes quickly befall those of fierce spirit, but they come slowly, O Bráhman, to those of dull spirit like thee." Thus spake the god of Fire, and vanished, and the Bráhman Nágaśarman took leave of the king and in course of time became very rich. But the king Vikramatunga, whose courage had been thus seen by his dependents, returned amid their plaudits to his town of Páṭaliputra.

When the king was dwelling there, the warder Śatrunjaya entered suddenly one day, and said secretly to him; "There is standing at the door, O king, a Bráhman lad, who says his name is Dattaśarman, he wishes to make a representation to you in private." The king gave the order to introduce him, and the lad was introduced, and after blessing the king, he bowed before him, and sat down. And he made this representation—"King, by a certain device of powder I know how to make always excellent gold out of copper. For that device was shewn me by my spiritual teacher, and I saw with my own eyes that he made gold by that device." When the lad said this, the king ordered copper to be brought, and when it was melted, the lad threw the powder upon it. But while the powder was being thrown, an invisible Yaksha carried it off, and the king alone saw him, having propitiated the god of Fire. And that copper did not turn into gold, as the powder did not reach it; thrice did the lad make the attempt and thrice his labour was in vain. Then the king, first of brave men, took the powder from the desponding lad, and himself threw it on the melted copper; when he threw the powder, the Yaksha did not intercept it, but went away smiling. Accordingly the copper became gold by contact with that powder. Then the boy, astonished, asked the king for an explanation, and the king told him the incident of the Yaksha, just as he had seen it. And having learned in this way the device of the powder from that lad, the king made him marry a wife, and gave him all he wished, and having his treasury prosperously filled by means of the gold produced by that device, he himself enjoyed great happiness together with his wives, and made Bráhmans rich.

“Thus you see that the Lord grants their desires to men of fierce courage, seeming to be either terrified or pleased by them. And who, O king, is of more firm valour or more generous than you? So Śiva, when propitiated by you, will certainly give you a son; do not sorrow.” The king Hemaprabha, when he heard this noble speech from the mouth of queen Alankáraprabhá, believed it and was pleased. And he considered that his own heart, radiant with cheerfulness, indicated that he would certainly obtain a son by propitiating Śiva. The next day after this, he and his wife bathed and worshipped Śiva, and he gave 90 millions of gold-pieces to the Bráhmans, and without taking food he went through ascetic practices in front of Śiva, determined that he would either leave the body or propitiate the god, and continuing in asceticism, he praised the giver of boons, the husband of the daughter of the mountain,[7] that lightly gave away the sea of milk to his votary Upamanyu, saying, “Honour to thee, O husband of Gaurí, who art the cause of the creation, preservation, and destruction of the world, who dost assume the eight special forms of ether and the rest.[8] Honour to thee, who sleepest on the ever-expanded lotus of the heart, that art Śambhu, the swan dwelling in the pure Mánasa lake.[9] Honour to thee, the exceeding marvellous Moon, of divine brightness, pure, of watery substance, to be beheld by those whose sins are put away; to thee whose beloved is half thy body,[10] and who nevertheless art supremely chaste. Honour to thee who didst create the world by a wish, and art thyself the world.”

When the king had praised Śiva in these words and fasted for three nights, the god appeared to him in a dream, and spake as follows: “Rise up, O king, there shall be born to thee a heroic son that shall uphold thy race. And thou shalt also obtain by the favour of Gaurí, a glorious daughter who is destined to be the queen of that treasure-house of glory, Naraváhanadatta, your future emperor.” When Śiva had said this, he disappeared, and Hemaprabha woke up, delighted, at the close of night. And by telling his dream he gladdened his wife Alankáraprabhá, who had been told the same by Gaurí in a dream, and dwelt on the agreement of the two visions. And then the king rose up and bathed and worshipped Śiva, and after giving gifts, broke his fast, and kept high festival.

Then, after some days had passed, the queen Alankáraprabhá became pregnant by that king, and delighted her beloved by her face redolent of honey, with wildly rolling eyes, so that it resembled a pale lotus with bees hovering round it. Then she gave birth in due time to a son, (whose noble lineage was proclaimed by the elevated longings of her pregnancy,) as the sky gives birth to the orb of day. As soon as he was born, the lying-in chamber was illuminated by his might, and so was made red as vermilion. And his father gave to that infant, that brought terror to the families of his enemies, the name of Vajraprabha, that had been appointed for him by a divine voice. Then the boy grew by degrees, being filled with accomplishments, and causing the exultation of his family, as the new moon fills out with digits,[11] and causes the sea to rise.

Then, not long after, the queen of that king Hemaprabha again became pregnant. And when she was pregnant, she sat upon a golden throne, and became truly the jewel of the harem, adding special lustre to her settings. And in a chariot, in the shape of a beautiful lotus, manufactured by help of magic science, she roamed about in the sky, since her pregnant longings assumed that form. But when the due time came, a daughter was born to that queen, whose birth by the favour of Gaurí was a sufficient guarantee of her loveliness. And this voice was then heard from heaven—"She shall be the wife of Naraváhanadatta"—which agreed with the words of Śiva's revelation. And the king was just as much delighted at her birth as he was at that of his son, and gave her the name of Ratnaprabhá. And Ratnaprabhá, adorned with her own science, grew up in the house of her father, producing illumination in all the quarters of the sky. Then the king made his son Vajraprabha, who had begun to wear armour, take a wife, and appointed him crown-prince. And he devolved on him the burden of the kingdom and remained at ease; but still one anxiety lingered in his heart, anxiety about the marriage of his daughter.

One day the king beheld that daughter, who was fit to be given away in marriage, sitting near him, and said to the queen Alankáraprabhá, who was in his presence; "Observe, queen, a daughter is a great misery in the three worlds, even though she is the ornament of her family, a misery, alas! even to the great. For this Ratnaprabhá, though modest, learned, young and

beautiful, afflicts me because she has not obtained a husband." The queen said to him—"She was proclaimed by the gods as the destined wife of Naraváhanadatta, our future emperor, why is she not given to him?" When the queen said this to him, the king answered: "In truth the maiden is fortunate, that shall obtain him for a bridegroom. For he is an incarnation of Káma upon earth, but he has not as yet attained his divine nature: therefore I am now waiting for his attainment of superhuman knowledge."[12] While he was thus speaking, Ratnaprabhá, by means of those accents of her father, which entered her ear like the words of the bewildering spell of the god of love, became as if bewildered, as if possessed, as if asleep, as if in a picture, and her heart was captivated by that bridegroom. Then with difficulty she took a respectful leave of her parents, and went to her own private apartments, and managed at length to get to sleep at the end of the night. Then the goddess Gaurí, being full of pity for her, gave her this command in a dream; "To-morrow, my daughter, is an auspicious day; so thou must go to the city of Kauśámbí and see thy future husband, and thence thy father, O auspicious one, will himself bring thee and him into this his city, and celebrate your marriage." So in the morning, when she woke up, she told that dream to her mother. Then her mother gave her leave to go, and she, knowing by her superhuman knowledge that her bridegroom was in the garden, set out from her own city to visit him.

"Thou knowest, O my husband, that I am that Ratnaprabhá, arrived to-day in a moment, full of impatience, and you all know the sequel." When he heard this speech of hers, that in sweetness exceeded nectar, and beheld the body of the Vidyádharí that was ambrosia to the eyes, Naraváhanadatta in his heart blamed the Creator, saying to himself—"Why did he not make me all eye and ear?" And he said to her—"Fortunate am I; my birth and life has obtained its fruit, in that I, O beautiful one, have been thus visited by thee out of affection!" When they had thus exchanged the protestations of new love, suddenly the army of the Vidyádharas was beheld there in the heaven. Ratnaprabhá said immediately, "Here is my father come," and the king Hemaprabha descended from heaven with his son. And with his son Vajraprabha he approached that Naraváhanadatta, who gave him a courteous welcome. And while they stood for a moment paying one another the customary compliments, the king of Vatsa, who had heard of it, came

with his ministers. And then that Hemaprabha told the king, after he had performed towards him the rites of hospitality, the whole story exactly as it had been related by Ratnaprabhá, and said, “I knew by the power of my supernatural knowledge that my daughter had come here, and I am aware of all that has happened in this place.[13]

For he will afterwards possess such an imperial chariot. Pray consent, and then thou shalt behold in a short time thy son, the prince, returned here, united to his wife Ratnaprabhá.” After he had addressed this prayer to the king of Vatsa, and he had consented to his wish, that Hemaprabha, with his son, prepared that chariot by his own magic skill, and made Naraváhanadatta ascend it, together with Ratnaprabhá, whose face was cast down from modesty, followed by Gomukha and the others, and Yaugandharáyaṇa, who was also deputed to accompany him by his father, and thus Hemaprabha took him to his own capital, Kánchanaśringaka.

And Naraváhanadatta, when he reached that city of his father-in-law, saw that it was all of gold, gleaming with golden ramparts, embraced, as it were, on all sides with rays issuing out like shoots, and so stretching forth innumerable arms in eagerness of love for that son-in-law. There the king Hemaprabha, of high emprise, gave Ratnaprabhá with due ceremonies to him, as the sea gave Lakshmí to Vishṇu. And he gave him glittering heaps of jewels, gleaming like innumerable wedding fires lighted.[14] And in the city of that festive prince, who was showering wealth, even the houses, being draped with flags, appeared as if they had received changes of raiment. And Naraváhanadatta, having performed the auspicious ceremony of marriage, remained there enjoying heavenly pleasures with Ratnaprabhá. And he amused himself by looking in her company at beautiful temples of the gods in gardens and lakes, having ascended with her the heaven by the might of her science.

So, after he had lived some days with his wife in the city of the king of the Vidyádharas, the son of the king of Vatsa determined, in accordance with the advice of Yaugandharáyaṇa, to return to his own city. Then his mother-

in-law performed for him the auspicious ceremonies previous to starting, and his father-in-law again honoured him and his minister, and then he set out with Hemaprabha and his son, accompanied by his beloved, having again ascended that chariot. He soon arrived, like a stream of nectar to the eyes of his mother, and entered his city with Hemaprabha and his son and his own followers, bringing with him his wife, who made the king of Vatsa rejoice exceedingly with delight at beholding her. The king of Vatsa of exalted fortune, with Vásavadattá, welcomed that son, who bowed at his feet with his wife, and honoured Hemaprabha his new connexion, as well as his son, in a manner conformable to his own dignity. Then, after that king of the Vidyádharas, Hemaprabha, had taken leave of the lord of Vatsa and his family, and had flown up into the heaven and gone to his own city, that Naraváhanadatta, together with Ratnaprabhá and Madanamanchuká, spent that day in happiness surrounded by his friends.

1

The *cedille* under the *c* of *candra* should be erased in Dr. Brockhaus's text.

2

Ganeśa, who bestows success or the reverse, and is invoked in all undertakings. I read *karan dánámbhasá*.

3

The word also means "shade."

4

I have no idea what this word *lílávajra* means. It is translated by Böhtlingk and Roth—*ein wie ein Donnerkeil aussehendes Werkzeug*.

5

Possibly there is a pun here: *dána*, giving, also means cutting.

6

The fruit of the Bel, well-known to Anglo-Indians.

7

Párvatí or Durgá, the wife of Śiva.

8

The others are the Sun, Fire, Water, Earth, Air, the Moon and the officiating Bráhman. For the latter is sometimes substituted *paśupati* or lord of animals.

9

Possibly it also means “the swan of the temple of the mind.”

10

An allusion to the Arddhanárísa form of Śiva.

11

Kalá = digit of the moon and also accomplishment.

12

The *vidyá* of the Vidyáharas. I read *pratíkshyate*.

13

Here Professor Brockhaus supposes a hiatus.

14

Cp. this with the “jewel-lamps” on pp. 189 and 305, and the luminous carbuncle in Gesta Romanorum, CVII. Sir Thomas Browne, in his Vulgar Errors, Book II, chapter 5, says, “Whether a carbuncle doth flame in the dark, or shine like a coal in the night, though generally agreed on by common believers, is very much questioned by many.” See also Simrock’s Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 301; Vol. III, p. 12; Vol. VI, p. 289. Lucian in his De Deâ Syriâ ch. 32, speaks of a precious stone of the name of λυχνίς which was bright enough to light up a whole temple at night. We read in the history of the Pseudo-Callisthenes, Book II, ch. 42, that Alexander found in the belly of a fish a precious stone which he had set in gold and used at night as a lamp. See also Baring Gould’s Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, p. 42. See Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 155; Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, III, 14.

Chapter XXXVI.

When that Naraváhanadatta had thus obtained a new and lovely bride of the Vidyádhara race, and was the next day with her in her house, there came in the morning to the door, to visit him, his ministers Gomukha and others. They were stopped for a moment at the door by the female warder, and announced within; then they entered and were courteously received, and Ratnaprabhá said to the warder, “The door must not again be closed against the entrance of my husband’s friends, for they are as dear to me as my own body. And I do not think that this is the way to guard female apartments.” After she had addressed the female warder in these words, she said in turn to her husband, “My husband, I am going to say something which occurs to me, so listen. I consider that the strict seclusion of women is a mere social custom, or rather folly produced by jealousy. It is of no use whatever. Women of good family are guarded by their own virtue, as their only chamberlain. But even God himself can scarcely guard the unchaste. Who can restrain a furious river and a passionate woman? And now listen, I will tell you a story.”

Story of king Ratnádhipati and the white elephant Śvetaraśmi.

There is here a great island in the midst of the sea, named Ratnakúṭa. In it there lived in old times a king of great courage, a devoted worshipper of Vishṇu, rightly named Ratnádhipati.[1] That king, in order to obtain the conquest of the earth, and all kings’ daughters as his wives, went through a severe penance, to propitiate Vishṇu. The adorable one, pleased with his penance, appeared in bodily form, and thus commanded him—“Rise up,

king, I am pleased with thee, so I tell thee this—listen! There is in the land of Kalinga a Gandharva, who has become a white elephant by the curse of a hermit, and is known by the name of Śvetaraśmi. On account of the asceticism he performed in a former life, and on account of his devotion to me, that elephant is supernaturally wise, and possesses the power of flying through the sky, and of remembering his former birth. And I have given an order to that great elephant, in accordance with which he will come of himself through the air, and become thy beast of burden. That white elephant thou must mount, as the wielder of the thunderbolt mounts the elephant of the gods,[2] and whatever king thou shalt travel through the air to visit, in fear shall bestow on thee, who art of god-like presence, tribute in the form of a daughter, for I will myself command him to do so in a dream. Thus thou shalt conquer the whole earth, and all *zenanas*, and thou shalt obtain eighty thousand princesses." When Vishṇu had said this, he disappeared, and the king broke his fast, and the next day he beheld that elephant, which had come to him through the air. And when the elephant had thus placed himself at the king's disposal, he mounted him, as he had been bidden to do by Vishṇu, and in this manner he conquered the earth, and carried off the daughters of kings. And then the king dwelt there in Ratnakúṭa with those wives, eighty thousand in number, amusing himself as he pleased. And in order to propitiate Śvetaraśmi, that celestial elephant, he fed every day five hundred Bráhmans.

Now once on a time the king Ratnádhipati mounted that elephant, and, after roaming through the other islands, returned to his own island. And as he was descending from the sky, it came to pass that a bird of the race of Garuḍa struck that excellent elephant with his beak. And the bird fled, when the king struck him with the sharp elephant-hook, but the elephant fell on the ground stunned by the blow of the bird's beak. The king got off his back, but the elephant, though he recovered his senses, was not able to rise up in spite of the efforts made to raise him, and ceased eating. For five days the elephant remained in the same place, where it had fallen, and the king was grieved and took no food, and prayed as follows: "Oh guardians of the world, teach me some remedy in this difficulty; otherwise I will cut off my own head and offer it to you." When he had said this, he drew his sword and was preparing to cut off his head, when immediately a bodiless voice

thus addressed him from the sky—"O king do nothing rash; if some chaste woman touches this elephant with her hand, it will rise up, but not otherwise." When the king heard that, he was glad, and summoned his own carefully guarded chief queen, Amṛitalatá. When the elephant did not rise up, though she touched it with her hand, the king had all his other wives summoned. But though they all touched the elephant in succession, he did not rise up; the fact was, not one among them was chaste. Then the king, having beheld all those eighty thousand wives openly humiliated in the presence of men, being himself abashed, summoned all the women of his capital, and made them touch the elephant one after another. And when in spite of it the elephant did not rise up, the king was ashamed, because there was not a single chaste woman in his city.

And in the meanwhile a merchant named Harshagupta, who had arrived from Támraliptí,[3] having heard of that event, came there full of curiosity. And in his train there came a servant of the name of Śílavatí, who was devoted to her husband; when she saw what had taken place, she said to him—"I will touch this elephant with my hand: and if I have not even thought in my mind of any other man than my husband, may it rise up." No sooner had she said this, than she came up and touched the elephant with her hand, whereupon it rose up in sound health and began to eat.[4] But when the people saw the elephant Śvetaraśmi rise up, they raised a shout and praised Śílavatí, saying—"Such are these chaste women, few and far between, who, like Śiva, are able to create, preserve and destroy this world." The king Ratnádhipati also was pleased, and congratulated the chaste Śílavatí, and loaded her with innumerable jewels, and he also honoured her master, the merchant Harshagupta, and gave him a house near his own palace. And he determined to avoid all communication with his own wives, and ordered that henceforth they should have nothing but food and raiment.

Then the king, after he had taken his food, sent for the chaste Śílavatí, and said to her at a private interview in the presence of Harshagupta, "Śílavatí, if you have any maiden of your father's family, give her to me, for I know she will certainly be like you." When the king said this to her, Śílavatí answered—"I have a sister in Támraliptí named Rájadattá; marry her, O

king, if you wish, for she is of distinguished beauty." When she said this to the king, he consented and said, "So be it," and having determined on taking this step, he mounted, with Śílavatí and Harshagupta, the elephant Śvetaraśmi, that could fly though the air, and going in person to Támraliptí, entered the house of that merchant Harshagupta. There he asked the astrologers that very day, what would be a favourable time for him to be married to Rájadattá, the sister of Śílavatí. And the astrologers, having enquired under what stars both of them were born, said, "A favourable conjuncture will come for you, O king, in three months from this time. But if you marry Rájadattá in the present position of the constellations, she will without fail prove unchaste." Though the astrologers gave him this response, the king, being eager for a charming wife, and impatient of dwelling long alone, thus reflected—"Away with scruples! I will marry Rájadattá here this very day. For she is the sister of the blameless Śílavatí and will never prove unchaste. And I will place her in that uninhabited island in the middle of the sea, where there is one empty palace, and in that inaccessible spot I will surround her with a guard of women; so how can she become unchaste, as she can never see men?" Having formed this determination, the king that very day rashly married that Rájadattá, whom Śílavatí bestowed upon him. And after he had married her, and had been received with the customary rites by Harshagupta, he took that wife, and with her and Śílavatí, he mounted Śvetaraśmi, and then in a moment went through the air to the land of Ratnakúṭa, where the people were anxiously expecting him. And he rewarded Śílavatí again so munificently, that she attained all her wishes, having reaped the fruit of her vow of chastity. Then he mounted his new wife Rájadattá on that same air-travelling elephant Śvetaraśmi, and conveyed her carefully, and placed her in the empty palace in the island in the midst of the sea, inaccessible to man, with a retinue of women only. And whatever article she required, he conveyed there through the air on that elephant, so great was his distrust. And being devotedly attached to her, he always spent the night there, but came to Ratnakúṭa in the day to transact his regal duties. Now one morning the king, in order to counteract an inauspicious dream, indulged with that Rájadattá in a drinking-bout for good luck. And though his wife, being intoxicated with that banquet, did not wish to let him go, he left her, and departed to Ratnakúṭa to transact his business, for the royal dignity is an ever-exacting

wife. There he remained performing his duties with anxious mind, which seemed ever to ask him, why he left his wife there in a state of intoxication? And in the meanwhile Rájadattá, remaining alone in that inaccessible place, the female servants being occupied in culinary and other duties, saw a certain man come in at the door, like Fate determined to baffle all expedients for guarding her, and his arrival filled her with astonishment. And that intoxicated woman asked him when he approached her, “Who are you, and how have you come to this inaccessible place?” Then that man, who had endured many hardships, answered her—

Story of Yavanasena.

Fair one, I am a merchant’s son of Mathurá named Yavanasena. And when my father died, I was left helpless, and my relations took from me my property, so I went to a foreign country, and resorted to the miserable condition of being servant to another man. Then I with difficulty scraped together a little wealth by trading, and as I was going to another land, I was plundered by robbers who met me on the way. Then I wandered about as a beggar, and, with some other men like myself, I went to a mine of jewels called Kanakakshetra. There I engaged to pay the king his share, and after digging up the earth in a trench for a whole year, I did not find a single jewel. So, while the other men my fellows were rejoicing over the jewels they had found, smitten with grief I retired to the shore of the sea, and began to collect fuel.

And while I was constructing with the fuel a funeral pyre, in order that I might enter the flame, a certain merchant named Jívadatta happened to come there; that merciful man dissuaded me from suicide, and gave me food, and as he was preparing to go in a ship to Svarṇadvípa he took me on board with him. Then, as we were sailing along in the midst of the ocean, after five days had passed, we suddenly beheld a cloud. The cloud discharged its rain in large drops, and that vessel was whirled round by the

wind like the head of a *mast* elephant. Immediately the ship sank, but as fate would have it, I caught hold of a plank, just as I was sinking. I mounted on it, and thereupon the thunder-cloud relaxed its fury, and, conducted by destiny, I reached this country; and have just landed in the forest. And seeing this palace, I entered, and I beheld here thee, O auspicious one, a rain of nectar to my eyes, dispelling pain.

When he had said this, Rájadattá maddened with love and wine, placed him on a couch and embraced him. Where there are these five fires, feminine nature, intoxication, privacy, the obtaining of a man, and absence of restraint, what chance for the stubble of character? So true is it, that a woman maddened by the god of Love is incapable of discrimination; since this queen became enamoured of that loathsome castaway. In the meanwhile the king Ratnádhipati, being anxious, came swiftly from Ratnakúṭa, borne along on the sky-going elephant; and entering his palace he beheld his wife Rájadattá in the arms of that creature. When the king saw the man, though he felt tempted to slay him, he slew him not, because he fell at his feet, and uttered piteous supplications. And beholding his wife terrified, and at the same time intoxicated, he reflected, "How can a woman that is addicted to wine, the chief ally of lust, be chaste? A lascivious woman cannot be restrained even by being guarded. Can one fetter a whirlwind with one's arms? This is the fruit of my not heeding the prediction of the astrologers. To whom is not the scorning of wise words bitter in its after-taste? When I thought that she was the sister of Śílavatí, I forgot that the Kálakúṭa poison was twin-born with the *amṛita*.[5] Or rather who is able, even by doing the utmost of a man, to overcome the incalculable freaks of marvellously working Destiny." Thus reflecting, the king was not wroth with any one, and spared the merchant's son, her paramour, after asking him the story of his life. The merchant's son, when dismissed thence, seeing no other expedient, went out and beheld a ship coming, far off in the sea. Then he again mounted that plank, and drifting about in the sea, cried out, puffing and blowing, "Save me! Save me!" So a merchant, of the name of Krodhavarman, who was on that ship, drew that merchant's son out of the water, and made him his companion. Whatever deed is appointed by the Disposer to be the destruction of any man, dogs his steps whithersoever he runneth. For this fool, when on the ship, was

discovered by his deliverer secretly associating with his wife, and thereupon was cast by him into the sea and perished.

In the meanwhile the king Ratnádhipati caused the queen Rájadattá with her retinue to mount Śvetaraśmi, without allowing himself to be angry, and he carried her to Ratnakúṭa, and delivered her to Śílavatí, and related that occurrence to her and his ministers. And he exclaimed, "Alas! How much pain have I endured, whose mind has been devoted to these unsubstantial insipid enjoyments. Therefore I will go to the forest, and take Hari as my refuge, in order that I may never again be a vessel of such woes." Thus he spake, and though his sorrowing ministers and Śílavatí endeavoured to prevent him, he, being disgusted with the world, would not abandon his intention. Then, being indifferent to enjoyments, he first gave half of his treasure to the virtuous Śílavatí, and the other half to the Bráhmans, and then that king made over in the prescribed form his kingdom to a Bráhman of great excellence, named Pápabhanjana. And after he had given away his kingdom, he ordered Śvetaraśmi to be brought, with the object of retiring to a grove of asceticism, his subjects looking on with tearful eyes. No sooner was the elephant brought, than it left the body, and became a man of god-like appearance, adorned with necklace and bracelet. When the king asked him who he was, and what was the meaning of all this, he answered:

"We were two Gandharva brothers, living on the Malaya mountain: I was called Somaprabha, and the eldest was Devaprabha. And my brother had but one wife, but she was very dear to him. Her name was Rájavatí. One day he was wandering about with her in his arms, and happened to arrive, with me in his company, at a place called the dwelling of the Siddhas. There we both worshipped Vishṇu in his temple, and began all of us to sing before the adorable one. In the meanwhile a Siddha came there, and stood regarding with fixed gaze Rájavatí, who was singing songs well worth hearing. And my brother, who was jealous, said in his wrath to that Siddha; 'Why dost thou, although a Siddha, cast a longing look at another's wife?' Then the Siddha was moved with anger, and said to him by way of a curse —'Fool, I was looking at her out of interest in her song, not out of desire. So fall thou, jealous one, into a mortal womb together with her; and then behold with thy own eyes thy wife in the embraces of another.' When he

had said this, I, being enraged at the curse, struck him, out of childish recklessness, with a white toy elephant of clay, that I had in my hand. Then he cursed me in the following words—"Be born again on the earth as an elephant, like that with which you have just struck me." Then being merciful, that Siddha allowed himself to be propitiated by that brother of mine Devaprabha, and appointed for us both the following termination of the curse; "Though a mortal thou shalt become, by the favour of Vishṇu, the lord of an island, and shalt obtain as thy servant this thy younger brother, who will have become an elephant, a beast of burden fit for gods. Thou shalt obtain eighty thousand wives, and thou shalt come to learn the unchastity of them all in the presence of men. Then thou shalt marry this thy present wife, who will have become a woman, and shalt see her with thy own eyes embracing another. Then, thou shalt become sick in thy heart of the world, and shalt bestow thy realm on a Bráhman, but when after doing this thou shalt set out to go to a forest of ascetics, thy younger brother shall first be released from his elephant nature, and thou also with thy wife shalt be delivered from thy curse.' This was the termination of the curse appointed for us by the Siddha, and we were accordingly born with different lots, on account of the difference of our actions in that previous state, and lo! the end of our curse has now arrived." When Somaprabha had said this, that king Ratnádhipati remembered his former birth, and said —"True! I am that very Devaprabha; and this Rájadattá is my former wife Rájavatí." Having said this, he, together with his wife, abandoned the body. In a moment they all became Gandharvas, and, in the sight of men, flew up into the air, and went to their own home, the Malaya mountain. Śílavatí too, through the nobleness of her character, obtained prosperity, and going to the city of Támraliptí, remained in the practice of virtue.

"So true is it, that in no case can any one guard a woman by force in this world, but the young woman of good family is ever protected by the pure restraint of her own chastity. And thus the passion of jealousy is merely a purposeless cause of suffering, annoying others, and so far from being a protection to women, it rather excites in them excessive longing." When Naraváhanadatta had heard this tale full of good sense related by his wife, he and his ministers were highly pleased.

1

i. e. supreme lord of jewels.

2

i. e. as Indra mounts Airávata.

3

The modern Tamluk. The district probably comprised the small but fertile tract of country lying to the westward of the Húghli river, from Bardwán and Kalna on the north, to the banks of the Kosai river on the south. (Cunningham's Ancient Geography of India, p. 504.)

4

In the 115th tale of the Gesta Romanorum we read that two chaste virgins were able to lull to sleep and kill an elephant, that no one else could approach.

5

Both were produced at the churning of the ocean.

Chapter XXXVII.

Then Naraváhanadatta's minister Gomukha said to him, by way of capping the tale, which had been told by Ratnaprabhá: "It is true that chaste women are few and far between, but unchaste women are never to be trusted; in illustration of this, hear the following story."

Story of Niśchayadatta.

There is in this land a town of the name of Ujjayiní, famous throughout the world: in it there lived of old time a merchant's son, named Niśchayadatta. He was a gambler and had acquired money by gambling, and every day the generous man used to bathe in the water of the Siprá, and worship Mahákála:[1] his custom was first to give money to the Bráhmans, the poor, and the helpless, and then to anoint himself and indulge in food and betel.

Every day, when he had finished his bathing and his worship, he used to go and anoint himself in a cemetery near the temple of Mahákála, with sandalwood and other things. And the young man placed the unguent on a stone pillar that stood there, and so anointed himself every day alone, rubbing his back against it. In that way the pillar eventually became very smooth and polished. Then there came that way a draughtsman with a sculptor; the first, seeing that the pillar was very smooth, drew on it a figure of Gaurí, and the sculptor with his chisel in pure sport carved it on the stone. Then, after they had departed, a certain daughter of the Vidyádharas came there to worship Mahákála, and saw that image of Gaurí on the stone. From the clearness of the image she inferred the proximity of the goddess, and, after worshipping, she entered that stone pillar to rest. In the meanwhile Niśchayadatta, the merchant's son, came there, and to his

astonishment beheld that figure of Umá carved on the stone. He first anointed his limbs, and then placing the unguent on another part of the stone, began to anoint his back by rubbing it against the stone. When the rolling-eyed Vidyádhara maiden inside the pillar saw that, her heart being captivated by his beauty, she reflected—"What! has this handsome man no one to anoint his back? Then I will now rub his back for him." Thus the Vidyádharí reflected, and, stretching forth her hand from inside the pillar, she anointed his back then and there out of affection. Immediately the merchant's son felt the touch, and heard the jingling of the bracelet, and caught hold of her hand with his. And the Vidyádharí, invisible as she was, said to him from the pillar—"Noble sir, what harm have I done you? let go my hand." Then Niśchayadatta answered her—"Appear before me, and say who you are, then I will let go your hand." Then the Vidyádharí affirmed with an oath—"I will appear before your eyes, and tell you all." So he let go her hand. Then she came out visibly from the pillar, beautiful in every limb, and sitting down, with her eyes fixed on his face, said to him, "There is a city called Pushkarávatí[2] on a peak of the Himálayas, in it there lives a king named Vindhyapara. I am his maiden daughter, named Anurágapará. I came to worship Mahákála, and rested here to-day. And thereupon you came here, and were beheld by me anointing your back on this pillar, resembling the stupefying weapon of the god of love. Then first my heart was charmed with affection for you, and afterwards my hand was smeared with your unguent, as I rubbed your back.[3] The sequel you know. So I will now go to my father's house."

When she said this to the merchant's son, he answered—"Fair one, I have not recovered my soul which you have taken captive; how can you thus depart, without letting go the soul which you have taken possession of?" When he said this to her, she was immediately overcome with love, and said —"I will marry you, if you come to my city. It is not hard for you to reach; your endeavour will be sure to succeed. For nothing in this world is difficult to the enterprising." Having said this, Anurágapará flew up into the air and departed; and Niśchayadatta returned home with mind fixed upon her. Recollecting the hand that was protruded from the pillar, like a shoot from the trunk of a tree, he thought—"Alas! though I seized her hand I did not

win it for my own. Therefore I will go to the city of Pushkarávatí to visit her, and either I shall lose my life, or Fate will come to my aid." So musing, he passed that day there in an agony of love, and he set out from that place early the next morning, making for the north. As he journeyed, three other merchants' sons, who were travelling towards the north, associated themselves with him as companions. In company with them he travelled through cities, villages, forests, and rivers, and at last reached the northern region abounding in barbarians.

There he and his companions were found on the way by some Tájikas, who took them and sold them to another Tájika. He sent them in the care of his servants as a present to a Turushka, named Muravára. Then those servants took him and the other three, and hearing that Muravára was dead, they delivered them to his son. The son of Muravára thought—"These men have been sent me as a present by my father's friend, so I must send them to him to-morrow by throwing them into his grave."[4] Accordingly the Turushka fettered Niśchayadatta and his three friends with strong chains, that they might be kept till the morning. Then, while they were remaining in chains at night, Niśchayadatta said to his three friends, the merchant's sons, who were afflicted with dread of death—"What will you gain by despondency? Maintain steadfast resolution. For calamities depart far away from the resolute, as if terrified at them. Think on the peerless adorable Durgá, that deliverer from calamity."

Thus encouraging them, he devoutly worshipped that goddess Durgá: "Hail to thee, O goddess! I worship thy feet that are stained with a red dye, as if it were the clotted gore of the trampled Asura clinging to them. Thou, as the all-ruling power of Śiva, dost govern the three worlds, and inspired by thee they live and move. Thou didst deliver the worlds, O slayer of the Asura Mahisha. Deliver me that crave thy protection, O thou cherisher of thy votaries." In these and similar words he and his companions duly worshipped the goddess, and then they all fell asleep, being weary. And the goddess Durgá in a dream commanded Niśchayadatta and his companions —"Rise up, my children, depart, for your fetters are loosed." Then they woke up at night, and saw that their fetters had fallen off of themselves, and after relating to one another their dream, they departed thence delighted.

And after they had gone a long journey, the night came to an end, and then those merchant's sons, who had gone through such terrors, said to Niśchayadatta; "Enough of this quarter of the world infested with barbarians! We will go to the Deccan, friend, but do you do as you desire."—When they said this to him, he dismissed them to go where they would, and set out alone vigorously on his journey, making towards that very northern quarter, drawn by the noose of love for Anurágapará, flinging aside fear. As he went along, he fell in, in course of time, with four Páśupata ascetics, and reached and crossed the river Vitastá. And after crossing it, he took food, and as the sun was kissing the western mountain, he entered with them a forest that lay in their path. And there some woodmen, that met them, said to them: "Whither are you going, now that the day is over. There is no village in front of you: but there is an empty temple of Śiva in this wood. Whoever remains there during the night inside or outside, falls a prey to a Yakshiṇí, who bewilders him, making horns grow on his forehead, and then treats him as a victim, and devours him." Those four Páśupata ascetics, who were travelling together, though they heard this, said to Niśchayadatta, "Come along! what can that miserable Yakshiṇí do to us? For we have remained many nights in various cemeteries." When they said this, he went with them, and finding an empty temple of Śiva, he entered it with them to pass the night there. In the court of that temple the bold Niśchayadatta and the Páśupata ascetics quickly made a great circle with ashes, and entering into it, they lighted a fire with fuel, and all remained there, muttering a charm to protect themselves.

Then at night there came there dancing the Yakshiṇí Śṛingotpádiní,[5] playing from afar on her lute of bones, and when she came near, she fixed her eye on one of the four Páśupata ascetics, and recited a charm, as she danced outside the circle. That charm produced horns on him,[6] and bewildered he rose up, and danced till he fell into the blazing fire. And when he had fallen, the Yakshiṇí dragged him half-burnt out of the fire, and devoured him with delight. Then she fixed her eye on the second Páśupata ascetic, and in the same way recited the horn-producing charm and danced. The second one also had horns produced by that charm, and was made to dance, and falling into the fire, was dragged out and devoured before the eyes of the others. In

this way the Yakshiṇí maddened one after another at night the four ascetics, and after horns had been produced on them, devoured them. But while she was devouring the fourth, it came to pass that, being intoxicated with flesh and blood, she laid her lute down on the ground. Thereupon the bold Niśchayadatta rose up quickly, and seized the lute, and began to play on it, and dancing round with a laugh, to recite that horn-producing charm, which he had learnt from hearing it often, fixing at the same time his eye on the face of the Yakshiṇí. By the operation of the charm she was confused, and dreading death, as horns were just about to sprout on her forehead, she flung herself prostrate, and thus entreated him; "Valiant man, do not slay me, a helpless woman. I now implore your protection, stop the recital of the charm, and the accompanying movements. Spare me! I know all your story, and will bring about your wish; I will carry you to the place, where Anurágapará is." The bold Niśchayadatta, when thus confidingly addressed by her, consented, and stopped the recital of the charm, and the accompanying movements. Then, at the request of the Yakshiṇí, he mounted on her back, and being carried by her through the air, he went to find his beloved.[7]

And when the night came to an end, they had reached a mountain wood; there the Guhyakí bowing thus addressed Niśchayadatta; "Now that the sun has risen, I have no power to go upwards,[8] so spend this day in this charming wood, my lord; eat sweet fruits and drink the clear water of the brooks. I go to my own place, and I will return at the approach of night; and then I will take you to the city of Pushkarávatí, the crown of the Himálayas, and into the presence of Anurágapará." Having said this, the Yakshiṇí with his permission set him down from her shoulder, and departed to return again according to her promise.

When she had gone, Niśchayadatta beheld a deep lake, transparent and cool, but tainted with poison, lit up by the sun, that stretching forth the fingers of its rays, revealed it as an example illustrative of the nature of the heart of a passionate woman. He knew by the smell that it was tainted with poison, and left it, after necessary ablutions, and being afflicted with thirst he roamed all over that heavenly mountain in search of water. And as he

was wandering about, he saw on a lofty place what seemed to be two rubies glittering, and he dug up the ground there.

And after he had removed the earth, he saw there the head of a living monkey, and his eyes like two rubies. While he was indulging his wonder, thinking what this could be, that monkey thus addressed him with human voice; “I am a man, a Bráhman transformed into a monkey; release me, and then I will tell you all my story, excellent sir.” As soon as he heard this, he removed the earth, marvelling, and drew the ape out of the ground. When Niśchayadatta had drawn out the ape, it fell at his feet, and continued —“You have given me life by rescuing me from calamity. So come, since you are weary, take fruit and water, and by your favour I also will break my long fast. Having said this, the liberated monkey took him to the bank of a mountain-torrent some distance off, where there were delicious fruits, and shady trees. There he bathed and took fruit and water, and coming back, he said to the monkey who had broken his fast—“Tell me how you have become a monkey, being really a man.” Then that monkey said, “Listen, I will tell you now.”

Story of Somasvámin.

In the city of Váráṇasí there is an excellent Bráhman named Chandrasvámin, I am his son by his virtuous wife, my friend. And my father gave me the name of Somasvámin. In course of time it came to pass that I mounted the fierce elephant of love, which infatuation makes uncontrollable. When I was at this stage of my life, the youthful Bandhudattá, the daughter of the merchant Śrígarbha, an inhabitant of that city, and the wife of the great merchant of Mathurá Varáhadatta, who was dwelling in her father’s house, beheld me one day, as she was looking out of the window. She was enamoured of me on beholding me, and after enquiring my name, she sent a confidential female friend to me, desiring an interview. Her friend came up secretly to me who was blind with love, and,

after telling her friend's desire, took me to her house. There she placed me, and then went and brought secretly Bandhudattá, whose eagerness made her disregard shame. And no sooner was she brought, than she threw her arms round my neck, for excessive love in women is your only hero for daring. Thus every day Bandhudattá came at will from her father's house, and sported with me in the house of her female friend.

Now one day the great merchant, her husband, came from Mathurá to take her back to his own house, as she had been long absent. Then Bandhudattá, as her father ordered her to go, and her husband was eager to take her away, secretly made a second request to her friend. She said "I am certainly going to be taken by my husband to the city of Mathurá, and I cannot live there separated from Somasvámin. So tell me what resource there is left to me in this matter." When she said this, her friend Sukhaśayá, who was a witch, answered her, "I know two spells;[9] by reciting one of them a man can be in a moment made an ape, if a string is fastened round his neck, and by the second, if the string is loosed, he will immediately become a man again; and while he is an ape his intelligence is not diminished. So if you like, fair one, you can keep your lover Somasvámin; for I will turn him into an ape on the spot, then take him with you to Mathurá as a pet animal. And I will shew you how to use the two spells, so that you can turn him, when near you, into the shape of a monkey, and when you are in a secret place, make him once more a beloved man." When her friend had told her this, Bandhudattá consented, and sending for me in secret, told me that matter in the most loving tone. I consented, and immediately Sukhaśayá fastened a thread on my neck and recited the spell, and made me a young monkey. And in that shape Bandhudattá brought and shewed me to her husband, and she said—"A friend of mine gave me this animal to play with." And he was delighted when he saw me in her arms as a plaything, and I, though a monkey, retained my intelligence, and the power of articulate speech. And I remained there, saying to myself with inward laughter—"Wonderful are the actions of women." For whom does not love beguile? The next day Bandhudattá, having been taught that spell by her friend, set out from her father's house to go to Mathurá with her husband. And the husband of Bandhudattá, wishing to please her, had me carried on the back of one of his servants during the journey. So the servant and I and the rest went along,

and in two or three days reached a wood, that lay in our way, which was perilous from abounding in monkeys. Then the monkeys, beholding me, attacked me in troops on all sides, quickly calling to one another with shrill cries. And the irrepressible apes came and began to bite that merchant's servant, on whose back I was sitting. He was terrified at that, and flung me off his back on to the ground, and fled for fear, so the monkeys got hold of me then and there. And Bandhudattá, out of love for me, and her husband and his servants, attacked the apes with stones and sticks, but were not able to get the better of them. Then those monkeys, as if enraged with my evil actions, pulled off with their teeth and nails every hair from every one of my limbs, as I lay there bewildered. At last, by the virtue of the string on my neck, and by thinking on Śiva, I managed to recover my strength, and getting loose from them, I ran away. And entering into the depths of the wood, I got out of their sight, and gradually, roaming from forest to forest, I reached this wood. And while I was wandering about here in the rainy season, blind with the darkness of grief, saying to myself, "How is it that even in this life adultery has produced for thee the fruit of transformation into the shape of a monkey, and thou hast lost Bandhudattá?" Destiny, not yet sated with tormenting me, inflicted on me another woe, for a female elephant suddenly came upon me, and seizing me with her trunk flung me into the mud of an ant-hill that had been saturated with rain. I know it must have been some divinity instigated by Destiny, for, though I exerted myself to the utmost, I could not get out of that mud. And while it was drying up,[10] not only did I not die, but knowledge was produced in me, while I thought continually upon Śiva. And all the while I never felt hunger nor thirst, my friend, until to-day you drew me out of this trap of dry mud. And though I have gained knowledge, I do not even now possess power sufficient to set myself free from this monkey nature. But when some witch unties the thread on my neck, reciting at the same time the appropriate spell, then I shall once more become a man.

"This is my story, but tell me now, my friend, how you came to this inaccessible wood, and why." When Niśchayadatta was thus requested by the Bráhman Somasvámin, he told him his story, how he came from Ujjayiní on account of a Vidyádharí, and how he was conveyed at night by a Yakshiṇí, whom he had subdued by his presence of mind. Then the wise

Somasvámin, who wore the form of a monkey, having heard that wonderful story, went on to say; “You, like myself, have suffered great woe for the sake of a female. But females, like prosperous circumstances, are never faithful to any one in this world. Like the evening, they display a short-lived glow of passion, their hearts are crooked like the channels of rivers, like snakes they are not to be relied on, like lightning they are fickle. So, that Anurágapará, though she may be enamoured of you for a time, when she finds a paramour of her own race, will be disgusted with you, who are only a mortal. So desist now from this effort for the sake of a female, which you will find like the fruit of the Colocynth, bitter in its after-taste. Do not go, my friend, to Pushkarávatí, the city of the Vidyádharas, but ascend the back of the Yakshiṇí and return to your own Ujjayiní. Do what I tell you, my friend; formerly in my passion I did not heed the voice of a friend, and I am suffering for it at this very moment. For when I was in love with Bandhudattá, a Bráhman named Bhavaśarman, who was a very dear friend of mine, said this to me in order to dissuade me;—‘Do not put yourself in the power of a female, the heart of a female is a tangled maze; in proof of it I will tell you what happened to me—listen!’”

Story of Bhavaśarman.

In this very country, in the city of Váráṇasí, there lived a young and beautiful Bráhman woman named Somadá, who was unchaste and secretly a witch. And as destiny would have it, I had secret interviews with her, and in the course of our intimacy my love for her increased. One day I wilfully struck her in the fury of jealousy, and the cruel woman bore it patiently, concealing her anger for the time. The next day she fastened a string round my neck, as if in loving sport, and I was immediately turned into a domesticated ox. Then I, thus transformed into an ox, was sold by her, on receiving the required price, to a man who lived by keeping domesticated camels. When he placed a load upon me, a witch there, named Bandhamochaniká, beholding me sore burdened, was filled with pity.[11] She

knew by her supernatural knowledge that I had been made an animal by Somadá, and when my proprietor was not looking, she loosed the string from my neck. So I returned to the form of a man, and that master of mine immediately looked round, and thinking that I had escaped, wandered all about the country in search of me. And as I was going away from that place with Bandhamochiní, it happened that Somadá came that way and beheld me at a distance. She, burning with rage, said to Bandhamochiní, who possessed supernatural knowledge,—"Why did you deliver this villain from his bestial transformation? Curses on you! wicked woman, you shall reap the fruit of this evil deed. To-morrow morning I will slay you, together with this villain." When she had gone after saying this, that skilful sorceress Bandhamochiní, in order to repel her assault, gave me the following instructions—"She will come to-morrow morning in the form of a black mare to slay me, and I shall then assume the form of a bay mare. And when we have begun to fight, you must come behind this Somadá, sword in hand, and resolutely strike her. In this way we will slay her; so come to-morrow morning to my house." After saying this, she pointed out to me her house. When she had entered it, I went home, having endured more than one birth in this very life. And in the morning I went to the house of Bandhamochiní, sword in hand. Then Somadá came there, in the form of a black mare.[12] And Bandhamochiní, for her part, assumed the form of a bay mare; and then they fought with their teeth and heels, biting and kicking. Then I struck that vile witch Somadá a blow with my sword, and she was slain by Bandhamochiní. Then I was freed from fear, and having escaped the calamity of bestial transformation, I never again allowed my mind to entertain the idea of associating with wicked women. Women generally have these three faults, terrible to the three worlds, flightiness, recklessness, and a love for the congregation of witches.[13] So why do you run after Bandhudattá, who is a friend of witches? Since she does not love her husband, how is it possible that she can love you?

"Though my friend Bhavaśarman gave me this advice, I did not do what he told me; and so I am reduced to this state. So I give you this counsel; do not suffer hardship to win Anurágapará, for when she obtains a lover of her own race, she will of a surety desert you. A woman ever desires fresh men, as a

female humble bee wanders from flower to flower; so you will suffer regret some day, like me, my friend." This speech of Somasvámin, who had been transformed into a monkey, did not penetrate the heart of Niśchayadatta, for it was full of passion. And he said to that monkey; "She will not be unfaithful to me, for she is born of the pure race of the Vidyádharas." Whilst they were thus conversing, the sun, red with the hues of evening, went to the mountain of setting, as if wishing to please Niśchayadatta. Then the night arrived, as the harbinger of the Yakshiṇí Śṛingotpádiní, and she herself came soon afterwards. And Niśchayadatta mounted on her back, and went off to go to his beloved, taking leave of the ape, who begged that he might ever be remembered by him. And at midnight he reached that city of Pushkarávatí, which was situated on the Himálayas, and belonged to the king of the Vidyádharas, the father of Anurágapará. At that very moment Anurágapará, having known by her power of his arrival, came out from that city to meet him. Then the Yakshiṇí put down Niśchayadatta from her shoulder, and pointing out to him Anurágapará, said—"Here comes your beloved, like a second moon giving a feast to your eyes in the night, so now I will depart," and bowing before him, she went her way. Then Anurágapará, full of the excitement produced by expectation, went up to her beloved, and welcomed him with embraces and other signs of love. He too embraced her, and now that he had obtained the joy of meeting her after enduring many hardships, he could not be contained in his own body, and as it were entered hers. So Anurágapará was made his wife by the Gándharva ceremony of marriage, and she immediately by her magic skill created a city. In that city, which was outside the metropolis, he dwelt with her, without her parents suspecting it, as their eyes were blinded by her skill. And when, on her questioning him, he told her those strange and painful adventures of his journey, she respected him much, and bestowed on him all the enjoyments that heart could wish.

Then Niśchayadatta told that Vidyádharí the strange story of Somasvámin, who had been transformed into a monkey, and said to her, "If this friend of mine could by any endeavour on your part be freed from his monkey condition, then my beloved, you would have done a good deed." When he told her this, Anurágapará said to him—"This is in the way of witches' spells, but it is not our province. Nevertheless I will accomplish this desire

of yours, by asking a friend of mine, a skilful witch named Bhadrarúpá. When the merchant's son heard that, he was delighted, and said to that beloved of his—"So come and see my friend, let us go to visit him." She consented, and the next day, carried in her lap, Niśchayadatta went through the air to the wood, which was the residence of his friend. When he saw his friend there in monkey form, he went up to him with his wife, who bowed before him, and asked after his welfare. And the monkey Somasvámin welcomed him, saying—"It is well with me to-day, in that I have beheld you united to Anurágapará," and he gave his blessing to Niśchayadatta's wife. Then all three sat down on a charming slab of rock there, and held a conversation[14] about his story, the various adventures of that ape, previously discussed by Niśchayadatta with his beloved. Then Niśchayadatta took leave of that monkey, and went to the house of his beloved, flying up into the air, carried by her in her arms.

And the next day he again said to that Anurágapará, "Come, let us go for a moment to visit that ape our friend;" then she said to him—"Go to-day yourself, receive from me the science of flying up, and also that of descending." When she had said this to him, he took those two sciences, and flew through the air to his friend the ape. And as he remained long conversing with him, Anurágapará went out of the house into the garden. While she was seated there, a certain Vidyádhara youth, who was wandering at will through the air, came there. The Vidyádhara, knowing by his art that she was a Vidyádharí who had a mortal husband, the moment he beheld her, was overpowered with a paroxysm of love, and approached her. And she, with face bent on the ground, beheld that he was handsome and attractive, and slowly asked him out of curiosity, who he was and whence he came. Then he answered her, "Know, fair one, that I am a Vidyádhara, by name Rágabhanjana, distinguished for my knowledge of the sciences of the Vidyádharas. The moment I beheld you, O gazelle-eyed one, I was suddenly overpowered by love, and made your slave, so cease to honour, O goddess, a mortal, whose abode is the earth, and favour me, your equal, before your father finds out your intrigue." When he said this, the fickle-hearted one, looking timidly at him with a sidelong glance, thought—"Here is a fit match for me." When he had thus ascertained her wishes, he made

her his wife: when two are of one mind, what more does secret love require?

Then Niśchayadatta arrived from the presence of Somasvámin, after that Vidyádhara had departed. And when he came, Anurágapará, having lost her love for him, did not embrace him, giving as an excuse that she had a headache. But the simple-minded man, bewildered by love, not seeing through her excuse, thought that her pain was due to illness and spent the day in that belief. But the next day, he again went in low spirits to see his friend the ape, flying through the air by the force of the two sciences he possessed. When he had gone, Anurágapará's Vidyádhara lover returned to her, having spent a sleepless night without her. And embracing round the neck her, who was eager for his arrival owing to having been separated during the night, he was at length overcome by sleep. She by the power of her science concealed her lover, who lay asleep in her lap, and weary with having kept awake all night, went to sleep herself. In the meanwhile Niśchayadatta came to the ape, and his friend, welcoming him, asked him —"Why do I seem to see you in low spirits to-day? Tell me." Then Niśchayadatta said to that ape, "Anurágapará is exceedingly ill, my friend; for that reason I am grieved, for she is dearer to me than life." Then that ape, who possessed supernatural knowledge, said to him—"Go, take her in your arms asleep as she is, and flying through the air by the help of the science she bestowed, bring her to me, in order that I may this very day shew you a great marvel." When Niśchayadatta heard this, he went through the air and lightly took up that sleeping fair, but he did not see that Vidyádhara, who was asleep in her lap, and had been previously made invisible by the power of her science. And flying up into the air, he quickly brought Anurágapará to that ape. That ape, who possessed divine insight, immediately shewed him a charm, by which he was able to behold the Vidyádhara clinging to her neck. When he saw this, he exclaimed—"Alas! what does this mean?" And the ape, who was able to discern the truth, told him the whole story. Then Niśchayadatta fell into a passion, and the Vidyádhara, who was the lover of his wife, woke up, and flying up into the air, disappeared. Then Anurágapará woke up, and seeing that her secret was revealed, stood with face cast down through shame. Then Niśchayadatta said to her with eyes gushing with tears—"Wicked female, how could you

thus deceive me who reposed confidence in you? Although a device is known in this world for fixing that exceedingly fickle metal quicksilver, no expedient is known for fixing the heart of a woman." While he was saying this, Anurágapará, at a loss for an answer, and weeping, slowly soared up into the air, and went to her own home.

Then Niśchayadatta's friend, the ape, said to him—"That you are grieved is the fruit of the fierce fire of passion, in that you ran after this fair one, though I tried to dissuade you. For what reliance can be placed on fickle fortunes and fickle women? So cease your regret. Be patient now. For even the Disposer himself cannot o'erstep destiny." When Niśchayadatta heard this speech from the ape, he flung aside that delusion of grief, and abandoning passion, fled to Śiva as his refuge. Then, as he was remaining in that wood with his friend the ape, it happened that a female hermit of the name of Mokshadá came near him. She seeing him bowing before her, proceeded to ask him—"How comes this strange thing to pass that, though a man, you have struck up a friendship with this ape?" Then he related to her his own melancholy story and afterwards the sad tale of his friend, and thereupon thus said to her; "If you, reverend lady, know any incantation or spell by which it can be done, immediately release this excellent Bráhman, my friend, from his ape-transformation." When she heard that, she consented, and employing a spell, she loosed the string from his neck, and Somasvámin abandoned that monkey form and became a man as before. Then she disappeared like lightning, clothed with celestial brightness, and in time Niśchayadatta and the Bráhman Somasvámin, having performed many austerities, attained final beatitude.

"Thus fair ones, naturally fickle, bring about a series of evil actions which produce true discernment, and aversion to the world. But here and there you will find a virtuous one among them, who adorns a glorious family, as the streak of the moon the broad sky."

When Naraváhanadatta, accompanied by Ratnaprabhá, heard this wonderful tale from the mouth of Gomukha, he was highly pleased.

1

A famous linga of Śiva in Ujjayiní.

2

Perhaps the Pushkalávatí described by General Cunningham in his Ancient Geography of India, p. 49.

3

There is a studied ambiguity in all these words, the usual play on affection and oil being kept up. A marginal correction in a Sanskrit College MS. lent to me, gives *hṛidayam*. The text has *ránjitam stháthaván*. The latter is a *vox nihili*. Brockhaus's text may be explained —My hand full of my heart was steeped in affection for you.

4

For "funeral human sacrifice for the service of the dead," see Tylor's Primitive Culture, pp. 413–422. Cp. Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, pp. 165 and 166.

5

i. e. Producer of horns.

6

Cp. the 31st tale in Signora von Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, (p. 209) where the black figs produce horns. There is also in the same story a pipe that compels all that hear its sound to dance. See Dr. Reinhold Köhler's notes on the tale: also Grimm's No. 110 and his notes in his third volume. Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 65. See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 283: Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, No. 20, and Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 484. The incident in Sicilianische Märchen closely resembles one in the story of Fortunatus as told in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III, p. 175. There is a pipe that compels all the hearers to dance in Hug of Bordeaux, Vol. X, p. 263, and a very similar fairy harp in Wirt Sikes's British Goblins, p. 97; and a magic fiddle in Das Goldene Schachspiel, a story in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 160. A fiddler in Bartsch's Sagen aus Meklenburg, (Vol. I, p. 130) makes a girl spin round like a top. From that day she was lame. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, pp. 182 and 288, and Baring Gould, IInd Series, p. 152. Kuhn, in his Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 183, mentions a belief that horns grew on the head of one who looked at the Wild Huntsman. It is just possible that this notion may be derived from the story of Actæon. A statue found in the ruins of the villa of Antoninus Pius near Lavinium represents him with his human form and with the horns just sprouting. (Engravings from Ancient Marbles in the British Museum, Plate XLV.) Cp. also the story of Cipus in Ovid's

Metamorphoses XV, 552–621. For the magic pipe see Grimm's Irische Märchen, Einleitung, p. lxxxiii; Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 264. Remarks on the pipe and horns will be found in Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction pp. liv–lvi.

7

Cp. Grimm's Märchen, No. 193. The parallel between Grimm's story and that of Vidúshaka in Chapter 18 is still more striking.

8

This idea, which is met with so frequently in this work, is found in China also. See Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, Vol. I, p. 177, where Miss Li, who is a devil, hears the cock crow and vanishes.

9

Cp. Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, pp. 256 and 394. See also No. CXXIX in Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, Vol. II, p. 265, the title of which is "Making of Animals." Cp. with the string the gold rings in the Volsunga Saga, Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, p. 30. In Ovid's Metamorphoses VIII, 850, and ff. there is an account of Mestra's transformations. Neptune gave her the power of transforming herself whenever she was sold by her father. See also the story of Achelous and Hercules in book IX of the Metamorphoses; Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 229, where we have the incident of the selling; Waldau, Böhmische Märchen, p. 125; Coelho Contos Portuguezes, p. 32.

10

Pandit Śyámá Charan Mukhopádhyáya conjectures *áśoshyamáne*. This I adopt unhesitatingly.

11

Cp. Sagas from the Far East, p. 35. This story very closely resembles that of Sidi Noman in the Arabian Nights, and the Golden Ass of Apuleius.

12

Compare Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. I, pp. 156, 157, also Campbell's Tales from the Western Highlands, Vol. II, p. 422, and Sagas from the Far East, p. 4. This part of the story comes under Mr. Baring-Gould's Magical Conflict root. (See his Story Radicals in the appendix to Henderson's Folklore of the Northern Counties.) Cp. also Miss Keary's Heroes of Asgard, p. 223, where Loki and Idúna in the forms of a falcon and a sparrow are pursued by the giant Thiassi in the shape of an eagle.

13

The word *samvara*, which I have translated “congregation,” probably means “sorcery;” see Böhtlingk and Roth *s. v.*

14

I adopt *kṛitam* the reading of a MS. lent me from the Sanskrit College. I should put a comma after *álápam*, as that word is used in the masculine.

Chapter XXXVIII.

Then Marubhúti, perceiving that Naraváhanadatta was pleased with the tale of Gomukha, in order to rival him, said, “Women are generally fickle, but not always, for even *hetæræ* are seen to be rich in good qualities, much more others; in proof of this, king, hear this famous tale.”

Story of king Vikramáditya and the hetæra.

There was in Páṭaliputra a king named Vikramáditya; he had two cherished friends the king Hayapati,[1] and the king Gajapati,[2] who had large armies of horse and elephants. And that proud sovereign had a mighty enemy named Narasinha[3] the lord of Pratishṭhána, a king who had a large force of infantry. Being angry with that enemy, and puffed up on account of the power of his allies, Vikramáditya rashly made this vow—“I will so completely conquer that king, the lord of men, that the heralds and bards shall proclaim him at the door as my slave.” Having made this vow, he summoned those allies, Hayapati and Gajapati, and accompanied with a large force, shaking the earth with elephants and horses, marched with them to make a fierce attack on the lord of men, Narasinha. When he arrived near Pratishṭhána, Narasinha, the lord of men, put on his armour and went out to meet him. Then there took place between the two kings a battle that excited wonder, in which footmen fought with elephants and horses. And at last the army of Vikramáditya was routed by the forces of Narasinha, the lord of men, which contained many crores of footmen. And Vikramáditya, being routed, fled to his city Páṭaliputra, and his two allies fled to their own

countries. And Narasinha, the lord of men, entered his own city Pratishṭhána, accompanied by heralds who praised his might.

Then Vikramáditya, not having gained his end, thought—"Well! as that enemy is not to be conquered by arms, I will conquer him by policy; let some blame me if they like, but let not my oath be made void." Thus reflecting, he entrusted his kingdom to suitable ministers, and secretly went out of the city with one chief minister, named Buddhivara, and with five hundred well-born and brave Rájpúts and in the disguise of a candidate for service,[4] went to Pratishṭhána, the city of his enemy. There he entered the splendid mansion of a beautiful *hetæra* named Madanamálá, that resembled the palace of a king. It seemed to invite him with the silk of its banners, hoisted on the pinnacles of high ramparts, the points of which waved to and fro in the soft breeze. It was guarded at the principal entrance, the east door, day and night, by twenty thousand footmen, equipped with all kinds of weapons. At each of the other three doors, looking towards the other cardinal points, it was defended by ten thousand warriors ever on the *qui vive*. In such guise the king entered, proclaimed by the warders, the enclosure of the palace, which was divided into seven zones. In one zone it was adorned with many long lines of horses. In another the path was impeded by dense troops of elephants. In another it was surrounded with an imposing array of dense weapons. In another it was resplendent with many treasure-houses, that gleamed with the flash of jewels. In another a circle was always formed by a dense crowd of attendants. In another it was full of the noise of many bards reciting aloud, and in another resounding with the sound of drums beaten in concert. Beholding all these sights the king at last reached, with his retinue, the splendid edifice in which Madanamálá dwelt. She having heard with great interest from her attendants that, as he passed through the zones, the horses and other creatures were cured of their wounds,[5] thought that he must be some great one in disguise, and so she went to meet him, and bowed before him with love and curiosity, and bringing him in, seated him on a throne fit for a king. The king's heart was ravished by her beauty, gracefulness and courtesy, and he saluted her without revealing who he was. Then Madanamálá honoured that king with costly baths, flowers, perfumes, garments and ornaments. And she gave

daily subsistence to those followers of his, and feasted him and his minister with all kinds of viands. And she spent the day with him in drinking, and other diversions, and surrendered herself to him, having fallen in love with him at first sight. Vikramáditya, being thus entertained by her, day by day, continued, though in disguise, to live in a style suited to an emperor. And whatever and howmuchsoever wealth he was in the habit of giving to suppliants, Madanamálá gladly furnished him with from her own store. And she thought her body and wealth well employed, while enjoyed by him, and she remained averse to gain and to other men. For out of love to him she even kept off by stratagems Narasinha, the king of that land, who came there being enamoured of her.

While the king was being waited on in this fashion by Madanamálá, he one day said in secret to his minister Buddhivara, who accompanied him, “A *hetæra* desires wealth, and not even if she feels love, does she become attached without it, for when Providence framed suitors, he bestowed greed on these women. But this Madanamálá, though her wealth is being consumed by me, through her great love is not estranged from me, on the contrary she delights in me. So how can I now make her a recompense, in order that my vow may in course of time be fully accomplished?” When the minister Buddhivara heard this, he said to the king; “If this be so, give her some of those priceless jewels which the mendicant Prapanchabuddhi gave you.” When the king heard that, he answered him, “If I were to give them all to her, I should not have made her a recompense worth speaking of; but I can free myself from obligation in another way, which is connected also with the story of that mendicant.” When the minister heard this, he said —“King, why did that mendicant court you? Tell me his story.” When his minister Buddhivara proffered this request, the king said, “Listen: I will tell you his story.”

Story of king Vikramáditya and the treacherous mendicant.

Long ago a mendicant named Prapanchabuddhi used to enter my hall of audience in Páṭaliputra every day and give me a box. For a whole year I gave these boxes, just as they were, unopened into the hand of my treasurer. One day, one of those boxes presented by the mendicant by chance fell from my hand on to the ground, and burst open. And a great jewel fell out of it, glittering like fire, and it appeared as if it were the mendicant's heart which I had not discerned before, revealed by him. When I saw that, I took it, and I had those other boxes brought which he had presented to me, and opened them, and took a jewel out of every one of them. Then in astonishment I asked Prapanchabuddhi—"Why do you court me with such splendid jewels?" Then that mendicant took me aside, and said to me—"On the fourteenth day of the black fortnight now approaching I have to perform a certain incantation at night-fall, in a cemetery outside this town. I desire you, my hero, to come and take part in that enterprise, for success is easily obtained, when the obstacles to it are swept away by the aid of a hero." When the mendicant said this to me, I agreed. So he went off delighted, and in a few days the fourteenth night of the black fortnight came, and I remembered the speech of that ascetic.[6] Then I performed my daily observances, and waited for the night, and after I had recited the evening prayer, it happened that I rapidly fell asleep. Then the adorable Hari, who is compassionate to his votaries, appeared to me in a dream, mounted on Garuḍa, with his breast marked with a lotus, and thus commanded me —"My son, this Prapanchabuddhi[7] is rightly named, for he will inveigle you into the cemetery to take part in the incantation of the circle,[8] and will offer you up as a victim. So do not do what he tells you to do with the object of slaying you, but say to him—'You do it first, and when I have learned the way, I will do it.' Then, as he is shewing you the way, take advantage of the opportunity, and slay him immediately, and you will acquire the power that he desires to obtain." When Vishṇu had said this, he disappeared, and I woke up and thought—"By the favour of Hari I have detected that magician, and this day I must slay him." Having thus reflected, when the first watch of the night was gone, I went, sword in hand, alone to that cemetery. There I beheld that mendicant, who had performed the ceremony of the circle incantation, and when the treacherous fellow saw me, he welcomed me, and said, "King, close your eyes, and fall at full

length on the ground with your face downwards, and in this way both of us will attain our ends." Then I answered him—"Do it yourself first. Shew me how to do it, and, after I have learned, I will do precisely as you do." When the mendicant heard that, like a fool, he fell on the earth, and I cut off his head with a stroke of my sword.[9] Then a voice was heard from the air —"Bravo, king! By offering up to-day this rascally mendicant thou hast obtained the power of going through the air, which he wished to obtain. I, the god of wealth, that move about at will, am pleased with thy courage. So, ask me for another boon, whatever thou mayest desire." After saying this, he manifested himself, and I, bowing before him, said,—"When I shall supplicate thee, adorable one, thou shalt appear on my thinking of thee, and grant me a suitable boon." The god of wealth said—"So be it"—and disappeared. And having obtained magic power, I went back quickly to my own palace. Thus I have told you my adventure, so by means of that boon of Kuvera I must now recompense Madanamálá. And you must now go back to Páṭaliputra, taking with you my disguised Rájpút retinue, and I, as soon as I have in a novel way recompensed my beloved, will immediately go there, with the intention of returning here." Having said this, and having performed his daily duties, the king dismissed his minister with his retinue. He said, "So be it" and departed, and the king spent that night with Madanamálá, anxious about his approaching separation. She too, embracing him frequently, because her heart seemed to tell her that he was going to a distance, did not sleep all that night.

In the morning the king, having performed all his necessary duties, entered a chapel for the daily worship of the gods, on the pretence of repeating prayers. And there the god of wealth appeared before him on his thinking of him, and bowing before him the king craved that boon formerly promised, in the following words—"O god, give me here to-day in accordance with that boon, which you promised me, five great indestructible golden figures of men, such that, though their limbs may be continually cut off for any desired use, those very limbs will grow again, exactly as before." The god of wealth said, "Even so; be there unto thee five such figures as thou desirest!" Having said this, he immediately disappeared. And the king immediately beheld those five great golden figures of men suddenly standing in the chapel; then he went out delighted, and not forgetting his

promise, he flew up into the air and went to his city of Páṭaliputra. There he was welcomed by his ministers, and the citizens and his wives, and he remained engaged in his kingly duties, while his heart was far away in Pratishṭhána. In the meanwhile, in Pratishṭhána, that beloved of his entered that chapel to see her love, who had entered it long before. And when she entered, she did not perceive that beloved king anywhere, but she beheld five gigantic golden figures of men. When she saw them, and did not find him, she reflected in her grief—"Surely that love of mine was some Vidyádhara or Gandharva, who bestowed upon me these men and flew away up to heaven.

"So what am I to do with these figures, which are all a mere burden, now that I am deprived of him?" Thus reflecting she asked her servants over and over again for news of him, and went out and roamed all about her domain. And she found no satisfaction anywhere, either in the palaces, the gardens, the chambers or other places, but she kept lamenting, grieved at being separated from her lover, ready to abandon the body.

Her attendants tried to comfort her, saying, "Do not despair, mistress, for he is some god roaming about at will, and when he pleases, he will return to you, fair one." With such hope-inspiring words did they at length so far console her that she made this vow—"If in six months he does not grant me to behold him, I will give away all my property and enter the fire." With this promise she fortified herself, and remained every day giving alms, thinking on that beloved of hers. And one day, she cut off both the arms of one of those golden men, and gave them to the Bráhmans, being intent on charity only. And the next day she perceived with astonishment that both arms had grown again, exactly as they were before. Then she proceeded to cut off the arms of the others, to give them away, and the arms of all of them grew again as they were before. Then she saw that they were indestructible, and every day she cut off the arms of the figures and gave them to studious Bráhmans, according to the number of the Vedas they had read.

And in a few days a Bráhman, named Sangrámadatta, having heard the fame of her bounty, which was spread abroad in every direction, came from

Páṭaliputra. He being poor, but acquainted with four Vedas, and endowed with virtues, entered into her presence desiring a gift, being announced by the door-keepers. She gave him as many arms of the golden figures as he knew Vedas, after bowing before him with limbs emaciated with her vow and pale with separation from her beloved. Then the Bráhman, having heard from her sorrow-stricken attendants the whole of her story, ending in that very terrible vow, was delighted, but at the same time despondent, and loading two camels with those golden arms went to his native city, Páṭaliputra. Then that Bráhman, thinking that his gold would not be safe there, unless guarded by the king, entered the king's presence and said to him, while he was sitting in the hall of judgment; "Here I am, O great king, a Bráhman who am an inhabitant of thy town. I, being poor, and desiring wealth, went to the southern clime, and arrived at a city named Pratishṭhána, belonging to king Narasinha. There, being desirous of a donation, I went to the house of Madanamálá, a *hetæra* of distinguished fame. For with her there lived long some divine being, who departed somewhere or other, after giving her five indestructible figures of men. Then the high-spirited woman became afflicted at his departure, and considering life to be poison-agony, and the body, that fruitless accumulation of delusion, to be merely a punishment for thieving, lost her patience, and being with difficulty consoled by her attendants made this vow—"If in the space of six months he does not visit me, I must enter the fire, my soul being smitten by adversity." Having made this vow she, being resolved on death, and desiring to perform good actions, gives away every day very large gifts. And I beheld her, king, with tottering feet, conspicuous for the beauty of her person, though it was thin from fasting; with hand moistened with the water of giving, surrounded with maids like clustering bees, sorely afflicted, looking like the incarnation of the *mast* condition of the elephant of love.[10] And I think that lover who deserts her, and causes by his absence that fair one to abandon the body, deserves blame, indeed deserves death. She to-day gave to me, who know the four Vedas, four golden arms of human figures, according to right usage, proportioning her gift to the number of my Vedas. So I wish to purify my house with sacrifice, and to follow a life of religion here; therefore let the king grant me protection."

The king Vikramáditya, hearing these tidings of his beloved from the mouth of the Bráhman, had his mind suddenly turned towards her. And he commanded his door-keeper to do what the Bráhman wished, and thinking how constant was the affection of his mistress, who valued her life as stubble, and in his impatience supposing that she would be able to assist him in accomplishing his vow, and remembering that the time fixed for her abandoning the body had almost arrived, he quickly committed his kingdom to the care of his ministers, and flying through the air reached Pratishṭhána, and entered the house of his beloved. There he beheld his beloved, with raiment pellucid like the moonlight, having given her wealth away to Paṇḍits,[11] attenuated like a digit of the moon at the time of its change. Madanamálá, for her part, on beholding him arrived unexpectedly, the quintessence of nectar to her eyes, was for a moment like one amazed. Then she embraced him, and threw round his neck the noose of her arms, as if fearing that he would escape again. And she said to him with a voice, the accents of which were choked with tears, "Cruel one, why did you depart and forsake my innocent self?" The king said, "Come, I will tell you in private," and went inside with her, welcomed by her attendants. There he revealed to her who he was, and described his circumstances, how he came there to conquer king Narasinha by an artifice, and how, after slaying Prapanchabuddhi, he acquired the power of flying in the air, and how he was enabled to reward her by a boon that he obtained from the lord of wealth, and how, hearing tidings of her from a Bráhman, he had returned there. Having told the whole story beginning with the subject of his vow, he again said to her—"So my beloved, that king Narasinha, being very mighty, is not to be conquered by armies, and he contended with me in single combat, but I did not slay him, for I possess the power of flying in the air, and he can only go on the earth, for who, that is a true Kshatriya, would desire to conquer in an unfair combat? The object of my vow is, that that king may be announced by the heralds as waiting at the door; do you assist me in that?"

When the *hetæra* heard this, she said, "I am honoured by your request," and summoning her heralds she said to them—"When the king Narasinha shall come to my house, you must stand near the door with attentive eyes, and while he is entering, you must say again and again—"King, prince

Narasinha is loyal and devoted to thee." And when he looks up and asks —"Who is here?"—you must immediately say to him—"Vikramáditya is here." After giving them these orders, she dismissed them, and then she said to the female warder—"You must not prevent king Narasinha from entering here." After issuing these orders, Madanamálá remained in a state of supreme felicity, having regained the lord of her life, and gave away her wealth fearlessly.

Then king Narasinha, having heard of that profuse liberality of hers, which was due to her possession of the golden figures, though he had given her up, came to visit her house. And while he entered, not being forbidden by the warder, all the heralds shouted in a loud voice, beginning at the outer door, "King, prince Narasinha is submissive and devoted." When that sovereign heard that, he was angry and alarmed, and when he asked who was there, and found out that king Vikramáditya was there, he waited a moment and went through the following reflections; "So this king has forced his way into my kingdom, and carried out the vow he made long ago, that I should be announced at his door. In truth this king is a man of might, since he has thus beaten me to-day. And I must not slay him by force, since he has come alone to a house in my dominions. So I had better enter now." Having thus reflected, king Narasinha entered, announced by all the heralds. And king Vikramáditya, on beholding him enter with a smile on his face, rose up also with smiling countenance and embraced him. Then those two kings sat down and enquired after one another's welfare, while Madanamálá stood by their side.

And in the course of conversation Narasinha asked Vikramáditya where he had obtained those golden figures. Then Vikramáditya told him the whole of that strange adventure of his, how he had slain the base ascetic, and acquired the power of flying through the air, and how, by virtue of the boon of the god of wealth, he had obtained five indestructible gigantic golden figures. Then king Narasinha chose that king for his friend, discovering that he was of great might, that he possessed the power of flying, and that he had a good heart. And having made him his friend, he welcomed him with the prescribed rites of hospitality, and taking him to his own palace, he entertained him with all the attentions paid to himself. And king

Vikramáditya, after having been thus honoured, was dismissed by him, and returned to the house of Madanamálá. Then Vikramáditya, having accomplished his difficult vow by his courage and intelligence, determined to go to his own city. And Madanamálá, being unable to remain separated from him, was eager to accompany him, and with the intention of abandoning her native land, she bestowed her dwelling upon the Bráhmans. Then Vikramáditya, the moon of kings, went with her, whose mind was exclusively fixed on him, to his own city of Páṭaliputra, followed by her elephants, horses, and footmen. There he remained in happiness, (accompanied by Madanamálá, who had abandoned her own country for his love,) having formed an alliance with king Narasinha.

"Thus, king, even *hetæræ* are occasionally of noble character and as faithful to kings as their own wives, much more then matrons of high birth." On hearing this noble tale from the mouth of Marubhúti, the king Naraváhanadatta, and his new wife Ratnaprabhá sprung from the glorious race of the Vidyádharas, were much delighted.

1

I. e. lord of horses.

2

I. e. lord of elephants.

3

I. e. Man-lion.

4

Kárpaṭika; for the use of this word see chapters 24, 63 and 81 of this work.

5

I follow *sákútam* the reading of the MS in the Sanskrit College. So the wounds of Sir Urro of Hungary were healed, as soon as they were handled by the valiant Sir Launcelot (La Mort d'Arthure, Vol. III, p. 270).

6

Here the word *Śramaṇa* is used, which generally means—"Buddhist ascetic."

7

I. e. deceitful-minded.

8

Cp. the story of Phalabhúti in the 20th Taranga. I may here mention that Liebrecht points out a striking parallel to the story of Fulgentius, (with which I have compared that of Phalabhúti,) in the Nugæ Curialium of Gualterus Mapes: (Zur Volkskunde, p. 38).

9

Cp. Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 46, where the giant treacherously lets fall his gauntlet, and asks his adversary to pick it up. His adversary, the hero of the story, tells him to pick it up himself, and when the giant bends down for the purpose, cuts off his head with one blow of his sword.

10

Here there is an elaborate pun—*kara* means hand and also proboscis—*dána* giving and the ichor that exudes from the temples of a *mast* elephant. “Surrounded with clustering bees” may also mean, “surrounded with handmaids whose consolations worried her.”

11

The word *vibudha* also means gods—and the gods feed on the moon.

Chapter XXXIX.

When Marubhúti had told this story there, the commander-in-chief Hariśikha said in the presence of Naraváhanadatta—"It is true, good women value nothing more than their husbands, and in proof of it, listen now to this still more wonderful tale."

Story of Śṛingabhuja and the daughter of the Rákshasa.

There is a city on the earth named Vardhamána, and in it there dwelt a king named Vírabhuja, chief of righteous men. And though he had a hundred wives, one queen of the name of Guṇavará was dearer to him than his life. And in spite of his hundred wives, it happened, as Fate would have it, that not one of them bore him a son. So he asked a physician named Śrutavardhana—"Is there any medicine able to bring about the birth of a son?" When the physician heard that, he said—"King, I can prepare such a medicine,[1] but the king must procure for me a wild goat." When he heard this speech of the physician's, the king gave an order to the warder, and had a goat brought for him from the forest. The physician handed over the goat to the king's cooks, and with its flesh prepared a sovereign elixir for the queens. The king went off to worship his god, after ordering the queens to assemble in one place. And ninety-nine of those queens did assemble in one place, but the queen Guṇavará alone was not present there, for she was at that time near the king, who was engaged in praying to his god. And when they had assembled, the physician gave them the whole of the elixir to drink mixed with powder, not perceiving the absence of Guṇavará. Immediately the king returned with his beloved, having performed his devotions, and

perceiving that that drug was completely finished, he said to the physician —“What! did you not keep any for Guṇavará? You have forgotten the principal object with which this was undertaken.” After saying this to the abashed physician, the king said to the cooks—“Is there any of the flesh of that goat left?” The cooks said, “The horns only remain.” Then the physician said, “Bravo! I can make an admirable elixir out of the centre of the horns.” After saying this, the physician had an elixir prepared from the fleshy part of the horns, and gave it to queen Guṇavará mixed with powder. Then the ninety-nine wives of the king became pregnant, and all in time brought forth sons. But the head queen Guṇavará conceived last of all, and afterwards gave birth to a son with more auspicious marks than the sons of all the others. And as he was sprung from the juice of the fleshy part of the horns, his father, the king, gave him the name of Śṛingabhuja, and rejoiced greatly at his birth. He grew up with those other brothers, and though in age he was the youngest of all, he was superior to all in good qualities. And in course of time that prince became like the god of Love in beauty, and like Arjuna in his skill in archery, and like Bhíma in strength. Accordingly the other queens, seeing that queen Guṇavará, now that she had this son, was more than ever dear to king Vírabhuja, became jealous of her.

Then an evil-minded queen among them, named Ayaśolekhá, deliberated with all the others and entered into a conspiracy; and when the king came home one day, she exhibited an assumed sadness in her face. The king asked her the reason, and she said with apparent reluctance—“My husband, why do you endure patiently the disgrace of your house? you avert disgrace from others, why do you not avert it from yourself? You know the young superintendent of the women’s apartments named Surakshita; your queen Guṇavará is secretly devoted to him. Since no man but he can penetrate into the women’s apartments, which are strictly watched by guards, she associates with him. And this is a well-known subject of gossip in the whole harem.” When she said this to the king, he pondered and reflected; and went and asked the other queens one after another in private, and they were faithful to their treacherous plot, and told him the same story. Then that wise king conquered his anger, and reflected—“This accusation against these two is improbable, and yet such is the gossip. So I must not without reflecting reveal the matter to any one; but they must by an artifice be

separated now, to enable me to see the termination of the whole matter." Having determined on this, next day he summoned Surakshita, the superintendent of the womens' apartments, into his judgment-hall, and with assumed anger, said to him—"I have learned, villain, that you have slain a Bráhman, so I cannot endure to see your face until you have made a pilgrimage to holy places." When he heard that, he was amazed and began to murmur—"How can I have slain a Bráhman, my sovereign?" But the king went on to say; "Do not attempt to brazen it out, but go to Káśmír to wash away your sin, (where are those holy fields, Vijayakshetra, and Nandikshetra the purifying, and the *kshetra*[2] of the Boar), the land which was hallowed by Vishṇu the bow-handed god, where the stream of the Ganges bears the name of Vitastá, where is the famous Maṇḍapakshetra, and where is Uttaramánasa; when your sin has been washed away by a pilgrimage to these holy places, you shall behold my face again, but not till then."

With this speech the king Vírabhuja dismissed the helpless Surakshita, sending him to a distance on the pretence of a pilgrimage to holy places. Then the king went into the presence of that queen Guṇavará, full of love and anger and sober reflection. Then she, seeing that his mind was troubled, asked him anxiously, "My husband, why are you seized to-day with a sudden fit of despondency?" When the king heard that, he gave her this feigned answer—"To-day, queen, a great astrologer came to me and said —'King, you must place the queen Guṇavará for some time in a dungeon, and you must yourself live a life of chastity, otherwise your kingdom will certainly be overthrown, and she will surely die.' Having said this, the astrologer departed; hence my present despondency." When the king said this, the queen Guṇavará, who was devoted to her husband, distracted with fear and love, said to him—"Why do you not cast me this very day into a dungeon, my husband? I am highly favoured, if I can benefit you even at the sacrifice of my life. Let me die, but let not my lord have misfortune. For a husband is the chief refuge of wives in this world and in the next." Having heard this speech of hers, the king said to himself with tears in his eyes; "I think there is no guilt in her, nor in that Surakshita, for I saw that the colour of his face did not change, and he seemed without fear. Alas! nevertheless I must ascertain the truth of that rumour." After reflecting thus, the king in his

grief said to the queen—"Then it is best that a dungeon should be made here, queen!" She replied—"Very good"—so the king had a dungeon easy of access made in the women's apartments, and placed the queen in it. And he comforted her son Śṛingabhuja, (who was in despair and asked the reason,) by telling him exactly what he told the queen. And she, for her part, thought the dungeon heaven, because it was all for the king's good. For good women have no pleasure of their own; to them their husbands' pleasure is pleasure.[3]

When this had been done, that other wife of the king's, named Ayaśolekhá, said of her own accord to her son, who was named Nirvásabhuja,—"So, our enemy Guṇavará has been thrown into a dungeon, and it would be a good thing if her son were banished from this country. So, my boy, devise a scheme with the help of your other brothers by which Śṛingabhuja may be quickly banished from the country." Having been addressed in this language by his mother, the jealous Nirvásabhuja told his other brothers, and continued to ponder over a scheme.

And one day, as the king's sons were practising with their weapons of war, they all saw an enormous crane in front of the palace. And while they were looking with astonishment at that misshapen bird, a Buddhist mendicant, who possessed supernatural knowledge, came that way and said to them —"Princes, this is not a crane, it is a Rákshasa named Agniśikha, who wanders about in an assumed shape destroying towns. So pierce him with an arrow, that being smitten he may depart hence." When they heard this speech of the mendicant's, the ninety-nine elder brothers shot their arrows, but not one struck the crane. Then that naked mendicant again said to them —"This younger brother of yours, named Śṛingabhuja, is able to strike this crane, so let him take a bow suitable for the purpose." When Nirvásabhuja heard that, the treacherous one remembered the injunction of his mother, an opportunity for carrying out which had now arrived, and reflected—"This will be a means of getting Śṛingabhuja out of the country.[4] So let us give him the bow and arrow belonging to our father. If the crane is pierced and goes off with our father's golden arrow sticking in it, Śṛingabhuja will follow it, while we are searching for the arrow. And when he does not find, in spite of his search, that Rákshasa transformed into a crane, he will

continue to roam about hither and thither, he will not come back without the arrow." Thus reflecting, the treacherous one gave to Śṛingabhuja his father's bow with the arrow, in order that he might smite the crane. The mighty prince took it and drew it, and pierced that crane with the golden arrow, the notch of which was made of a jewel. The crane, as soon as it was pierced, went off with the arrow sticking in its body, and flying away departed with drops of blood falling from the wound. Then the treacherous Nirvásabhuja and the other brothers, instigated by his hints, said to the brave Śṛingabhuja —"Give us back the golden arrow that belongs to our father, otherwise we will abandon our bodies before your eyes. For unless we produce it, our father will banish us from this country, and its fellow is not to be made or obtained." When Śṛingabhuja heard that, he said to those crafty ones—"Be of good cheer! Do not be afraid—Abandon your terror! I will go and slay that miserable Rákshasa and bring back the arrow." Having said this, Śṛingabhuja took his own bow and arrows, and went in the same direction in which the Rákshasa had gone, quickly following up the track of the drops of blood, that had fallen on the ground. The other sons returned delighted to their mothers, and Śṛingabhuja, as he went on step by step, at last reached a distant forest. Seeking about in it, he found in the wood a great city, like the fruit of his own tree of merit fallen to him in due time for enjoyment. There he sat down at the root of a tree to rest, and as if in a moment beheld a maiden of wonderful beauty coming there, appearing to have been made by the Creator in some strange way of ambrosia and poison; since by her absence she deprived of life, and by her presence she bestowed it. And when the maiden slowly approached him, and looked at him with an eye raining love, the prince fell in love with her and said to her—"Gazelle-eyed one, what is the name of this city, and to whom does it belong? Who are you, and why have you come here? tell me." Then the pearly-toothed maid turned her face sideways, and fixed her eye on the ground, and spake to him with sweet and loving voice—"This city is Dhúmapura, the home of all felicity; in it lives a mighty Rákshasa by name Agniśikha; know that I am his matchless daughter, Rúpaśikhá by name, who have come here with mind captivated by your unparalleled beauty. Now you must tell me who you are, and why you have come here." When she said this, he told her who he was, and of what king he was the son, and how he had come to Dhúmapura for the sake of an arrow. Then Rúpaśikhá, having heard the

whole story, said—"There is no archer like you in the three worlds, since you pierced even my father with a great arrow, when he was in the form of a crane. And I took that golden arrow for my own, by way of a plaything. But my father's wound was at once healed by the minister Mahádanshṭra, who excels all men in knowledge of potent drugs for curing wounds. So I will go to my father, and after I have explained the whole matter, I will quickly introduce you into his presence, my husband; so I call you, for my heart is now fully set upon you."

Having said this, Rúpaśikhá left Śṛingabhuja there, and immediately went into the presence of her father Agniśikha, and said—"Father, there has come here a wonderful prince named Śṛingabhuja, matchless for gifts of beauty, birth, character and age. I feel certain that he is not a man, he is some portion of a god incarnate here below, so, if he does not become my husband, I will certainly abandon my life." When she said this to him, her father the Rákshasa said to her—"My daughter, men are our appropriate food, nevertheless, if your heart is set upon it, let it be so; bring your prince here, and shew him to me." When Rúpaśikhá heard that, she went to Śṛingabhuja, and after telling him what she had done, she took him into the presence of her father. He prostrated himself, and Agniśikha, the father of the maiden, after saluting him courteously, said to him—"Prince, I will give you my daughter Rúpaśikhá, if you never disobey my orders." When he said this, Śṛingabhuja, bending low, answered him—"Good! I will never disobey your orders." When Śṛingabhuja said this to him, Agniśikha was pleased and answered—"Rise up! Go and bathe, and return here from the bath-room." After saying this to him, he said to his daughter—"Go and bring all your sisters here quickly." When Agniśikha had given these orders to Śṛingabhuja and Rúpaśikhá, they both of them went out, after promising to obey them.

Then the wise Rúpaśikhá said to Śṛingabhuja—"My husband, I have a hundred sisters, who are princesses, and we are all exactly alike, with similar ornaments and dresses, and all of us have similar necklaces upon our necks. So our father will assemble us in one place, and in order to bewilder you, will say 'Choose your own love out of the midst of these.' For I know that such is his treacherous intention, otherwise why is he

assembling all of us here. So when we are assembled, I will put my necklace on my head instead of my neck, by that sign you will recognise me; then throw over my neck the garland of forest flowers. And this father of mine is somewhat silly, he has not a discerning intellect; besides what is the use against me of those powers which he possesses by being a Rákshasa? So, whatever he says to entrap you, you must agree to, and must tell it to me, and I shall know well enough what further steps to take." Having said this, Rúpaśikhá went to her sisters, and Śṛingabhuja, having agreed to do what she said, went to bathe. Then Rúpaśikhá came with her sisters into the presence of her father, and Śṛingabhuja returned, after he had been washed by a female servant. Then Agniśikha gave a garland of forest flowers to Śṛingabhuja, saying, "Give this to that one of these ladies, who is your own love." He took the garland and threw it round the neck of Rúpaśikhá,[5] who had previously placed the necklace on her head by way of token. Then Agniśikha said to Rúpaśikhá and Śṛingabhuja,—"I will celebrate your marriage ceremony to-morrow morning."

Having said this, he dismissed those two lovers and his other daughters to their apartments, and in a short time he summoned Śṛingabhuja and said this to him; "Take this yoke of oxen, and go outside this town, and sow in the earth the hundred *kháríś*[6] of sesame-seed which are piled there in a heap." When Śṛingabhuja heard that, he was troubled, and he went and told it to Rúpaśikhá, and she answered him as follows—"My husband, you need not be in the least despondent about this, go there at once; I will easily perform this by my magic power." When he heard this, the prince went there, and, seeing the sesame-seeds in a heap, despondently began to plough the land and sow them, but while he was beginning, he saw the land ploughed and all the seeds sown in due course by the might of his lady-love's magic power, and he was much astonished.

So he went to Agniśikha, and told him that this task was accomplished; then that treacherous Rákshasa again said to him—"I do not want the seeds sown, go and pile them up again in a heap." When he heard that, he again went and told Rúpaśikhá. She sent him to that field, and created innumerable ants,[7] and by her magic power made them gather together the

sesame-seeds. When Śṛingabhuja saw that, he went and told Agniśikha that the seeds had been piled up again in a heap.

Then the cunning but stupid Agniśikha said to him—"Only two *yojanas* from this place, in a southerly direction, there is an empty temple of Śiva in a wood. In it lives my dear brother Dhúmaśikha—go there at once, and say this in front of the temple, 'Dhúmaśikha, I am sent by Agniśikha as a messenger to invite you and your retinue: come quickly, for to-morrow the ceremony of Rúpaśikhá's marriage is to take place.' Having said this, come back here to-day with speed, and to-morrow marry my daughter Rúpaśikhá." When Śṛingabhuja was thus addressed by the rascal, he said —"So be it"—and went and recounted the whole to Rúpaśikhá. The good girl gave him some earth, some water, some thorns, and some fire, and her own fleet horse, and said to him—"Mount this horse and go to that temple, and quickly repeat that invitation to Dhúmaśikha as it was told to you, and then you must at once return on this horse at full gallop, and you must often turn your head and look round; and if you see Dhúmaśikha coming after you, you must throw this earth behind you in his way; if in spite of that, Dhúmaśikha pursues you, you must in the same manner fling the water behind you in his path; if in spite of that he comes on, you must in like manner throw these thorns in his way. If in spite of them he pursues, throw this fire in his way; and if you do this, you will return here without the Daitya; so do not hesitate—go, you shall to-day behold the power of my magic."—When she said this to him, Śṛingabhuja took the earth and the other things and said, "I will do so," and mounting her horse went to the temple in the wood. There he saw an image of Śiva, with one of Párvatí on his left and one of Gaṇeśa on his right, and, after bowing before the Lord of the Universe,[8] he quickly addressed to Dhúmaśikha the form of invitation told him by Agniśikha, and fled from the place at full speed, urging on his horse. And he soon turned his head and looked round, and he beheld Dhúmaśikha coming after him. And he quickly threw that earth behind him in his way, and the earth, so flung, immediately produced a great mountain. When he saw that the Rákshasa had, though with difficulty, climbed over that mountain, and was coming on, the prince in the same way threw the water behind him. That produced a great river in his path with rolling waves: the Rákshasa with difficulty got across it and was coming on, when

Śṛingabhuja quickly strewed those thorns behind him. They produced a dense thorny wood in Dhúmaśikha's path. When the Rákshasa emerged from it, the prince threw the fire behind him, which set on fire the path with the herbs and the trees. When Dhúmaśikha saw that the fire was hard to cross, like Kháṇḍava,[9] he returned home, tired and terrified. For on that occasion the Rákshasa was so bewildered by the magic of Rúpaśikhá that he went and returned on his feet, he did not think of flying through the air.

Then Śṛingabhuja returned to Dhúmapura, free from fear, commending in his heart that display of his love's magic power. He gave up the horse to the delighted Rúpaśikhá, and related his adventure, and then went in to the presence of Agniśikha. He said, "I went and invited your brother Dhúmaśikha." When he said this, Agniśikha being perplexed, said to him —"If you really went there, mention some peculiarity of the place." When the crafty Rákshasa said this to Śṛingabhuja, he answered him—"Listen, I will tell you a token: in that temple there is a figure of Párvatí on the left side of Śiva, and of Gaṇeśa on his right." When Agniśikha heard that, he was astonished and thought for a moment—"What! did he go there, and was my brother not able to devour him? Then he cannot be a mere man, he must be a god, so let him marry my daughter, as he is a fitting match for her." After thus reflecting, he sent Śṛingabhuja as a successful suitor to Rúpaśikhá, but he never suspected that there was a traitor in his own family. So Śṛingabhuja went, eager for his marriage, and after eating and drinking with her, managed somehow to get through the night. And the next morning Agniśikha gave to him Rúpaśikhá with all the magnificence appropriate to his magic power, according to due form, in the presence of the fire. Little in common have Rákshasas' daughters and princes, and strange the union of such! Wonderful indeed are the results of our deeds in a previous state of existence! The prince, after he had obtained that beloved daughter of the Rákshasa, seemed like a swan who had got hold of a soft lotus, sprung from mud. And he remained there with her, who was devoted to him alone, enjoying various dainty delights provided by the magic power of the Rákshasa.

When some days had passed there, he said in secret to the Rákshasa's daughter, "Come, my beloved, let us return to the city of Vardhamána. For

that is my capital city, and I cannot endure to be banished from my capital city by my enemies, for people like myself hold honour dear as life. So leave for my sake the land of your birth, though it is hard to leave; inform your father, and bring that golden arrow in your hand." When Śṛingabhuja said this to Rúpaśikhá, she answered—"I must immediately obey your command. I care not for the land of my birth, nor for my relatives, you are all those to me.[10] Good women have no other refuge than their husbands. But it will never do to communicate our intention to my father, for he would not let us go. So we must depart without that hot-tempered father of mine knowing of it. And if he hears from the attendants and comes after us, I will bewilder him by my knowledge, for he is senseless and like an idiot." When he heard this speech of hers, he set out delighted on the next day, with her who gave him the half of her kingdom, and filled a casket with priceless jewels, and brought that golden arrow; and they both mounted her splendid horse Śaravega,[11] having deceived the attendants by representing that they were going for a pleasure excursion in the park, and journeyed towards Vardhamána.

When the couple had gone a long distance, the Rákshasa Agniśikha found it out, and in wrath pursued after them through the air. And hearing afar off the noise produced by the speed of his flight, Rúpaśikhá said to Śṛingabhuja on the road, "My husband, my father has come to make us turn back, so remain here without fear: see how I will deceive him. For he shall neither see you nor the horse, since I shall conceal both by my deluding power." After saying this, she got down from the horse and assumed by her deluding power the form of a man.[12] And she said to a woodcutter, who had come to the forest to cut wood—"A great Rákshasa is coming here, so remain quiet for a moment." Then she continued to cut wood with his axe. And Śṛingabhuja looked on with a smile on his face. In the meanwhile that foolish Rákshasa arrived there, and lighted down from the air, on beholding his daughter in the shape of a woodcutter, and asked her whether she had seen a man and woman pass that way.[13] Then his daughter, who had assumed the form of a man, said with great effort as if tired, "We two have not seen any couple, as our eyes are fatigued with toil, for we two woodcutters have been occupied here in cutting a great quantity of wood to

burn Agniśikha the king of the Rákshasas, who is dead." When that silly Rákshasa heard that, he thought, "What! am I dead? What then does that daughter matter to me? I will go and ask my own attendants at home whether I am dead or not."[14] Thus reflecting, Agniśikha went quickly home, and his daughter set out with her husband as before, laughing as she went.

And soon the Rákshasa returned in high spirits, for he had asked his attendants, who could not help laughing in their sleeves, whether he was alive, and had learned that he was. Then Rúpaśikhá, knowing from the terrible noise that he was coming again, though as yet far off, got down from the horse and concealed her husband as before by her deluding power, and taking letters from the hand of a letter-carrier, who was coming along the road, she again assumed the form of a man.

And so the Rákshasa arrived as before, and asked his daughter, who was disguised as a man—"Did you see a man and a woman on the road?" Then she, disguised as a man, answered him with a sigh,—"I beheld no such person, for my mind was absorbed with my haste, for Agniśikha, who was to-day mortally wounded in battle, and has only a little breath left in his body, and is in his capital desiring to make over his kingdom, has despatched me as a messenger to summon to his presence his brother Dhúmaśikha, who is living an independent life." When Agniśikha heard that, he said, "What! am I mortally wounded by my enemies?" And in his perplexity he returned again home to get information on the point. But it never occurred to him to say to himself—"Who is mortally wounded? Here I am safe and sound." Strange are the fools that the Creator produces, and wonderfully obscured with the quality of darkness! And when he arrived at home and found that the tale was false, he would not expose himself again to the laughter of the people, tired of being imposed upon, and forgetting his daughter. And Rúpaśikhá, after deluding him, returned to her husband as before, for virtuous women know of no other good than the good of their husbands. Then Śṛingabhuja, mounted on the wonderful horse, again proceeded rapidly with his wife towards the city of Vardhamána. Then his father Vírabhuja, having heard that he was returning in company with her, went out much pleased to meet him. The king, when he saw him adorned

with that wife, like Kṛishṇa with Bhámá, considered that he had gained afresh the bliss of sovereign sway. And when his son got down from his horse, and clung to his feet with his beloved, he raised him up and embraced him, and with his eye, in which stood the water of joyful tears, performed in noble wise the auspicious ceremony that put an end to his own despondency, and then conducted him into his palace, making high festival. And when he asked his son where he had been, Śṛingabhuja told him his whole history from the beginning. And after summoning his brothers, Nirvásabhuja and all, into his father's presence, he gave them the golden arrow. Then the king Vírabhuja, after what he had heard and seen, was displeased with those other sons, and considered Śṛingabhuja his only true son.

Then that wise king drew this true conclusion—"I suspect that, as this son of mine out of spite was banished by these enemies, brothers only in name, though he was all the while innocent, so his mother Guṇavará, whom I love so well, was falsely accused by their mothers, and was all the while innocent. So what is the use of delay? I will find out the truth of it immediately."[15] After these reflections, the king spent that day in performing his duties, and went at night to sift his other wife Ayaśolekhá. She was delighted to see him, and he made her drink a great quantity of wine, and she in her sleep murmured out, while the king was awake—"If we had not falsely slandered Guṇavará, would the king ever have visited me here?"[16] When the king heard this speech of the wicked queen uttered in her sleep, he felt he had attained certainty, and rose up in wrath and went out; and going to his own chamber, he had the eunuchs summoned, and said to them; "Take that Guṇavará out of the dungeon, and after she has bathed bring her quickly; for the present moment was appointed by the astrologer as the limit of her stay in the dungeon for the purpose of averting the evil omens." When they heard that, they said, "So be it," and they went and quickly brought the queen Guṇavará into the presence of the king, bathed and adorned. Then that wedded pair, happy in having crossed the sea of separation, spent that night unsated with mutual embraces. Then the king related to the queen with delight that adventure of Śṛingabhuja's, and told his son the circumstances of his mother's imprisonment and release. In the

meanwhile Ayaśolekhá, waking up, found out that the king was gone, and guessing that he had entrapped her with his conversation, fell into deep despondency. And in the morning the king Vírabhuja conducted his son Śṛingabhuja, with his wife Rúpaśikhá, into the presence of Guṇavará. He came, and was delighted to behold his mother emerged from the dungeon, and with his new wife he worshipped the feet of his parents. Guṇavará, embracing her son, who had returned from his journey, and her daughter-in-law, obtained in the way above related, went from joy to joy. Then by the order of his father, Śṛingabhuja related to her at length his own adventure, and what Rúpaśikhá did. Then queen Guṇavará delighted, said to him, "My son, what has not that Rúpaśikhá done for you? For she, a heroine of wonderful exploits, has given up and sacrificed for you her life, her family, her native land, these three. She must be some goddess, become incarnate for your sake by the appointment of Destiny. For she has placed her foot on the head of all women that are devoted to their husbands." When the queen had said this, the king applauded her speech, and so did Rúpaśikhá with head modestly bent. Just at that moment the superintendent of the womens' apartments, Surakshita, who had been long ago slandered by that Ayaśolekhá, returned from visiting all the holy bathing places. He was announced by the door-keeper, and bowed delighted at the king's foot, and then the king, who now knew the facts, honoured him exceedingly. And by his mouth he summoned the other queens who were wicked, and said to him—"Go! fling all these into the dungeon." When the queen Guṇavará heard that, and the terrified women were thrown into the dungeon, she said out of compassion to the king, clinging to his feet, "King, do not keep them for a long time in the dungeon! Have mercy, for I cannot bear to see them terrified." By thus entreating the king she prevented their imprisonment, for the only vengeance that the great make use of against their enemies is compassion. Then those queens, dismissed by the king, went ashamed to their houses, and would even have preferred to have been in the embrace of death. And the king thought highly of the great-hearted Guṇavará, and considered, because he possessed that wife, that he must have accomplished virtuous acts in a former state of existence. Then the king, determining to banish his other sons by an artifice, had them summoned, and spake to them this feigned speech—"I have heard that you villains have slain a Bráhman traveller, so go and visit all the holy bathing-places in succession, do not

remain here." When the sons heard that, they were not able to persuade the king of the truth, for when a ruler is bent on violence, who can convince him? Then Śṛingabhuja, beholding those brothers departing, with his eyes full of tears produced by pity, thus addressed his father. "Father, pity their one fault, have mercy upon them." Having said this, he fell at the feet of that king. And the king, thinking that that son was able to bear the burden of sovereignty, being even in his youth like an incarnation of Vishṇu, full of glory and compassion, hiding his real sentiments and cherishing his anger against them, nevertheless did what Śṛingabhuja asked. And all those brothers considered their younger brother as the saviour of their lives. And all the subjects, beholding the exceeding virtue of Śṛingabhuja, became attached to him.

Then the next day, his father, king Vírabhuja, anointed as crown-prince Śṛingabhuja, who was the oldest in virtue of them all, though he had elder brothers. And then Śṛingabhuja, having been anointed and having obtained the leave of his father, went with all his forces to conquer the world. And having brought back the wealth of numerous kings, whom he overcame by the might of his arm, he returned, having diffused the splendour of his glory through all the earth. Then bearing the weight of the realm with his submissive brothers, the successful prince Śṛingabhuja, giving pleasure to his parents, who remained in the enjoyment of comfort free from anxiety, and bestowing gifts on Bráhmans, dwelt at ease with Rúpaśikhá as if with incarnate success.

"Thus virtuous women serve their husbands in every way, devoted to them alone, like Guṇavará, and Rúpaśikhá, the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law."

When Naraváhanadatta, in the society of Ratnaprabhá, heard this story from the lips of Hariśikha, he was much delighted and exclaimed, "Bravo!" Then he rose up, and quickly performed the religious ceremony for the day, and went with his wife into the presence of his father, the king of Vatsa, and after eating, and whiling away the afternoon with singing and playing, he spent the night with his beloved in his own private apartments.

Note on Chapter XXXIX.

In a Norwegian tale, called “The Widow’s Son,” page 295 of Thorpe’s Yule-Tide Stories, will be found an incident closely resembling the pursuit of Śṛingabhuja by Dhúmaśikha. The widow’s son has, contrary to the orders of a Troll, in whose house he found himself, entered several chambers, in one of which he found a thorn-whip, in another a huge stone, and a water-bottle. In the third he found a boiling copper kettle, with which he scalded his finger, but the Troll cured it with a pot of ointment. In the fourth room he found a black horse in a stall, with a trough of burning embers at its head, and a basket of hay at its tail. The youth thought this cruel, so he changed their position. The horse, to reward him, informed him that the Troll on his return would certainly kill him, and then continued, “Lay the saddle on me, put on the armour, and take the whip of thorn, the stone, and the water-flask and the pot of ointment, and then we will set out.” When the youth mounted the horse, it set off at a rapid rate. After riding some time, the horse said—“I think I hear a noise; look round, can you see anything?” “A great many are coming after us, certainly a score at least,” answered the youth. “Ah! that is the Troll,” said the horse, “he is coming with all his companions.” They travelled for a time until their pursuers were gaining on them. “Throw now the thorn whip over your shoulder,” said the horse,—“but throw it far away from me.” The youth did so, and at the same moment there sprang up a large thick wood of briars. The youth now rode on a long way, while the Troll had to go home to fetch something wherewith to hew a road through the wood. After some time the horse again said, “Look back, can you see anything now?” “Yes, a whole multitude of people” said the youth, “like a church congregation.” “That is the Troll, now he has got more with him, throw out now the large stone, but throw it far from me.” When the youth had done what the horse desired, there arose a large stone mountain behind them. So the Troll was obliged to go home after something with which to bore through the mountain; and while he was thus employed, the youth rode

on a considerable way. But now the horse bade him again look back; he then saw a multitude like a whole army, they were so bright, that they glittered in the sun. “Well that is the Troll with all his friends,” said the horse. “Now throw the water-bottle behind you, but take good care to spill none on me.” The youth did so, but notwithstanding his caution he happened to spill a drop on the horse’s loins. Immediately there arose a vast lake, and the spilling of a few drops caused the horse to stand far out in the water; nevertheless he at last swam to the shore. When the Trolls came to the water, they lay down to drink it all up, and they gulped and gulped it down till they burst. (Folk-lore demons experience great difficulty in crossing water.) “Now we are quit of them,” said the horse.

In Laura von Gonzenbach’s Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 57, we find a similar incident. In the story of Fata Morgana, a prince, who carries off a bottle filled with her perspiration, but imprudently wakes her by kissing her, is pursued by her with two lions. He throws three pomegranates behind him: the first produces a river of blood, the second a thorny mountain, the third a volcano. This he does by the advice of his horse, who is really Fata Morgana’s brother transformed by magic: see also Vol. I, p. 343; cp. also the 79th tale in Grimm’s Kinder- und Hausmärchen (sixteenth edition in one volume) *Die Wassernixe*.

In Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 113, Dr. Reinhold Köhler, in his remarks on the West Highland Stories collected by J. F. Campbell, compares the story of Agniśikha with the second story in Campbell’s collection, entitled: “The Battle of the Birds.” In this a king’s son wishes to marry the youngest daughter of a giant. The giant sets him three tasks to do; to clean out a stable, to thatch it with feathers, and to fetch eggs from a magpie’s nest in the top of a tree more than five hundred feet high. All these tasks he accomplishes by the help of the young lady herself. In the last task she makes a ladder of her fingers for him to ascend the tree by, but in so doing she loses her little finger. The giant requires the prince to choose his wife from among three sisters similarly dressed. He recognizes her by the loss of the little finger. When bed-time came, the giant’s daughter told the prince that they must fly, or the giant would kill him. They mounted on the gray filly in the stable. But before starting the daughter cut an apple into nine

shares; she put two at the head of the bed, two at the foot, two at the door of the kitchen, two at the house-door, and one outside the house. The giant awoke and called "Are you asleep?" several times, and the shares answered "No." At last he went and found the bed empty and cold, and pursued the fugitive couple. At the break of day the giant's daughter felt her father's breath burning her back. She told the prince to put his hand in the horse's ear, and fling what he found behind him. He found a sprig of sloe, flung it behind him, and produced a wood twenty miles long. The giant had to go back for his axe and wood-knife. In the middle of the day the prince finds in the ear of the filly a piece of gray stone. This produces twenty miles of gray rock behind them. The giant has to go back for his lever and mattock. The next thing, that the prince finds and flings behind him, is a bladder of water. This produces a fresh-water loch twenty miles broad. In it the giant is happily drowned. The rest of the story has no bearing upon the tale of Śṛingabhuja. Köhler compares a story in William Carleton's stories of the Irish peasantry. Here there is a sprig, a pebble and a drop of water producing a wood, a rock and a lake. He compares also a Norwegian story, Ashbjörnsen, No. 46, and some Swedish stories collected by Hylten Cavallius and G. Stephens. The three tasks are very different in the different forms of the tale. The ladder of fingers is only found in the Celtic form.

It is only in the Gaelic and Irish forms that the objects thrown behind to check pursuit are found in the ear of the horse.

In the latter form of the story of the Mermaid, Thorpe's Yule-Tide Stories, p. 205, we have the pursuit with much the same incidents as in our text. See also Ralston's remarks on the story in our text at pp. 132 and 143 of his Russian Folk-Tales. Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 216. An Indian parallel will be found in Miss Frere's Old Deccan Days, pp. 62 and 63. A Modern Greek one in Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, pp. 76–79.

Cp. also for the tasks the story of Bisara in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, and that of Die schöne Fiorita. Herr Kaden aptly compares the story of Jason and Medea. Another excellent parallel is furnished by the

story of Schneeweiss-Feuerroth in the same collection, where we have the pursuit much as in our text.

The pursuit and the tasks are found in the tale called La Montagne Noire, on p. 448 of Melusine, a periodical which appeared in the year 1878, and in Branca-flor, No. XIV in Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, and in Gaal's Märchen der Magyaren, p. 60. The tasks are found in the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 226, and in Vol. II, p. 186; in Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 182, (the title of the tale is Die dankbaren Thiere; some grateful ants are found at page 339;) in Grössler's Sagen aus der Grafschaft Mansfeld, pp. 60 and 61; in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, pp. 18, 142, 262; in Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, Vol. II. p. 249, frogs, ants, and wasps help the hero. Cp. for the pursuit Liebrecht's translation of the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, pp. 74–76 and 160.

1

Compare the *lichi* in the XVth of Miss Stokes's Indian Fairy Tales, and the *páyasa* in the XVIth Sarga of the Rámáyaṇa. See also Sicilianische Märchen, page 269, and Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, pp. 104, 117 and 120. The beginning of this tale belongs to Mr. Baring-Gould's Gold-child root. Another parallel is to be found in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 168. See also Sagas from the Far East, p. 268; Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, p. 105. See Volsunga Saga in Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, pp. 8 and 9.

2

Kshetra here means "a holy field" or sacred spot.

3

This part of the story reminds one of the Clerk's Tale in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

4

See Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 80 where numerous parallels are adduced. Cp. also Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 199.

5

Compare the story of "The Golden Lion" in Laura von Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 76, where the lady places a white cloth round her waist. See Dr. Köhler's note on the passage. Compare also the hint which Messeria gives to her lover in the Mermaid, Thorpe's Yule Tide Stories, p. 198, and the behaviour of Singorra on page

214. See also “The Hasty Word,” Ralston’s Russian Folk-Tales, p. 368, and The “Water King and Vasilissa the Wise”, p. 128; Veckenstedt’s Wendische Märchen, pp. 256 and 258, and Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 408 and Wirt Sikes’s British Goblins, p. 39. The washing of the hero by a *cheṭí* is quite Homeric, (Odyssey XIX, 386.) In a Welsh story (Professor Rhys, Welsh Tales, p. 8) a young man discovers his lady-love by the way in which her sandals are tied. There are only two to choose from, and he seems to have depended solely upon his own observation.

6

A *khárí* = about 3 bushels.

7

Compare the way in which Psyche separated the seeds in the Golden Ass of Apuleius, Lib. VI. cap X, and the tasks in Grimm’s Märchen, Nos. 62, 186, and 193. A similar incident is found in a Danish Tale, Swend’s Exploits, p. 353 of Thorpe’s Yule-Tide Stories. Before the king will allow Swend to marry the princess, he gives him a task exactly resembling the one in our text. He is told to separate seven barrels of wheat and seven barrels of rye, which are lying in one heap. The ants do it for him, because he had on a former occasion crumbled his bread for them. See also the story of the beautiful Cardia, Gonzenbach’s Sicilianische Märchen, p. 188. The hero has first to eat a cellar full of beans; this he accomplishes by means of the king of the ravens, his brother-in-law. He next disposes of a multitude of corpses by means of another brother-in-law, the king of the wild beasts; he then stuffs a large number of mattresses with feathers by the help of a third brother-in-law, the king of the birds. See also Miss Stokes’s Indian Fairy Tales, Tale XXII, and the note at the end of this chapter. So in No. 83 of the Sicilianische Märchen the ants help Carnfedda because he once crumbled his bread for them.

8

i. e. Śiva.

9

A forest in Kurukshetra sacred to Indra and burnt by Agni the god of fire with the help of Arjuna and Krishna.

10

Ἕκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μόι ἐσσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ἠδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.

11

I. e., like an arrow in speed.

12

For this part of the story see Sicilianische Märchen, No 14, with Dr. Köhler's note.

13

In Ovid's Metamorphoses VIII, 855, the *dominus* asks Mestra, who has been transformed into a fisherman, if she has seen herself pass that way.

14

Compare the story of "die kluge Else," the 34th in Grimm's *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, where the heroine has a doubt about her own identity and goes home to ask her husband, and No. 59 in the same collection. Cp. also Campbell's Tales from the West Highlands, Vol. II, p. 375, where one man is persuaded that he is dead, another that he is not himself, another that he is dressed when he is naked. See also the numerous parallels given in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 54., Liebrecht (Zur Volkskunde, p. 128) mentions a story in which a woman persuades her husband, that he is dead. See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 508. In Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, No. LXII, page 250, the flea believes himself to be dead, and tells every one so.

15

Cp. Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. II, p. 167, where Ake makes his wife Wolfriana intoxicated with the object of discovering her secret.

16

Reading *avadishyáma*. I find that this is the reading of a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

Chapter XL.

Then, the next morning, when Naraváhanadatta was in Ratnaprabhá's house, Gomukha and the others came to him. But Marubhúti, being a little sluggish with intoxication produced by drinking spirits, approached slowly, decorated with flowers, and anointed with unguents. Then Gomukha, with face amused at his novel conception of statesman-like behaviour, out of fun ridiculed him by imitating his stammering utterance and staggering gait, and said to him, "How comes it that you, though the son of Yaugandharáyaṇa, do not know policy, that you drink spirits in the morning, and come drunk into the presence of the prince?" When the intoxicated Marubhúti heard this, he said to him in his anger, "This should be said to me by the prince or some superior. But, tell me, who are you that you take upon you to instruct me, you son of Ityaka?" When he said this, Gomukha replied to him smiling, "Do princes reprove with their own mouths an ill-behaved servant? Undoubtedly their attendants must remind him of what is proper. And it is true that I am the son of Ityaka, but you are an ox of ministers,[1] your sluggishness alone would show it; the only fault is that you have no horns." When Gomukha said this to him Marubhúti answered, "You too, Gomukha, have much of the ox-nature about you; but you are clearly of mixed breed, for you are not properly domesticated." When all laughed at hearing this, Gomukha said, "This Marubhúti is literally a jewel, for who can introduce the thread of virtue[2] into that which cannot be pierced even by a thousand efforts? But a jewel of a man is a different kind of thing, for that is easily penetrated; as an illustration listen to the story of the bridge of sand."

Story of Tapodatta.

There lived in Pratishṭhána a Bráhman of the name of Tapodatta. He, though his father kept worrying him, would not learn the sciences in his boyhood. Subsequently he found himself censured by all, and being filled with regret, he went to the bank of the Ganges, in order to perform asceticism for the acquisition of knowledge.[3] There he betook himself to severe mortification of the flesh, and while he was thus engaged, Indra, who had beheld him with astonishment, came to him to prevent him, disguised as a Bráhman. And when he had come near him, he kept taking grains of sand from the bank, and throwing them into the billowy water of the Ganges. When Tapodatta saw that, he broke his silence, and asked him out of curiosity—"Bráhman, why do you do this unceasingly?" And Indra, disguised as a Bráhman, when he had been persistently questioned by him, said, "I am making a bridge over the Ganges for man and beast to cross by." Then Tapodatta said, "You fool, is it possible to make a bridge over the Ganges with sand, which will be carried away at some future time by the current?" When Indra, disguised as a Bráhman, heard that, he said to him —"If you know this truth, why do you attempt to acquire knowledge by vows and fasting, without reading or hearing lectures? The horn of a hare[4] may really exist, and the sky may be adorned with painting, and writing may be performed without letters, if learning may be acquired without study. If it could be so acquired, no one in this world would study at all." When Indra, disguised as a Bráhman, had said this to Tapodatta, Tapodatta reflected, and thinking that he had spoken truth, put a stop to his self-mortification, and went home.

"So, you see, a wise man is easily made to listen to reason, but the foolish Marubhúti cannot be induced to listen to reason, but when you admonish him, he flies into a passion." When Gomukha said this, Hariśikha said before the company—"It is true, O king, that the wise are easily induced to listen to reason."

Story of Virúpaśarman.

For instance, there lived of old time in Benares a certain excellent Bráhman, named Virúpaśarman, who was deformed and poor. And he, being despondent about his misshapen form and his poverty, went to the grove of ascetics there, and began to practise severe mortification of the flesh, through desire for beauty and wealth. Then the king of the gods[5] assumed the vile shape of a deformed jackal with a diseased body, and went and stood in front of him. When he saw that unfortunate[6] creature with its body covered with flies, Virúpaśarman slowly reflected in his mind,—"Such creatures are born into the world on account of actions done in a former life, so is it a small thing for me that I was not made thus by the Creator? Who can overstep the lot prescribed by destiny?" When Virúpaśarman perceived this, he brought his self-mortification to an end and went home.

"So true is it, O king, that a wise man is instructed with little effort, but one, whose mind is void of discernment, is not instructed even with great exertion." Thus spoke Hariśikha, and Gomukha assented, but Marubhúti, who was drunk and did not understand a joke, said in great anger, "There is power in the speech of Gomukha, but there is no might in the arms of men like you. A garrulous, quarrelsome, effeminate person makes heroes blush." When Marubhúti said this, being eager for a fight, king Naraváhanadatta, with a smile on his face, himself tried to appease him, and after dismissing him to his house, the king, who loved the friends of his youth, performed the duties of the day, and so spent it in great comfort. And the next day, when all these ministers came, and among them Marubhúti bowed down with shame, his beloved Ratnaprabhá spake thus to the prince: "You, my husband, are very fortunate in that you have these pure-hearted ministers bound to you by the fetters of a love dating from early childhood, and they are happy in possessing such an affectionate master; you have been gained by one another through actions in a former state of existence; of that there can be no doubt." When the queen said this, Tapantaka the son of Vasantaka, the companion in amusements of Naraváhanadatta, remarked —"It is true; our master has been gained by our actions in a former life. For every thing depends upon the power of actions in a former life—Hear in illustration of it the following tale."

Story of king Vilásaśíla and the physician Taruṇachandra.

There dwelt in a city named Vilásapura, the home of Śiva, a king rightly named Vilásaśíla.[7] He had a queen named Kamalaprabhá, whom he valued as his life, and he long remained with her addicted to pleasure only. Then in course of time there came upon the king old age, the thief of beauty, and when he beheld it, he was sorely grieved. He thought to himself—"How can I shew to the queen my face marred with grey hairs like a snow-smitten lotus? Alas! it is better that I should die." Busied with reflections like these, the king summoned into his hall of audience a physician named Taruṇachandra[8] and thus spake to him respectfully—"My good man, because you are clever and devoted to me, I ask you whether there is any artifice by which this old age can be averted." When Taruṇachandra, who was rightly named as being only of the magnitude of one digit, and desiring to become a full moon, heard that, the cunning fellow reflected—"I must make my profit out of this blockhead of a king, and I shall soon discover the means of doing it." Having thus reflected, the physician said to the king: "If you will remain in an underground chamber alone, O king, for eight months, and take this medicine, I engage to remove your old age."[9] When the king heard this, he had such an underground chamber prepared, for fools intent on objects of sense cannot endure reflection. But the ministers used arguments like the following with him—"O king, by the goodness and asceticism and self-denial of men of old time, and by the virtue of the age, elixirs were produced. But these forest remedies,[10] which we hear of now, O king, owing to the want of proper materials, produce the opposite effect to that which is intended, and this is quite in accordance with the treatises; for rogues do in this way make sport with fools. Does time past ever return, O king?"—Still these arguments did not penetrate into his soul, for it was encased in the thick armour of violent sensual desire. And in accordance

with the advice of that physician, he entered that underground chamber alone, excluding the numerous retinue that usually waits upon a king. And alone with one servant belonging to that physician, he made himself a slave to the taking of drugs and the rest of the treatment. And the king remained there in that dark subterranean den, which seemed as if it were the overflowing, through abundance, of the ignorance of his heart. And after the king had spent six months in that underground chamber, that wicked physician, seeing that his senility had increased, brought a certain young man who resembled him in appearance, with whom he had agreed that he would make him king. Then he dug a tunnel into that underground chamber from a distance, and after killing the king in his sleep, he brought his corpse out by the underground passage, and threw it into a dark well. All this was done at night. And by the same tunnel he introduced that young man into the underground chamber, and closed that tunnel. What audacious wickedness will not a low fellow, who is held in check by no restraints, commit, when he gets a favourable chance of practising upon fools? Then, the next day, the physician said to all the subjects,—"This king has been made young again by me in six months, and in two months his form will be changed again—So show yourselves to him now at a little distance." Thus he spake, and brought them all to the door of the underground chamber, and shewed them to the young man, telling him at the same time their names and occupations. By this artifice he kept instructing that young man in the underground chamber in the names of all the subjects every day for two months, not excepting even the inhabitants of the harem.

And when a fitting time came, he brought the young man, after he had been well fed,[11] out of the subterranean chamber, saying, "This king has become young again." And then the young man was surrounded by the delighted subjects, who exclaimed "This is our own king restored by drugs." Then the young man, having thus obtained the kingdom, bathed, and performed with much pleasure by the help of his ministers the kingly duties. And from that time forth he lived in much felicity, transacting regal business, and sporting with the ladies of the harem, having obtained the name of Ajara.[12] And all the subjects considered that he was their former king transformed by drugs, not guessing the truth, and not suspecting the proceedings of the physician.

And king Ajara, having gained over the subjects and the queen Kamalaprabhá by kind treatment, enjoyed the royal fortune together with his friends. Then he summoned a friend called Bheshajachandra and another called Padmadarśana, and made both of them like himself, satisfying them with gifts of elephants, horses, and villages. And he honoured the physician Taruṇachandra on account of the advancement he had conferred on him, but he did not repose confidence in him because his soul had fallen from truth and virtue.

And once on a time the physician of his own motion said to the king, "Why do you make me of no account and act independently? Have you forgotten the occasion on which I made you king?" When king Ajara heard that, he said to the physician, "Ha! you are a fool: what man does anything for any one, or gives anything to any one? My friend, it is our deeds in a former state of existence that give and do. Therefore do not boast yourself, for this elevation I attained by asceticism: and I will soon shew you this by ocular proof." When he said this to the physician, the latter reflected as one terrified—"This man is not to be intimidated and speaks like a resolute sage. It is better to overawe that master, the secret of whose character is instability, but that cannot be done with this man, so I must submit to him. In the meanwhile let me wait and see what he will shew me so manifestly." Thus reflecting, the physician said, "It is true," and held his peace.

And the next day king Ajara went out to roam about and amuse himself with his friends, waited on by Taruṇachandra and others. And as he was strolling, he reached the bank of a river, and in it he saw five golden lotuses come floating down the current. And he made his servants bring them, and taking them and looking at them, he said to the physician Taruṇachandra, who was standing near him, "Go up along the bank of this river, and look for the place where these lotuses are produced: and when you have seen it, return, for I feel great curiosity about these wonderful lotuses, and you are my skilful friend." When he was thus commissioned by the king, the physician, not being able to help himself, said, "So be it," and went the way he was ordered. And the king returned to his capital, but the physician travelled on, and in course of time reached a temple of Śiva that stood on the bank of that river. And in front of it, on the shore of a holy bathing-place

in that stream, he beheld a great banyan-tree, and a man's skeleton suspended on it. And while, fatigued with his journey, he was resting after bathing and worshipping the god, a cloud came there and rained. And from that human skeleton, hanging on the branches of the banyan-tree, when rained upon by the cloud, there fell drops of water.[13] And when they fell into the water of the bathing-place in that river, the physician observed that those golden lotuses were immediately produced from them. The physician said to himself, "Ha! what is this wonder? Whom can I ask in the uninhabited wood? Or rather who knows the creation of Destiny that is full of so many marvels? I have beheld this mine of golden lotuses; so I will throw this human skeleton into the sacred water. Let right be done, and let golden lotuses grow from its back." After these reflections, he flung the skeleton down from the top of that tree: and after spending the day there, the physician set out the next day for his own country, having accomplished the object for which he was sent. And in a few days he reached Vilásapura, and went, emaciated and soiled with his journey, to the court of king Ajara. The door-keeper announced him, and he went in and prostrated himself at the feet of the king; the king asked him how he was, and while he was relating his adventure, the king put every one else out of the hall, and himself said; "So you have seen, my friend, the place where the golden lotuses are produced, that most holy sanctuary of Śiva; and you saw there a skeleton on a banyan-tree; know that that is my former body. I hung there in old time by my feet; and in that way performed asceticism, until I dried up my body and abandoned it. And owing to the nobility of my penance, from the drops of rain-water, that fall from that skeleton of mine, are produced golden lotuses. And in that you threw my skeleton into the water of that holy bathing-place, you did what was right, for you were my friend in a former birth. And this Bheshajachandra and this Padmadarśana, they also were friends, who associated with me in a former birth. So it is owing to the might of that asceticism, my friend, that recollection of my former birth, and knowledge and empire have been bestowed on me. By an artifice I have given you ocular proof of this, and you have described it with a token, telling how you flung down the skeleton; so you must not boast to me, saying, that you gave me the kingdom, and you must not allow your mind to be discontented, for no one gives anything to any one without the help of

actions in a former life. From his birth a man eats the fruit of the tree of his former actions." When the king said this to the physician, he saw that it was true, and he remained satisfied with the king's service, and was never afterwards discontented. And that noble-minded king Ajara, who remembered his former birth, honoured the physician becomingly with gifts of wealth, and lived comfortably with his wives and friends, enjoying the earth conquered by his policy, and originally obtained by his good actions, without an opponent.

"Thus in this world all the good and bad fortune, that befalls all men at all times, is earned by actions in a former life. For this reason I think we must have earned you for our lord in a former birth, otherwise how could you be so kind to us, while there are other men in existence?" Then Naraváhanadatta, having heard in the company of his beloved from the mouth of Tapantaka this strangely pleasing and entertaining tale, rose up to bathe. And after he had bathed, he went into the presence of his father the king of Vatsa, frequently raining nectar into the eyes of his mother, and after taking food, he spent that day and that night in drinking and other pleasures with his parents, and his wife, and his ministers.

1

I. e. a great or distinguished minister. "Bull" is more literal than "ox," but does not suit the English idiom so well. *Gomukha* means Ox-face.

2

Guṇa means virtue and also a thread.

3

This incident is found in the story of Yavakríta in the 135th chapter of the Mahábhárata.

4

I read *rúpam* for *rúpyam*.

5

I. e. Indra.

6

Literally "having no auspicious marks."

7

I. e. Fond of enjoyment.

8

I. e. “New moon.”

9

In the Mahávastu Avadána (in Dr. R. L. Mitra’s Sanskrit Buddhist Literature of Nepal, p. 123) a girl named Amitá is cured of leprosy by being shut up in an underground chamber.

10

I suppose this must mean “prepared of the flesh of wild goats.” A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *ramyáni* “pleasant.”

11

Plushta is a mistake for *pushta*, see Böhtlingk and Roth s. v.

12

I. e. free from old age.

13

This reminds one of Story XII in the Gesta Romanorum.

Chapter XLI.

And the next day, as Naraváhanadatta was in the apartments of Ratnaprabhá, talking over various subjects with his ministers, he suddenly heard a sound, which appeared to be like that of a man weeping outside in the court-yard of the palace. And when some one asked—"What is that?"—the female attendants came and said, "My lord, the chamberlain Dharmagiri is weeping here. For a foolish friend of his came here just now, and said that his brother, who went on a pilgrimage to holy places, was dead in a foreign land. He, bewildered with grief, forgot that he was in the court and began to lament, but he has been just now taken outside by the servants and conducted to his own house." When the prince heard this, he was grieved, and Ratnaprabhá moved with pity said in a despondent tone—"Alas! the grief which is produced by the loss of dear relatives is hard to bear! Why did not the Creator make men exempt from old age and death?" When Marubhúti heard this speech of the queen's, he said; "Queen, how can mortals ever attain this good fortune? For listen to the following story, which I will tell you, bearing on this question."

Story of king Chiráyus and his minister Nágárjuna.

In the city of Chiráyus there was in old time a king, named Chiráyus,[1] who was indeed long-lived, and the home of all good fortune. He had a compassionate, generous and gifted minister, named Nágárjuna, who was sprung from a portion of a Bodhisattva, who knew the use of all drugs, and by making an elixir he rendered himself and that king free from old age, and long-lived. One day an infant son of that minister Nágárjuna, whom he

loved more than any of his other children, died. He felt grief on that account, and by the force of his asceticism and knowledge proceeded to prepare out of certain ingredients the Water of Immortality,[2] in order to prevent mortals from dying. But while he was waiting for the auspicious moment in which to infuse a particular drug, Indra found out what was going on. And Indra, having consulted with the gods, said to the two Aśvins —"Go and give this message to Nágárjuna on the earth from me—'Why have you, though a minister, begun this revolutionary proceeding of making the Water of Life? Are you determined now to conquer the Creator, who indeed created men subject to the law of death, since you propose to make men immortal by preparing the Water of Life? If this takes place, what difference will there be between gods and men? And the constitution of the universe will be broken up, because there will be no sacrificer and no recipient of sacrifice. So by my advice discontinue this preparation of the Water of Life, otherwise the gods will be angry, and will certainly curse you. And your son, through grief for whom you are engaged in this attempt, is now in Svarga.'" With this message Indra despatched the two Aśvins. And they arrived at the house of Nágárjuna and, after receiving the *argha*,[3] told Nágárjuna, who was pleased with their visit, the message of Indra, and informed him that his son was with the gods in heaven. Then Nágárjuna, being despondent, thought; "Never mind the gods, but if I do not obey the command of Indra, these Aśvins will inflict a curse on me. So let this Water of Life go, I have not accomplished my desire; however my son, on account of my good deeds in a former life, has gone to the abode of bliss." Having thus reflected, Nágárjuna said to these two gods, the Aśvins, "I obey the command of Indra, I will desist from making the Water of Life. If you two had not come, I should have completed the preparation of the Water of Life in five days, and freed this whole earth from old age and death." When Nágárjuna had said this, he buried by their advice the Water of Life, which was almost completed, in the earth before their eyes. Then the Aśvins took leave of him, and went and told Indra in heaven that their errand was accomplished, and the king of gods rejoiced.

And in the meanwhile Nágárjuna's master, the king Chiráyus, anointed his son Jívahara crown-prince. And when he was anointed, his mother, the

queen Dhanapará, on his coming in great delight to salute her, said to him, as soon as she saw him, “Why do you rejoice without cause, my son, at having obtained this dignity of crown-prince, for this is not a step to the attainment of the kingly dignity, not even by the help of asceticism? For many crown-princes, sons of your father, have died, and not one of them has obtained the throne, they have all inherited disappointment. For Nágárjuna has given this king an elixir, by the help of which he is now in the eighth century of his age. And who knows how many more centuries will pass over the head of this king, who makes his short-lived sons crown-princes.” When her son heard that, he was despondent, and she went on to say to him, “If you desire the throne, adopt this expedient. This minister Nágárjuna every day, after he has performed the day’s devotions, gives gifts at the time of taking food, and makes this proclamation; ‘Who is a suppliant? Who wants anything? To whom can I give anything, and what?’ At that moment go to him and say, ‘Give me your head,’—Then he, being a truthful man, will have his head cut off, and out of sorrow for his death this king will die, or retire to the forest; then you will obtain the crown; there is no other expedient available in this matter.” When he heard this speech from his mother, the prince was delighted, and he consented, and determined to carry her advice into effect, for the lust of sovereign sway is cruel, and overcomes one’s affection for one’s friends. Then that prince went, the next day, of his own accord to the house of that Nágárjuna, at the time when he took his food. And when the minister cried out, “Who requires anything, and what does he require?” he entered and asked him for his head. The minister said, “This is strange, my son; what can you do with this head of mine? For it is only an agglomeration of flesh, bone and hair. To what use can you put it? Nevertheless, if it is of any use to you, cut it off, and take it.” With these words he offered his neck to him. But it had been so hardened by the elixir that, though he struck at it for a long time, he could not cut it, but broke many swords over it. In the meanwhile the king, hearing of it, arrived, and asked him not to give away his head, but Nágárjuna said to him: “I can remember my former births, and I have given away my head ninety-nine times in my various births. This, my lord, will be the hundredth time of my giving away my head. So do not say anything against it, for no suppliant ever leaves my presence disappointed. So I will now present your son with my head; for this delay was made by me only in

order to behold your face." Thus he spoke, and embraced that king, and brought a powder out of his closet, with which he smeared the sword of that prince. Then the prince cut off the head of the minister Nágárjuna with a blow of that sword, as a man cuts a lotus from its stalk. Then a great cry of wailing was raised, and the king was on the point of giving up his own life, when a bodiless voice sounded from the heaven in these words—"Do not do what you ought not, king. You should not lament your friend Nágárjuna, for he will not be born again, but has attained the condition of a Buddha." When king Chiráyus heard this, he gave up the idea of suicide, but bestowed great gifts, and out of grief left his throne, and went to the forest. There in time he obtained by asceticism eternal bliss. Then his son Jívahara obtained his kingdom, and soon after his accession he allowed dissension to arise in his realm, and was slain by the sons of Nágárjuna remembering their father's murder. Then through sorrow for him his mother's heart broke. How can prosperity befall those who walk in the path trodden by the ignoble? And a son of that king Chiráyus, born to him by another wife, named Śatáyus, was placed on his throne by his chief ministers.

"Thus, as the gods would not permit Nágárjuna to carry out the task of destroying death, which he had undertaken, he became subject to death. Therefore it is true that this world of living beings was appointed by the Creator unstable, and full of grief hard to ward off, and even with hundreds of efforts it is impossible for any one to do anything here, which the Creator does not wish him to do." When Marubhúti had told this story, he ceased speaking, and Naraváhanadatta rose up with his ministers and performed his daily duties.

1

I. e. long-lived.

2

See the IVth chapter of Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, Veckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, page 221, Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 125.

3

Water, rice, *dúrva* grass, &c. offered to guests.

Chapter XLII.

Then, early the next day, Naraváhanadatta went off to the forest for the purpose of hunting, surrounded with elephants, in the company of his father and his friends; but before going he comforted his beloved Ratnaprabhá, who was anxious about him, by saying that he would quickly return.

Then the scene of the chase became like a garden adorned with lovely creepers for his delight, for in it the pearls that dropped from the claws of the lions, that had cleft the foreheads of elephants, and now fell asleep in death, were sown like seeds; and the teeth of the tigers that were cut out by the crescent-headed arrows were like buds, and the flowing blood of the deer seemed like shoots, and the wild boars, in which stuck the arrows adorned with heron feathers, seemed like clusters, and the fallen bodies of Śarabhas[1] shewed like fruit, and the arrows falling with deep hum appeared like bees. Gradually the prince became wearied, and desisted from the chase, and went on horseback to another wood with Gomukha, who was also riding. There he began to play at ball, and while he was thus engaged, a certain female ascetic came that way. Then the ball slipped from his hand and fell on her head; whereupon the female ascetic laughed a little, and said to him—"If your insolence is so great now, what will it be if you ever obtain Karpúriká for a wife."[2] When Naraváhanadatta heard this, he dismounted from his horse, and prostrating himself at the feet of that female ascetic, said to her—"I did not see you, and my ball fell on your head by chance—Reverend one, be propitiated, and pardon that fault of mine." When the female ascetic heard that, she said, "My son, I am not angry with you," and being victorious over her wrath she comforted him with blessings. And then, thinking that the wise truthful ascetic was well disposed to him, Naraváhanadatta respectfully asked her—"Who, reverend lady, is this Karpúriká spoken of by you? Condescend to inform me, if you are pleased with me, for I am curious on this head." When he said this, bending before her, the female ascetic said to him: "There is on the other side of the sea a city named Karpúrasambhava;[3] in it there is a king rightly

named Karpúraka, he has a daughter, a lovely maiden, named Karpúriká, who appears like a second Lakshmí, deposited in security there by the ocean, having seen that the first Lakshmí had been carried away by the gods after the churning. And she, as she hates men, does not desire to be married, but she will desire it, if at all, when she sees you. So go there, my son, and you shall win that fair one; nevertheless, while you are going there, you will suffer great hardship in the forest. But you must not be perplexed at that, for all shall end well." When the ascetic had said this, she flew up into the air and disappeared. Then Naraváhanadatta, drawn on by the command of Love uttered through her voice, said to his attendant Gomukha, "Come, let us go to Karpúriká in the city of Karpúrasambhava, for I cannot remain a moment without beholding her." When Gomukha heard that, he said—"King, desist from your rashness. Consider how far off you are from the sea and from that city, and whether the journey is worth taking for the sake of that maiden? Why, on merely hearing her name, do you abandon celestial wives, and alone run after a mere woman who is enveloped in doubt, owing to your not knowing what her intention is." When Gomukha said this to him, the son of the king of Vatsa said, "The speech of that holy ascetic cannot be false. So I must certainly go to find that princess." Having said this, he set out thence on horseback that very moment. And Gomukha followed him silently, though it was against his wish: when a lord does not act on the advice of his servants, their only course is to follow him.

In the meanwhile the king of Vatsa, having finished his hunting, returned to his city, thinking that that son of his was returning among his own armed followers. And the prince's followers returned with Marubhúti and the others to the city, supposing that the prince was with the armed followers of his father. When they arrived, the king of Vatsa and the others searched for him, and finding that he had not returned, they all went to the house of Ratnaprabhá. She at first was grieved at that news, but she called up a supernatural science and was told by it tidings of her husband, and said to her distressed father-in-law; "My husband heard the princess Karpúriká mentioned by a female ascetic in the forest, and in order to obtain her he has gone to the city of Karpúrasambhava. And he will soon have accomplished his object, and will return here with Gomukha. So dismiss anxiety, for this I have learned from a science." By these words she

comforted the king of Vatsa and his retinue. And she despatched another science to wait on her husband during his journey, and dispel his fatigue; for good women who desire their husband's happiness do not account of jealousy.

In the meanwhile Naraváhanadatta performed a long journey on horseback in that forest, accompanied by Gomukha. Then a maiden suddenly came up to him in his path and said to him, "I am a science sent by Ratnaprabhá, named Máyávatí, I will guard you on the path without being seen, so proceed now without fear." Having said this, the incarnate science disappeared, as he gazed at it. By virtue of it, Naraváhanadatta continued his journey with his thirst and hunger appeased, praising his beloved Ratnaprabhá. And in the evening he reached a wood with a pure lake in it, and with Gomukha he bathed, and took a meal of delicious fruit and water. And at night he tied up the two horses underneath a large tree, after supplying them with grass, and he and his minister climbed up into it to sleep. While reposing on a broad bough of the tree, he was woke up by the neighings of the terrified horses, and saw a lion that had come close underneath. When he saw it, he wished[4] to get down for the sake of the horses, but Gomukha said to him—"Alas! you are neglecting the safety of your person, and acting without counsel; for kings the first duty is the preservation of their persons, and counsel is the foundation of rule. How can you desire to contend with wild beasts armed with teeth and claws. For it was to avoid these that we just now got up into this tree." When the king had been restrained from descending by these words of Gomukha's, seeing the lion killing the horse, he immediately threw his sword at it from the tree, and succeeded in wounding it with the weapon which was buried in its body. The mighty lion, though pierced with the sword, after killing that horse, slew the other also. Then the son of the king of Vatsa took Gomukha's sword from him, and throwing it, cut the lion in half in the middle. And descending he recovered his sword from the body of the lion, and ascending again to his sleeping place, he passed the night there in the tree. In the morning Naraváhanadatta got down, and set out to find Karpúriká, accompanied by Gomukha. Then Gomukha, beholding him travelling on foot, as the lion had slain his horse, in order to amuse him on

the way said; “Listen, king, I will relate you this story, which is particularly appropriate on the present occasion.”

Story of king Parityágasena, his wicked wife and his two sons.

There is in this world a city named Irávatí, which surpasses Alaká;[5] in it there dwelt a king named Parityágasena. And he had two beloved queens, whom he valued as his life. One was the daughter of his own minister and her name was Adhikasangamá, and the other was of royal race, and was called Kávyálankárá. And with those two the king propitiated Durgá to obtain a son, and performed penance without food, sleeping on *darbha* grass. Then Bhaváni, who is kind to her votaries, pleased with his penance, appeared to him in a dream and gave him two heavenly fruits, and thus commanded him: “Rise up and give your two wives these two fruits to eat, and then, king, you will have born to you two heroic sons.” Having said this, Gaurí disappeared, and the king woke up in the morning and rose delighted at beholding those fruits in his hand. And by describing that dream of his he delighted his wives, and bathed and worshipped the consort of Śiva, and broke his fast. And at night he first visited that wife of his Adhikasangamá, and gave her one of the fruits, and she immediately ate it. Then the king spent the night in her pavilion, out of respect for her father, who was his own prime minister. And he placed near the head of his bed the second fruit, which was intended for the other queen. While the king was asleep, the queen Adhikasangamá rose up, and desiring for herself two similar sons, she took from his head and ate that second fruit also. For women are naturally envious of their rivals. And in the morning, when the king rose up and was looking for that fruit, she said—“I ate that second fruit also.” Then the king went away despondent, and after spending the day, he went at night to the apartments of the second queen. And when she asked for that other fruit, he said to her—“While I was asleep, your fellow-wife

treacherously devoured it." Then the queen Kávyálankárá, not having obtained that fruit, which was to enable her to give birth to a son, remained silently grieved.

In the course of some days that queen Adhikasangamá became pregnant, and in due time gave birth to twin sons. And the king Parityágasena rejoiced and made a great feast, since his desire was fulfilled by their birth. And the king gave the name of Indívarasena to the elder of the two, who was of wonderful beauty and had eyes like a blue lotus. And he gave to the younger the name of Anichchhasena, because his mother ate the second fruit against his wish. Then Kávyálankárá, the second wife of that king, on beholding this, was angry, and reflected—"Alas! I have been cheated by this rival wife out of having children; so I must without fail revenge myself on her; I must destroy these sons of hers by my cunning." Having thus reflected, she remained thinking over a means of doing this. And as fast as those two princes grew, the tree of enmity grew in her heart.

And in course of time those two princes, having attained manhood, and being mighty of arm, and desirous of conquest, said to their father—"We have attained manhood and we have been trained in the use of weapons, so how can we remain here endowed to no profit with these mighty arms? Out on the arms and the youth of a Kshatriya that longs not for victory! So let us go now, father, and conquer the regions." When the king Parityágasena heard this request of his sons, he was pleased and consented, and made arrangements for their expedition. And he said to them, "If ever you are in difficulties, you must think upon the goddess Durgá the remover of sorrows, for she gave you to me." Then the king sent forth those two sons on their expedition, accompanied by his troops and feudal chiefs, after their mother had performed the auspicious ceremonies to ensure them success. And he sent after them his own sagacious prime minister, their maternal grandfather, whose name was Prathamasangama. Then those two mighty princely brothers, with their army, first marched in due order to the eastern quarter, and subdued it. Then these two irresistible heroes of approved might, to whom many kings had joined themselves, went to the southern quarter to conquer it. And their parents rejoiced on hearing these tidings of them, but their second mother was consumed with the fire of concealed

hate. The treacherous queen then got the following false despatch written in the king's name to the chiefs in the princes' camp, by means of the secretary for foreign affairs, whom she had bribed with heaps of treasure—"My two sons, having subdued the earth by the might of their arms, have formed the intention of killing me and seizing my kingdom; so if you are loyal to me, you must without hesitation put to death both those sons of mine."—This letter Kávyálankárá sent off secretly by a courier. And the courier went secretly to the camp of those two princes, and gave that letter to the chiefs. And they all, after reading it, reflecting that the policy of kings is very cruel, and considering that that command of their master must not be disobeyed, met and deliberated in the night, and as they saw no way out of the difficulty, determined to kill those two princes, though they had been fascinated by their virtues. But their maternal grandfather, the minister, who was with them, heard of it from a friend that he had among the chiefs, and after informing the princes of the state of affairs, he thereupon mounted them on swift horses, and conveyed them away safely out of the camp.

The two princes, when conveyed away by the minister at night, travelled along with him, and entered the Vindhya forest out of ignorance of the true road. Then, after the night had passed, as they slowly proceeded on their way, about noon their horses died, overcome with excessive thirst. And that aged maternal grandfather of theirs, whose palate was dry with hunger and thirst, died exhausted with the heat before the eyes of those two, who were also weary. Then those afflicted brothers exclaimed in their sorrow—"Why has our father reduced to this state us who are innocent, and fulfilled the desire of that wicked second mother of ours?"—In the midst of their lamentation they thought upon the goddess Ambiká,[6] whom their father had long ago pointed out to them as their natural protectress. That moment, by force of thinking on that kind protectress, their hunger, thirst and fatigue left them, and they were strong. Then they were comforted by faith in her, and without feeling the fatigue of the journey, they went to visit that goddess who dwells in the Vindhya forest. And when those two brothers had arrived there, they began a course of fasting and asceticism to propitiate her. In the meanwhile those chiefs in the camp assembled together in a band, and went with the intention of doing the princes a mischief; but they could not find them, though they searched everywhere. They said—"The princes have

escaped somewhere with their maternal grandfather," and fearing that the whole thing would come out, they went in a fright to the king Parityágasena. And shewing him the letters, they told him the whole story. He, when he heard it, was agitated and said to them in his anger; "I did not send this letter, this is some deception. And how comes it that you did not know, you foolish creatures, that I should not be likely to put to death two sons obtained by severe austerities? They have been put to death as far as you are concerned, but they were saved by their own merits, and their maternal grandfather has exhibited a specimen of his statesmanship." He said this to the chiefs, and though the secretary who wrote the treacherous letter fled, the king quickly had him brought back by his royal power, and after thoroughly investigating the whole matter, punished him as he deserved. And he threw into a dungeon his wicked wife Kávyálankárá, who was guilty of such a crime as trying to slay his sons. For how can an evil deed audaciously done, the end of which is not considered through the mind being blinded with excessive hate, help bringing ruin? And as for those chiefs, who had set out with his two sons and returned, the king dismissed them, and appointed others in their place. And with their mother he continued to seek for tidings of those sons, plunged in grief, devoted to righteousness, thinking upon Durgá.

In the meanwhile that goddess, who has her shrine in the Vindhya mountains, was pleased with the asceticism of the prince Indívarasena and his younger brother. And she gave Indívarasena a sword in a dream, and appearing to him, thus addressed him—"By the power of this sword thou shalt conquer enemies hard to overcome, and whatever thou shalt think of thou shalt obtain, and by means of it you shall both gain the success you desire." When the goddess had said that, she disappeared, and Indívarasena, waking up, beheld that sword in his hand. Then he comforted his younger brother by shewing him that sword, and describing to him his dream, and in the morning he and his brother broke their fast on wild fruits. Then he worshipped that goddess, and having his fatigue removed by her favour, he departed rejoicing, with the sword in his hand, in the company of his brother. And after he had travelled a long distance, he found a great and splendid city, looking like the peak of Meru on account of its golden houses. There he beheld a terrible Rákshasa standing at the gate of the high

street, and the hero asked him what was the name of the town, and who was its king. That Rákshasa said—"This city is called Śailapura, and it is possessed by our lord Yamadanshṭra, the slayer of his foes, king of the Rákshasas." When the Rákshasa said this, Indívarasena attempted to enter, in order to slay Yamadanshṭra, but the Rákshasa at the door tried to prevent him, upon which the mighty Indívarasena killed him, cutting off his head with one stroke of his sword. After slaying him, the hero entered the royal palace, and beheld inside it the Rákshasa Yamadanshṭra sitting on his throne, having a mouth terrible with tusks, with a lovely woman at his left hand, and a virgin of heavenly beauty on his right hand. And when Indívarasena saw him, he went with the sword given him by Durgá in his hand, and challenged him to fight, and the Rákshasa drew his sword and stood up to resist him. And in the course of the fight Indívarasena frequently cut off the Rákshasa's head, but it grew again.[7] Seeing that magic power of his, and having had a sign made to him by the virgin at the Rákshasa's side, who had fallen in love with him at first sight, the prince, after cutting off the head of the Rákshasa, being quick of hand, again cut it in two with a stroke of his sword. Then the Rákshasa's magic was baffled by contrary magic, and his head did not grow again, and the Rákshasa died of the wound.

When he was slain, the lovely woman and the princess were delighted, and the prince with his younger brother sat down, and asked them the following questions: "Why did this Rákshasa live in such a city as this, guarded by one warder only, and who are you two, and why do you rejoice at his being slain?" When they heard this, the virgin was the one that answered, and she spoke as follows: "In this city of Śailapura there lived a king of the name of Vírabhuja, and this is his wife Madanadanshṭrá, and this Rákshasa came and devoured him by the help of his magic power. And he ate up his attendants, but he did not eat this Madanadanshṭrá, whom alone he spared because she was beautiful, but he made her his wife. Then he became disgusted with this city though beautiful, and building in it houses of gold, he remained here sporting with Madanadanshṭrá, having dismissed his retinue. And I am the younger sister of this Rákshasa, and unmarried, but the moment I saw you, I fell in love with you. Accordingly she is glad at his

having been slain, and so also am I; so marry me here now, my husband, since love makes me offer myself to you."

When Khaḍgadanshṭrá said this, Indívarasena married her then and there by the Gándharva form of marriage. And he remained in that very city, having everything brought to him, on his thinking of it, by the virtue of the sword of Durgá, married and accompanied by his younger brother. And once on a time he made a chariot that would fly through the air, produced by thought through the virtue of his sword, that resembled in its powers the philosopher's stone, and placed in it his heroic younger brother Anichchhasena, and sent him off from his retreat to bear tidings of him to his parents. Anichchhasena, for his part, travelled quickly through the air in that chariot, and reached Irávatí that city of his father. There he refreshed his grief-worn parents with the sight of him, as the moon refreshes the partridges when exhausted with severe heat. And he approached them, and fell at their feet, and was embraced by them, and when they questioned him, he dispelled their apprehensions with good news of his brother. And he told in their presence the whole adventure of himself and his brother, which in the beginning was sad, but in the end was happy. And there he heard the treacherous device, which his wicked second mother had out of enmity contrived for his destruction. Then Anichchhasena remained there in tranquillity, in the company of his delighted father and his mother, honoured by the subjects. But after some days had passed, his fears were aroused by a threatening dream, and he yearned to see his brother again, and said to his father; "I will depart, and by telling my brother Indívarasena that you are anxiously awaiting him, I will bring him back; give me leave to depart, my father." When his father heard that, being anxious for the sight of his son, he and his wife gave Anichchhasena leave to depart, and he immediately mounted his chariot, and reached through the air that city of Śailapura. And when he arrived there, he entered the palace of that brother of his. He saw there his elder brother lying senseless in the presence of Khaḍgadanshṭrá and Madanadanshṭrá, who were weeping. In his perplexity he asked, "What does this mean?" And then Khaḍgadanshṭrá said with her eyes fixed on the ground, though the other blamed her for it; "When you were away, your brother one day, on my going to bathe, had a secret intrigue with this Madanadanshṭrá. And I, on returning from bathing, found him with her, and

I abused him. Then he tried to propitiate me, but I, being exceedingly bewildered by unforgiving jealousy, that seemed to have possessed me, thought thus with myself, 'Ah! without taking me into account, he favours another; I believe he shews this insolence confiding in the magic properties of his sword, so I will hide this weapon of his.' After thus reflecting, in my folly I thrust his sword into the fire at night, while he was asleep. The consequence was that his sword was dimmed and he was reduced to this state. And I am grieved for this myself and upbraided by Madanadanshṭrá. So you have come here now when both our minds are blinded with grief, and we have resolved on death. So take this sword and kill me with it, since I have proved true to the customs of my race and acted cruelly." When Anichchhasena was thus entreated by his brother's wife, he thought that he ought not to slay her on account of her repentance, but prepared to cut off his own head. But at that moment, he heard the following voice come from the air—"Do not act thus, prince, your brother is not dead, but he has been struck senseless by Durgá, who is angry at his not having taken sufficient care of the sword, and you must not impute guilt to Khaḍgadanshṭrá, for this circumstance is the consequence of your all having been born into this world on account of a curse. And they were both of them your brother's wives in a former life. So propitiate Durgá in order to gain your object." Accordingly Anichchhasena gave up his intention of slaying himself. But he mounted that chariot, and took that fire-dimmed sword, and went to propitiate the soles of the feet of Durgá, the dweller in the Vindhya range. There he fasted, and was about to propitiate the goddess with the offering of his head, when he heard this voice from heaven—"Do not be rash, my son, go; thy elder brother shall live, and the sword shall become pure from stain, for I am pleased with thy devotion." When Anichchhasena heard this speech of the goddess, he immediately saw that the sword in his hand had recovered its brightness, and he walked round the goddess, keeping his right hand towards her; and ascending his swift magic car, as if it were his own desire,[8] he returned in a state of anxious expectation to that Śailapura. There he saw that his elder brother had just risen up, having suddenly regained consciousness, and weeping he seized his feet, and his elder brother threw his arms round his neck. And both the wives of Indívarasena fell at the feet of Anichchhasena and said—"You have saved the life of our

husband.” Then he told the whole story to his brother Indívarasena who questioned him, and he, when he heard it, was not angry with Khaḍgadanshṭrá, but was pleased with his brother.[9]

And he heard from the lips of his brother that his parents were eager to see him, and of the fraud of his second mother, that had brought about his separation from them; then he took the sword which his brother handed to him, and mounted a large chariot, which came to him the moment he thought of it, owing to the virtue of the sword, and with his golden palaces, and his two wives, and his younger brother Indívarasena, returned to his own city Irávatí. There he alighted from the air, beheld with wonder by the subjects, and entered the palace, and went with his attendants into the presence of the king. And in that condition he beheld his father and his mother, and fell at their feet with his eyes bathed in streaming tears. And they, the moment they beheld their son, embraced him and his younger brother, and having their bodies, as it were, bathed in nectar, they were relieved from their sorrow. And when their daughters-in-law, those two wives of Indívarasena, of heavenly beauty, fell at their feet, they looked on them with delight and welcomed them. And the parents, learning in course of conversation, that they were said by a divine voice to have been appointed in a previous life as his wives, were exceedingly delighted. And they rejoiced with astonishment at the power of their son, which enabled him to travel through the air, and bring golden palaces and do other things of this kind. Then Indívarasena remained, with those two wives and his attendants, in the society of his parents, causing delight to the subjects. And once on a time he took leave of his father, king Parityágasena, and went forth again to conquer the four quarters, accompanied by his younger brother. And the mighty-armed hero conquered the whole earth by the virtue of his sword, and came back bringing with him the gold, elephants, horses and jewels of conquered kings. And he reached his capital, followed out of fear by the conquered earth in the form of the army of dust, that his forces raised. And he entered the palace, where his father advanced to meet him, and he and his brother delighted their mother Adhikasangamá by their return. And after he had honoured the kings, Indívarasena spent that day in pleasure, accompanied by his wives and his followers. And on the next day the prince made over the earth to his father by way of tribute from the

kings, and suddenly recollected his former birth. Then, like one waking up from sleep, he said to his father—"Father, I remember my former birth; listen, I will tell you all about it. There is a city on the plateau of the Himálayas named Muktápura; in it there lives a king named Muktásena, a king of the Vidyádharas. And by a queen named Kambuvatí he had born to him in course of time two virtuous sons, Padmasena and Rúpasena. Then a maiden, named Ádityaprabhá, the daughter of a chief of the Vidyádharas, of her own accord, out of love, chose Padmasena for her husband. Hearing of that, a Vidyádhara maiden, of the name of Chandravatí, became love-sick also, and came and chose him for her husband. Then Padmasena, having two wives, was continually worried by that wife Ádityaprabhá, who was jealous of her rival. And so Padmasena over and over again importuned his father Muktásena to the following effect: 'I cannot endure every day the ill-temper of my wife, who is blind with jealousy, let me retire to a wood of ascetics to put an end to this misery. Therefore, father, give me permission.' His father, annoyed at his persistence, cursed him and his wives, saying; 'What need is there of your going to a wood of ascetics? Fall into the world of mortals. There this quarrelsome wife of yours, Ádityaprabhá, shall be born in the race of Rákshasas, and become your wife again. And this second, Chandravatí, who is virtuous and attached to you, her husband, shall be the wife of a king, and the paramour of a Rákshasa, and shall obtain you as her beloved. And since this Rúpasena has been observed by me to follow you his elder brother with affection, he shall be your brother also in that world. There too you shall endure some affliction caused by your wives.' Thus he spoke and ceased, and appointed this as the termination of the curse; 'When you, being a prince, shall conquer the earth and give it to your father, then you and they shall remember your former birth, and be freed from your curse.' When Padmasena had been thus addressed by his own father, he went with those others to the world of mortals. I am that very Padmasena, born here as your son, Indívarasena by name, and I have done what I was appointed to do. And the other Vidyádhara prince, Rúpasena, has been born as Anichchhasena my younger brother. And as for my wives Ádityaprabhá[10] and Chandravatí, know that they have been born here as these two, Khaḍgadanshṭrá and Madanadanshṭrá. And now we have reached that appointed end of our curse. So let us go, father, to our own Vidyádhara

home.” Having said this, he together with his brother and his wives, who remembered their former existence, abandoned the human and assumed the Vidyádhara form. And having worshipped the feet of his father, and taken his two wives in his arms, he went with his younger brother through the air to his own city Muktápura. There the wise prince, gladly welcomed by his father Muktásena, a joy to the eyes of his mother, accompanied by his brother Rúpasena, lived with his Ádityaprabhá, who did not again display jealousy, and with Chandravatí in happiness.

The minister Gomukha, having told this delightful tale on the road, again said to Naraváhanadatta; “Thus the great must endure great pains and gain great glory, but others have little pain and little glory. But you, protected by the might of the science of queen Ratnaprabhá, shall without difficulty gain that princess Karpúriká.”

When Naraváhanadatta heard this from the lips of the eloquent Gomukha, he set out on the path with him, insensible to fatigue. And as he travelled, he came in the evening to a pellucid lake, the lotuses on which were in full bloom, and which was full of an abundant supply of cold water, delicious as nectar. Its banks were adorned with pomegranate trees, bread-fruit trees, and rows of mango-trees, and on it the swans sang sweetly. They bathed in it, and devoutly worshipped the beloved[11] of the daughter of Himálaya and refreshed themselves with various fragrant, sweet-tasting, delightful fruits, and then the son of the king of Vatsa and his friend spent the night on the bank of the lake, sleeping on a bed strewn with soft young shoots.

1

Fabulous animals with eight feet.

2

Cp. Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 74.

3

I. e. Camphor-produced. In the Arabian Nights the Camphor islands are mentioned. See Lane’s Translation, Vol. I, page 544.

4

I find that a MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *avatitírshum*. This is obviously the right reading.

5

The city of Kuvera the god of wealth.

6

The mother, *i. e.*, Durgá.

7

See Ralston's remarks on this story in his Russian Folk-Tales, p. 71. In Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 44, Hilda reunites, as fast as she is cut in two, but at last Dietrich, by the advice of Hildebrand, steps between the two pieces, and interferes with the *vis medicatrix*. Baring Gould seems to identify this story of Indívarasena with that of St. George. In his essay on that hero-saint, (p. 305, New Edition,) he observes, "In the Kathá Sarit Ságara a hero fights a demon monster, and releases a beautiful woman from his thraldom. The story, as told by Soma Deva, has already progressed, and assumed a form similar to that of Perseus and Andromeda.

8

The word literally means chariot of the mind. There is a pun here.

9

This resembles the German story of the two brothers as given in Cox's Aryan Mythology, Vol. I, p. 162. See also Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Nos. 39 and 40, with Dr. Köhler's note. He there refers us to his own remarks on the 4th of Campbell's West Highland Tales in Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 118, and to Grimm, Nos. 60 and 85, Hahn No. 22, Widter-Wolf, No. 8, Vernaleken, No. 35, &c. In Grimm's No. 60, we have a magic sword, and the temporary death of one of the brothers is indicated by the dimming of one side of a knife. This story resembles Grimm's more closely, than that of Aśokadatta and Vijayadatta in ch. 25. See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 474. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, p. 328, Vol. II, p. 317. The story of Amys and Amylion, in Ellis's Metrical Romances, resembles closely the tale, as given by Grimm and Gonzenbach. So too do the 7th and 9th stories of the 1st day in the Pentamerone of Basile, and the 52nd in Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 120. Perhaps the oldest mythological pair of brothers are the Aśvins, who have their counterpart in the Dioscuri and in Heracles and Iphiclus.

10

I. e., brightness of the sun. Chandravatí means moonlike.

11

I. e. Śiva the beloved of Párvatí.

Chapter XLIII.

The next morning, Naraváhanadatta rose up from the bank of that lake,[1] and setting out on his journey, said to his minister Gomukha; “My friend, I remember, a certain princess of heavenly beauty, dressed in white garments, came to me towards the end of last night in a dream, and said this to me —‘Lay aside your anxiety, dear one, for you will quickly reach a large and wonderful town situated in a forest, on the shore of the sea. And after resting there, you shall with ease find that town Karpúrasambhava, and then win that princess Karpúriká.’ Having said this, she disappeared, and I immediately woke up.” When he said that, Gomukha was delighted and said to him—“King, you are favoured by the gods; what is difficult to you? So your enterprise will certainly succeed without difficulty.” When Gomukha had said this, Naraváhanadatta hastened along the path with him. And in course of time he reached a city of vast extent on the shore of the sea, furnished with lofty mansions resembling the peaks of mountains, with streets, and arches, adorned with a palace all golden like mount Meru, looking like a second Earth. He entered that city by the market-street, and beheld that all the population, merchants, women, and citizens were wooden automata, that moved as if they were alive, but were recognised as lifeless by their want of speech. This aroused astonishment in his mind. And in due course he arrived with Gomukha near the king’s palace, and saw that all the horses and elephants there were of the same material; and with his minister he entered, full of wonder, that palace, which was resplendent with seven ranges of golden buildings. There he saw a majestic man sitting on a jewelled throne, surrounded by warders and women, who were also wooden automata, the only living being there, who produced motion in those dull material things, like the soul presiding over the senses. He, for his part, seeing that that hero Naraváhanadatta was of noble form, rose up and welcomed him, and made him sit down on his own seat, and sitting in front of him, he thus questioned him, “Who are you; how and why have you come to this uninhabited land with one companion?” Then Naraváhanadatta told his own story from the beginning, and asked that hero, who was

prostrating himself before him,—“Who are you, my good sir, and what is this wonderful city of yours? Tell me.” That man, when he heard that, began to tell his own story.

Story of the two brothers Práṇadhara and Rájyadhara.

There is a city named Kánchí possessed of great excellences,[2] which, like a girdle, well adorns the earth-bride. In it there was a famous king of the name of Báhubala, who won fortune by the might of his arm, and imprisoned her in his treasury, though she is a gadding dame. We were two brothers in his kingdom, carpenters by trade, skilful in making ingenious automata of wood and other materials, such as Maya[3] first invented. My elder brother was by name Práṇadhara, and he was infatuated with love for a fickle dame, and I, my lord, am named Rájyadhara, and I was ever devoted to him. That brother of mine consumed all my father’s property and his own, and some portion of what I had acquired, which melted by affection I made over to him. Then he, being much infatuated about the lady, out of desire to steal wealth for her sake, made a couple of swans of wood with mechanism and strings attached to them. That pair of swans was sent out at night by pulling the strings, and entering by means of the mechanical contrivance into the king’s treasury through a window, they took from it with their beaks jewels placed in a basket, and returned to the house of my brother. And my elder brother sold the jewels and spent the money so acquired with his paramour, and in that way he robbed the king’s treasury every night, and though I tried to prevent him, he would not give up that improper proceeding, for who, when blinded by passion, distinguishes between right and wrong? And then the keeper of the treasury, as the king’s treasure-house was plundered night after night without the bolt being moved, though there were no mice in it, for several days in succession enquired into the matter, without saying anything, out of fear,

and then being exceedingly vexed, went and told the whole matter plainly to the king. Then the king posted him and some other guards in the treasure-house at night, with orders to keep awake in order to find out the truth of it. Those guards went into the treasure-house at midnight, and while there, saw my brother's two swans entering there by the window, impelled by strings. The swans moved round by means of their mechanism and took the jewels, then the guards cut the strings, and took the swans to shew the king in the morning. And then my elder brother said in a state of bewilderment —"Brother, my two swans have been seized by the guards of the treasury, for the strings have become slack, and the pin of the mechanism has dropped. So we must both of us leave this place immediately, for the king, when he hears of it in the morning, will punish us as thieves. For we are both known to be skilled in mechanical contrivances. And I have here a chariot with a pneumatic contrivance, which quickly goes eight hundred *yojanas*, if you press a spring. Let us go by means of it to-day to a distant foreign land, though exile may be disagreeable; for how can an evil deed, that is done in despite of good advice, bring pleasure to any one? This is the mature fruit of my wickedness in not obeying your advice, which has extended to innocent you, as well as to me." After saying this, my brother Práṇadhara immediately mounted with his family that chariot, that flew through the air. But though he urged me, I would not mount it, as it was laden with many people, so he flew up in it to the sky and went off to some distant place.

When that Práṇadhara,[4] who was rightly named, had gone off somewhere, I, expecting that in the morning I singly should he exposed to danger at the hands of the king, mounted another chariot with a pneumatic mechanism, which I had myself made, and quickly travelled two hundred *yojanas* from that place. Then I again started that air-travelling chariot, and went another two hundred *yojanas*. Then I left my chariot, terrified at finding that I was near the sea, and travelling on my feet, reached in course of time this city which was empty. And out of curiosity I entered this palace, which was filled with garments, ornaments, and couches and all the other conveniences fit for a king. And in the evening I bathed in the water of the garden-lake, and ate fruits, and going to the royal bed reflected alone at night—"What am I to do in this uninhabited spot? So to-morrow I will go hence to some

place or other, for I no longer need fear danger from king Báhubala." When I had thus reflected, I went to sleep, and towards the end of night a hero of divine appearance, mounted on a peacock, thus addressed me in a dream; "You must live here, good sir, you must not depart elsewhere, and at the time of meals you must go up to the middle court of the palace, and wait there." Thus he spoke, and disappeared, and I woke up and reflected —"Undoubtedly this heavenly place has been made by Kártikeya, and he has favoured me with this dream on account of my merits in a former life. I have turned up here because I am to be happy dwelling in this town." I conceived this hope and rose up, and said the prayer for the day, and at the time of eating I went up to the middle court, and while I was waiting there, golden dishes were placed in front of me, and there fell into them from heaven food consisting of ghee, milk, rice, boiled rice and other things;[5] and any other kinds of food that I thought of, came to me as fast as I thought of them. After eating all this, I felt comforted by the favour of the god. So, my lord, I took up my abode in this city, with kingly luxuries coming to me every day as fast as I wished for them. But I do not obtain wives and retinue by thinking of them, so I made all these people of wood. Though I am a carpenter, since I have come here I enjoy alone all the pleasures of a king by the power of Destiny, and my name is Rájyadhara.[6]

"So repose, now, a day in this god-built town, and I will attend upon you to the best of my ability." After saying this, Rájyadhara led off with him Naraváhanadatta and Gomukha to the city garden, there the prince bathed in the water of the lake and offered lotuses to Śiva, and was conducted to the feasting-place in the middle court, and there he and his minister enjoyed viands which were placed before them by Rájyadhara, who stood in front of them, to whom they came as soon as he thought of them. Then the eating-ground was swept by some unseen hand, and after they had taken betel, they drank wine and remained in great felicity. And after Rájyadhara had eaten, the prince retired to a gorgeous couch, astonished at the wonderful nature of the town, which resembled the philosopher's stone. And when he could not sleep, on account of his recently conceived longing for Karpúriká, Rájyadhara, who was also in bed, asked her story, and then said to him —"Why do you not sleep, auspicious sir? You will obtain your desired love.

For a fair woman, like Fortune, of her own accord chooses a man of high courage. I have had ocular proof of this, so hear the story; I will relate it to you."

Story of Arthalobha and his beautiful wife.

That king of Kánchí, Báhubala, whom I mentioned to you, had a rich door-keeper, rightly named Arthalobha.[7] He had a beautiful wife named Mánapará. That Arthalobha, being by profession a merchant, and on account of his avarice distrusting his servants, appointed that wife of his to look after his business in preference to them. She, though she did not like it, being obedient to him, made bargains with merchants and captivated all men by her sweet form and speech. And Arthalobha, seeing that all the sales of elephants, horses, jewels, and garments that she made, brought in a profit, rejoiced exceedingly. And once on a time there came there from a distant foreign land a merchant, named Sukhadhana, having a large stock of horses and other commodities. The moment Arthalobha heard that he had come, he said to his wife—"My dear, a merchant named Sukhadhana has arrived from a foreign land, he has brought twenty thousand horses, and innumerable pairs of excellent garments made in China, so please, go and purchase from him five thousand horses and ten thousand pairs of garments, in order that with the thousands of horses I already possess and those other five, I may pay a visit to the king, and carry on my commerce. When commissioned in these words by that villain Arthalobha, Mánapará went to Sukhadhana; whose eyes were captivated by her beauty, and who welcomed her gladly. And she demanded from him for a price those horses and garments. The merchant, overpowered with love, took her aside and said to her—"I will not give you one horse or garment for money, but if you will remain one night with me, I will give you five hundred horses and five thousand garments." After saying this, he solicited that fair one with even a larger amount; who does not fall in love with women, who are allowed to

go about without restraint? Then she answered him—"I will ask my husband about this, for I know he will send me here out of excessive cupidity.[8]" After saying this, she went home, and told her husband what the merchant Sukhadhana had said to her secretly. And that wicked covetous husband Arthalobha said to her; "My dear, if you obtain five hundred horses and five thousand pairs of garments for one night, what is the harm in it. So go to him now; you shall return quickly in the morning." When Mánapará heard this speech of her mean-spirited husband's, she began to debate in her heart, and thus reflected—"Out on this base spiritless husband of mine that sells his honour! By continually meditating on gain he has become all made up of the desire of gain. It is better that the generous man, who buys me for one night with hundreds of horses and thousands of pieces of China silk, should be my husband." Thus reflecting, she took leave of her base husband, saying; "It is not my fault," and went to the house of that Sukhadhana. And he, when he saw that she had come, after questioning her and hearing the whole story from her, was astonished, and considered himself fortunate in obtaining her. And he sent off immediately to her husband Arthalobha the horses and garments that were to purchase her, as agreed upon. And he remained that night with her, having all his wishes attained, for she seemed like the fortune which was the fruit of his own wealth, incarnate in bodily form, at last obtained by him. And in the morning the base Arthalobha sent, in his shamelessness, servants to summon her, whereupon Mánapará said to them, "How can I again return to be the wife of that man who sold me to another? I am not as shameless as he is. Tell me yourselves if this would be becoming now. So depart, the man that bought me is my husband." When the servants were thus addressed by her, they went and repeated her words to Arthalobha with downcast faces. The mean fellow, when he heard it, wanted to recover her by force; then a friend of the name of Harabala said to him; "You cannot recover her from that Sukhadhana, for he is a hero, and I do not behold in you manliness corresponding to his. For he is moved to heroism by a woman that loves him on account of his generosity, and he is mighty, and surrounded with other mighty men that have come with him. But you have been deserted by your wife, who separated from you because you sold her out of meanness, and scorn makes you timid, and being reproached you have become

effeminate. Moreover you are not mighty, and you are not surrounded by mighty friends, so how can you possibly be capable of vanquishing that rival? And the king will be angry with you, when he hears of your crime of selling your wife; so keep quiet, and do not make a ridiculous blunder." Though his friend tried to dissuade him with these words, Arthalobha went and beset, in his anger, the house of Sukhadhana with his retainers. While he was thus engaged, Sukhadhana sallied out with his friends and retainers, and in a moment easily defeated the whole of Arthalobha's force.

Then Arthalobha fled, and went into the presence of the king. And concealing his own wicked conduct, he said to the king,—"O king, the merchant Sukhadhana has carried off my wife by force." And the king, in his rage, wished to arrest that Sukhadhana. Then a minister of the name of Sandhána said to the king—"In any case, my lord, you cannot arrest him, for when his force is increased by that of the eleven friends who have come with him, he will be found to have more than a hundred thousand excellent horses. And you have not discovered the truth about the matter, for his conduct will turn out to be not altogether without cause. So you had better send a messenger, and ask what it is that this fellow here is chattering about." When king Báhubala heard this, he sent a messenger to Sukhadhana to ask about the matter. The messenger went, and asked about the matter by the king's order, and thereupon Mánapará told him her story. When Báhubala heard that wonderful tale, he came to the house of Sukhadhana to behold the beauty of Mánapará, being filled with excessive curiosity. There he beheld, while Sukhadhana bent before him, Mánapará, who with the wealth of her beauty would astonish even the Creator. She prostrated herself at his feet, and he questioned her, and heard from her own mouth how the whole thing happened, Arthalobha being present and listening. When he heard it, he thought it was true, because Arthalobha was speechless, and he asked that fair one what was to be done now. Then she said decidedly, "How can I return to that spiritless avaricious man, who sold me to another man without the excuse of distress?" When the king heard this, he said, "Well said," and then Arthalobha bewildered with desire, wrath, and shame, exclaimed,—"King, let him and me fight with our own retainers, without any auxiliary forces; then let it be seen who is spirited and who is spiritless." When Sukhadhana heard this, he said—"Then let us fight in

single combat, what need is there of retainers? Mánapará shall be the prize of the victor." When the king heard this, he said, "Good! so let it be!" Then, before the eyes of Mánapará and the king, they both entered the lists mounted. And in the course of the combat, Sukhadhana laid Arthalobha on the plain, by his horse's rearing on account of a lance-wound. Then Arthalobha fell three times more on the earth, on account of his horse being killed, but Sukhadhana, who was a fair fighter, restrained himself and would not slay him. But the fifth time Arthalobha's horse fell upon him, and bruised him, and he was carried off by his servants motionless. Then Sukhadhana was cheered by all the spectators with shouts of applause, and the king Báhubala honoured him as he deserved. And he immediately bestowed a gift of honour upon the lady, and he confiscated the property of Arthalobha, which had been acquired by unlawful means; and appointing another to his office, he departed pleased to his palace. For good men derive satisfaction from breaking off their connection with the bad. And Sukhadhana, having maintained his claim by force, remained enjoying himself in the society of Mánapará his loving wife.

"Thus wives and wealth leave the mean-spirited man, and of their own accord come to the high-spirited man from every quarter. So dismiss anxiety! Go to sleep! in a short time, my lord, you will obtain that princess Karpúriká." When Naraváhanadatta heard that sound advice of Rájyadhara's, he and Gomukha went off to sleep.

And in the morning, while the prince was waiting awhile after his meal, the wise Gomukha addressed Rájyadhara as follows: "Make such an ingenious chariot for my master, as that he shall be able by means of it to reach the city of Karpúrasambhava, and obtain his beloved." When thus supplicated, that carpenter offered Naraváhanadatta the chariot with a pneumatic contrivance, that he had made before. He ascended that sky-travelling chariot, swift as thought, together with Gomukha, and crossed the deep, the home of monsters, that agitated its waves as if exulting to behold his valour, and reached the city of Karpúrasambhava on its shore. There the chariot descended from the sky, and he and Gomukha left it, and out of curiosity wandered about inside the town. And by questioning the people he found out that he had indeed without doubt reached the desired city, and delighted

he went to the neighbourhood of the palace. There he found a splendid house occupied by an old woman, and he entered it to stay there, and she received him with respect. And eager to hit upon an artifice, he immediately asked that woman, “Noble lady, what is the name of the king here, and what children has he? And tell us of their appearance, for we are foreigners.” When he said this to the old woman, she, seeing that he was of excessively noble form, answered—“Listen, illustrious sir, I will tell you all. In this city of Karpúrasambhava there is a king named Karpúraka. And he, having no children, performed penance, with his wife Buddhikárí, fasting, in honour of Śiva, in order to obtain offspring. After he had fasted for three nights, the god Śiva commanded him in a dream—‘Rise up, a daughter shall be born to you, who shall be superior to a son, and whose husband shall obtain the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas.’ After receiving this order from Śiva, the king woke up in the morning; and, after communicating this dream to his wife Buddhikárí, he rose up and went off delighted, and with his queen broke his fast. And then in a short time that queen conceived by the king, and when the period was completed, she brought forth a daughter beautiful in all her limbs. She surpassed in splendour the lights in the lying-in chamber,[9] and they, as it were, heaved sighs by discharging lamp-black. And her father made great rejoicings, and gave her the name of Karpúriká, which is his own name made feminine. And gradually that moonlight of the eyes of the people, the princess Karpúriká, has grown up, and is now in the full bloom of youth. And her father, the king here, desires to have her married, but the haughty girl detests men, and will not consent. And when my daughter, who is her friend, put this question to her ‘My dear, why do you not desire marriage, the only fruit of a daughter’s birth?’ she answered, ’My dear, I remember my former birth, and the cause is something which happened then; hear it.”

Story of the princess Karpúriká in her birth as a swan.

On the shore of the ocean there is a great sandal-wood tree. Near it there is a lake adorned with full-blown lotuses. I was a female swan on that lake on account of my actions in a previous birth. Once on a time, out of fear of the sea, I made a nest in that sandal-wood tree with my husband, who was a male swan. When I was dwelling in that nest, I had male offspring born to me, and suddenly a great wave of the sea came and carried them off. When the flood carried away my children, out of grief I wept and took no food; and remained in front of a *linga* of Śiva on the shore of the sea. Then that male swan, my husband, came to me and said—"Rise up, why do you lament your children that are dead, we shall get other ones.[10] As long as life is preserved, everything can be obtained." His speech pierced my heart like an arrow, and I reflected—"Alas! males are thus wickedly regardless of their youthful offspring, and show no affection to, or compassion for their females, though they are attached to them. So of what comfort is this husband to me? Of what use is this body that brings only pain?" Thus reflecting, I prostrated myself before Śiva, and devoutly placed him in my heart, and then in front of his symbol, before the eyes of the swan, my husband, I uttered this prayer; "May I become in the next birth a princess remembering my former state,"—and thereupon I flung myself into the sea. Consequently, I have been born in this life such as you see. And because I remember the cruelty of that husband in a former birth, my mind does not feel inclined to any suitor. So I do not desire to be married; the rest is in the hands of Destiny. "This is what the princess said then in private to my daughter, and that daughter of mine came and told it to me."

"So, my son, I have told you what you asked me. And that princess is undoubtedly destined to be your wife. For she was long ago designated by the god Śiva as the wife of the future emperor of the Vidyádharas. And I see that you are marked with all the distinguishing signs of an emperor, such as the peculiar freckle, and other marks. Perhaps you are some distinguished person brought here by Providence for that very purpose. Rise up, for the present we will see what there is in my house in the way of provision." After the old lady had told him this, she brought him food, and he and Gomukha spent the night there. And in the morning, the prince deliberated in private with Gomukha as to the steps to be taken, and then he assumed the dress of a Páśupata ascetic, and accompanied by Gomukha, he went to

the king's gate, and roamed about in front of it, crying out again and again —"Ah my female swan! Ah my female swan!" And the people gazed at him. And when the maids beheld him thus employed, they went in astonishment and said to the princess Karpúriká; "Your Highness! we have seen at the royal gate a Páśupata ascetic who, though he has a fellow, is unfellowed in beauty,[11] and he continually utters these words, 'Ah my female swan! Ah my female swan!' which bewilders the minds of the women." When the princess heard this, she, as having been a swan in a former birth, was filled with curiosity, and had him, just as he was, conducted by her maids into her presence. And she saw that he was adorned with infinite beauty, like a new god of Love that had taken a vow to propitiate Śiva. And she said to him, when he looked at her with an eye expanded by curiosity, "What is this that you are continually saying, 'Ah! my female swan! Ah! my female swan?'" Though she said this to him, he went on to say—"Ah! my female swan!" Then his companion Gomukha answered her; "I will explain this in a few words, listen, Your Highness.

"In a former birth he was a swan on account of his actions in an anterior state of existence. Then he built himself a nest in a sandal-wood tree, on the bank of a great lake near the shore of the sea, and lived there with his female. And as it happened, their offspring in that nest were swept away by a wave, and his female, distracted with grief, threw herself into the sea. Then he, being grieved at separation from her, and disgusted with his bird-nature, desirous of leaving that body, made a pious wish in his heart—'May I be in a future life a prince remembering my former state, and may this virtuous female swan be my wife, remembering her former existence also.' Then he thought on Śiva, and scorched with the fire of grief, flung that body into the water of the sea. So he has been now born, my fair lady, as Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa in Kauśámbí, with the power of recollecting his former existence. When he was born, a voice said distinctly from heaven; 'This prince shall be the emperor of all the kings of the Vidyádharas.' In course of time, when he had become crown-prince, he was married by his father to the goddess Madanamanchuká of heavenly appearance, who had been born for a certain reason as a woman. And then the daughter of a king of the Vidyádharas named Hemaprabha, the maiden Ratnaprabhá, came of her own accord, and chose him for a husband.

Nevertheless, thinking on that female swan, he does not enjoy tranquillity; and he told this to me, who have been his servant from my childhood. Then, while he was out hunting, it happened that he and I had a meeting in the forest with a holy female hermit. And in the course of conversation she said to him with favouring condescension—'Owing to the effect of his actions the god of Love, my son, became a swan. And a heavenly female, that had fallen through a curse, became his dear wife, when he was dwelling, as a swan, in a sandal-wood tree on the bank of the sea. But she threw herself into the sea, through grief at her offspring having been carried away by the tide, and then the male swan flung himself into the sea also. He has now by the favour of Śiva been born as yourself, the son of the king of Vatsa, and you know of that former birth of yours, my son, for you remember your former existence. And that female swan has been now born in Karpúrasambhava, a city on the shore of the sea, as a princess, Karpúriká by name. Therefore, go there, my son, and win her to wife.' When the holy female hermit had said this, she flew up into the sky and disappeared. And this lord of mine, having heard this information, immediately set out with me to come here. And being attracted by love for you, he risked his life, and after traversing a hundred difficulties, he reached the shore of the sea. There we had an interview with the carpenter, named Rájyadhara, who dwells in Hemapura, and who gave us an ingenious chariot. We have mounted on this terrible machine, as if it were our courage having taken shape,[12] and have crossed the perilous gulf of the sea, and arrived at this town. For this reason, queen, my master wandered about, exclaiming, 'Ah my female swan!' until he came into your presence. Now, from the pleasing sight of the noble moon of your countenance, he enjoys the removal of the darkness caused by the presence of innumerable woes. Now, honour your noble guest with the blue lotus garland of your look." When Karpúriká heard this feigned speech of Gomukha's, she thought it was true, relying on the fact that it harmonized with her own recollections. And she melted in her soul with love, and she thought, "After all this husband of mine was attached to me, and my despondency was causeless." And she said—"I am in truth that very female swan, and I am fortunate in that my husband has for my sake endured suffering in two births. So now I am your slave, overcome by love;" and saying this, she honoured Naraváhanadatta with baths and other

hospitalities. Then she informed her father of all this by the mouth of her attendants, and he, the moment he heard it, came to her. Then the king thought himself fortunate, having seen that his daughter had conceived a desire to be married, and that an appropriate suitor for her had at length arrived in Naraváhanadatta, who was marked with all the signs of a great emperor. And he gave, with all due honour, his daughter Karpúriká to Naraváhanadatta according to the prescribed form. And he gave to that son-in-law of his, at every circumambulation from left to right of the sacred fire, thirty millions of gold-pieces, and as many lumps of camphor, the heaps of which appeared like the peaks of Meru and Kailása that had witnessed the marriage of Párvatí, come to behold his magnificence. Moreover the king Karpúraka, who had attained his wish, gave Naraváhanadatta a hundred millions of excellent garments and three hundred female slaves well adorned. And Naraváhanadatta, after his marriage, remained with that Karpúriká, as if with affection incarnate in bodily form. Whose mind was not delighted at the union of that couple, which resembled the marriage of the spring-creeper and the spring-festival?

And on the next day Naraváhanadatta, who had attained his object, said to his beloved Karpúriká, "Come, let us go to Kauśámbí." Then she answered him—"If it is to be so, why should we not go there immediately in this chariot of yours that flies through the air? If it is too small, I will furnish another large one, for there is living here a mechanic who makes ingenious chariots, who has come from a foreign land, Práṇadhara by name; I will cause him quickly to make such a chariot." After saying this, she called the warder that kept the door, and said to him—"Go and order that chariot-maker Práṇadhara to prepare a large chariot, that will travel through the air, for us to start in." Then the queen Karpúriká, having dismissed the warder, informed her father by the mouth of a slave of her desire to depart. And while the king, on hearing it, was coming thither, Naraváhanadatta thus reflected; "This Práṇadhara is certainly the brother of Rájyadhara, whom he described as having run away from his native land through fear of his king." While he was thus thinking, the king quickly arrived, and that mechanic Práṇadhara came with the warder, and said—"I have ready-made a very large chariot, which will easily carry at this instant thousands of men." When the mechanic said this, Naraváhanadatta said "Bravo!" and asked him

courteously; “Are you the elder brother of Rájyadhara, skilled in various very great mechanical contrivances?” And Práṇadhara answered him, bowing before him—“I am that very brother of his, but how does Your Highness know about us?” Then Naraváhanadatta told him what Rájyadhara had told him, and how he had seen him. Then Práṇadhara joyfully brought him the chariot, and he mounted it with Gomukha, after having been politely dismissed by his father-in-law the king, and after bidding farewell to him; but first he placed in it the slaves, camphor and gold. And he took with him Práṇadhara, whom the king permitted to depart, and that head-warder, and his recently married wife Karpúriká; and his mother-in-law uttered a solemn prayer for a blessing on his journey, and from those stores of splendid garments he bestowed gifts on the Bráhmans; and he said to Práṇadhara—“First let us go to Rájyadhara on the shore of the sea, and then home.” Then the chariot was driven on by Práṇadhara, and the king and his wife flew up into the air quickly by means of it, as if by his accomplished wish.[13] In a moment he crossed the sea, and reached again that city of Hemapura on its shore, the abode of that Rájyadhara. There Rájyadhara bowed before him, delighted at beholding his brother, and as he had no female slaves, the prince honoured him with the gift of some, at which he greatly rejoiced. And after taking leave of Rájyadhara, whose tears flowed fast, as he could hardly bear to part from his elder brother, the prince reached Kauśámbí in that same chariot. Then the people, on beholding the prince unexpectedly descend from heaven, riding in that splendid chariot, followed by his retainers, and accompanied by his new bride, were much astonished. And his father, the king of Vatsa, having gathered from the exultations of the citizens that his son had arrived, was delighted, and went out to meet him, accompanied by the queen, the ministers, his daughter-in-law, and other persons. And the king, beholding that son prostrate at his feet with his wife, received him gladly, and thought that the fact, that he was to be the future emperor of the aerial spirits, was clearly revealed by his coming in a flying chariot. His mother Vásavadattá, with Padmávatí, embraced him, and she shed a tear, which dropped like the knot of pain loosened by seeing him. And his wife Ratnaprabhá was delighted, and Madanamanchuká also, and their jealousy being overcome by love for him, they embraced his feet, and won his heart at the same time.

And the prince delighted his father's ministers, headed by Yaugandharáyaṇa, and his own, headed by Marubhúti, when they bowed before him, by rewarding them as they severally deserved. And they all, with the king of Vatsa at their head, welcomed that new wife Karpúriká, who bowed becomingly before them, like the goddess of Fortune arrived surrounded by a hundred immortal nymphs, even the sister-shape of Amṛita,[14] openly brought by her husband, having crossed the sea adorned with its shore as a garment with a beautiful fringe. And the king of Vatsa honoured that warder of her father's, giving him many crores of gold-pieces, garments and lumps of camphor, which had been brought in the chariot. And the king then honoured Práṇadhara as the benefactor of his son Naraváhanadatta, who had pointed him out as the maker of the chariot. And then the king honoured Gomukha, and asked him joyfully, "How did you obtain this princess? And how did you start from this place?" And then Gomukha deftly told the king of Vatsa, with his wives and ministers, in private, the whole adventure, as it took place, beginning with their going to the forest to hunt,——how they met the female hermit, and how they crossed the sea by means of the chariot provided by Rájyadhara, and how Karpúriká was obtained with her female attendants, though she was averse to marriage, and how they returned by the way by which they went, in a chariot which they obtained by finding Práṇadhara. Then all of them, shaking their heads in astonishment and joy, said—"To think of the concurrence of all these circumstances, the chase, and the female ascetic, the carpenter Rájyadhara skilled in mechanical contrivances found on the shore of the sea, the crossing the ocean in the chariot that he made, and that another maker of these chariots should have previously reached the other side of the ocean! The truth is, Destiny takes trouble to provide the fortunate with the means of obtaining prosperous success." Then all respectfully commended Gomukha for his devotion to his lord. And they praised queen Ratnaprabhá, who by her knowledge protected her lord on his journey, for she produced general satisfaction by acting like a woman devoted to her husband. Then Naraváhanadatta, having made his party of air-travellers forget the fatigues of their journey, entered his palace with his father, and mother, his wives and other relations. Then his treasury was filled with heaps of gold by the friends and relations who came to see him,

and whom he honoured, and he loaded Práṇadhara and his father-in-law's warder with wealth. And Práṇadhara, immediately after he had taken food, respectfully addressed this petition to him—"Prince, king Karpúriká gave us the following order—'You must come back quickly as soon as my daughter has reached her husband's palace, in order that I may have early news of her arrival.' So we must certainly go there quickly this very moment; give us a letter from Karpúriká to the king written with her own hand. For otherwise the heart of the king, which is attached to his daughter, will not take comfort. For he, never having mounted an air-chariot, fears that we may have fallen from it. So give me the letter, and permit this head-warder, who is desirous of ascending the chariot, to depart with me. But I will return here, crown-prince, and will bring my family, for I cannot abandon the two ambrosial lotuses of your feet." When Práṇadhara said this firmly, the son of the king of Vatsa immediately made Karpúriká sit down to write that letter. It ran as follows, "My father, you must not feel anxious about me, since I share the happiness and possess the love of a good husband; was the goddess Lakshmí an object of anxiety to the ocean after she had betaken herself to the Supreme Bridegroom?" When she had written the above letter with her own hand, and given it, the son of the king of Vatsa dismissed the warder and Práṇadhara with honour. And they ascended the chariot, and produced astonishment in the minds of all, as they were seen going through the air, and crossing the sea they went to the city of Karpúrasambhava. There they delighted the king Karpúraka by reading out his daughter's letter, which told that she had reached her husband's palace. The next day Práṇadhara took leave of the king, and after visiting Rájyadhara, repaired with his family into the presence of Naraváhanadatta. Naraváhanadatta, when he had returned thus quickly after accomplishing his mission, gave him a dwelling near his palace and an ample allowance. And he amused himself, and his wives, by going about in the flying chariots made by him, as if rehearsing future journeyings in the skies as emperor of the Vidyádharas.

Thus, having delighted his friends, followers and wives, and obtained a third wife Karpúriká in addition to Ratnaprabhá and Madanamanchuká, the son of the king of Vatsa spent those days in happiness.

1

I read *sarastírát* for *sarittírát*.

2

Here there is a pun, as the words may also be construed “woven of excellent threads.”

3

Maya was the architect of the Daityas. According to some Maya = Ptolemaios.

4

I. e. holding life.

5

Cp. the Metamorphoses (Golden Ass) of Apuleius, Lib. V, cap. III. Visoquestatim semirotundo suggestu propter instrumentum cœnatorum, rata refectui suo commodum, libens accumbit. Et illico vini nectarei eduliumque variorum fercula copiosa, nullo serviento, sed tantum spiritu quodam impulsa, subministrantur. See also the romance of Parthenopex of Blois in Dunlop’s History of Fiction, (Liebrecht’s translation, p. 175). See Liebrecht’s translation of the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 55.

6

I. e., holding or possessing a kingdom.

7

I. e., greed of wealth.

8

Cp. Die Sieben Weisen Meister c. 18, (Simrock’s Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, p. 185).

9

See note on page 305.

10

Cp. Herodotus III. 119; Antigone, vv. 909–912. See also the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. II, p. 131, and the Ucchanga Játaka, No. 67 in Dr. Fausböll’s edition.

11

A mere pun.

12

I read with a MS. in the Sanskrit College—*bhayade há múrta iva sáhase*.

13

“Wish” is literally “chariot of the mind,” so here there is a pun.

14

Both Śrí and the Amṛita came out of the sea when it was churned. *Sudaśárha kúlena* seems to be corrupt.

Book VIII.

Chapter XLIV.

Victory to the elephant-headed god,[1] who, reddening the sky with the vermilion dye shaken off by the wind of his flapping ears, seems to create sunset, even when it is not due.

Thus Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, dwelt happily in his father's house, after he had won those wives. And one day, when he was in his father's assembly-hall, he saw a man of heavenly appearance come there, descending from heaven. And after he and his father had welcomed the man, who bowed before him, he immediately asked him, "Who are you and why have you come?" Then he answered—"There is a city in this earth on the ridge of Himavat, called Vajrakúṭa,[2] and rightly so called, as being all made of diamond. There I dwelt, as a king of the Vidyádharas named Vajraprabha, and my name too was rightly given me, because my body is framed of diamond. And I received this command from Śiva, (who was pleased with my austerities,) "If thou remainest loyal at the appointed time to the emperor created by me, thou shalt become by my favour invincible to thy enemies." Accordingly I have come here without delay to pay my respects to my sovereign: for I have already perceived by means of my science that the son of the king of Vatsa, (who is born of a portion of the god of Love, and appointed by the god who wears a digit of the moon,) though a mortal, shall be sole emperor over both divisions of our territory.[3] And though, by the favour of Śiva, a prince of the name of Súryaprabha was ruler over us for a *kalpa* of the gods, still he was only lord in the southern division, but in the northern division a prince called Śrutaśarman was emperor; but your majesty, being destined for great good fortune, shall be sole emperor here over the wanderers of the air, and your dominion shall endure for a *kalpa*."

When the Vidyádhara said this, Naraváhanadatta, in the presence of the king of Vatsa, said to him again out of curiosity: "How did Súryaprabha, being a man, obtain of old time the sovereignty over the Vidyádharas? Tell

us.” Then in private, that is to say, in the presence of the queens and ministers, the king Vajraprabha began to tell that tale.

Story of Súryaprabha, and how he attained sovereignty over the Vidyádharas.

Of old there was in the country of the people of Madra a town named Śákala;[4] Chandraprabha, the son of Angáraprabha, was king of it, whose name expressed his nature, as he delighted the whole world, but he was like fire in that he scorched his enemies. By his wife, named Kírtimatí, there was born to that king a son, whose future glory was indicated by his exceedingly auspicious marks. And when he was born, a clear voice sounded from heaven, which rained nectar into the ears of king Chandraprabha, “This king, now born, named Súryaprabha, is appointed by Śiva as the future emperor over the kings of the Vidyádharas. Then that prince Súryaprabha grew up in the house of his father, who was distinguished by the delightful favour of the enemy of Pura,[5] and he being very clever, gradually acquired, while still a child, all knowledge and all the accomplishments by sitting at the feet of a teacher; and then, when he was sixteen years old, and captivated the subjects by his virtues, his father Chandraprabha appointed him crown-prince, and he gave him the sons of his own ministers, many in number, Bhása, Prabhása, Siddhártha, Prahasta and others. And while he was bearing with them the burden of a crown-prince’s duty, one day a great Asura of the name of Maya came there, and Maya went up in the assembly-hall to king Chandraprabha, who welcomed him, and said to him in the presence of Súryaprabha, “King, this son of yours, Súryaprabha, has been appointed as the future emperor of the kings of the Vidyádharas by Śiva; so why does he not acquire the magic sciences that will put him in possession of the dignity? For this reason I am sent here

by the god Śiva. Permit me to take him, and teach him the right method of employing the sciences, which will be the cause of his obtaining the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas. For he has a rival in this business, a lord of the sky-goers named Śrutaśarman; he too has been appointed by Śiva. But this prince, after acquiring the power of the sciences, shall conquer him with our help, and become emperor over the lords of the Vidyádharas." When Maya said this, king Chandraprabha said—"We are fortunate; let this auspicious one be taken by you wherever you wish." Then Maya took leave of the king, and quickly carried off to Pátála Súryaprabha and his ministers, whom the king permitted to depart. There he taught the prince ascetic practices of such a kind, that by means of them the prince and his ministers quickly acquired the sciences. And he taught him also the art of providing himself with magic chariots, so that he acquired a chariot named Bhútásana. Then Maya brought Súryaprabha, mounted on that chariot, with his ministers, having acquired the sciences, back to his own city from Pátála. And after he had led him into the presence of his parents, he said to him, "Now I depart, enjoy here all the enjoyments given by your magic knowledge until I return." After saying this, the Asura Maya departed, after having been duly honoured, and king Chandraprabha rejoiced in his son's having acquired the sciences.

Then Súryaprabha, by virtue of the sciences, was continually roaming through many countries in his chariot, with his ministers, to amuse himself. And wherever any princess beheld him, she was immediately bewildered by love, and chose him for her husband. The first was the virgin daughter of the king of Támraliptí, who was called Vírabhaṭa; her name was Madanasená, and she was the first beauty of the world. The second was Chandrikávatí the daughter of Subhaṭa, the emperor of the western border, who had been carried off by the Siddhas and left somewhere else. And the third was the famous daughter of Kumbhíra, the king of the city of Kánchí, Varuṇasená by name, remarkable for her beauty. And the fourth was the daughter of king Paurava, sovereign of Lávánaka, Sulochaná by name, with lovely eyes. And the fifth was the daughter of king Suroha, the lord of the land of China, Vidyunmálá with charming limbs, yellow as gold. And the sixth was the daughter of king Kántisena, ruler in the land of Śríkaṇṭha, surpassing in beauty the Apsarases. And the seventh was Parapushṭá, the

daughter of king Janamejaya, the lord of the city of Kauśámbí, a sweet-voiced maid. And though the relations of these maidens, who were carried off by a surprise, found out what had happened, still, as the prince was confident in the might of his supernatural science, they were pliant as canes. These wives also acquired the sciences, and Súryaprabha associated with them all at the same time, taking many bodies by his magic skill. Then he amused himself, in the company of these wives, and of the ministers Prahasta and others, with roaming in the air, with concerts, drinking-parties and other amusements. Possessing heavenly skill in painting, he drew the Vidyádhara females, and in that way, and by making sportive sarcastic speeches, he enraged those charmers, and he was amused at their faces, furrowed with frowns, and with reddened eyes, and at their speeches, the syllables of which faltered on their trembling lips. And that prince went with his wives to Támraliptí, and roaming through the air sported in the gardens with Madanasená. And having left his wives there, he went in the chariot Bhútásana, and accompanied by Prahasta only, visited the city called Vajrarátra. There he carried off the daughter of king Rambha before his eyes, Tárávalí by name, who was enamoured of him, and burning with the fire of love. And he came back to Támraliptí, and there carried off again another maiden princess, by name Vilásiní. And when her haughty brother Sahasráyudha was annoyed at it, he paralyzed him by his supernatural power. And he also stupefied Sahasráyudha's mother's brother, who came with him, and all his retainers, and made his head shorn of hair, because he wished to carry off his beloved ones. But though he was angry, he spared to slay them both, because they were his wife's relatives, but he taunted them, who were downcast on account of the overthrow of their pride, and let them go. Then Súryaprabha, surrounded by nine wives, having been summoned by his father, returned in his chariot to his city Śákala.

And then king Vírabhaṭa sent from Támraliptí an ambassador to Súryaprabha's father, king Chandraprabha, and gave him the following message to deliver—"Your son has carried off my two daughters, but let that be, for he is a desirable husband for them, as he is a master of supernatural sciences, but, if you love us, come here now, in order that we may make a friendship based upon the due performance of marriage rites and hospitality." Thereupon king Chandraprabha rewarded the messenger,

and determined that he would quickly start for that place on the morrow. But he sent Prahasta, as an ambassador to Vírabhaṭa, in order to make sure of his sincerity, and gave him Bhútásana to travel in. Prahasta went quickly and had an interview with king Vírabhaṭa, and questioned him about the business, and was informed and highly honoured by him,[6] and promised him, who smiled graciously, that his masters would come early next morning, and then he returned in a moment to Chandraprabha through the air. And he told that king that Vírabhaṭa was ready to receive him. The king, for his part, being pleased, shewed honour to that minister of his son's. Then king Chandraprabha with queen Kírtimatí, and Súryaprabha with Vilásiní and Madanasená, mounted that chariot Bhútásana, and went off early next day with retinue and ministers. In one watch only of the day they reached Támraliptí, being beheld, as they passed through the air, by the people with eyes the lashes of which were upraised through wonder. And descending from the sky, they entered the city side by side with king Vírabhaṭa, who came out to meet them; the beautiful streets of the town were irrigated at every step with sandal-wood water, and seemed to be strewed with blue lotuses by means of the sidelong glances of the city ladies. There Vírabhaṭa honoured his connexion and his son-in-law, and duly performed the marriage ceremony of his daughters. And king Vírabhaṭa gave at the marriage-altar of those daughters, a thousand loads of pure gold, and a hundred camels laden with burdens of ornaments made of jewels; and five hundred camels laden with loads of various garments, and fifty thousand horses, and five thousand elephants, and a thousand lovely women adorned with beauty and jewels. And moreover he gratified his son-in-law Súryaprabha and his parents with valuable jewels and territories. And he duly honoured his ministers, Prahasta and others, and he made a feast at which all the people of the city rejoiced. And Súryaprabha remained there in the company of his parents, and his beloved wives, enjoying delights, consisting of various dainties, wines, and music.

In the meanwhile an ambassador arrived from Rambha in Vajrarátra, and in the hall of assembly delivered this message from his master: "The crown-prince Súryaprabha, confiding in the might of his sciences, has insulted us by carrying off our daughter. But to-day we have come to know, that he has undertaken to be reconciled to king Vírabhaṭa, whose misfortune is the

same as ours. If in the same way you agree to be reconciled to us, come here also quickly, if not, we will in this matter salve our honour by death." When king Chandraprabha heard that, he honoured the ambassador, and said to him, "Go to that Rambha and give him this message from me: 'Why do you afflict yourself without cause? For Súryaprabha is now appointed by Śiva the future emperor of the Vidyádharas; and inspired sages have declared that your daughter and others are to be his wives. So your daughter has attained her proper place, but you being stern were not asked for her. So be appeased, you are our friend, we will come to your residence also.'" When Prahasta received this message from the king, he went through the air, and in a single watch he reached Vajrarátra. There he told his message to Rambha, and having been gladly received by him, he returned as he came, and reported it to king Chandraprabha. Then Chandraprabha sent his minister Prabhása, and had king Rambha's daughter Tárávalí conducted to him from Śákala. Then he departed in the air-chariot with Súryaprabha, being dismissed with great honour by king Vírabhaṭa and all others. And he reached Vajrarátra, which was full of people awaiting his arrival, and was met by Rambha, and entered his palace. There Rambha, having performed the great feast of the marriage ceremony, gave his daughter countless stores of gold, elephants, horses, jewels, and other valuables. And he gratified so lavishly his son-in-law Súryaprabha, that he forgot all his own luxuries. And while they were remaining there delighted with feasts, an ambassador came from the city of Kánchí to Rambha. Rambha having heard his message, said to king Chandraprabha—"King, the lord of Kánchí, named Kumbhíra, is my elder brother; he has to-day sent me a trustworthy messenger to speak this speech; 'Súryaprabha first carried off my daughter, then yours. And now you have made friendship with him and his father, as I hear, so bring about my friendship also with them. Let them come to my house, that I may with my own hand give my daughter Varuṇasená to Súryaprabha.' So grant this request of my brother's." When Rambha made this request, Chandraprabha granted it, and sent Prahasta and had Varuṇasená brought quickly from the city of Śákala to her father Kumbhíra. And the next day, he and Súryaprabha and Rambha, and Vírabhaṭa and all, with their attendants, went to the city of Kánchí. And after they had been met by Kumbhíra, they entered the city of Kánchí, as it were the girdle of

the earth, full of many jewels and adorned with excellences.[7] There Kumbhíra bestowed his daughter on Súryaprabha with the usual ceremonies, and gave much wealth to the young couple.

And when the marriage had taken place, Prahasta, after taking food, said to Chandraprabha, who was all joyfulness, in the presence of all, "King, in the country of Śríkaṇṭha I had an interview with the king of that land; there king Kántisena whom I thus happened to see, said to me—'Let Súryaprabha come to my house with that daughter of mine, whom he has carried off, I will perform the ceremony for him according to rule. If he refuses, I will abandon the body, distracted by love for my daughter.' This is what he then said to me, and I have now mentioned it on the proper occasion." When Prahasta said this, king Chandraprabha answered, "Go then, take Kántimatí to him, we will go there also." When the king said this to him, Prahasta went off that moment through the air, and did as he had commanded. And next morning Chandraprabha and all, with Kumbhíra, went to the land of Śríkaṇṭha in the air-travelling chariot. There king Kántisena came to meet them, and making them enter his palace, performed the auspicious ceremony of his daughter's marriage. Then he gave to Kántimatí and Súryaprabha an endless quantity of jewels, which excited the wonder of the kings.

While they were all remaining there, enjoying all kinds of pleasures, a messenger came from Kauśámbí and said—"King Janamejaya sends this message to your honours, 'My daughter, of the name of Parapushṭá, has been carried off by some one lately. And I have found out to-day, that she has come into the power of Súryaprabha, so let him come with her to my house without fear. I will perform the marriage ceremony according to rule, and so dismiss him with his wife, otherwise you will be my enemies, and I shall be yours.'" Having thus delivered his master's message, the ambassador remained silent: then king Chandraprabha said to them apart —"How can we go to the house of that king who sends such haughty messages?" When the king's minister named Siddhártha heard that, he said, "Do not entertain wrong notions, king, for he is justified in using such language. For that king is very generous, learned and sprung of a noble race, a hero, one who has offered the Aśvamedha sacrifice, ever

unconquered by others. How can he have spoken anything unbecoming in speaking according to facts? And as for the enmity which he threatens, he does that now on account of Indra. So you must go to his house, for he is a king faithful to his engagements. Nevertheless send some one to find out his intentions." When they heard this speech of Siddhártha's, they all approved it. Then king Chandraprabha sent Prahasta to sound Janamejaya, and honoured his messenger. And Prahasta went, and after making an agreement with the king of Kauśámbí, brought a letter from him, and satisfied Chandraprabha. The king quickly sent that Prahasta, and had Parapushṭá conducted from Śákala to Janamejaya. Then Chandraprabha and the other kings, preceded by Súryaprabha,[8] with Kántisena, went to Kauśámbí in the chariot. There the king Janamejaya courteously honoured his son-in-law, and his connexion and all the others, by advancing to meet them, and other ceremonies. And after he had performed the ceremony of the marriage-rite, he gave five thousand elephants and one hundred thousand excellent horses, and also five thousand camels laden with full burdens of jewels, gold, precious apparel, camphor and aloes-wood. And he made such a feast, that even the realm of Pluto was exclusively engaged in dancing and music, a feast in which excellent Bráhmans were honoured, and all kings gratified.

And in the meanwhile the heaven there suddenly became red, as if indicating that it would soon be dyed crimson with blood. And the sky suddenly became full of confused hurtling noises, as if terrified at beholding a hostile army coming in the air. And a mighty wind immediately began to blow, as if exciting the inhabitants of earth to war against the wanderers of the air. And immediately a great Vidyádhara army was seen in the air, illuminating with brightness the circle of the horizon, loud-shouting, impetuous. And in the midst of it Súryaprabha and the others beheld with astonishment a very handsome heavenly youth. And at that moment the herald of the Vidyádharas proclaimed with a loud voice in front of that youth, whose name was Dámodara: "Victory to the crown-prince Dámodara son of king Áshádha! O mortal, dweller on the earth, Súryaprabha, fall at his feet. And do homage, O Janamejaya; why have you given your daughter to an undeserver? Propitiate, both of you, this god at once, otherwise he will not be appeased." When Súryaprabha heard this, and saw that army, he was wroth, and seizing his sword and shield, he flew up into the heaven by his

science. And all his ministers flew up after him, with their weapons in their hands, Prahasta, and Prabhása, and Bhása, and Siddhártha, and Prajnáḍhya, and Sarvadamana, and Vítabhíti and Śubhankara. And the Vidyádharas fought a great fight with them. And on one side Súryaprabha, and on the other Dámodara advanced, not slaying their enemies with their swords, but receiving their weapons on their shields. Those men, few in number, and those air-roamers, a hundred thousand in number, found equality in battle, fighting with one another. And all sword-blades there flashed red with blood, falling on the heads of heroes, like the glances of the god of death. And the Vidyádharas fell on the earth with their heads and their bodies, in front of Chandraprabha, as if imploring protection out of fear. Súryaprabha shone in the world with the glory of the Vidyádharas which he had seen. The sky was red with blood, as if with vermilion shed abroad. And Súryaprabha at last reached, and fought face to face with Dámodara, who was armed with a sword and a shield. And as he fought, he broke through his enemy's guard by a skilful management of his weapons, and laid him on the earth, having cleft his shield with his sword. And while he was preparing to cut off the head of his struggling foe, Vishṇu came and made a threatening sound in the sky. Then Súryaprabha, having heard that sound, and having beheld Hari, prostrated himself, and out of respect for the god spared to slay Dámodara. Hari carried him off somewhere as his votary, and saved him from death, for the adorable one delivers in this world and the next his faithful followers. And the troops of Dámodara fled in different directions. Súryaprabha, for his part, descended from heaven to his father's side. And his father Chandraprabha welcomed him, on his returning unwounded with his ministers, and the other kings praised him, now that his valour had been seen.

And while they were all engaged in joyfully talking over the combat, another ambassador, belonging to Subhaṭa, arrived there. And he came and delivered a letter in the presence of Chandraprabha; and Siddhártha, opening it, read it out in the assembly: It ran as follows, "The august king Chandraprabha, the pearl-jewel of a noble race, is thus respectfully solicited by king Subhaṭa in the Concan. We have learnt that our daughter, who was carried off by some being in the night, has come into the hands of thy son, and we rejoice thereat. Make an effort, thou and thy son Súryaprabha, to

come with her to our house, without raising any objection, in order that we may behold our daughter, returned as it were from the other world, and perform for her at once the ceremony required for marriage." When this letter was read by Siddhártha, the king Chandraprabha, consenting, welcomed the messenger and rejoiced. And he quickly sent Prahasta to the western border, and had Subhaṭa's daughter Chandrikávatí conducted into her father's presence. And the next morning they all went, with Súryaprabha in front, and in company with Janamejaya, in the chariot to the western border. There king Subhaṭa, pleased at recovering his daughter, shewed them much honour, and celebrated his daughter's marriage festival. And he bestowed on Chandrikávatí jewels and other gifts in such liberal profusion, that Vírabhaṭa and the others were ashamed at what they had given. Then, while Súryaprabha was remaining there in the house of his father-in-law, there came from Lávánaka also an ambassador belonging to king Paurava. He delivered to Chandraprabha this message from his master, "My daughter Sulochaná has been carried off by the fortunate prince Súryaprabha: that does not grieve me; but why should he not be brought with her to my house, in order that we may perform the marriage ceremony?" When king Chandraprabha heard that, he honoured the messenger in his joy, and had Sulochaná escorted by Prahasta into the presence of her father. Then they, Subhaṭa and all, in the company of Súryaprabha, went to Lávánaka in the chariot, that came as soon as it was thought of. There Paurava performed the joyful marriage ceremony, and bestowed jewels liberally on Súryaprabha and Sulochaná, and honoured the kings also. And while they were remaining there in delight, entertained by the king, Suroha, the king of China, also sent an ambassador. That king, like the others, requested by the mouth of the ambassador that, as his daughter had been carried off, they would come with her to his palace.

Then king Chandraprabha was delighted, and he had the king of China's daughter, Vidyunmálá, also conducted by Prahasta to her father's house. And on the next day Chandraprabha and all went, including Paurava, together with Súryaprabha and his retinue, to the land of China. There the king came out to meet them, and led them into his own treasure-chamber, and there performed the marriage ceremony of his daughter. And he gave to Vidyunmálá and Súryaprabha an immense quantity of gold, elephants,

horses, jewels and silk garments. And being invited by Suroha, Chandraprabha and the others continued there for some days in various enjoyments. And Súryaprabha, who was in the prime of youth, was adorned by that Vidyunmálá,[9] as the rainy season, when the clouds abound, is adorned by the lightning-garland.

Thus Súryaprabha and his relatives, accompanied by his various charmers, enjoyed delights here and there in the houses of his fathers-in-law. Then he took counsel with Siddhártha and his other ministers, and dismissed one by one to their own lands Vírabhaṭa and the other kings, with numbers of horses, and then took leave of that king Suroha, and accompanied by his daughter, with his own parents and followers ascended that chariot Bhútásana, and went triumphant to his own city of Śákala. In that city great rejoicing took place on account of his arrival; in one place there was the occupation of dancing, in another the delight of music; in one place the amusement of drinking, in another the toilet-rites of fair-eyed ladies; in another the voice of bards loud in the praise of him who had obtained what he desired. Then he had brought his other wives, who had remained in their fathers' houses, and with the stores of elephants and horses bestowed by their fathers, that were brought with them, and with the innumerable camels bowed down with burdens full of various jewels, he displayed in sport the wealth obtained by the conquest of the world, and aroused the wonder of his subjects.

Then Śákala, inhabited by that fortunate one, appeared glorious, as if the chiefs of the gods, of the followers of Kuvera, and of the snakes, had made in it many deposits of much wealth. Then Súryaprabha dwelt there with Madanasená, enjoying the pleasures he desired, happy in that all blessings were fully bestowed upon him, in the society of his parents, with his ministers, accompanied by his other wives, expecting every day Maya, who had made a promise to return.

1

i. e., Gaṇeśa.

2

i. e., Diamond-peak.

3

For *ubhayavedyeka* the Petersburg lexicographers read *ubhayavedyardha*. I have followed this reading.

4

Identified by General Cunningham with the Sangala of Alexander. (Ancient Geography of India, p. 179 & ff.)

5

i. e., Śiva.

6

I read *bodhitaḥ*.

7

Kánchí means girdle, *guṇa* excellence and thread. The last clause might be translated—made of threads.

8

I read *Súryaprabha* for *Súryachandra*.

9

Vidyunmálá means “garland of lightning.”

Chapter XLV.

Then, one day, when king Chandraprabha was in the hall of assembly, and Súryaprabha was there accompanied by all his ministers, they called to mind Maya *à propos* of a remark made by Siddhártha, and suddenly the earth cleft open in the middle of the assembly. Then first a loud-sounding fragrant breeze ascended from the aperture in the earth, and afterwards the Asura Maya rose up from it, looking like a mountain in the night, for his hair gleamed upon his black lofty head like the potent herbs upon the mountain peaks, and his crimson robe resembled the flowing streams of cinnabar. And the king of the Dánavas, after having been duly honoured by king Chandraprabha, spake from his seat on a jewelled throne—"You have enjoyed these delights of earth, and now it is time for you to enjoy others; set yourselves now to prepare for acquiring them. Send out ambassadors, and collect your subordinate kings, and your friends and connexions; then we will unite with Sumeru, prince of the Vidyádharas, and we will conquer Śrutaśarman, and win the sovereignty of the sky-goers. And Sumeru is our ally, considering us as friends, for he received at the outset a command from Śiva, to support Súryaprabha and give him his own daughter. When the Asura Maya said this, Chandraprabha sent, as ambassadors to all the kings, Prahasta and the other ministers that travelled through the air; and, by the advice of Maya, Súryaprabha communicated the magic sciences to all his wives and ministers, on whom they had not been bestowed already.

And while they were thus engaged, the hermit Nárada arrived, descending from the sky, illuminating the whole horizon with brightness. And after he had received the *argha*, he sat down and said to Chandraprabha, "I am sent here by Indra, and he sends this message to your Highness—'I have learned that, by the instigation of Śiva, you purpose, with the assistance of the Asura Maya, being all of you deluded by ignorance, to obtain for this Súryaprabha, of mortal frame, the great dignity of emperor of all the chiefs of the Vidyádharas: that is improper, for I have conferred it on Śrutaśarman, and besides it is the hereditary right of that moon of the sea of the

Vidyádhara race. And as for what you are doing in a spirit of opposition to me, and contrary to what is right, it will certainly result in your destruction. Moreover, before, when your Highness was offering a sacrifice to Rudra, I told you first to offer an Aśvamedha sacrifice, but you did not do it. So the haughty enterprise you are engaged in, without regard to the gods, relying upon Śiva alone, will not turn out to your happiness.'" When Nárada had delivered in these words the message of Indra, Maya laughed and said to him; "Great hermit, the king of gods has not spoken well. For what he says about the fact of Súryaprabha being a mortal is beside the point; for who was not aware of that fact, when he met Dámodara in fight? For mortals who possess courage can obtain all powers. Did not Nahusha and others of old time obtain the dignity of Indra? And as for his saying that he bestowed the empire on Śrutaśarman, and that it is his hereditary right, that also is absurd, for where Śiva is the giver, who has any authority? Besides, did not he himself take away the sovereignty of the gods from Hiraṇyáksha, though it descended to him as the elder? And as for his other remark about opposition, and our acting contrary to what is right, that is false, for he violently puts himself in opposition to us out of selfish motives, and wherein, pray, are we acting contrary to what is right, for we are only striving to conquer our rival, we are not carrying off a hermit's wife, we are not killing Bráhmans? And what he says about the necessity of first performing an Aśvamedha sacrifice, and about contempt of the gods, is untrue, for when sacrifice to Śiva has been performed, what need is there of other sacrifices?[1] And when Śiva the god of gods is worshipped, what god is not worshipped? And as for his remark that exclusive attention to Rudra[2] is not becoming, I answer—Of what importance are the hosts of the other gods, where Śiva is in arms? When the sun has risen, do the other luminaries give light? So you must tell all this to the king of the gods, O hermit, and we shall continue to carry out what we are engaged in, let him do what he can." When the *ṛishi* Nárada had been thus addressed by the Asura Maya, he said "I will do so," and took back to the king of the gods that answer to his message. When that hermit had departed, the Asura Maya thus spake to king Chandraprabha, who was apprehensive on account of the message of Indra, "You must not be afraid of Indra; even if he is on the side of Śrutaśarman in fight, with the hosts of the gods, out of hostility to us,

still we Daityas and Dánavas are countless in number, and under the leadership of Prahláda we are ranged together on your side. And if the destroyer of Tripura[3] favours us and is active on our side, what other miserable creature in the three worlds has any power? So set about this expedition, heroes." When Maya said this, all those there were pleased, and considered that it was as he said.

Then in accordance with the messages carried by the ambassadors, in course of time all the kings, Vírabhaṭa and the others, assembled there, and all the other friends and relatives of Chandraprabha. When these kings with their armies had been duly honoured, the Asura Maya again said to Chandraprabha, "Perform to-night, O king, a great sacrifice in honour of Śiva; afterwards you shall do all as I direct." When he heard this speech of Maya's, king Chandraprabha immediately had preparations made for a sacrifice to Śiva. Then he went to the forest at night, and under the instructions of Maya, himself performed devoutly a sacrifice to Rudra. And while the king was engaged in the fire-offering, there suddenly appeared there Nandin the prince of the host of Bhútas. He was honoured duly by the delighted king, and said—"The god Śiva himself sends this command by me, 'Through my favour thou needst not fear even a hundred Indras; Súryaprabha shall become emperor of the sky-goers.'" After he had delivered this message, Nandin received a portion of the offering and disappeared with the hosts of Bhútas. Then Chandraprabha became confident in the future elevation of his son, and after completing the sacrifice, at the end of the fire-offering, re-entered the city with Maya.

And the next morning, when king Chandraprabha was sitting in secret conclave together with the queen, his son, the kings and his ministers, the Asura Maya said to him—"Listen, king, I will to-day tell you a secret long guarded; you are a Dánava, Sunítha by name, my mighty son, and Súryaprabha is your younger brother, named Sumundíka; after you were slain in the war of the gods, you were born here as father and son. That Dánava body of yours has been preserved by me skilfully embalmed with heavenly drugs and ghee. Therefore you must enter a cavern and visit Pátála, and then return to your own body by a charm which I will teach you. And when you have entered that body, you will be so much superior in

spirit and strength, that you will conquer in fight the wanderers of the air. But Súryaprabha, who is an incarnation of Sumundíka, with this same beautiful body which he now possesses, shall soon become lord of the sky-goers. When king Chandraprabha heard this from Maya, he was delighted and agreed to it, but Siddhártha said this—"O excellent Dánava, what ground of confidence have we, if this doubt should arise, 'Why has the king entered another body, has he then died?' And moreover will he forget us when he enters another body, like a man gone to the other world? Who is he, and who are we?" When the Asura Maya heard this speech of Siddhártha's, he answered—"You yourselves must come and see him with your own eyes entering another body, of his own free will, by the employment of a charm. And hear the reason why he will not forget you. A man, who does not die of his own free will, and is born in another womb, does not remember anything, as his memory is destroyed by old age and other afflictions, but whoever of his own free will enters another body, penetrating by the employment of magic the internal organ and the senses, without his mind and intellect being impaired, and passes, as it were, from one house to another, that prince among *Yogins* has supernatural knowledge and remembers all. So do not feel doubtful; so far from there being any reason for it, this king will obtain a great divine body free from old age and sickness. Moreover you are all Dánavas, and by merely entering Rasátala,[4] and drinking nectar, you will obtain divine bodies free from sickness." When the ministers heard this speech of Maya's, they all said, "So be it," and consented to his proposal, abandoning their apprehensions out of the confidence they reposed in him. And by his advice, Chandraprabha, with all the kings, went on the next day to the confluence of the Chandrabhágá and the Airávatí.[5] There Chandraprabha left the kings outside, and committed to their care the wives of Súryaprabha, and then he entered in company with Súryaprabha, the queen, and the ministers with Siddhártha at their head, an opening in the water pointed out by Maya, and after entering he travelled a long distance, and beheld a heavenly temple, and entered it with all of them.

And in the meanwhile the Vidyádharas descended with troops on those kings, who were remaining there outside the opening; and paralyzing the kings by supernatural arts, they carried off the wives of Súryaprabha, and

immediately a voice was heard from the sky—"Wicked Śrutaśarman, if you touch these wives of the emperor, you shall immediately perish with your host. So guard them respectfully, treating them like your mother; there is a reason for my not immediately slaying you and setting them free; so let them remain as they are at present." And when the kings, Vírabhaṭa and the others, saw them carried off, they prepared to die by fighting with one another. But a voice from heaven forbade their attempt, saying, "No harm will befall these daughters of yours, you shall obtain them again, so you must not act rashly, prosperity befall you!" So the kings remained waiting there. In the meantime Chandraprabha was in the temple in Pátála surrounded by all his companions, and there Maya said to him, "King, listen attentively to this wonderful thing; I will shew you the supernatural art of entering another body." He said this, and recited the Sánkhya and the Yoga doctrine with its secrets, and taught him the magic art of entering another body; and that chief of Yogins said—"This is the famous supernatural power, and the independence of knowledge, the dominion over matter that is characterized by lightness and the other mystic properties. The chief of the gods, possessing this power, do not long for liberation; in order to obtain this power others endure the hardship of muttering prayers and performing asceticism. Men of lofty soul do not love the pleasures of heaven even when attained. And listen, I will tell you a story in illustration of this."

Story of the Bráhman Kála.

In a former Kalpa[6] there was a certain Bráhman, of the name of Kála. He went to the holy bathing-place Pushkara and muttered prayers day and night. While he was muttering, two myriads of years of the gods passed away. Then there appeared a great light inseparable from his head, which, streaming forth in the firmament like ten thousand suns,[7] impeded the movement of the Siddhas and others there, and set the three worlds on fire.

Then Brahmá, Indra and the other gods came to him and said—"Bráhman, these worlds are on fire with your brightness. Receive whatever boon you desire." He answered them—"Let me have no other pleasure than muttering prayers, this is my boon, I choose nothing else." When they importuned him, that mutterer of prayers went far off and remained on the north side of the Himálayas, muttering prayers. When this extraordinary brightness of his gradually became intolerable even there, Indra sent heavenly nymphs to tempt him. That self-restrained man did not care a straw about them, when they endeavoured to seduce him. Then the gods sent him Death as plenipotentiary. He came to him and said—"Bráhman, mortals do not live so long, so abandon your life; do not break the law of nature." When the Bráhman heard this, he said—"If the limit of my life is attained, why do you not take me? What are you waiting for? But I will not of myself abandon my life, O thou god with the noose in hand; indeed, if I were wilfully to abandon my life, I should be a self-murderer." When he said this, and Death found that he could not take him on account of his power, he turned away from him and returned as he came. Then Indra repenting seized that Kála,[8] who had conquered Time the destroyer, in his arms, and took him up to heaven by force. There he remained averse to the sensual enjoyments of the place, and he did not cease from muttering prayers, so the gods made him descend again, and he returned to the Himálayas. And while all the gods were trying to induce him there to take a boon, the king Ikshváku came that way. When he heard how affairs stood, he said to that mutterer of prayers, "If you will not receive a boon from the gods, receive one from me." When the mutterer of prayers heard that, he laughed, and said to the king—"Are you able to grant me a boon, when I will not receive one even from the gods?" Thus he spoke, and Ikshváku answered the Bráhman—"If I am not able to grant you a boon, you can grant me one; so grant me a boon." Then the mutterer said—"Choose whatever you desire, and I will grant it." When the king heard this, he reflected in his mind: "The appointed order is that I should give, and that he should receive; this is an inversion of the due order, that I should receive what he gives." Whilst the king was delaying, as he pondered over this difficulty, two Bráhmans came there disputing; when they saw the king they appealed to him for a decision. The first said, "This Bráhman gave me a cow with a sacrificial fee: why

will he not receive it from my hand, when I offer to give it back to him?" Then the other said, "I did not receive it first, and I did not ask for it, then why does he wish to make me receive it by force?" When the king heard this, he said—"This complainant is not in the right; why, after receiving the cow, do you try to compel the man, who gave it, to take it back from you?" When the king said this, Indra, having found his opportunity, said to him —"King, if you hold this view of what is right, then, after you have asked the Bráhman, who mutters prayers, for a boon, why do you not take it from him when it is granted?" Then the king, being at a loss for an answer, said to that muttering Bráhman—"Revered sir, give me the fruit of half your muttering as a boon." Then the muttering Bráhman said—"Very well, receive the fruit of half my muttering," and so he gave the king a boon. By means of that boon the king obtained access to all the worlds, and that muttering Bráhman obtained the world of the gods called Śivas.[9] There he remained for many *kalpas*, and then returned to earth, and by mystic contemplation obtained independence, and gained everlasting supernatural power.

"Thus this supernatural power is desired by wise men, who are averse to heaven and such low enjoyments; and you have obtained it, O king, so, being independent, enter your own body." When Maya said this to king Chandraprabha, after communicating to him the doctrine of mystic contemplation giving supernatural power,[10] he and his wife and his son and his ministers rejoiced exceedingly.

Then the king, with his son and companions, was led by Maya to a second under-world, and made to enter a splendid city. And there they saw a gigantic hero, reclining at full length upon a beautiful couch, as if asleep, anointed with potent herbs and ghee, awful from the ghastly transformation of his features, surrounded by the daughters of the kings of the Daityas, with their lotus-faces full of melancholy. Then Maya said to Chandraprabha:—"This is your body, surrounded by your former brides, enter it."—The king had recourse to the magic contemplation taught by Maya, and entered the body of that hero, abandoning his own frame.[11] Then the hero yawned slowly, opened his eyes, and rose up from the bed, as if awaking out of sleep. Then a shout arose from the delighted Asura brides,

“Happy are we, that our husband, the god Sunítha, is to-day restored to life.” But Súryaprabha and the others were immediately despondent, beholding the body of Chandraprabha lying lifeless. But Chandraprabha-Sunítha, appearing as if risen from a refreshing sleep, saw Maya, and falling at his feet honoured his father. That father too embraced him and asked him in the presence of all,—“Do you remember both your lives, my son?” He said; “I do remember them,” and related what had happened to him in his life as Chandraprabha, and also what had happened to him in his life as Sunítha, and he comforted one by one Súryaprabha and the others, and also his queens, mentioning each by name, and also the Dánava ladies, his wives in his first life. And he preserved the body, which he had as Chandraprabha, carefully laid by, embalmed by means of drugs and ghee, saying, “It may possibly be useful to me.” Then Súryaprabha and the others, tranquil now that they had gained confidence, bowed before him, and joyfully congratulated him.

Then Maya, having conducted all of them in high delight out of that city, led them to another city adorned with gold and jewels. When they entered it, they beheld a lake of the appearance of beryl, filled with nectar, and they all sat down on the bank of it. And they drank that nectarous draught there, more excellent than the water of life, in curiously ornamented cups formed of jewels, which were brought to them by the wives of Sunítha. And by that draught they all rose up, as from a sleep of intoxication, and became possessed of divine bodies, and of great strength and courage.

Then the Asura Maya said to Chandraprabha-Sunítha, “Come, my son, let us go, and see your mother after so long a separation.” And Sunítha said “So be it,” and prepared to go conducted by Maya, and so proceeded to the fourth under-world with Súryaprabha and the others. There they beheld curious cities made of various metals, and at last they all reached a city built entirely of gold. There, on a pillar composed of jewels adorned with every luxury, they beheld that mother of Sunítha, the wife of Maya, by name Lílávatí, surpassing in beauty the nymphs of heaven, surrounded with Asura maidens, and adorned with all ornaments. The moment she beheld that Sunítha, she rose up in a state of excitement, and Sunítha, after saluting her, fell at her feet. Then she embraced with gushing tears the son, whom she

once more held in her arms after so long an interval, and again praised her husband Maya, who was the cause of her regaining him. Then Maya said —"Queen, your other son Sumundíka has been born again as the son of your son, and here he is, Súryaprabha by name. He has been appointed by the god Śiva the future emperor of the Vidyádharas, and is destined to rule over them in the body which he now possesses." When Súryaprabha heard this, and saw her look at him with an eye of longing affection, he and his ministers fell at her feet. And Lílávatí gave him her blessing, and said to him—"My darling, you do not require the body of Sumundíka, in this you are sufficiently glorious." When his sons were thus triumphant, Maya called to mind his daughter Mandodarí, and Vibhíshaṇa, and when called to mind, they came. And Vibhíshaṇa, welcomed with triumphant rejoicings, said to him—"O prince of the Dánavas, if you will listen to my advice, I will give it you. You are among the Dánavas singularly virtuous and prosperous, so you ought not to take up a causeless enmity against the gods. For you will gain nothing but death from your hostility to them. For Asuras have been slain in battle by the gods, but not gods by Asuras." When Maya heard this, he said—"We are not forcing on war, but if Indra violently makes war on us, tell me, how can we remain passive? And as for those Asuras who were slain by the gods, they were reckless, but did the gods slay Bali and others who were not infatuated?" That king of the Rákshasas having, with his wife Mandodarí, been addressed with these and similar speeches by Maya, took leave of him, and went to his own dwelling.

Then Sunítha, with Súryaprabha and the others, was conducted to the third under-world to visit king Bali. In that world, which surpassed even heaven, they all beheld Bali, adorned with chain and tiara, surrounded with Daityas and Dánavas. Sunítha and his companions fell at his feet in due order, and he honoured them with appropriate welcome. And Bali was delighted with the tidings related by Maya, and he quickly had summoned Prahláda and the other Dánavas. Sunítha and the others honoured them also by falling at their feet, and they, being full of joy, congratulated them, as they bent before them. Then Bali said, "Sunítha became Chandraprabha on the earth, and now is restored to life for us by regaining his body. And we have also gained Súryaprabha, who is an incarnation of Sumundíka. And he has been appointed by Śiva the future emperor of the Vidyádharas: and by the power

of the sacrifice offered by Chandraprabha my bonds have been relaxed. So without doubt we have gained prosperity by recovering these." When Śukra, the spiritual adviser of the Dánavas, heard this speech of Bali's, he said, "In truth those who act according to right never fail of prosperity in any matter; so act according to right, and do on this occasion also what I bid you." When the Dánavas, the princes of the seven under-worlds, who were assembled there, heard that, they agreed to it and bound themselves so to act. And Bali made a feast there, out of joy at the recovery of Sunítha.

In the meanwhile the hermit Nárada arrived there again, and after taking the *argha*, he sat down, and said to those Dánavas, "I have been sent here by Indra, and he in truth says this to you, 'I am exceedingly delighted at the fact that Sunítha has come back to life; so you must not take up a causeless enmity against me, and you must not fight against my ally Śrutaśarman.'" When the hermit had thus delivered Indra's message, Prahláda said to him, "Of course Indra is pleased that Sunítha has come back to life, how could it be otherwise? But we at any rate are not taking up causeless hostility. This very day we all took an engagement that we would not do so, in the presence of our spiritual adviser. But if Indra makes himself a partizan[12] of Śrutaśarman, and violently opposes us, how are we to be blamed for it? For Súryaprabha's ally, Śiva, the god of gods, has long ago appointed him, because he propitiated him first. So what have we to do with this matter which has been settled by the lord Śiva? It is clear that this, which Indra says, is without cause, and not right." When Prahláda, the king of the Dánavas said this to Nárada, he blamed Indra by expressing his agreement with it, and disappeared. When he had gone, Uśanas[13] said to the kings of the Dánavas—"Indra is evidently determined to oppose us in this matter. But, as Śiva has decidedly girded up his loins to shew us favour, what is his power, or what will his reliance upon Vishṇu do?" The Dánavas heard and approved this speech of Śukra's, and taking leave of Bali and Prahláda, went to their own homes. Then Prahláda went to the fourth under-world, his habitation, and king Bali, rising up from the assembly, retired within. And Maya and Sunítha and the others, Súryaprabha and all, bowed before Bali, and went to their own habitations. After they had eaten and drunk there sufficiently, Lílávatí, the mother of Sunítha, came to him and said, "My son,

you know that these wives of yours are the daughters of mighty ones, Tejasvatí being the daughter of the god of wealth, Mangalávatí of Tumburu; and as for Kírtimatí, that wife that you married in your existence as Chandraprabha, her you know to be the daughter of the Vasu Prabháva, so you must look upon these three with an equal eye, my son." After saying this, she commended to him his three principal wives. Then, that night, Sunítha entered his sleeping apartment with the eldest, Tejasvatí.

But Súryaprabha, in another chamber, with his ministers, reclined on a couch without any of his wives that night. And the goddess of sleep did not come to him, who remained continually alone, saying to herself, "What is the use of this unloving man, who leaves his wives outside?" And she would not approach Prahasta out of jealousy, as he was so exclusively in love with the cares of his official duties, but the other ministers around Súryaprabha went to sleep comfortably. In the meanwhile Súryaprabha and Prahasta beheld an incomparable maiden entering, accompanied by a female friend. She was so beautiful that Providence seemed, after creating her, to have placed her in the lower regions in order that the nymphs of heaven, also his creation, might not be eclipsed by her. And while Súryaprabha was debating who she might be, she approached each of his friends, one by one, and looked at them; and as they did not possess the distinguishing marks of emperors, she left them, and seeing that Súryaprabha possessed them, she approached him, who was lying in the midst of them; and she said to her friend—"Here he is, my friend; so touch him on the feet, wake him up with those hands of yours cool as water." When her friend heard that, she did so, and Súryaprabha ceased to feign sleep, and opened his eyes, and beholding those maidens, he said—"Who are you, and why do you come here?" When the friend of the lady heard that, she said to him—"Listen, king, in the second under-world there is a victorious king named Amíla, a chieftain of the Daityas, the son of Hiraṇyáksha; this is his daughter Kalávatí whom he loves more than life. Her father came back to-day from the court of Bali, and said—'I am fortunate in that I have to-day beheld Sunítha once more restored to life; and I have also seen the young man Súryaprabha, an incarnation of Sumundíka, who has been brought into the world by Śiva as the future emperor of the Vidyádharas. So I will now offer a congratulatory tribute to

Sunítha,——I will give my daughter Kalávatí to Súryaprabha, for she cannot be given to Sunítha because she belongs to the same family; but Súryaprabha is his son in his birth as a king, not in his birth as an Asura, and any honour paid to his son will be paid to him.' When my friend heard this speech of her father's, her mind being attracted by your virtues, she came here out of a curiosity to see you." When that friend of the lady's said this, Súryaprabha pretended to be asleep in order to discover the real object of her wish. The maiden slowly approached the sleepless Prahasta, and after telling him all by the mouth of her friend, went out. And Prahasta advanced towards Súryaprabha and said—"King, are you awake or not?" And he, opening his eyes, said to him, "My friend, I am awake, for how could I sleep to-day being alone? But I will tell you a strange fact; listen, for what can I hide from you? I saw a moment ago a maiden enter here with her friend; her equal is not beheld in these three worlds. And she departed in a moment, taking my heart with her. So look for her at once, for she must be somewhere hereabout." When Súryaprabha said this to him, Prahasta went out, and seeing the maiden there with her friend, he said to her—"I, to please you, have again woke up my master here, so you, to please me, must once more grant him an interview. Behold once more his form that gives satisfaction to your eyes,[14] and let him, who was overpowered by you as soon as he saw you, behold you again. For when he woke up, he said to me speaking of you, 'Bring her from some place or other, and shew her to me, otherwise I cannot survive.' Then I came to you, so come and behold him yourself." When she was thus addressed by Prahasta, she hesitated to go in boldly, owing to the modesty natural to a maiden, and reflected, and then Prahasta, seizing her hand, led her into the presence of Súryaprabha. And Súryaprabha, when he saw that Kalávatí had come near him, said—"Fair one, was this right of you to come in to-day and steal away my heart, as you did, when I was asleep? So, thief, I will not leave you unpunished to-day." When her sly friend heard this, she said to him; "Since her father knew of it before, and determined to assign this thief to you for punishment, who can forbid you to punish her. Why do you not inflict on her to your heart's content the punishment due for thieving?" When Súryaprabha heard that, he wanted to embrace her, but Kalávatí being modest, said, "Do not, my husband, I am a maiden." Then Prahasta said to her; "Do not hesitate, my

queen, for the Gándharva marriage is the best of all marriages in the world." When Prahasta had said this, he went out with all the rest, and Súryaprabha that very moment made Kalávatí, the maiden of the under-world, his wife.

And when the night came to an end, Kalávatí went to her own dwelling, and Súryaprabha went to Sunítha and Maya. They all assembled and went into the presence of Prahláda, and he, seated in the hall of audience, after honouring them appropriately, said to Maya: "We must do something to please Sunítha on this day of rejoicing, so let us all feast together." Maya said—"Let us do so, what harm is there in this?" And then Prahláda invited by means of messengers the chiefs of the Asuras, and they came there in order from all the under-worlds. First came king Bali accompanied by innumerable great Asuras. Close behind him came Amíla and the brave Durároha and Sumáya, and Tantukachchha, and Vikaṭáksha and Prakampana, and Dhúmaketu and Mahámáya, and the other lords of the Asuras; each of these came accompanied by a thousand feudal chiefs. The hall of audience was filled with the heroes who saluted one another, and after they had sat down in order of rank, Prahláda honoured them all. And when the time of eating arrived, they all, with Maya and the others, after bathing in the Ganges, went to a great hall to dine. It was a hundred *yojanas* wide, and had a pavement of gold and jewels, and was adorned with jewelled pillars, and full of curiously wrought jewelled vessels. There the Asuras, in the company of Prahláda, and with Sunítha and Maya, and with Súryaprabha accompanied by his ministers, ate heavenly food of various kinds, containing all the six flavours, solid, liquid, and sweetmeats, and then drank the best of wine. And after they had eaten and drunk, they all went to another hall, which was made of jewels, and beheld the skilful dance of the Daitya and Dánava maidens. On that occasion Súryaprabha beheld the daughter of Prahláda, named Mahalliká, who came forward to dance by order of her father. She illuminated the world with her beauty, rained nectar into his eyes, and seemed like the moon-goddess[15] come to the under-world out of curiosity. She had her forehead ornamented with a patch, beautiful anklets on her feet, and a smiling face, and seemed as if all made of dancing by the Creator. With her curling hair, her pointed teeth, and her breasts that filled up the whole of her chest, she seemed as it were to be creating a new style of dance. And that fair one, the moment she was

beheld by Súryaprabha, forcibly robbed him of his heart, though it was claimed by others. Then she also beheld him from a distance, sitting among the Asura princes, like a second god of Love made by the Creator, when the first god of love had been burnt up by Śiva. And when she saw him, her mind was so absorbed in him, that her skill in the expression of sentiments by gesture forsook her, as if in anger at beholding her want of modesty. And the spectators beheld the emotion of those two, and brought the spectacle to an end, saying, "The princess is tired." Then Mahalliká was dismissed by her father, looking askance at Súryaprabha, and after she had bowed before the princes of the Daityas, she went home. And the princes of the Daityas went to their respective houses, and Súryaprabha too went to his dwelling at the close of day.

And when the night came, Kalávatí again came to visit him, and he slept secretly within with her, with all his followers sleeping outside. In the meanwhile Mahalliká also came there, eager to see him, accompanied by two confidantes. Then a minister of Súryaprabha's, named Prajnáḍhya, who happened at that moment to have his eyes forsaken by sleep, saw her attempting to enter. And he, recognising her, rose up and said—"Princess, remain here a moment until I enter and come out again." She alarmed, said —"Why are we stopped, and why are you outside?" Prajnáḍhya again said to her—"Why do you enter in this sudden way when a man is sleeping at his ease? Besides, my lord sleeps alone to-night on account of a vow." Then the daughter of Prahláda, being ashamed, said, "So be it, enter," and Prajnáḍhya went inside. Seeing that Kalávatí was asleep, he woke up Súryaprabha and himself told him that Mahalliká had arrived. And Súryaprabha, hearing of it, gently rose up, and went out, and beholding Mahalliká with two others, he said—"This person has been supremely blessed by your arrival, let this place be blessed also, take a seat." When Mahalliká heard this, she sat down with her friends, and Súryaprabha also sat down, with Prajnáḍhya by his side. And when he sat down, he said —"Fair one, although you shewed contempt for me by seeming to look on others in the assembly with respect, nevertheless, O rolling-eyed one, my eyes were blessed as soon as they beheld your dancing as well as your beauty." When Súryaprabha said this, the daughter of Prahláda answered him—"This is not my fault, noble sir,[16] he is in fault, who made me

ashamed in the hall of assembly by putting me beside my part in the pantomime." When Súryaprabha heard this, he laughed and said—"I am conquered." And then that prince seized her hand with his, and it perspired and trembled, as if afraid of the rough seizure. And she said—"Let me go, noble sir, I am a maiden under my father's control,"—then Prajnáḍhya said to that daughter of the chief of the Asuras, "Is not there not such a thing as the Gándharva marriage of maidens? And your father, who has seen your heart, will not give you to another, moreover he will certainly do some honour to this prince here; so away with timidity! Let not such a meeting be thrown away!" While Prajnáḍhya was saying this to Mahalliká, Kalávatí woke up within. And not seeing Súryaprabha on the bed, after waiting a long time, she was terrified and apprehensive and went out. And seeing her lover in the company of Mahalliká, she was angry and ashamed and terrified. Mahalliká too, when she saw her, was terrified and angry and ashamed, and Súryaprabha stood motionless like a painted picture. Kalávatí came to his side, thinking—"Now that I have been seen, how can I escape, shall I display shame or jealousy?" And she said with a spiteful intonation to Mahalliká—"How are you, my friend, how comes it that you have come here at night?" Then Mahalliká said—"This is my house; as you have arrived here from another mansion of the under-world, you are to-day my guest here." When Kalávatí heard that, she laughed and said—"Yes, it is clearly the case that you entertain with appropriate hospitality every guest, as soon as he arrives here." When Kalávatí said this, Mahalliká answered —"When I spoke to you kindly, why do you answer in such an unkind and spiteful way, shameless girl? Am I like you? Did I, without being bestowed in marriage by my parents, come from a distance, and in a strange place sleep in the bed of a strange man alone at night? I came to see my father's guest, as he was going away, in accordance with the duty of hospitality, a moment ago, accompanied by two female friends. When this minister entered, after first reproaching me, I guessed the real state of the case; you have now of yourself revealed it." When thus addressed by Mahalliká, Kalávatí departed, looking askance at her beloved with an eye red with anger. Then Mahalliká too said to Súryaprabha in wrath, "Now I will depart, man of many favourites," and went away. And Súryaprabha remained in heartless despondency, as was reasonable, for his heart, devoted to his loved ones, went with them.

Then he woke up his minister Prabhása, and sent him to discover what Kalávatí had done, after she had separated from him in anger; and in the meanwhile he sent Prahasta to find out about Mahalliká, and he remained with Prajnáḍhya awaiting their report. Then Prabhása returned from investigating the proceedings of Kalávatí, and being questioned, he said as follows: "From this place I went to the private apartment of Kalávatí in the second under-world, concealing myself by my science. And outside it I heard the conversation of two maids. The one said, 'My friend, why is Kalávatí distressed to-day?' Then the second said—'My friend, hear the reason. There is at present in the fourth under-world an incarnation of Sumundíka, named Súryaprabha, who in beauty surpasses the god of Love; she went secretly and gave herself to him. And when she had repaired to him to-day of her own accord at night-fall, Mahalliká, the daughter of Prahláda, chose to come there too. Our mistress had a jealous quarrel with her, and was in consequence preparing to slay herself, when, she was seen by her sister Sukhávatí and saved. And then she went inside, and flinging herself down on a bed, she remained with that sister, who was despondent when she had learnt by enquiry what had taken place.' When I had heard this conversation of the two maids, I entered the apartment, and beheld Kalávatí and Sukhávatí, who resembled one another exactly."

While Prabhása was saying this to Súryaprabha in private, Prahasta also came there, and being questioned, he said as follows—"When I arrived from this place at the private apartment of Mahalliká, she entered despondent with her two intimate friends. And I entered also invisible by the employment of magic science, and I saw there twelve friends like her; and they sat round Mahalliká, who reclined on a sofa ornamented with splendid jewels; and then one said to her, 'My friend, why do you seem to be suddenly cast down to-day? What is the meaning of this despondency when your marriage is about to come off?' When the daughter of Prahláda heard that, she answered her friend pensively, 'What marriage for me? To whom am I betrothed? Who told you?' When she said that, they all exclaimed, 'Surely your marriage will take place to-morrow, and you are betrothed, my friend, to Súryaprabha. And your mother, the queen, told us to-day when you were not present, and ordered us to decorate you for the marriage ceremony. So you are fortunate, in that you will have Súryaprabha

for a husband, through admiration for whose beauty the ladies of this place cannot sleep at night. But this is a source of despondency to us—What a gulf there will now be between you and us! When you have obtained him for a husband, you will forget us.' When Mahalliká heard this from their mouth, she said, 'Has he been seen by you, and is your heart attached to him?' When they heard that, they said to her—'We saw him from the top of the palace, and what woman is there that a sight of him would not captivate?' Then she said, 'Then I will persuade my father to cause all of you to be given to him.[17] So we shall live together, and not be separated.' When she said this, the maidens were shocked, and said to her, 'Kind friend, do not do so. It would not be proper, and would make us ashamed.' When they said this, the daughter of the king of the Asuras answered them, 'Why is it not proper? I am not to be his only wife: all the Daityas and Dánavas will give him their daughters, and there are other princesses on the earth whom he has married, and he will also marry many Vidyádhara maidens. What harm can it do to me that you should be married among these? So far from it, we shall live happily in mutual friendship; but what intercourse can I hold with those others who will be my enemies? And why should you have any shame about the matter? I will arrange it all.' While these ladies were thus conversing, with hearts devoted to you, I came out at my leisure and repaired to your presence." When Súryaprabha had heard this from the mouth of Prahasta, he passed that night in happiness, though he remained sleepless in his bed.

In the morning he went to the court of Prahláda, the king of the Asuras, with Sunítha and Maya and his ministers, to visit him. Then Prahláda said to Sunítha after showing him respect—"I will give to this Súryaprabha my daughter Mahalliká, for I must shew him some hospitable entertainment which will be agreeable to you." Sunítha received with joy this speech of Prahláda's. Then Prahláda made Súryaprabha ascend an altar-platform, in the middle of which a fire was burning, and which was adorned with lofty jewelled pillars illuminated by the brightness of the flame, and there gave him his daughter, with splendour worthy of the imperial throne of the Asuras. And he gave to his daughter and her bridegroom heaps of valuable jewels, obtained by his triumph over the gods, resembling the summit of mount Meru. And then Mahalliká boldly said to Prahláda—"Father, give me

also those twelve companions whom I love." But he answered her —"Daughter, they belong to my brother, for they were taken captive by him, and I have no right to give them away." And Súryaprabha, after the marriage feast was ended, entered at night the bridal chamber with Mahalliká.

And the next morning, when Prahláda had gone to the hall of assembly with his followers, Amíla, the king of the Dánavas, said to Prahláda and the others—"To-day you must all come to my house, for I intend to entertain there this Súryaprabha, and I will give him my daughter Kalávatí, if you approve." This speech of his they all approved, saying, "So be it." Then they all went in a moment to the second under-world, where he dwelt, with Súryaprabha, Maya and others. There Amíla gave by the usual ceremony to Súryaprabha his daughter, who had previously given herself. Súryaprabha went through the marriage ceremony in the house of Prahláda, and surrounded by the Asuras who had feasted, spent the day in tasting the enjoyments which they provided for him.

On the next day, Durároha, a prince of the Asuras, invited and conducted them all to his own under-world, the fifth. There, by way of hospitality, he gave to Súryaprabha his own daughter Kumudávatí, as the others had done, in the prescribed manner. There Súryaprabha spent the day in enjoyment with all these united. And at night he entered the apartment of Kumudávatí. There he spent that night in the society of that lovely and loving woman, the beauty of the three worlds.

And the next morning, Tantukachchha invited and conducted him, surrounded with his companions, headed by Prahláda, to his palace in the seventh under-world. There that king of the Asuras gave him his daughter Manovatí, adorned with splendid jewels, bright as molten gold. There Súryaprabha spent a highly agreeable day, and passed the night in the society of Manovatí.

And the next day, Sumáya, a prince of the Asuras, after presenting an invitation, conducted him with all his friends to his under-world, the sixth; there he too gave him his daughter by name Subhadrá, with body black as a

stalk of *durbá* grass, like a female incarnation of the god of Love; and Súryaprabha spent that day with that black maiden, whose face was like a full moon.

And the next day, king Bali, followed by the Asuras, in the same way led that Súryaprabha to his own under-world, the third. There he gave him his own daughter named Sundarí, with complexion lovely as a young shoot, and resembling a cluster of *mádhaví* flowers. Súryaprabha then spent that day with that pearl of women in heavenly enjoyment and splendour.

The next day, Maya also in the same way re-conducted the prince, who was in the fourth under-world, to his own palace, which possessed curiously adorned jewelled terraces, was constructed by his own magic power, and on account of its refulgent splendour seemed to be new every moment. There he gave him his own daughter, named Sumáyá, whose beauty was the wonder of the world, who seemed to be his own power incarnate, and he did not think that she ought to be withheld from him on account of his being a mere mortal. The fortunate Súryaprabha remained there with her. Then the prince divided his body by his magic science, and lived at the same time with all those Asura ladies, but with his real body he lived principally with his best beloved Mahalliká, the daughter of the Asura Prahláda.

And one night, when he was happy in her presence, he asked the noble Mahalliká in the course of conversation—"My dear, those two female friends, who came with you, where are they? I never see them. Who are they, and where have they gone?" Then Mahalliká said—"You have done well to remind me. My female friends are not two only, but twelve in number, and my father's brother carried them off from Indra's heaven. The first is named Amṛitaprabhá, the second Keśiní, these are the auspiciously marked daughters of the hermit Parvata. And the third is Kálindí, and the fourth Bhadraká, and the fifth is the noble Kamalá with beautiful eyes. These three are the daughters of the great hermit Devala. The sixth is named Saudáminí and the seventh Ujjvalá, these are both of them daughters of the Gandharva Háhá. The eighth is by name Pívará, the daughter of the Gandharva Húhú. And the ninth is by name Anjaniká, the daughter of the mighty Kála. And the tenth is Keśarávalí, sprung from the Gaṇa Pingala.

And the eleventh is Máliní by name, the daughter of Kambala, and the twelfth is Mandáramálá the daughter of a Vasu. They are all heavenly nymphs, born from Apsarases, and, when I was married, they were taken to the first under-world, and I must bestow them on you, in order that I may be always with them. And this I promised them, for I love them. I spoke too to my father, but he refused to give them, out of regard for his brother." When Súryaprabha heard this, he said to her with a downcast expression—"My beloved, you are very magnanimous, but how can I do this?" When Súryaprabha said this to her, Mahalliká said in anger—"In my presence you marry others, but my friends you do not desire, separated from whom I shall not be happy even for one moment." When she said this to him, Súryaprabha was pleased and consented to do it. Then that daughter of Prahláda immediately took him to the first under-world and gave him those twelve maidens. Then Súryaprabha married those heavenly nymphs in order, commencing with Amṛitaprabhá. And after asking Mahalliká's leave, he had them taken by Prabhása to the fourth under-world and concealed there. And Súryaprabha himself went there secretly with Mahalliká, but he went to the hall of Prahláda, as before, to take his meals.

There the king of the Asuras said to Sunítha and Maya—"Go all of you to visit the two goddesses Diti and Danu." They said "So be it," and immediately Maya, Sunítha and Súryaprabha left the lower world, accompanied by the Asuras in order of precedence, and ascended the chariot Bhútásana, which came to them on being thought of, and repaired to the hermitage of Kaśyapa situated on a ridge of mount Sumeru. There they were announced by hermits who shewed them all courtesy, and after entering they beheld in due order Diti and Danu together, and bowed their heads at their feet. And those two mothers of the Asuras cast a favourable look upon them and their followers, and after shedding tears and kissing them joyfully upon their heads,[18] and bestowing their blessing upon them, said to Maya: "Our eyes are to-day blessed, having seen this thy son Sunítha restored to life, and we consider thee one whose merits have procured him good fortune. And beholding with heart-felt satisfaction this prosperous Sumundíka, born again in the character of Súryaprabha, possessed of heavenly beauty and of extraordinary virtue, destined to be successful and glorious, abounding in unmistakeable marks of future

greatness, we openly adore him here with our bodies. Therefore rise up quickly, darlings, and visit Prajápati here, our husband; from beholding him you shall obtain success in your objects, and his advice will be helpful to you in your affairs." When Maya and the others received this order from the goddesses, they went as they were commanded, and beheld the hermit Kaśyapa in a heavenly hermitage. He was like pure molten gold in appearance, full of brightness, the refuge of the gods, wearing matted locks yellow as flame, irresistible as fire. And approaching, they fell at his feet with their followers, in order; then the hermit gave them the customary blessing, and after making them sit down, out of delight at their arrival said to them—"I am exceedingly glad that I have beheld all you my sons; thou art to be praised, Maya, who, without diverging from the good path, art a treasure-house of all sciences; and thou art fortunate, Sunítha, who hast recovered thy life though lost, and thou, O Súryaprabha, art fortunate, who art destined to be the king of the sky-goers. So you must all continue now in the path of righteousness, and hearken to my word, by means of which you will obtain the highest fortune, and taste perpetual joys, and by which you will not again be conquered by your enemies; for it was those Asuras, that transgressed law, that became a prey for the discus of the vanquisher of Mura. And those Asuras, Sunítha, that were slain by the gods, are incarnate again as human heroes. He who was thy younger brother Sumundíka, has been born indeed now as Súryaprabha. And the other Asuras, who were your companions, have been born as his friends; for instance, the great Asura, named Śambara, has been born as his minister Prahasta. And the Asura, named Triśiras, has been born as his minister named Siddhártha. And the Dánava, named Vátápi, is now his minister Prajnáḍhya. And the Dánava, named Ulúka, is now his companion named Śubhankara, and his present friend Vítabhíti was in a former birth a foe of the gods, named Kála. And this Bhása, his minister, is an incarnation of a Daitya by name Vishaparvan, and his minister Prabhása is an incarnation of a Daitya named Prabala. He was a great-hearted Daitya with a frame composed of jewels, who, when asked by the gods, though they were his enemies, hewed his body to pieces, and so passed into another state of existence, and from that body of his all the jewels in the world have originated. The goddess Durgá was so pleased at that, that she granted him a boon accompanied by another body, by virtue of which he has now been born as Prabhása, mighty, and

hard to be overcome by his enemies. And those Dánavas, who formerly existed under the names of Sunda and Upasunda, have been born as his ministers Sarvadamana and Bhayankara. And the two Asuras, who used to be called Vikaṭáksha and Hayagríva, have been born as his two ministers here, Sthirabuddhi and Mahábuddhi. And the others connected with him, these fathers-in-law, ministers and friends of his, are also incarnations of Asuras, who have often vanquished Indra and his crew. So your party has again gradually acquired strength. Be of good courage; if you do not depart from the right, you shall obtain the highest prosperity." While the *ṛishi* Kaśyapa was saying this, all his wives, the daughters of Daksha, headed by Aditi, arrived at the time of the mid-day sacrifice. When they had given their blessing to Maya and the others, who bowed before them, and had performed their husband's orders for the day, Indra also came there with the Lokapálas[19] to visit the sage. And Indra, after saluting the feet of Kaśyapa and his wives and after having been saluted by Maya and the others, looking angrily at Súryaprabha, said to Maya,—"This is the boy, I suppose, that is desirous of becoming emperor of the Vidyádharas; how is he satisfied with so very little, and why does he not desire the throne of heaven?" When Maya heard this, he said, "The throne of heaven was decreed to you by Śiva, and to him was appointed the sovereignty of the sky-goers."[20] When Indra heard this, he said with an angry laugh—"This would be but a small matter for this comely shape of a youth who is furnished with such auspicious marks." Then Maya answered him—"If Śrutaśarman deserves the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas, then surely this shape of his deserves the throne of heaven." When Maya said this, Indra was angry, and rose and uplifted his thunderbolt, and then the hermit Kaśyapa made a threatening noise of anger. And Diti and the other wives became enraged, and their faces were red with anger, and they loudly cried, "Shame!" Then Indra, afraid of being cursed, withdrew his weapon, and sat down with bowed head. Then Indra fell at the feet of that hermit Kaśyapa, the sire of gods and Asuras, who was surrounded by his wives, and after striving to appease him, made the following representation with hands folded in supplication: "O reverend one, this Súryaprabha is attempting to take away from Śrutaśarman the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas, which I bestowed on him. And Maya is exerting himself in every way to procure it

for Súryaprabha." When Prajápati heard that, he said, seated with Diti and Danu,—"Thou lovest Śrutaśarman, O Indra, but Śiva loves Súryaprabha, and his love cannot be fruitless, and he long ago ordered Maya to do what he has done. So, what is all this outcry that thou art making against Maya, what offence has he committed herein? For he is one who abides in the path of right, wise, discreet, submissive to his spiritual superior. The fire of my wrath would have reduced thee to ashes, if thou hadst committed that sin, and thou hast no power against him; dost thou not recognise his might?" When that hermit with his wives said that, Indra was abashed with shame and fear, and Aditi said—"What is that Śrutaśarman like? Let him be brought here and shown to us." When Indra heard this, he sent Mátali,[21] and had brought there immediately that Śrutaśarman, the prince of the sky-goers. The wives of Kaśyapa, when they had seen that Śrutaśarman, who prostrated himself, looked at Súryaprabha and said to the hermit Kaśyapa —"Which of these two is the richer in beauty and in auspicious marks?" Then that chief of hermits said, "Śrutaśarman is not even equal to his minister Prabhása, much less is he equal to that incomparable one. For this Súryaprabha is furnished with various heavenly marks of such excellence, that, if he were to make the attempt, he would find even the throne of Indra easy to obtain." When they heard that speech of Kaśyapa's, all there approved it, and said—"So it is." Then the hermit gave Maya a boon in the hearing of great Indra—"Because, my son, thou didst remain undaunted, even when Indra lifted up his weapon to strike, therefore thou shalt remain unharmed by the plagues of sickness and old age, which are strong as the thunderbolt. Moreover these two magnanimous sons of thine, who resemble thee, shall always be invincible by all their enemies. And this son of mine Suvásakumára, resembling in splendour the autumn moon, shall come when thou thinkest of him, and assist thee in the night of calamity. When the hermit had thus spoken, his wives and the *ṛishis* and the Lokapálas in the same way gave boons to them, to Maya and the rest, in the assembly. Then Aditi said to Indra—"Desist, Indra, from thy improper conduct, conciliate Maya, for thou hast seen to-day the fruit of discreet conduct, in that he has obtained boons from me." When Indra heard that, he seized Maya by the hand and propitiated him, and Śrutaśarman, eclipsed by Súryaprabha, was like the moon in the day. Then the king of the gods immediately prostrated

himself before Kaśyapa his spiritual guide, and returned as he came, accompanied by all the Lokapálas; and Maya and the others, by the order of that excellent hermit, departed from his hermitage to meet success in their proposed undertaking.

1

Alluding to Indra's slaying the demon Vṛitra, who was regarded as a Bráhman, and to his conduct with Ahalyá.

2

I. q. Śiva.

3

i. e., Śiva.

4

One of the seven under-worlds.

5

I. q. Acesines and Hydraotes.

6

I. e., a day of Brahmá consisting of 1000 yugas.

7

Cp. the halo or *aureole* round the heads of Christian saints, the circle of rays and nimbus round the head of Greek divinities, and the beam that came out of Charles the Great's mouth and illumined his head. (Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, translated by Stallybrass, p. 323.) Cp. Livy I, 39; and Le Lotus de la Bonne Loi (Burnouf) p. 4.

8

Kála means Time, Fate, Death.

9

I divide *sa śivákhyánám* and take *sa* to be the demonstrative pronoun.

10

I. e. the Yoga system.

11

This superstition appears to be prevalent in China. See Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, Vol. I, p. 23, and other passages. It was no doubt carried there by the same wave of Buddhism that carried there many similar notions connected with the transmigration of souls, for instance the belief that children are born able to speak, and that this is very inauspicious. (Cp. Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, Vol. I, p. 184 with the story of Dharmagupta and Chandraprabhá in the 17th chapter of this work.) The existence of this latter belief in Europe is probably to be ascribed to the influence of Buddhism.

12

Here I read *Śrutaśarma-sapakshatvam*.

13

Uśanas here means Śukra, the spiritual guide of the Asuras.

14

I read *paśyásya rúpam*. This gives a better sense. It is partly supported by a MS. in the Sanskrit College. The same MS. in the next line reads *tvám tu paśyati chaiko'pi*—I read *tvám tu paśyatu chaisho'pi*.

15

Lit. "the shape of the moon"; put for the moon, because the author is speaking of a woman. See Böhtlingk and Roth s. v.

16

I. e. áryaputra, used by a wife in addressing a husband.

17

A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *asau* where Brockhaus reads *amúr*.

18

The Petersburg lexicographers remark that *sampadád* is "*wohl fehlerhaft*." A MS. in the Sanskrit College has *sádarád*. But this seems improbable with *sádare* in the line above. Babu Śyámá Charaṇ Mukhopádhyáya conjectures *sammadád* which I have adopted.

19

The eight Lokapálas or guardians of the world.

20

I. e. the Vidyádharas.

21

His charioteer.

Chapter XLVI.

Then Maya and Sunítha and Súryaprabha, all of them, left that hermitage of Kaśyapa, and reached the junction of the Chandrabhágá and Airávatí, where the kings, the friends and connexions of Súryaprabha, were awaiting him. And the kings who were there, when they saw Súryaprabha arrived, rose up weeping in despair, eager to die. Súryaprabha, thinking that their grief arose from not seeing Chandraprabha, told them the whole occurrence as it happened. Then, as they still remained despondent, he questioned them, and they reluctantly related how his wives had been carried off by Śrutaśarman. And they also told him how they were preparing to commit suicide through grief at that outrage, when they were forbidden by a heavenly voice. Then Súryaprabha in wrath made this vow—"Even if Brahmá and all the other gods protect Śrutaśarman, I will certainly overthrow him, a villain who carries off the wives of others, addicted to treacherous insolence." And having made this vow, he appointed a moment fixed by the astrologers on the seventh day, for marching to his overthrow. Then Maya, perceiving that he was determined, and had made up his mind to conquer his enemy, again confirmed him with his speech, and said to him—"If you really have made up your mind, then I will tell you this; it was I that on that occasion carried off your wives by magic, and I placed them in the under-world, thinking that thus you would set about your victorious expedition in an impetuous manner, for a fire does not of itself burn so fiercely, as it does when fanned by a breeze. So come, let us go to the under-world; I will shew you those wives of yours." When they heard that speech of Maya's, they all rejoiced, and they entered again by the same opening as before, and went to the fourth under-world, Maya leading the way. There Maya brought those wives of Súryaprabha's out of a dwelling-house, and delivered them over to him. Then Súryaprabha, after receiving those wives, and the others, the daughters of the Asuras, went by the advice of Maya to visit Prahláda. He, having heard from Maya that Súryaprabha had obtained boons, and being desirous of proving him, took up his weapon, and said with feigned anger as he bowed before him,—"I have heard, wicked one, that you have carried off

the twelve maidens captured by my brother, so, I will slay you now; behold me." When Súryaprabha heard that, he said to him, without changing countenance,—"My body is at your disposal; punish me, for I have acted improperly." When he said this, Prahláda laughed and said to him—"As far as I have tested you, you have not a drop of pride in you. Choose a boon, I am pleased with you." When Súryaprabha heard this, he consented, and chose as his boon devotion to his superiors and to Śiva. Then, all being satisfied, Prahláda gave to Súryaprabha a second daughter of his, named Yáminí, and that prince of the Asuras gave him two of his sons as allies. Then Súryaprabha went with all the rest into the presence of Amíla. He too was pleased on hearing that he had obtained the boons, and gave him Sukhávatí his second daughter, and two of his sons to help him. Then Súryaprabha remained there during those days, accompanied by his wives, inducing other kings of the Asuras to make common cause with him. And he heard, in the company of Maya and the others, that the three wives of Sunítha and his own wives, the daughters of the kings, had all become pregnant, and when asked what they longed for, they all said, to see that great battle, and the Asura Maya rejoiced at it, perceiving that the Asuras, who were slain in old time, had been conceived again in them—"This," said he, "is the cause of their desire."

So six days passed, but on the seventh Súryaprabha and the others, with their wives and all, set out from the under-world. Delusive portents, which their rivals displayed to impede them, were dissipated by Suvásakumára, who came when thought of. Then they anointed Ratnaprabha, the son of Chandraprabha, king of the earth, and ascended the chariot Bhútásana,[1] and went all of them, by the advice of Maya, to a wood of ascetics on the bank of the eastern Ganges, the dwelling of Sumeru the king of the Vidyádharas. There Sumeru received them with all honour, as they had come on a friendly visit, having been told the whole story by Maya, and remembering the previous command of Śiva. And while Chandraprabha and the others were in that place, they summoned each of them all their own forces, and also their relations and friends. First came those princes, the sons of the fathers-in-law of Súryaprabha, who had acquired from Maya the required sciences, eager for the fray. They were sixteen in number, headed by Haribhaṭa, and each was followed by a force consisting of a myriad of

chariots, and two myriads of footmen. After them came the Daityas and Dánavas true to their agreement, brothers-in-law, fathers-in-law, friends and other connexions of Súryaprabha.

Hṛishtaroman, and Mahámáya, and Sinhadanshṭra and Prakampana, and Tantukachehha and Durároha, and Sumáya, and Vajrapanjara, and Dhúmaketu, and Pramathana, and the Dánava Vikaṭáksha, and many others came from as low down as the seventh under-world. One came with seven myriads of chariots, another with eight, another with six, and another with three, and the least powerful of all with one myriad. One brought three hundred thousand footmen, another two hundred thousand, another one hundred thousand, and the pettiest potentate of all fifty thousand. And each brought a corresponding number of horses and elephants. And another innumerable host came belonging to Maya and Sunítha. And Súryaprabha's own countless army also arrived, and those of Vasudatta and the other kings, and that of Sumeru.

Then the Asura Maya addressed this question to the hermit Suvásakumára, who came to him when thought of, in the presence of Súryaprabha and the others—"Reverend sir, we cannot review this army here because it is scattered; so tell me where we could get a view of the whole army at once extended in long array." The hermit answered—"Not more than a *yojana* from here there is a place called Kalápagráma; go there and behold it drawn up in line." When the hermit said that, all the princes went with him and Sumeru to Kalápagráma. There they made the armies of the Asuras and the kings take up their positions, and going to an elevated spot they reviewed them separately. Then Sumeru said—"Śrutaśarman has the larger force, for he has under him a hundred and one chiefs of the Vidyádharas. And every single one of those chiefs is lord of two and thirty kings. Never mind! I will draw away some and make them join you. So let us go in the morning to the place named Valmíka. For to-morrow is the eighth lunar day of the black fortnight of Phálguna, which is a high day. And on that day there is produced there a sign to show the future emperor, and for that reason the Vidyádharas are going there in a great hurry on that day.

When Sumeru gave that opinion with regard to the army, they spent that day in accordance with the law, and went on the morrow to Valmíka in chariots with their army. There they encamped with shouting forces on the southern plateau of the Himálayas, and beheld many Vidyádhara kings that had arrived. And those Vidyádharas had lighted fires there in fire-cavities, and were engaged in sacrificing, and some were occupied with muttering prayers. Then, where Súryaprabha made a fire-cavity, the fire burst forth of itself, owing to the power of his magic science. When Sumeru saw it, he was pleased, but envy arose in the breasts of the Vidyádharas at the sight; then one said to him—"For shame, Sumeru! why do you abandon your rank as a Vidyádhara, and follow this inhabitant of earth named Súryaprabha?" When Sumeru heard this, he angrily rebuked him. And when Súryaprabha asked his name, he said—"There is a Vidyádhara of the name of Bhíma, and Brahmá loved his wife at will; from this connexion he sprang. Since be sprang from Brahmá in a secret way, he is called Brahmagupta. Hence he speaks in a style characteristic of his birth."

After saying this, Sumeru also made a fire-cavity. And in it Súryaprabha sacrificed with him to the god of Fire. And in a moment there suddenly rose from the hole in the ground an enormous and terrible serpent. In his arrogance, that chief of the Vidyádharas, named Brahmagupta, by whom Sumeru was blamed, ran to seize it. That serpent thereupon sent forth a hissing wind from its mouth, which carried Brahmagupta a hundred feet, and flung him down with such violence that he fell like a withered leaf. Then a chief of the Vidyádharas, named Tejaḥprabha, ran to seize it; he was flung away by it in the same manner. Then a lord of the Vidyádharas, named Dushṭadamana, approached it; he was hurled back like the others by that blast from its mouth. Then a prince of the sky-goers, named Virúpaśakti, approached it; he too was flung away as easily as a blade of grass by that breath. Then two kings, named Angáraka and Vijṛimbhaka, ran towards it together; and it flung them to a distance with its breath. Thus all the princes of the Vidyádharas were flung away one after another, and rose up with difficulty, with their limbs bruised with stones. Then Śrutaśarman, in his pride, went forward to seize the serpent; but it hurled him back with the blast of its breath like the others. He fell at a short distance, and rose up again, and ran again towards it; when it carried him a greater distance with

its breath, and flung him to earth. Then Śrutaśarman rose up abashed, with bruised limbs, and Sumeru sent Súryaprabha to lay hold of the serpent. And then the Vidyádharas ridiculed him, saying, “Look! he too is trying to catch the snake! O! these men, thoughtless as monkeys, imitate whatever they see another doing.” Even while they were mocking him, Súryaprabha went and seized the serpent, whose mouth was quiet, and dragged it out of the hole. But at that moment the serpent became a priceless quiver, and a rain of flowers fell from the sky on his head. And a heavenly voice sounded aloud —“Súryaprabha, thine is this imperishable quiver equal to a magic power, so take it.” Then the Vidyádharas were cast down, Súryaprabha seized the quiver, and Maya and Sunítha and Sumeru were delighted.

Then Śrutaśarman departed, accompanied by the host of the Vidyádharas, and his ambassador came to Súryaprabha and said; “The august lord Śrutaśarman thus commands—‘Give me that quiver, if you value your life.’” Then Súryaprabha said; “Ambassador, go and tell him this—‘Your own body shall become a quiver, bristling all over with my arrows.’” When the ambassador heard this speech, he turned and went away, and all laughed at that furious message of Śrutaśarman’s[2], and Sumeru, joyfully embracing Súryaprabha, said to him—“I am delighted that that speech of Śiva’s has without doubt been fulfilled, for now that you have acquired this excellent quiver, you have practically acquired sovereign empire; so come and obtain now a splendid bow with calm intrepidity.”

When they heard Sumeru say this, and he himself led the way, they all, Súryaprabha and the others, went to the mountain Hemakúṭa. And on the north side of it they reached a beautiful lake named Mánasa, which seemed to have been the first assay of the Creator’s skill when making the sea, which eclipsed with its full-blown golden lotuses shaken by the wind, the faces of the heavenly nymphs sporting in the water. And while they were contemplating the beauty of the lake, Śrutaśarman and all the others came there. And then Súryaprabha made a sacrifice with lotuses and *ghee*, and immediately a terrible cloud rose up from that lake. That cloud filled the heaven, and poured down a great rain, and among the rain-drops fell from the cloud a black serpent. By the order of Sumeru, Súryaprabha rose up, and seized that serpent with a firm grasp, though it resisted, thereupon it

became a bow. When it became a bow, a second snake fell from the cloud, through fear of the fiery poison of which all the sky-goers fled. That serpent too, when seized by Súryaprabha, like the first, became a bowstring, and the cloud quickly disappeared. And after a rain of flowers, a voice was heard from heaven,—"Súryaprabha, you have won this bow Amitabala and this string which cannot be cut, so take these priceless treasures." And Súryaprabha took that excellent bow with the string. Śrutaśarman, for his part, went despondent to his wood of ascetics, and Súryaprabha, and Maya and the others were delighted.

Then they asked Sumeru about the origin of the bow, and he said—"Here there is a great and marvellous wood of bamboo canes; whatever bamboos are cut from it and thrown into this lake, become great and wonderful bows; and these bows have been acquired by several of the gods before yourself, and by Asuras and Gandharvas, and distinguished Vidyádharas. They have various names, but the bows appropriated to emperors are all called Amitabala, and were in old time deposited in the lake by the gods. And they are obtained, through the favour of Śiva, with these exertions, by certain men of virtuous conduct destined to be emperors. Hence it comes that Súryaprabha has to-day procured this great bow, and these companions of his shall procure bows suited to them. For they, being heroes who have acquired the sciences, are appropriate recipients for them, for they are still procured by worthy men, as is right."

When the companions of Súryaprabha, Prabhása and the others, heard this speech of Sumeru's, they went to the bamboo-grove, and after defeating the king Chandradatta, who guarded it, they brought the bamboos, and threw them into the lake. And these heroic men, by fasting on the bank of the lake, and muttering prayers, and sacrificing, obtained bows in seven days. When they returned and told their adventure, Súryaprabha returned with them and Maya and the others to that wood of ascetics, in which Sumeru dwelt. Then Sumeru said to him: "It is strange that your friends have conquered Chandradatta, the king of the bamboo-wood, though he is invincible. He possesses a science called the bewildering science, for that reason he is hard to conquer. Surely he must have been keeping it to use against a more important enemy. For this reason he did not employ it against these

companions of yours on the present occasion, for it only can succeed once in his hands, not repeatedly. For he employed it once against his spiritual preceptor to try its force, thereupon he laid upon him this curse. So this matter should be thought upon, for the might of sciences is hard to overcome, and for that reason you should consult the revered Maya. What can I say in his presence? Of what avail is a candle in the face of the sun?" When Sumeru had said this to Súryaprabha, Maya said; "Sumeru has told you the truth in few words, listen to this which I now say—From undeveloped matter there spring in this world various powers, and subordinate powers. Among them the sound expressed by Anusvára arises from the power of breathing, and becomes a spell of force in magic sciences, when accompanied with the doctrine of the highest truth. And of those sciences which deal with spells, and which are acquired by supernatural knowledge, or austerity, or the holy command of holy men, the power is hard to resist. So, my son, you have obtained all the sciences, except two, in which you are deficient, namely, the science of bewildering, and that of counteracting. But Yájnavalkya knows them, therefore go and ask him to bestow them on you." When thus advised by Maya, Súryaprabha went into the presence of that *ṛishi*.

That hermit made him dwell for seven days in the serpent-lake, and ordered him to perform austerities for three days in the midst of the fire. And he gave him the bewildering power when he had endured for seven days the bite of the snakes, and the counteracting power when he had resisted for three days the force of the fire.[3] And when he had obtained these sciences, that hermit ordered him again to enter the fire-cavity, and he consented and did it. And immediately there was bestowed on Súryaprabha a chariot in the form of a white lotus, that moved at the will of the possessor, and travelled through the air, which was furnished with a hundred and eight wings, and the same number of dwellings, and constructed of precious jewels of various kinds. And a voice from heaven addressed that resolute one,—"You have obtained this chariot suitable for an emperor, and you must place your wives in all these dwellings, in order that they may be safe from your enemies." Then he, bending low, addressed this petition to his preceptor Yájnavalkya—"Tell me what fee I am to pay." The hermit answered him —"Remember me at the time when you are anointed emperor, this in itself

will be sufficient fee; in the meanwhile go to your army." Then he bowed before that hermit, and ascended that chariot, and went to his army, that was encamped in the place where Sumeru dwelt. There he told his story, and Maya and the others, with Sunítha and Sumeru, congratulated him, now that he had obtained a magic chariot.

Then Sunítha called to mind that Suvásakumára, and he came and said to Maya and the others, with the kings; "Súryaprabha has obtained a chariot and all the magic sciences; so why do you even now remain indifferent about conquering your enemies?" When Maya heard that, he said, "Reverend sir, you have spoken rightly, but first let an ambassador be sent, and let policy be employed." When Maya said this, the hermit's son said —"So be it! What harm can this do? Let this Prahasta be sent. He is discerning, eloquent, and understands the nature of business and occasions, and he is stern and enduring, he possesses all the qualities of an ambassador." All approved this speech of his, and after giving Prahasta instructions, they sent him off as ambassador to Śrutaśarman.

When he had gone, Súryaprabha said to all his followers,—"Hear the strange wonderful vision that I have had—I remember, I saw toward the end of last night, that we were all carried away by a great stream of water, and while we were swept away, we kept dancing, we did not sink at all. Then that stream was turned back by a contrary breeze. Then a certain man of fiery brightness drew us out, and threw us into the fire, and we were not burned by the fire. Then a cloud rained a stream of blood, and that blood filled the whole sky, then my sleep came to an end with the night." When he said this, Suvásakumára said to him, "This dream indicates success preceded by a struggle. The stream of water is battle, it is due to valour that you did not sink but danced, and were carried along by the water; the wind, that turned back the water for you, is some saviour to whom men resort for protection; and the man of fiery brightness, who drew you out of it, is Śiva in bodily form. And that he threw you into the fire, means that you are cast into a great war; and that the clouds arose, that means the returning again of fear; and the rain of a stream of blood, that means the destroying of fear, and the filling of all the quarters with blood, that means great success for you. Now dreams are of many kinds,[4] the rich-sensed, the true-sensed, and

the senseless. A dream which quickly reveals its meaning, is called rich-sensed, a dream in which a propitious god gives a command, is called true-sensed, and one which is brought about by deep meditation and anxiety, they call senseless. For a man under the influence of sleep, with mind bewildered by the quality of passion and withdrawn from outward objects, sees a dream on account of various causes. And it depends upon the time, when it is seen, whether it is fulfilled soon or late, but this kind of dream which is seen at the end of the night is quickly fulfilled.[5]" When Súryaprabha and his companions heard this from the hermit's son, they were much pleased, and rising up they performed the duties of the day.

In the meanwhile Prahasta returned from the court of Śrutaśarman, and, when asked by Maya and the others, he described his adventures. "I went rapidly hence to the city named Trikúṭapatáká, situated on the mountain Trikúṭa, built of gold. And being introduced by the door-keeper, I entered, and beheld Śrutaśarman surrounded by various Vidyádhara kings, by his father Trikúṭasena, and also by Vikramaśakti and Dhurandhara and other heroes, Dámodara among them. And sitting down, I said to Śrutaśarman, 'I am sent to visit you by the august Súryaprabha: and he commissioned me to give you this command. By the favour of Śiva I have obtained precious sciences, and wives and allies. So come and join my army, together with those chiefs of the sky-goers; I am the slayer of those that oppose, but the saviour of those that bend. And as for your carrying off from her relations the maiden Kámachúḍámaṇi, the daughter of Sunítha, who ought not to be approached, set her at liberty, for that is a deed of shame.' When I said this they all exclaimed in wrath,—'Who is he that sends us this haughty command? Let him give commands to mortals, but who is he compared with Vidyádharas? Since he assumes such airs, though he is a miserable mortal, he should be destroyed.'

"When I heard that, I said, 'What, what? Who is he? Listen, he has been created by Śiva as your future emperor. If he is a mortal, then mortals have attained divinity, and the Vidyádharas have seen the valour of that mortal; moreover, if he comes here, we shall soon see which party will be destroyed.' When I said this in wrath, that assembly was disturbed. And Śrutaśarman and Dhurandhara rushed forward to slay me. And I said to

them—‘Come now, let me see your valour!’ Then Dámodara rose up, and restrained them, exclaiming ‘Peace! an ambassador and a Bráhman must not be slain.’ Then Vikramaśakti said to me—‘Depart, ambassador, for we, like your master, are all created by Śiva. So let him come, and we will see whether we are able to entertain him or not.’ When he said this in a haughty manner, I laughed and said, ‘The swans utter their cries in the lotus-bower and enjoy themselves much, until they see the cloud that comes darkening the heaven.’ After saying this I rose up in a contemptuous manner, left the court, and came here.” When Maya and others heard this from Prahasta, they were pleased. And they all, Súryaprabha and the rest, determined on preparing for battle, and made Prabhása, the impetuous in war, their general. And receiving the command from Suvásakumára, they all prepared that day with strict vows to consecrate themselves for the combat.[6]

And at night, Súryaprabha, as he was lying sleepless, saw a wonderful and beautiful maiden enter the chamber, in which he was occupying a solitary couch in accordance with his vow. She came boldly up to him, who pretended to be asleep, with his ministers sleeping round him, and said to her confidante, who was with her; “If he possesses such glorious beauty, when he is asleep, and all the graceful motion of his body is still, what must it be, my friend, when he is awake? So let be! we must not wake him up. I have gratified the curiosity of my eyes. Why should I fix my heart too fondly on him? For he will have a battle with Śrutaśarman, and who can say what will befall either party in it? For the feast of battle is for consuming the lives of heroes. And should he not be fortunate, we shall have to take some other resolve.[7] And how could one like me captivate the soul of a man who, when roaming in the air, beheld Kámachúḍámaṇi?” When she said this, her confidante answered, “Why do you say this? Why, fair one, is it your duty not to allow your heart to attach itself to him? Why should not he, the sight of whom captivated the heart of Kámachúḍámaṇi, captivate the heart of any other lady, were she even Arundhatí in bodily presence? And do you not know that he will prosper in fight by the force of science? And when he is emperor, you, and Kámachúḍámaṇi, and Suprabhá of the same family, are to be his wives, so say the holy sages, and in these very days he has married Suprabhá. So, how can he be unsuccessful in fight? For the

predictions of the sages are never falsified. And will you not captivate the heart of the man, whose heart was captivated by Suprabhá? For you, blameless one, exceed her in beauty. And if you hesitate through regard for your relations, that is not right, for good women have no relations but their husband." That excellent maiden, when she heard this speech of her confidante's, said—"You have spoken truth, my friend, I need no other relations. And I know my husband will conquer in fight by his science. He has obtained jewels and sciences, but my mind is grieved because up to the present time he has not obtained the virtuous herbs. Now they are all in a cave of the mountain Chandrapáda. But they are to be obtained by an emperor possessing virtue. So, if he were to go there and procure those mighty drugs, it would be well, for his great struggle is nigh at hand, even to-morrow." When Súryaprabha heard this, he flung off all his feigned sleep, and rising up, said respectfully to that maiden—"Lovely-eyed one, you have shewn great favour to me, so I will go there, tell me who you are." When the maiden heard that, she was abashed with shame, and silent, thinking that he had heard all, but her friend said—"This is a maiden named Vilásiní, the daughter of Sumeru, the prince of the Vidyádharas, who was desirous of beholding you." When her friend said this, Vilásiní said to her, "Come, let us go now," and went out of the room.

Then Súryaprabha woke up his ministers, Prabhása and the rest, and told them of that method of procuring the drugs, which the lady spoke of. And he sent Prabhása, a fit person to accomplish that, to tell it to Sunítha and Sumeru and Maya. And when they came and approved of it, Súryaprabha, accompanied by his ministers, went with them in the night to the mountain Chandrapáda. And as they were gradually advancing, the Yakshas, Guhyakas, and Kumbháṇḍas, being alarmed, rose up to bar their way, armed with numerous weapons. Some of them Súryaprabha and his friends bewildered with weapons, some they paralysed by science, and at last they reached that mountain Chandrapáda. When they reached the mouth of the cavern in that mountain, the Gaṇas of Śiva prevented them from entering, assuming strange deformed countenances. Then Suvásakumára said to Súryaprabha and the others, "We must not fight with these, for the revered god Śiva might be angry. Let us praise that giver of boons by his eight thousand names, and that will make the Gaṇas[8] favourably disposed to us."

Then they all agreed, and praised Śiva; and the Gaṇas, pleased at hearing their master praised, said to them; “We abandon this cave to you, take its potent simples. But Súryaprabha must not enter it himself; let Prabhása enter it, for it will be easy for him to enter.” They all said “So be it,” and acceded to the advice of the Gaṇas. Then that cave, as soon as Prabhása entered it, though before enveloped in darkness, became irradiated with light. And four very terrible Rákshasas, who were servants there, rose up, and bending before him, said to him “Enter.” Then Prabhása entered, and collected those seven divine herbs, and coming out, gave them all to Súryaprabha. And that moment a voice was heard from heaven, saying, “Súryaprabha, of great power are these seven drugs which you have obtained to-day.” When Súryaprabha and the others heard that, they were delighted, and quickly returned to the dwelling of Sumeru to greet their army. Then Sunítha asked that Suvásakumára; “Hermit, why was Prabhása allowed by the Gaṇas to enter the cave, and not Súryaprabha, and why was he also welcomed by the servants?” When the hermit heard that, he said in the hearing of all, “Listen, I will explain this—Prabhása is a great benefactor to Súryaprabha, being a second self to him, there is no difference between them. Moreover, no one is equal in might and courage to Prabhása, and this cave belongs to him on account of his good deeds in a former life, and listen, I will tell you what sort of a person he was in a former existence.”

Story of the generous Dánava Namuchi.

In old times there was an excellent Dánava named Namuchi, who was devoted to charity and very brave, and did not refuse to give anything to anybody that asked, even if he were his enemy. He practised asceticism as a drinker of smoke for ten thousand years, and obtained as a favour from Brahmá, that he should be proof against iron, stone, and wood. Then he frequently conquered Indra and made him flee, so the *ṛishi* Kaśyapa

entreated him, and made him make peace with the gods. Then the gods and Asuras, as their enmity was at an end, deliberated together, and went to the ocean of milk, and churned it with the mountain Mandara. And as Vishṇu and the other gods received Lakshmí and other things as their shares, so Namuchi gained the horse Uchchhaiḥśravas; and the other gods and Asuras received other various shares, appointed by Brahmá, of the things that rose from the sea, when churned. And the *amṛita* at last came up at the end of the churning, and the gods stole it, so a quarrel again took place between them and the Asuras. Then, as fast as the gods killed an Asura in their light with them, the horse Uchchhaiḥśravas immediately restored him to life by smelling him. The consequence was that the gods found it impossible to conquer the Daityas and Dánavas. Then Vṛihaspati said in secret to Indra, who was in despair: "There is only one expedient left, adopt it without delay; go to Namuchi yourself, and ask him for that excellent horse, for he will certainly give it to you, though you are his enemy, sooner than mar the glory of open-handedness, which he has been accumulating since his birth." When the preceptor of the gods said that to him, great Indra went with the gods and craved as a boon that horse Uchchhaiḥśravas from Namuchi. Then the great-hearted Namuchi reflected, "I never turn back a suppliant, so I will not turn back Indra; and how can I, as long as I am Namuchi, refuse to give him the horse? If the glory of generosity, which I have long been acquiring in the worlds, were to wither, what would be the use to me of prosperity, or life?" Accordingly he gave the horse to Indra, although Śukra warned him not to do it. Then Indra, after he had given the horse, lulled him to security, and as he could not be slain by any other weapon, killed him with foam of the Ganges, in which he had placed a thunderbolt. Alas! terrible in the world is the thirst for enjoyment, carried away by which even gods do not shrink from unbecoming and infamous conduct. When Danu, the mother of Namuchi, heard this, being afflicted with grief, she made by virtue of her asceticism a solemn resolve for the allaying of her sorrow, "May that mighty Namuchi be again born in my womb, and may he again become invincible by the gods in battle." Then he was again conceived in her womb, and born as an Asura composed all of jewels, named Prabala on account of his strength. Then he performed asceticism, and satisfying supplicants even with his life, became successful, and as prince of the Dánavas conquered Indra a hundred times. Then the gods took counsel

together, and came to him, and said to him: “By all means give us your body for a human sacrifice.”[9] When he heard that, he gave them his own body, although they were his enemies; noble men do not turn their backs on a suppliant, but bestow on him even their lives. Then that Dánava Prabala was cut to pieces by the gods, and he has been again born in the world of men with the body of Prabhása.

“So Prabhása was first Namuchi, and then he was Prabala, and then he became Prabhása, therefore on account of his merit he is hard for his enemies to conquer. And that cave of herbs, which belonged to that Prabala, is for that reason the property of Prabhása, and is at his command with its servants. And below it there is in Pátála[10] the mansion of Prabala, and in it there are his twelve head-wives beautifully adorned, and various jewels, and many kinds of weapons, and a wishing-stone, and a hundred thousand warriors, and also horses. This all belongs to Prabhása, and was acquired by him in a former life. Such a hero is Prabhása; in him nothing is wonderful.” When they heard this from the hermit’s son, Súryaprabha and his followers, with Maya and Prabhása, went immediately to that cavern belonging to Prabhása, that led down to Pátála, for the purpose of securing the jewels. Prabhása alone went in by that entrance, and secured his former wives, and the wishing-stone, and the horses, and the Asura warriors, and coming out again with all his wealth, he gave great satisfaction to Súryaprabha. Then that Súryaprabha, having quickly obtained what he wished, returned to his own camp with Maya and Sunítha and Prabhása, followed by Sumeru and the other kings and the ministers. There, after the Asuras and kings and others had gone to their own quarters, he again was consecrated for the fight, restraining his passions, and spent the rest of the night on a bed of *kuśa* grass.

1

I read *samárúḍha-Bhútásana-vimánakáḥ*.

2

Reading *rabhasokti* for *nabhasokti*. Perhaps *siddhimitam* in śl. 78, a, should be *siddhamidam*.

3

In the MS. lent me from the Sanskrit College I find *soḍháhidanśasya* and *visoḍhavahneś*.

4

Reading *aneko dhanyártho*.

5

Cp. Odyssey 4. 841 ὥς οἱ ἐναργὲς ὄνειρον ἐπέσσυτο νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ, where some suppose ἀμολγὸς to mean the four hours before daybreak.

6

I read *cha raṇadíksháyám*.

7

The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *tatrásyástu śivam távat*; let him succeed in the battle.

8

I. e. attendants of Śiva.

9

The word, which I have translated "human sacrifice," is *purushamedha*. For the prevalence of human sacrifices among all nations of antiquity see Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, translated by Stallybrass, Vol. I, p. 44 and ff; see also Tylor's Primitive Culture, Vol. II, p. 246, 353, 361, 365. Dr. Rajendralála Mitra. Rai Bahadúr, in an essay in the Journal of the Asiatic Society for 1876, entitled "Human Sacrifices in India," traces the history of the practice in India, and incidentally among the principal nations of antiquity. The following is his own summary of his conclusions with respect to the practice in India. (1) That, looking to the history of human civilization, and the rituals of the Hindus, there is nothing to justify the belief that in ancient times the Hindus were incapable of sacrificing human beings to their gods. (2) That the Śunaḥśepha hymns of the Rig Veda Sanhitá most probably refer to a human sacrifice. (3) That the Aitareya Bráhmaṇa refers to an actual, and not a typical human sacrifice. (4) That the Purushamedha originally required the actual sacrifice of men. (5) That the Śatapatha Bráhmaṇa sanctions human sacrifice in some cases, but makes the Purushamedha emblematic. (6) That the Taittiríya Bráhmaṇa enjoins the sacrifice of a man at the Horse sacrifice. (7) That the Puráṇas recognise human sacrifices to Chaṇḍiká but prohibit the Purushamedha rite. (8) That the Tantras enjoin human sacrifices to Chaṇḍiká, and require that, when human victims are not available, an effigy of a human being should be sacrificed to her. Of the sacrifices to Chaṇḍiká we have

enough and to spare in the Kathá Sarit Ságara. Strange to say, it appears that human sacrifices were offered in Greece on Mount Lykaion in Arcadia even in the time of Pausanias. Dim traditions with respect to the custom are still found among the inhabitants of that region, (Bernhard Schmidt, Griechische Märchen, p. 27). Cp. the institution of the φαρμακοὶ connected with the worship of Apollo! Preller, Griechische Mythologie, Vol. I, p. 202; see also pp. 240 and 257 and Vol. II, pp. 310 and 466; Herodotus VII, 197; Plato, Min. p. 315, C; Preller, Römische Mythologie, p. 104.

10

Cp. chapter 45. In chapter 73 will be found another instance of a “rifted rock whose entrance leads to hell.” Cp. the Hercules Furens of Seneca, v. 662 & ff.

Chapter XLVII.

Early the next morning, Súryaprabha set out from the hermitage of Sumeru with his forces to conquer Śrutaśarman. And arriving near the mountain of Trikúṭa his dwelling place, he encamped, driving away the enemies' army with his own force, which was established there. And while he was encamped there with Sumeru, Maya, and others, and was in the hall of council, an ambassador came from the lord of Trikúṭa. And when he came, he said to Sumeru the Vidyádhara prince; "The king, the father of Śrutaśarman, sends you this message. 'We have never entertained you, as you were far off; now you have arrived in our territory with guests, so now we will shew you appropriate hospitality.'" When Sumeru heard this scoffingly ambiguous message, he said in answer: "Bravo! you will not get another guest such a fit object of hospitality as we are. Hospitality will not bear its fruit in the next world, its fruit is in this. So here we are, entertain us." When Sumeru said this, the ambassador returned to his master as he came.

Then Súryaprabha and the others, established upon an elevated place, surveyed their armies encamped separately. Then Sunítha said to his father-in-law the Asura Maya: "Explain to me the arrangement of the warriors in our army." Then that all-knowing prince of the Dánavas said, "I will do so, listen;" and pointing them out with his finger, he began to say—"These kings Subáhu, Nirgháta, Mushṭika, and Gohara, and Pralamba, and Pramátha, and Kankaṭa, and Pingala, and Vasudatta and others, are considered half-power warriors.[1] And Ankurin, and Suviśála, and Daṇḍin, and Bhúshaṇa, and Somila, and Unmattaka, and Devaśarman, and Pitṛiśarman, and Kumáraka, and Haridatta and others are all full-power warriors. And Prakampana, and Darpita, and Kumbhíra, and Mátṛipálita, and Mahábhaṭa, and Vírasvámin, and Surádhara, and Bháṇḍíra, and Sinhadatta and Guṇavarman, with Kíṭaka and Bhíma and Bhayankara, these are all warriors of double power. And Virochana, and Vírasena, and Yajnasena, and Khujjara, and Indravarman, and Śevaraka, and

Krúrakarman, and Nirásaka, these princes are of triple power, my son. And Suśarman, and Báhuśálin, and Viśákha, and Krodhana, and Prachaṇḍa,—these princes are warriors of fourfold power. And Junjarin, and Víraśarman, and Pravíravara, and Supratijna and Maráráma, and Chaṇḍadanta, and Jálika, and the three, Sinhabhaṭa, Vyághrabhaṭa, and Śatrubhaṭa, these kings and princes are warriors of fivefold power. But this prince Ugravarman is a warrior of sixfold power. And the prince Viśoka, and Sutantu, and Sugama, and Narendraśarman are considered warriors of sevenfold power. And this king Sahasráyu is a great warrior. But this Śatáníka is lord of a host of great warriors. And Subhása, Harsha, and Vimala, the companions of Súryaprabha, Mahábuddhi and Achalabuddhi, Priyankara and Śubhankara are great warriors, as also Yajnaruchi and Dharmaruchi. But Viśvaruchi, and Bhása, and Siddhártha, these three ministers of Súryaprabha, are chiefs of hosts of great warriors. And his ministers Prahasta and Mahártha are leaders of hosts of transcendent warriors. And Prajnáḍhya and Sthirabuddhi are leaders of hosts of hosts of warriors; and the Dánava Sarvadamana, and Pramathana here, and Dhúmaketu, and Pravahana, and Vajrapanjara, and Kálachakra, and Marudvega are leaders of warriors and transcendent warriors. Prakampana and Sinhanáda are leaders of hosts of leaders of hosts of warriors. And Mahámáya, and Kámbalika, and Kálakampana here, and Prahṛishtaroman, these four lords of the Asuras, are kings over chiefs of hosts of transcendent warriors. And this Prabhása, the general of the army, who is equal to Súryaprabha, and this son of Sumeru, Kunjarakumára, these two are leaders of hosts of chiefs of hosts of great warriors. Such heroes are there in our army, and others besides, girt with their followers. There are more in the hostile army, but Śiva being well disposed towards us, they will not be able to resist our host.

While the Asura Maya was saying this to Sunítha, another ambassador came from the father of Śrutaśarman, and said thus to him; “The king of Trikúṭa sends this message to you; ‘This is a great feast for heroes—the feast, which goes by the name of battle. This ground is narrow for it, therefore let us leave it, and go to a place named Kalápagráma, where there is a wide space.’” When Sunítha and the other chiefs with their soldiers heard this, they agreed, and all of them went with Súryaprabha to Kalápagráma. And Śrutaśarman and his partizans also, eager for battle,

went to that same place, surrounded with the hosts of the Vidyádharas. When Súryaprabha and his chiefs saw elephants in the army of Śrutaśarman, they summoned their contingent of elephants, which was conveyed in the chariot that flew through the air. Then Dámodara, that excellent Vidyádhara, drew up his army in the form of a large needle; Śrutaśarman himself took up his position on the flank with his ministers, and Dámodara was in front, and other great warriors in other places. And Prabhása, the leader of Súryaprabha's army, arranged it in the form of a crescent; he himself was in the centre, and Kunjarakumára and Prahasta at the two horns; and Súryaprabha, and Sunítha and the other chiefs, all remained in the rear. And Sumeru with Suvásakumára stood near him. Thereupon the war-drums were beaten in both armies.

And in the meanwhile the heaven was filled with the gods, come to see the battle, together with Indra, and the Lokapálas, and the Apsarases. And Śiva, the lord of all, came there with Párvatí, followed by deities, and the Gaṇas, and demons, and the mothers.[2] And holy Brahmá came accompanied by the Vedas incarnate in bodily form, beginning with the Gáyatrí, and the Śástras and all the great Ṛishis. And the god Vishṇu came, riding on the king of birds, bearing his weapon the discus, accompanied by goddesses, of whom the goddesses of Fortune, Glory, and Victory were the chief. And Kaśyapa came with his wives, and the Ádityas and the Vasus, and the chiefs of the Yakshas, Rákshasas and snakes, and also the Asuras with Prahláda at their head. The sky was obscured with them, and the battle of those two armies began, terrible with the clashing of weapons, accompanied with loud shouts. The whole heaven was darkened by the dense cloud of arrows, through which the flashes, made by the arrows striking against one another, played like lightning, and rivers of blood flowed, swollen with the gore of many elephants and horses wounded with weapons, in which the bodies of heroes moved like alligators. That battle gave great delight to heroes, jackals, and goblins, that danced, waded, and shouted in blood.

When the confused *mêlée*, in which countless soldiers fell, had abated, Súryaprabha, and the other chiefs, gradually began to perceive the distinction between their own army and that of the enemy, and heard in order from Sumeru the names and lineage of the chiefs fighting in front of

the enemies' host. Then first took place a single combat between king Subáhu and a chief of the Vidyádharas, named Aṭṭahása. Subáhu fought a long time, until Aṭṭahása, after riddling him with arrows, cut off his head with a crescent-headed shaft. When Mushṭika saw that Subáhu was slain, he rushed forward in wrath; he too fell smitten by Aṭṭahása with an arrow in the heart. When Mushṭika was slain, a king named Pralamba in wrath rushed on, and attacked Aṭṭahása with showers of arrows, but Aṭṭahása slew his retainers, and striking the hero Pralamba with an arrow in a mortal place, laid him low on the seat of his chariot. A king named Mohana, when he saw Pralamba dead, engaged with Aṭṭahása and smote him with arrows. Then Aṭṭahása cut his bow and slew his charioteer, and laid him low, slain with a terrific blow. When the host of Śrutaśarman saw that the dexterous Aṭṭahása had slain those four warriors, expecting the victory, they shouted for joy. When Harsha, the companion of Súryaprabha, saw that, he was wroth, and with his followers attacked Aṭṭahása and his followers; and with shafts he repelled his shafts, and he slew his followers, and killed his charioteer, and two or three times cut his bow and his banner, and at last he cleft asunder his head with his arrows, so that he fell from his chariot on the earth, pouring forth a stream of blood. When Aṭṭahása was slain, there was such a panic in the battle, that in a moment only half the two armies remained. Horses, elephants and footmen fell down there slain, and only the trunks of slaughtered men remained standing in the van of battle.

Then a chief of the Vidyádharas, named Vikṛitadanshṭra, angry at the slaughter of Aṭṭahása, showered arrows upon Harsha. But Harsha repelled his arrows, struck down his chariot-horses, and his banner and his charioteer, and cut off his head with its trembling earrings. But when Vikṛitadanshṭra was killed, a Vidyádhara king, named Chakravála, in wrath attacked Harsha; he slew Harsha still fighting on, though fatigued with combat, after his bow had been frequently cut asunder, and his other weapons damaged. Angry at that, king Pramátha attacked him, and he too was slain by that Chakravála in fight. In the same way four other distinguished kings, who attacked him one by one, were slain one after another by that Chakravála, namely, Kankaṭa, and Viśála, and Prachaṇḍa and Ankurin. When king Nirgháta saw that, he was wroth, and attacked Chakravála, and those two, Chakravála and Nirgháta, fought for a long

time, and at last they broke one another's chariots to pieces, and so became infantry soldiers, and the two, rushing furiously together, armed with sword and discus, cleft with sword-strokes one another's heads, and fell dead on the earth. Then the two armies were dispirited, seeing those two warriors dead, but nevertheless a king of the Vidyádharas, named Kálakampana, stepped forward to the front of the fight. And a prince, named Prakampana, attacked him, but he was in a moment struck down by that Kálakampana. When he was struck down, five other warriors attacked Kálakampana, namely Jálika, and Chaṇḍadatta, and Gopaka, and Somila, and Pitṛiśarman; all these let fly arrows at him at the same time. But Kálakampana deprived all five of their chariots, and slew them at the same time, piercing the five with five arrows in the heart. That made the Vidyádharas shout for joy, and the men and Asuras despond. Then four other warriors rushed upon him at the same time, Unmattaka and Praśasta, Vilambaka and Dhurandhara; Kálakampana slew them all easily, in the same way he killed six other warriors that ran towards him, Tejika, and Geyika, and Vegila, and Śákhila, and Bhadrankara and Daṇḍin, great warriors with many followers. And again he slew five others that met him in fight, Bhíma, Bhíshaṇa, Kumbhíra, Vikaṭa, and Vilochana. And a king, named Sugaṇa, when he saw the havoc that Kálakampana had made in the battle, ran to meet him. Kálakampana fought with him until both had their horses and charioteers killed, and were compelled to abandon their chariots; then Kálakampana, reduced to fight on foot, laid Sugaṇa, who was also fighting on foot, low on the earth with a sword-cut. Then the sun, having beheld that surprising struggle of Vidyádharas with men, went grieved to rest.[3] Not only did the field of battle become red, filled with streaming blood, but the heaven also became red, when evening set her foot-prints there. Then the corpses and demons began their evening dance, and both armies, stopping the battle, went to their camps. In the army of Śrutaśarman were slain that day three heroes, but thirty-three distinguished heroes were slain in the army of Súryaprabha.

Then Súryaprabha, grieved at the slaughter of his kinsmen and friends, spent that night apart from his wives. And eager for the fight, he passed that night in various military discussions with his ministers, without going to sleep. And his wives, grieved on account of the slaughter of their relations,

met together in one place that night, having come for the sake of mutual condolence. But even on that melancholy occasion they indulged in miscellaneous conversation; there is no occasion on which women are not irrelevant in their talk. In the course of this conversation, one princess said —"It is wonderful! How comes it that to-night our husband has gone to sleep without any of his wives?" Hearing that, another said—"Our husband is to-day grieved on account of the slaughter of his followers in battle, so how can he take any pleasure in the society of women?" Then another said, "If he were to obtain a new beauty, he would that instant forget his grief." Then another said—"Do not say so; although he is devoted to the fair sex, he would not behave in this way on such a sad occasion." While they were thus speaking, one said with wonder; "Tell me why our husband is so devoted to women, that, though he has carried off many wives, he is perpetually marrying new princesses and is never satisfied." One of the wives, a clever woman of the name of Manovatí, said when she heard this, —"Hear why kings have many loves. The good qualities of lovely women are different, varying with their native land, their beauty, their age, their gestures, and their accomplishments, no one woman possesses all good qualities. The women of Karṇáṭa, of Láṭa, of Sauráshṭra and Madhyadeśa, please by the peculiar behaviour of their various countries. Some fair ones captivate by their faces like an autumn moon, others by their breasts full and firm like golden ewers, and others by their limbs, charming from their beauty. One has limbs yellow as gold, another is dark like a *priyangu*, another, being red and white, captivates the eyes as soon as seen. One is of budding beauty, another of full-developed youth, another is agreeable on account of her maturity, and distinguished by increasing coquetry. One looks lovely when smiling, another is charming even in anger, another charms with gait resembling that of an elephant, another with swan-like motion. One, when she prattles, irrigates the ears with nectar; another is naturally beautiful, when she looks at one with graceful contraction of the eyebrows. One charms by dancing, another pleases by singing, and another fair one attracts by being able to play on the lyre and other instruments. One is distinguished for good temper, another is remarkable for artfulness; another enjoys good fortune from being able to understand her husband's mind. But, to sum up, others possess other particular merits; so every lovely woman has some peculiar good point, but of all the women in the three

worlds none possesses all possible virtues. So kings, having made up their minds to experience all kinds of fascinations, though they have captured many wives for themselves, are for ever seizing new ones.[4] But the truly noble never, under any circumstances, desire the wives of others. So this is not our husband's fault, and we cannot be jealous." When the head-wives of Súryaprabha, beginning with Madanasená, had been addressed in this style by Manovatí, they made one after another remarks to the same effect. Then, in their merriment, they laid aside all the ties of reserve, and began to tell one another all kinds of secrets. For unfortunately there is nothing which women will not let out, when they are met together in social intercourse, and their minds are interested in the course of the conversation. At last that long conversation of theirs was somehow or other brought to an end, and in course of time the night passed away, during which Súryaprabha was longing to conquer the host of his enemies, for he was alone, intently waiting for the time when the darkness should depart.[5]

1

For a parallel to the absurdities that follow, see Campbell's West Highland Tales, p. 202.

2

The personified energies of the principal deities, closely connected with the worship of the god Śiva. Professor Jacobi compares them with the Greek goddesses called μητέρες, to whom there was a temple in the Sicilian town of Engyion. (Indian Antiquary, January 1880.)

3

For *ávaham* I read *áhavam*.

4

Labdhakakshyáḥ is probably a misprint for *baddhakakshyáḥ*.

5

I read *abhikánkshá* for *abhikánksho* which is found in Brockhaus's text. This is supported by a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

Chapter XLVIII.

The next morning, Súryaprabha and his party, and Śrutaśarman and his supporters, again went to the field of battle armed, with their forces. And again the gods and Asuras, with Indra, Brahmá, Vishṇu, and Rudra, and with the Yakshas, snakes, and Gandharvas, came to see the fight. Dámodara drew up the troops of Śrutaśarman in the form of a discus, and Prabhása drew up the troops of Súryaprabha in the form of a thunderbolt. Then the battle of those two armies went on, deafening the horizon with drums and the shouts of champions, and the sun hid himself in flights of arrows, as if out of fear that the warriors smitten with weapons would certainly pierce his disk. Then Prabhása, by command of Súryaprabha, broke the discus-arrangement of the enemy's host, hard for another to break, and entered alone. And Dámodara himself came and defended that opening in the line, and Prabhása fought against him unaided. And Súryaprabha, seeing that he had entered alone, sent fifteen great warriors to follow him, Prakampana, and Dhúmraketu, and Kálakampana, and Mahámáya, and Marudvega, and Prahasta, and Vajrapanjara, and Kálachakra, and Pramathana, and Sinhanáda, and Kambala, and Vikaṭáksha, and Pravahana, and Kunjarakumáraka, and Prahṛishtaroman the heroic Asura prince: all those great warriors rushed forward to the opening in the line; then Dámodara exhibited his wonderful heroism, in that alone he fought with those fifteen.

When Indra saw that, he said to the hermit Nárada, who was at his side, "Súryaprabha and the others of his party are incarnations of Asuras, but Śrutaśarman is a portion of me, and all these Vidyádharas are portions of the gods, so observe, hermit, this is a disguised fight between the gods and Asuras. And observe, in it Vishṇu is, as ever, the ally of the gods, for Dámodara, who is a portion of him, is fighting here."

While Indra was saying this, fourteen great warriors came to assist the general Dámodara,—Brahmagupta and Váyubala, and Yamadanshṭra, and Suroshaṇa, and Roshávaroha, and Atibala, and Tejaḥprabha, and

Dhurandhara, and Kuveradatta, and Varuṇaśarman, and Kámbalika, and the hero Dushṭadamana, and Dohana and Árohaṇa. And those fifteen heroes, joined with Dámodara, fighting in front of the line, kept off the followers of Súryaprabha. Then single combats took place between them; Prakampana carried on a missile fight with Dámodara, and Dhúmraketu fought with Brahmagupta, and Mahámáya fought with Atibala, the Dánava Kálakampana fought with Tejaḥprabha, and the great Asura Marudvega with Váyubala, and Vajrapanjara fought with Yamadanshṭra, and the heroic Asura Kálachakra with Suroshaṇa; Pramathana fought with Kuveradatta, and the king of the Daityas, named Sinhanáda, with Varuṇaśarman. Pravahana fought with Dushṭadamana, and the Dánava Prahṛishtaroman fought with Roshávaroha; and Vikaṭáksha fought with Dhurandhara, Kambala fought with Kámbalika, and Kunjarakumáraka with Árohaṇa, and Prahasta with Dohana, who was also called Mahotpáta.

When these pairs of warriors were thus fighting in the front of the line, Sunítha said to Maya, “Alas! observe, our heroic warriors, though skilled in the use of many weapons, have been prevented by these antagonists from entering the enemies’ line; but Prabhása entered before recklessly alone, so we do not know what will become of him there.” When Suvásakumára heard this, he said, “All the gods, Asuras, and men in the three worlds are not a match for this Prabhása unaided, much less then are these Vidyádharas. So why do you fear without reason, though you know this well enough?”

While the hermit’s son was saying this, the Vidyádhara Kálakampana came to meet Prabhása in fight. Then Prabhása said to him, “Ha! Ha! you have rendered me a great service, so let me now see your valour here.” Saying this, Prabhása let fly at him a succession of arrows, and Kálakampana in return showered sharp arrows upon him. Then that Vidyádhara and that man fought together with arrows and answering arrows, making the worlds astonished. Then Prabhása with a sharp arrow struck down the banner of Kálakampana, with a second he killed his charioteer, with four more his four horses, and with one more he cut his bow in half, with two more he cut off his hands, with two more his arms, and with two more his two ears, and with one sharp-edged arrow he cut off the head of his foe, and thus

displayed wonderful dexterity. Thus Prabhása, as it were, chastised Kálakampana, being angry with him because he had slain so many heroes in his own army. And the men and Asuras, when they saw that Vidyádhara chief slain, raised a shout, and the Vidyádharas immediately proclaimed their despondency.[1]

Then a king of the Vidyádharas, named Vidyutprabhá, lord of the hill of Kálanjara, in wrath attacked Prabhása. When he was fighting with Prabhása, Prabhása first cut asunder his banner, and then kept cutting his bows in two, as fast as he took them up. Then the Vidyádhara, being ashamed, by his delusive power flew up invisible into the sky, and rained swords, clubs, and other weapons upon Prabhása. Prabhása, for his part, swept away his succession of missiles with others, and by the illuminating weapon made that Asura manifest, and then employing the weapon of fire, he burned up Vidyutprabhá with its blaze, and bringing him down from the heaven, laid him dead on the earth.

When Śrutaśarman saw this, he said to his warriors, “Observe, this man has slain two chiefs of hosts of great warriors. Now why do you put up with it? Join together and slay him.” When they heard that, eight warriors in anger surrounded Prabhása. One was a king of the Vidyádharas named Úrdhvaroman, a lord of hosts of warriors, dwelling in the great mountain named Vankaṭaka. And the second warrior was a chief of the Vidyádharas named Vikrośana, the king of the rock Dharaṇídhara. And the third was the hero Indramálin, a prince of the Vidyádharas, lord of a host of distinguished warriors, and his home was the mountain Lílá. And the fourth was an excellent Vidyádhara named king Kákaṇḍaka, a chief of a host of warriors, and his dwelling was in the mountain Malaya. And the fifth was Darpaváha by name, lord of the hill Niketa, and the sixth was Dhúrtavyayana the lord of the mountain Anjana, and both these Vidyádharas were chiefs of excellent warriors. And the seventh one, whose chariot was drawn by asses, was named Varáhasvámin, king of the mount Kumuda, and he was chief of a host of great warriors. And the eighth warrior was like him, Medhávara king of Dundhubhi. Prabhása repelled the numerous arrows, which these eight came and discharged, and he pierced them all at the same time with arrows. And he slew the horse of one, and of one the charioteer, and he cut

in half the banner of one, and he cleft the bow of another. But Medhávara he struck at the same time with four arrows in the heart, and at once laid him dead on the earth. And then he fought with the others, and cut off with an *anjalika*[2] the head of Úrdhvaroman with its curled and plaited hair, and of the other six he killed the horses and charioteers, and at last laid themselves low, cutting off their heads with crescent-headed arrows. And then a rain of flowers fell on his head from heaven, encouraging the kings of the Asuras, and discouraging the Vidyádharas. Then four more great warriors, armed with bows, sent by Śrutaśarman, surrounded Prabhása; one was named Kácharaka, the lord of the mountain Kuraṇḍa; the second Diṇḍimálin, whose home was the hill of Panchaka, and the third was Vibhávasu, king of the mountain Jayapura, the fourth was named Dhavala, the ruler of Bhúmituṇḍika. Those excellent Vidyádharas, chiefs of hosts of great warriors, let fly five hundred arrows at the same time at Prabhása. But Prabhása easily disposed of all, one by one, each with eight arrows; with one arrow he cut down the banner, with one cleft the bow, with one he killed the charioteer, with four the horses, and with one more he cut off the head of the warrior, and then shouted triumphantly.

Then another four Vidyádharas, by the order of Śrutaśarman, assembled in fight against Prabhása. The first was named Bhadrankara, dark as the blue water-lily, sprung from Mercury in the house[3] of Viśvávasu, but the second was Niyantraka like the fire in brightness, sprung from Mars in the house of Jambaka, and the third was called Kálakopa, very black in hue, with tawny hair, sprung from Saturn in the house of Dámodara. And the fourth was Vikramaśakti, like gold in brightness, sprung from the planet Jupiter in the house of the Moon. The three first were lords of hosts of lords of hosts of transcendent warriors, but the fourth was a great hero surpassing the rest in valour. And those haughty chiefs attacked Prabhása with heavenly weapons. Prabhása repelled their weapons with the weapon of Náráyaṇa, and easily cut asunder the bow of each eight times; then he repelled the arrows and clubs which they hurled, and slaying their horses and charioteers, deprived them all of their chariots. When Śrutaśarman saw that, he quickly sent other ten lords of the Vidyádharas, chiefs of lord of hosts of lords of hosts of warriors, two called Dama and Niyama, who exactly resembled one another

in appearance, two sons born to the Aśvins in the house of the lord of Ketumálá, and Vikrama and Sankrama, and Parákrama and Ákrama, and Sammardana and Mardana, and Pramardana and Vimardana, the eight similar sons of the Vasus born in the house of Makaranda. And when they came, the previous assailants mounted other chariots. Wonderful to say, though all those fourteen joined together, and showered arrows on Prabhása, he alone fought with them fearlessly. Then, by the order of Súryaprabha, Kunjarakumára and Prahasta left the *mêlée* and flying up from the front of the line, weapons in hand, white and black in hue, came to the aid of Prabhása, like Ráma and Kṛishṇa over again. They, though fighting on foot, harassed Dama and Niyama, by cutting asunder their bows and killing their charioteers. When they, in their fear, soared up to heaven, Kunjarakumára and Prahasta soared up also, weapons in hand. When Súryaprabha saw that, he quickly sent them his ministers Mahábuddhi and Achalabuddhi to act as charioteers. Then Prahasta and Kunjarakumára discovered, by employing magic collyrium, those two sons of the Vidyádharas, Dama and Niyama, though they had made themselves invisible by magic power, and riddled them so with showers of arrows that they fled. And Prabhása, fighting with the other twelve, cleft all their bows asunder, though they kept continually taking fresh ones. And Prahasta came and killed at the same time the charioteers of all, and Kunjarakumára slew their horses. Then those twelve together, being deprived of their chariots, and finding themselves smitten by three heroes, fled out of the battle.

Then Śrutaśarman, beside himself with grief, anger and shame, sent two more Vidyádharas, captains of hosts of warriors and distinguished warriors; one was called Chandragupta born in the house of the lord of the great mountain Chandrakula, beautiful as a second moon, and the second was his own minister named Narangama, of great splendour, born in the house of the lord of the mountain Dhurandhara. They also, after discharging a shower of arrows, were in a moment deprived of their chariots by Prabhása and his comrades, and disappeared.

Then the men and Asuras shouted for joy; but thereupon Śrutaśarman came himself, with four great warriors of mighty force, named Mahaugha, Árohaṇa, Utpáta and Vetravat, the sons respectively of Tvashṭṛi,[4] Bhaga,

Aryaman and Púshan, born in the houses of the four Vidyádhara kings, Chitrapada and others, that ruled over mount Malaya. And Śrutaśarman himself, blinded with furious anger, was the fifth, and they all fought against Prabhása and his two companions. Then the host of arrows, which they shot at one another, seemed like a canopy spread in the sky by the Fortune of war in the full blaze of the sun. Then those other Vidyádharas, who had been deprived of their chariots, and had fled from the battle, came back into the fight.

Then Súryaprabha, seeing many of them assembled in fight, under the leadership of Śrutaśarman, sent other great warriors of his own to support Prabhása and his comrades, his own friends with Prajnáḍhya at their head, and the princes of whom Śatáníka and Vírasena were the chief. They flew through the air, and Súryaprabha sent the other warriors also through the air in the chariot Bhutásána. When all those archers had gone chariot-borne, the other Vidyádhara kings, who were on the side of Śrutaśarman, also came up. Then a fight took place between those Vidyádhara princes on the one side, and Prabhása and his comrades on the other, in which there was a great slaughter of soldiers. And in the single combats between the two hosts, many warriors were slain on both sides, men, Asuras, and Vidyádharas. Vírasena slew Dhúmralochana and his followers; but having been deprived of his chariot, he was in his turn killed by Hariśarman. Then the Vidyádhara hero Hiraṇyáksha was killed by Abhimanyu, but Abhimanyu and Haribhaṭa were slain by Sunetra. And Sunetra was killed by Prabhása, who cut off his head. And Jválámálin and Maháyu killed one another. But Kumbhíraka and Nirásaka fought with their teeth, after their arms were cut off, and so did Kharva and the mighty Suśarman. And the three, Śatrubhaṭa, Vyághrabhaṭa, and Sinhabhaṭa were slain by Pravahana, the Vidyádhara king. Pravahana was killed by the two warriors Suroha and Viroha, and those two were slain by Sinhabala, the dweller in the cemetery. That very Sinhabala, whose chariot was drawn by ghosts, and Kapilaka, and Chitrápíḍa the Vidyádhara king, and Jagajjvara, and the hero Kántápati, and the mighty Suvarṇa, and the two Vidyádhara kings Kámaghana and Krodhapati, and king Baladeva and Vichitrápíḍa, these ten were slain by the prince Śatáníka. When these heroes had been slain, Śrutaśarman, beholding the slaughter of the Vidyádharas, himself attacked Śatáníka in his anger.

Then a terrible fight took place between those two, lasting to the close of the day, and causing a great slaughter of soldiers, exciting the wonder even of the gods, and it continued until hundreds of corpses, rising up all round, laid hold of the demons as their partners, when the time arrived for the joyous evening dance. At the close of day the Vidyádharas, depressed at the great slaughter of their army, and grieved at the death of their friends, and the men and Asuras having won the victory by sheer force stopped the combat, and went each of them to their own camps.

At that time two Vidyádharas, chiefs of captains of bands of warriors, who had deserted the cause of Śrutaśarman, came, introduced by Sumeru, and said to Súryaprabha, after bowing before him: "We are named Mahávána and Sumáya, and this Sinhabala was the third of us; we had obtained magic power by having the rule of a great cemetery, and were unassailable by the other Vidyádharas. While we, such as you have heard, were once taking our ease in a corner of the great cemetery, there came to us a good witch named Śarabhánaná, of great and godlike power, who is always well disposed towards us. We bowed before her and asked her, 'Where have you been, honoured lady, and what have you seen there strange?' She thereupon related this adventure."

Adventure of the witch Śarabhánaná.

'I went with the witches to visit my master, the god Mahákála,[5] and while I was there, a king of the Vetálas came and reported: "See, O master, the chiefs of the Vidyádharas have killed our commander-in-chief named Agnika, and one named Tejaḥprabha is swiftly carrying off his lovely daughter. But the holy sages have foretold that she shall be the wife of the emperor of the Vidyádharas, so grant us a boon, and have her released before he forcibly carries her off to a distance." When the god heard this speech of the afflicted Vetála, he said to me—"Go and set her free," then I

went through the air and came up with the maiden. Tejaḥprabha said, “I am carrying off the girl for our rightful emperor Śrutaśarman,” but I paralyzed him by my magic power, and bringing back the maiden, gave her to my master. And he made her over to her own family. I in truth went through this strange adventure. Then I remained there some days, and after taking a reverent farewell of the god I came here.’

“When that witch Śarabhánaná had said this, we said to her—‘Tell us, who is to be the future emperor of the Vidyádharas? You in truth know all.’ She said—‘Súryaprabha will certainly be.’ Whereupon Sinhabala said to us—‘This is untrue, for have not the gods and Indra girded up their loins to support the cause of Śrutaśarman?’ When the noble woman heard that, she said to us—‘If you do not believe this, listen; I tell you that soon there will be war between Súryaprabha and Śrutaśarman, and when this Sinhabala shall be slain before your eyes by a man in battle, you will recognise this token, and will know that this speech of mine is true.’ When that witch had said this, she departed, and those days passed away, and now we have seen with our own eyes, that in truth this Sinhabala has been slain. Relying upon that, we think that you are indeed appointed emperor of all the Vidyádharas, and submitting ourselves to your rule, we have repaired to your two lotus-like feet.” When the Vidyádharas Maháyána and Sumáyaka said this, Súryaprabha, in concert with Maya and the rest, received them into confidence and honoured them, and they rejoiced. When Śrutaśarman heard that, he was in great consternation, but Indra comforted him by a message, sending to him Viśvávasu, and commissioning him to say—“Be of good cheer! To-morrow I will aid thee with all the gods in the van of battle.” This he said to him out of love, to comfort him. And Súryaprabha, having been encouraged by beholding the breaking of his enemies’ line, and having seen in the front of battle the slaughter of his rival’s partisans, again forwent the society of his charmers, and entered his dwelling at night surrounded by his ministers.

1

The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *jagme*.

2

Possibly an arrow with a head resembling two hands joined.

3

There is probably a pun here. *Kshetra*, besides its astrological sense, means a wife on whom issue is begotten by some kinsman or duly appointed person, as in the Jewish law.

4

Tvashṭri is the Vulcan of the Hindus. Bhaga is an Áditya regarded in the Vedas as bestowing wealth, and presiding over marriage, his Nakshatra is the Uttara Phálguní. Aryaman is also an Áditya; Púshan, originally the sun, is in later times an Áditya. The "canopy of arrows" reminds us of the saying of Dieneces, Herodotus, VII. 227, and of Milton, P. L., VI. 666.

5

An epithet of Śiva in his character of the destroying deity.

Chapter XLIX.

Then Súryaprabha, lying on his couch at night, eager for battle, apart from his wives, said to his minister Vítabhíti—"I cannot sleep, so tell me, my friend, some strange story of courage and endurance, to amuse me during the night." When Vítabhíti heard this request of Súryaprabha's, he answered —"I will obey your order," and he told this story.

Story of king Mahásena and his virtuous minister Guṇaśarman.

There is a city Ujjayiní, the ornament of this earth, full of numberless jewels of pellucid water. In that city there lived a king named Mahásena, beloved by the virtuous, an unequalled treasury of accomplishments, having the beauty both of the sun and moon. He had a wife named Aśokavatí, whom he loved as his life, there was not another woman in the three worlds equal to her in beauty. The king ruled his realm with her for consort, and he had besides a friend, a Bráhman named Guṇaśarman, whom he respected and loved. And that Bráhman was brave and very handsome, and, though young, had thoroughly mastered the lore of the Vedas, and knew the accomplishments, the Śástras, and the use of weapons, and was always in attendance on the king.

And one day, as he was within the palace, a conversation arose about dancing, and the king and queen said to Guṇaśarman, who was in attendance,—"You know everything, there is no doubt about that; so we have a curiosity to see you dancing; if you know how to dance, kindly exhibit your skill." When Guṇaśarman heard this, he said with a smile on his face; "I know how to dance, but dancing is a thing not becoming in the

king's court; foolish dancing is generally ridiculous and is censured in the Śástras. And far from me be shame here in the presence of the king and queen." When Guṇaśarman said that, the king answered him, being urged on to it by the queen out of curiosity—"This will not be like a dance on the stage, or in such places, which would make a man feel ashamed, but merely a private display of skill in the society of friends. And at present I am not your king, I am your friend without ceremony, so rest assured that I will not eat to-day, until I have seen your skill in dancing." When the king pressed him in this style, the Bráhman consented to do it. For how can servants refuse the request of an importunate lord? Then that Guṇaśarman danced so skilfully with his body, that the hearts of both the king and queen danced for joy. And, at the end of it, the king gave him a lyre to play upon, and the moment he tested its tones, he said to the king, "This lyre is not in good order, so give me another one, there is a puppy inside this, your Majesty,—I know that by the indications of the twanging of the strings." Saying this, Guṇaśarman let go the lyre from under his arm. Then the king sprinkled it, and unscrewed and examined it, and a puppy came out of it. Then king Mahásena praised Guṇaśarman's omniscience, and was much astonished, and had another lyre brought. He played on that lyre which, like the Ganges that flows in three worlds,[1] was charming from its swift stream of music,[2] and purged the ear by its sound. Then in presence of the king, who with his wife looked on astonished, he exhibited in turn his skill in the nobler studies. Then the king said to him, "If you are skilled in fighting, then shew me a specimen of the art of binding the enemy's limbs with your own hands unarmed." The Bráhman answered him—"King, take your weapons and strike at me, that I may shew you a specimen of my skill." Then, as fast as the king took a sword or other weapon and struck at him, Guṇaśarman, by that artifice of fettering the limbs immediately disarmed him with ease, and frequently fettered his hand and body, without receiving a wound. Then the king, seeing that he was capable of aiding him in his political affairs, praised that excellent Bráhman of transcendent ability, and honoured him highly.

But queen Aśokavatí, having beheld again and again the beauty and abilities of that Bráhman, suddenly fell in love with him. She thought to herself, "If I cannot obtain him, of what use is my life to me." Then she artfully said to

the king—"Do me a kindness, my husband, and order this Guṇaśarman to teach me to play on the lyre. For when I beheld to-day his skill in playing on the lyre, I took a desperate fancy to the instrument." When the king heard this, he said to Guṇaśarman—"By all means teach the queen to play on the lyre." Then Guṇaśarman said, "I will do so, my sovereign, we will begin the practising on an auspicious day." Then he took leave of the king and went home. But he put off for many days beginning to teach the queen the lyre, seeing the changed expression of the queen, and afraid of some mischief.

One day he was standing near the king when he was eating, and when the cook was giving him some condiment, he prevented him, saying, "Stop! stop!" The king asked what this meant, then the discreet man said, "This sauce is poisoned, and I detected it by certain indications. For when the cook was giving you the sauce, he looked at my face, trembling with fear, and with an eye that rolled apprehensively. And we can at once find out whether I am right; let this sauce be given to some one to eat, and I will counteract the effect of the poison." When he said this, the king made the cook eat the sauce, and immediately after he had eaten it, he became senseless. Then Guṇaśarman counteracted the effect of the poison on the cook by a spell, and when the king asked the cook the truth of the whole matter, he said this—"King, your enemy king Vikramaśakti, sovereign of Gauḍa, sent me here to give you poison. I introduced myself to your majesty as a foreigner skilful in the culinary art, and entered your kitchen. So to-day I have been discovered by that shrewd man in the act of giving you poison in sauce; your majesty knows what to do now." When the cook said this, the king punished him, and being much pleased, gave Guṇaśarman a thousand villages for saving his life.

And the next day, as the queen kept vigorously pressing him, the king made Guṇaśarman begin to teach her the lyre. Then, while he was teaching her the lyre, the queen Aśokavatí indulged in perpetual coquetry, laughter, and mirth. One day, wounded with the arrow of love, she scratched him with her nails frequently in secret, and said to the chaste Guṇaśarman, who entreated her to desist, "It was yourself that I asked for, handsome man, under the pretext of learning to play the lute, for I am desperately in love with you, so

consent to my wishes." When she said this, Guṇaśarman answered her, "Do not talk so, for you are my master's wife, and such a one as I am should not commit such treason, desist from this reckless conduct." When Guṇaśarman said this, the queen continued, "Why do you possess in vain this beauty and skill in accomplishments? How can you look with a passionless eye on me who love you so much?" When Guṇaśarman heard this, he answered sarcastically, "You are right. What is the use of that beauty and skill, which is not tarnished with infamy by seducing the wife of another, and which does not in this world and the next cause one to fall into the ocean of hell?" When he said this, the queen said to him, pretending to be angry, "I am determined to die, if you do not do what I say, so being despised by you, I will slay you before I die." Then Guṇaśarman said, "By all means, let it be so. For it is better to live for one moment, bound by the bonds of righteousness, than to live unrighteously for hundreds of crores of *kalpas*. And it is far preferable for me to die without reproach, having done no wrong, than for me to have done wrong, and to be put to death by the king, with reproach attaching to my name." When the queen heard that, she went on to say to him—"Do not commit treason against yourself and me; listen, I will tell you something. The king does not neglect to do what I tell him, even if it is impossible; so I will ask him and get territories given to you, and I will have all your servants made barons, so you will become a king, for you are distinguished for good qualities. So what have you to fear? Who can overpower you and how? So grant my wishes fearlessly, otherwise you will not live." When the king's wife said this, seeing that she was determined, Guṇaśarman said to her artfully, in order to put her off for a moment,—"If you are persistently set on this, then I will obey your command, but it will not be advisable to do so immediately, for fear it should get abroad; wait for some days; believe that what I say is true; what object have I in incurring your enmity which would ensure my destruction?" Thus Guṇaśarman comforted her with that hope, and agreed to her request, and then departed with heart lightened.

Then, in the course of some days, king Mahásena went and surrounded king Somaka in his treasure-city. And when the king of Gauḍa, Vikramaśakti, knew that he had arrived there, he went and surrounded king Mahásena; then king Mahásena said to Guṇaśarman—"While we are occupied in

besieging one enemy we are besieged by another, so now how are we to fight with two enemies, as we are unequal in force? And how long, being brave men, can we remain without fighting a battle? So what are we to do in this difficulty?" When Guṇaśarman, who was at the side of the king, was asked this question, he answered—"Be of good courage, my sovereign; I will devise a stratagem that will enable us to get out of this situation, difficult as it is." He comforted the king with these words, and put on his eyes an ointment that rendered him invisible, and at night went, without any one seeing him, to the camp of Vikramaśakti. And he entered into his presence, and woke him up while asleep, and said, "Know, O king, that I am come a messenger from the gods. Make peace with king Mahásena and depart quickly, otherwise you will certainly be destroyed here with your army. And if you send an ambassador, he will agree to your proposals of peace; I have been sent by the holy Vishṇu to tell you this. For you are a votary of his, and he watches over the safety of his votaries." When king Vikramaśakti heard this, he thought, "Certainly this is true, if he were any other, how could he enter this carefully guarded tent? This is not what a mere mortal could accomplish." When the king had gone through these reflections, he said—"I am fortunate in receiving such a command from the god, I will do what he bids me." When the king said that, Guṇaśarman disappeared by the help of his magic collyrium, thus confirming the king's confidence in him, and went away. And he came and told king Mahásena what he had done; he threw his arms round his neck, and hailed him as the preserver of his life and throne. And the next morning Vikramaśakti sent an ambassador to Mahásena, and after making peace with him, returned home with his army. But Mahásena conquered Somaka, and having obtained elephants and horses, returned to Ujjayiní a victor, thanks to Guṇaśarman. And while he was there, Guṇaśarman saved him from a crocodile while bathing in the river, and from the poison of a snake-bite while in his garden.

Then, after some days had passed, king Mahásena, having got together an army, went to attack his enemy Vikramaśakti. And that king, as soon as he heard of his approach, marched out to meet him in fight, and a great battle took place between the two. And in the course of it, the two kings met in single combat, and disabled one another's chariots. Then, in their fury, they rushed forward sword in hand, and king Mahásena through carelessness

stumbled and fell on the earth. Then the king Vikramaśakti tried to strike him on the ground, but Guṇaśarman cut off his arm with a discus, sword and all, and striking him again in the heart with an iron mace laid him low. And king Mahásena rose up, and was pleased when he saw his enemy dead, and said repeatedly to Guṇaśarman—"What am I to say? This is the fifth time that you have saved my life, heroic Bráhman." Then Mahásena conquered the army and kingdom of Vikramaśakti, who had been slain by Guṇaśarman, and after overcoming other kings by the aid of Guṇaśarman, he returned to Ujjayiní and dwelt there in happiness.

But queen Aśokavatí did not cease from importunately soliciting Guṇaśarman day and night. But he would never consent to that crime; good men prefer death to immodest conduct. Then Aśokavatí, finding out that he was resolved, one day out of enmity to him affected to be unhappy, and remained with tearful countenance. Then Mahásena, coming in, and seeing her in that condition, said—"What is this, my beloved? Who has offended you? Tell me the name of the man whose life and property I am to take by way of punishment?" Then the unforgiving queen said with affected reluctance to the king, who had thus addressed her, "You have no power to punish the man who has injured me; he is not a man you can chastise, so what is the good of revealing the injury to no purpose?" When she said this, the king pressed her, and she said deceitfully—"My husband, if you are very anxious to know, listen, I will tell you. Guṇaśarman, who pretends to be a loyal servant,[3] made an agreement with the King of Gauḍa, and in order to get money from him, undertook to do you an injury. The wicked Bráhman secretly sent his confidential messenger to Gauḍa, to make the king hand over treasure and so on. Then a confidential servant, seeing the king despondent, said to him—'I will manage this affair for you, do not waste your wealth.' When the king of Gauḍa heard this, he had that messenger of Guṇaśarman's cast into prison,[4]——

* * *

and the cook who was to administer the poison came here, carefully keeping the secret. In the meanwhile Guṇaśarman's messenger escaped

from prison, and came here to him. And he, knowing the whole story, revealed it all, and pointed out to Guṇaśarman[5] that cook, who had entered into our kitchen. Then that scoundrelly Bráhman detected the cook in the act of administering the poison, and denounced him to you, and so had him put to death. Then the mother and the wife and the younger brother of that cook came here to find out what had become of him, and the sagacious Guṇaśarman, finding it out, put to death his wife and mother, but his brother escaped somehow or other and entered my palace. While he was imploring my protection and telling me the whole story, Guṇaśarman entered my apartment. When the brother of that cook saw Guṇaśarman and heard his name, he went out and fled from my presence, whither I know not. Guṇaśarman, for his part, when he saw him who had been previously pointed out to him by his servants, was abashed and seemed to be thinking over something. And I, wanting to know what it was, said to him in private, 'Guṇaśarman, why do you seem to be altered to-day?' And he, being anxious to win me over to his side, as he was afraid of the matter being revealed, said to me—'Queen, I am consumed with passion for you, so consent to my wishes, otherwise I cannot live; bestow on me life as a Bráhman's fee.' When he had said this, as the room was empty, he fell at my feet. Then I drew away my foot and rose up in bewilderment, and he, rising up, embraced me, a weak woman, by force. And my maid Pallaviká came in at that very moment. The instant he saw her, he fled out alarmed. If Pallaviká had not come in, the villain would certainly have outraged me.[6] This is the injury he has done me to-day." When the queen had told this false tale, she stopped and wept. For in the beginning wicked women sprang from Lying Speech. And the moment the king heard it, he was all on fire with anger, for reliance upon the words of women destroys the discrimination even of the great. And he said to his dear wife, "Be comforted, fair one, I will certainly punish that traitor with death. But he must be slain by artifice, otherwise we might be disgraced, for it is well known that five times he has saved my life. And we must not proclaim abroad his crime of offering violence to you." When the king said this to the queen, she answered—"If that crime may not be published, may that other one of his be published, that out of friendship for the king of Gauḍa he attempted treason against his master?" When she said this, he answered

—“You are quite right”—and so king Mahásena went to his hall of audience.

Then all the kings, and princes, and barons came to visit the king. And in the meanwhile Guṇaśarman left his house to go to court, and on the way he saw many unfavourable omens. There was a crow on his left hand, a dog ran from the left to the right, a snake appeared on his right, and his left arm and shoulder throbbed.[7] He thought to himself, “These evil omens indicate calamity to me without doubt, so whatever happens to me, I hope no misfortune may befall the king my master.” With these thoughts he entered the hall of audience, and prayed loyally that nothing untoward might befall the palace. But when he bowed and took his seat, the king did not salute him as before, but looked askance at him with an eye glowing with anger. And when Guṇaśarman was alarmed as to what it might mean, the king rose up from the seat of justice, and sat at his side, and said to the astonished courtiers, “Hear what Guṇaśarman has done to me;[8] then Guṇaśarman said —“I am a servant, you are my master, so how can our suit be equal, ascend your seat of judgment, and afterwards give what order you like.” When the resolute man said this, the king, by the advice of the other ministers, ascended the seat of judgment, and said again to his courtiers—“You know, that I made this Guṇaśarman equal to myself, preferring him to my hereditary ministers. Now hear what treason he attempted to commit against me, after making an agreement with the king of Gauḍa by sending messengers to and fro.” After saying this, the king related to them all the fictitious account of the matter which Aśokavatí had given him. And the king also told to his confidential ministers, after dismissing the crowd, the lying tale of an attempt to outrage her, which she had told against Guṇaśarman. Then Guṇaśarman said—“King, who told you such a falsehood, who painted this aerial picture?” When the king heard that, he said, “Villain, if it is not true, how did you know that the poison was in the dish of rice?” When Guṇaśarman said—“Everything is known by wisdom,” the other ministers, out of hatred to him, said, “That is impossible.” Then Guṇaśarman said, “King, you have no right to speak thus without enquiring into the truth of the matter, and a king devoid of discrimination is not approved of by those who understand policy.” When he repeated this over

and over again, the king exclaimed that he was an insolent wretch, and aimed a sword-cut at him. But he avoided that blow by employing his trick of fence, and then the other followers of the king struck at him. And he eluded their swords by his artifices of fence, and baffled the exertions of them all. And he fettered them, binding them with one another's hair, shewing wonderful skill in the employment of his trick of disarming. And he made his way out by force from that hall of assembly of the king, and he killed about a hundred warriors, who pursued him. Then he put on his eyes that ointment serving to render him invisible, which he had in the corner of his garment, and immediately left that country without being seen. And he made towards the Dekhan, and as he was going along, he thus reflected on the way: "Surely that foolish king was set on by that Aśokavatí. Alas! women whose love is slighted are worse than poison! Alas! kings who do not investigate the truth are not to be served by the good!" While engaged in such reflections, Guṇaśarman came at last to a village, there he saw a worthy Bráhman under a banyan-tree teaching his pupils. He went up to him and hailed him. And the Bráhman, after welcoming him, immediately asked him, "O Bráhman, what recension of the Vedas do you recite, tell me." Then Guṇaśarman answered that Bráhman,—"Bráhman, I recite twelve recensions, two of the Sámaveda, two of the Ṛigveda, seven of the Yajurveda, and one of the Atharvaveda." Then the Bráhman said—"You must be a god," and he went on to say to Guṇaśarman, whose shape revealed his excellence; "Tell me, what country and what family did you adorn by being born in them? What is your name and how did you learn so much?" When Guṇaśarman heard this, he said to him:

Story of Ádityaśarman the father of Guṇaśarman.

In the city of Ujjayiní there was a Bráhman's son named Ádityaśarman, and when he was a child, his father died, and his mother entered the fire with her husband. Then Ádityaśarman grew up in that city, in his uncle's house,

reading the Vedas, and the books of knowledge, and also the treatises on accomplishments. And after he had acquired knowledge, and was engaged in a vow of muttering prayers, he struck up a friendship with a certain wandering hermit. That wandering hermit went with his friend Ádityaśarman, and performed a sacrifice in a cemetery to get a Yakshiṇí into his power. Then a heavenly maiden, beautifully adorned, appeared to him in a chariot of gold, surrounded with beautiful maidens. She said to him in a sweet voice, "Mendicant, I am a Yakshí named Vidyunmálá, and these others are Yakshiṇís. Take a suitable wife from my following according to your pleasure. So much have you obtained by your employment of spells; you have not discovered the perfect spell for obtaining me; so, as I am obtained by that only, do not take any further trouble to no purpose." When the Yakshí said this to him, the mendicant consented, and chose one Yakshiṇí from her retinue. Then Vidyunmálá disappeared, and Ádityaśarman asked that Yakshiṇí, whom the hermit had obtained, "Is there any Yakshiṇí superior to Vidyunmálá?" When the Yakshiṇí heard that, she answered, "Yes, handsome man, there is. Vidyunmálá, Chandralekhá, and Sulochaná the third, are the best among the Yakshiṇís, and among these Sulochaná." After saying that, the Yakshiṇí departed, to return at the appointed time; and the mendicant went with Ádityaśarman to his house. There the loving Yakshiṇí every day visited the hermit at the appointed time, and granted him all that he desired. One day Ádityaśarman asked her this question by the mouth of that mendicant: "Who knows the proper spell for attracting Sulochaná?" And the Yakshiṇí sent him this message by the mouth of the mendicant—"There is a place called Jambuvana in the south. There is a mendicant there, named Vishṇugupta, who has made his dwelling on the banks of the Veṇí; he is the best of Buddhist mendicants, and knows the spell at full length." When Ádityaśarman learned this from the Yakshiṇí, he went in all eagerness to that country, followed by the mendicant out of love. There he duly searched for the Buddhist mendicant, and after he had approached him, he served him devotedly for three years, and waited upon him continually. And by the help of that Yakshiṇí, who was at the beck and call of the first mendicant, his friend, he provided him with heavenly luxuries, ministered seasonably. Then that Buddhist mendicant, being pleased, gave to that Ádityaśarman the spell for obtaining Sulochaná, which he desired, together with the prescribed rites to accompany it. Then

Ádityaśarman, having obtained that spell, and having duly employed it, went into a solitary place and performed there the final sacrifice according to the prescribed ritual, leaving no ceremony out. Then the Yakshiṇí Sulochaná appeared to him in an air-chariot, with world-enchanting beauty, and said to him, “Come! come! I have been won by you, but you must not make me your wife for six months, great hero, if you wish to have by me a son, who will be a favourite of fortune, marked with auspicious marks, all-knowing and invincible.” When she said this, Ádityaśarman consented, and she took him off in her chariot to Alaká. And Ádityaśarman remained there, looking at her ever near him, with his suspense and doubts at an end, and performed for six months a vow as difficult as standing on the edge of a sword. Then the god of wealth, being pleased, himself gave that Sulochaná to Ádityaśarman according to a heavenly ritual. I was born as that Bráhman’s son by her, and I was named Guṇaśarman by my father on account of my good qualities. Then in that very place I learned in succession the Vedas, the sciences, and the accomplishments, from a prince of the Yakshas named Maṇidara.

Then, once upon a time, it happened that Indra came to the god of wealth, and all who sat there rose up when they saw him. But as Fate would have it, Ádityaśarman my father was at that time thinking of something else, and did not rise up in a hurry. Then Indra, being angry, cursed him, and said —“Out, fool! go to your own world of mortals, you are out of place here.” Then Sulochaná fell at his feet, and propitiated him, and Indra answered, “Then let him not go to the world of mortals himself, but let this son of his go, for one’s son is said to be a second self. Let not my word have been spoken in vain.” When Indra had said so much, he was satisfied. Then my father took me and deposited me in my uncle’s house in Ujjayiní. For what is ordained to be a man’s lot must be. There, as it happened, I struck up a friendship with the king of that place. And listen, I will tell you what happened to me there afterwards.

After saying this, he described to him what happened from the very beginning, and what Aśokavatí did, and what the king did, ending up with his fight. And he went on to say to him—“Bráhman, thus I have fled away to go to a foreign land, and on my way, as I was journeying along, I have

seen you." When the Bráhman heard that, he said to Guṇaśarman—"And thus I have become fortunate by your visit, my lord. So now come to my house, and know that I am Agnidatta by name, and this village is my grant from the king; be at ease here." After saying this, Agnidatta made Guṇaśarman enter his splendid mansion, in which were many cows, buffaloes, and horses. There he honoured that guest with bath and unguents, and robes and ornaments, and with various kinds of food. And he shewed him his daughter, Sundarí by name, whose beauty was to be desired even by the gods, on the pretence of getting him to inspect her marks. And Guṇaśarman, for his part, seeing that she was unsurpassed in beauty, said "She will have rival wives. She has a mole on her nose, and consequently I assert that she must have a second one on her breast; and men say that such is the result of spots in these two localities." When he said this, her brother, by command of her father, uncovered her breast, and beheld there a mole.

Then Agnidatta said in astonishment to Guṇaśarman, "You are all-knowing, but these moles of hers portend good fortune to us. For wives generally have many rivals when the husband is fortunate, a poor[9] man would find it difficult to support one, much more to support many." When Guṇaśarman heard this, he answered him—"It is as you say; how could ill fortune befall a shape with such auspicious marks?" When he had said this, Agnidatta took occasion to ask him concerning the meaning of moles and other marks; and he told him what moles and other marks portended on every single limb, both in men and women.[10]

Then Sundarí, the moment she beheld Guṇaśarman, longed eagerly to drink him in with her eyes, as the female partridge longs to drink the moon. Then Agnidatta said in private to Guṇaśarman, "Illustrious one, I give you this my daughter Sundarí. Do not go to a foreign land, remain at ease in my house." When Guṇaśarman heard this speech of his, he said to him—"True, I should be happy enough to do so, but as I have been on a false charge scorched with the fire of the king's contempt, it does not please me. A lovely woman, the rising of the moon, and the fifth note of a lute, these delight the happy but afflict the miserable. And a wife, who falls in love of her own accord with a man, is sure to be chaste, but if she is given away by her father against her will, she will be like Aśokavatí. Moreover, the city of

Ujjayiní is near to this place, so the king may perhaps hear of my whereabouts and oppress me. So I will wander round to holy places, and will wash off the stains of sin contracted ever since my birth, and will abandon this body, then I shall be at rest." When he said this, Agnidatta answered him, smiling, "If even you show so much infatuation, what are we to expect from others? What annoyance can you, a man of pure character, derive from the contempt of a fool? Mud thrown at the heaven falls upon the head of the thrower. The king will soon reap the fruit of his want of discrimination, for Fortune does not long wait upon a man blind with infatuation and wanting in discrimination. Besides, if you are disgusted with women from your experience of Aśokavatí, do you not feel respect for them on beholding a good woman, for you know signs? And even though Ujjayiní be near to this place where you now are, I will take steps to prevent any one's knowing that you are here. But if you desire to make a pilgrimage to sacred places, then I say—that is approved by the wise only for a man, who cannot, according to the scriptures, attain happiness by performing the actions enjoined by the Vedas; but he who can acquire merit by offerings to the gods, to the manes of deceased ancestors, and to the fire, by vows, and muttering prayers, what is the use of his wandering about on pilgrimages? A pilgrim whose pillow is his arm, who sleeps upon the ground, and lives on alms, and drinks only water, is not free from cares, even though he has attained equality with hermits. And as for your desiring to abandon the body,[11] in this also you are led astray, for in the next world suicides suffer more severe pains than here. An unbecoming fault and folly is not to be committed by one so young and wise: decide for yourself: you must certainly do what I tell you. I will have made for you here a spacious and beautiful subterranean dwelling; marry Sundarí and live at ease in it." When he was thus diligently schooled by Agnidatta, Guṇaśarman agreed to his proposal, and said to him, "I accept your offer, for who would abandon a wife like Sundarí?[12] But I will not marry this your daughter till I have accomplished my ends. In the meanwhile I will propitiate some god with strict asceticism, in order that I may be revenged on that ungrateful monarch." When he said this, Agnidatta gladly consented, and Guṇaśarman rested there in comfort during the night. And the next day Agnidatta had a secret subterranean dwelling constructed for his comfort, called

Pátálavasati.[13] And while he was there, Guṇaśarman said in secret to Agnidatta: “Tell me, what god, granting boons to his worshippers, shall I propitiate here by performing vows, and what spell shall I use?” When the brave man said that, Agnidatta answered him, “I have a spell for propitiating the god Svámikumára, which was told me by a teacher; so with that propitiate the general of the gods, the foe of Táraka, desiring whose birth the gods, oppressed by their enemies, sent Káma to Śiva, (and he, after burning him up, decreed that henceforth he should be born in the mind;) whose origin they say was various, from Śiva, from the fire-cavity, from fire, from the thicket of reeds and from the Kṛittikás; and who, as soon as he was born, made the whole world bend by his irresistible might, and slew the unconquered Asura Táraka.” Then Guṇaśarman said, “Tell me that spell.” And Agnidatta gave Guṇaśarman that spell. With it Guṇaśarman propitiated Skanda in the subterranean dwelling, unremitting in his vow, waited upon by Sundarí. Then the six-faced god appeared to him in visible form, and said, “I am pleased with you, choose a boon,—[14]

You shall possess an inexhaustible treasury and, after conquering Mahásena, you shall, my son, advance irresistibly and rule the earth.” After giving him this great boon, Skanda disappeared, and Guṇaśarman obtained inexhaustible treasure. Then the successful hero married, according to the prescribed rites, with splendour suited to his greatness, the daughter of the Bráhman Agnidatta, who fell more in love with him every day, like his future good fortune in affairs come to him in bodily form. And then having collected, by virtue of his surpassing accumulation of inexhaustible treasure, an army consisting of many horses, elephants and foot-soldiers, he marched to Ujjayiní, overrunning the earth with the forces of all the kings that crowded to his banner out of gratitude for his gifts. And after proclaiming there to the subjects that immodest conduct of Aśokavatí, and after conquering the king Mahásena in battle, and deposing him from the throne, he obtained the dominion of the earth. And king Guṇaśarman married many daughters of kings, besides Sundarí, and his orders were

obeyed even on the shores of the sea, and with Sundarí as his consort he long enjoyed pleasures to his heart's content.

"Thus king Mahásena, in old time, suddenly incurred calamity through being unable to discriminate the characters of men, being a man of dull intellect, but the clear-headed Guṇaśarman, with the help of his own resolute character alone, obtained the highest prosperity."

After Súryaprabha had heard this chivalrous tale at night from the mouth of his minister Vítabhíti, the royal hero, who was longing to traverse the great sea of battle, gained great confidence, and gradually dropped off to sleep.

1

There are three different styles of music called *tára*, *udára*, and *mudára*. So the word *márga* contains a pun.

2

Ogha means current and also quick time in music.

3

Chhaláhataḥ is a mistake for *chhaládṛitaḥ*. See Böhtlingk and Roth, (s. v. *han* with *á*). The MS. in the Sanskrit College has *chhaládataḥ*.

4

Here Brockhaus makes a hiatus.

5

I read *Guṇaśarmanaḥ* or *Guṇaśarmane*.

6

The old story of Hippolyte, the wife of Acastus, (the "Magnessa Hippolyte" of Horace,) and Peleus, of Antea and Bellerophon, of Phædra and Hippolytus, of Fausta and Crispus. See also the beginning of the Seven Wise Masters, Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, pp. 128, 129. Cp. also Grössler, Sagen der Grafschaft Mansfeld, p. 192. See the remarkable statement in Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 31, quoted from Pausanias I, 22, 1, to the effect that the story of Phædra was known to "Barbarians."

7

Cp. the English superstitions with regard to the raven, crow and magpie (Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties, pp. 95 and 96, Hunt's Romances and Drolls of the West of England, p. 429, Thiselton Dyer, English Folk-lore, pp. 80 and 81). See also Horace, Odes, III, 27. In Europe the throbbing or tingling of the left ear indicates calamity, (Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 327, Hunt's Romances and Drolls of the West of England, p. 430, Thiselton Dyer, English Folk-lore, p. 279). See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, p. 313, and Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, pp. 374–378, and 404. For similar superstitions in ancient Greece see Jebb's Characters of Theophrastus, p. 163, "The superstitious man, if a weasel run across his path, will not pursue his walk until some one else has traversed the road, or until he has thrown three stones across it. When he sees a serpent in his house, if it be the red snake, he will invoke Sabazius, if the sacred snake, he will straightway place a shrine on the spot * * * * If an owl is startled by him in his walk, he will exclaim "Glory be to Athene!" before he proceeds." Jebb refers us to Ar. Eccl. 792.

8

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *nyáyam* for *práptam* "hear my suit against Guṇaśarman." This makes a far better sense.

9

Daridryo is probably a misprint for *daridro*.

10

Cp. Thiselton Dyer's English Folk-lore, p. 280. He remarks: "A belief was formerly current throughout the country in the significance of moles on the human body. When one of these appeared on the upper side of the right temple above the eye, to a woman it signified good and happy fortune by marriage. This superstition was especially believed in in Nottinghamshire, as we learn from the following lines, which, says Mr. Briscoe, (author of 'Nottinghamshire Facts and Fictions') were often repeated by a poor girl at Bunny:—

'I have a mole above my right eye,
And shall be a lady before I die.
As things may happen, as things may fall
Who knows but that I may be Lady of Bunny Hall?'

The poor girl's hopes, it is stated, were ultimately realized, and she became 'Lady of Bunny Hall.' See Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, pp. 252–255.

11

I read *dehatyágam* and *vánchasi*.

12

I. e. “beautiful.” There is a pun here.

13

Pátála = Hades, *i. e.*, the world below, *vasati* = dwelling.

14

Here Brockhaus supposes a hiatus.

Chapter L.

Then Súryaprabha and his ministers rose up early in the morning, and accompanied by all the troops of the Dánavas and their allies, went to the field of battle. And Śrutaśarman came surrounded by all the forces of the Vidyádharas; and all the gods, Asuras, and others again came to look on. Both armies adopted the crescent formation, then there took place a battle between those two armies. The swift arrows,[1] winged with feathers, clashing against one another and cutting one another in pieces, also fought. The long sword-blades issued from the mouths of the scabbards, and drinking blood, and waving to and fro, appeared like the tongues of Death. The field of battle seemed like a lake, the full-blown lotuses of which were the faces of heroes; on these the shower of discuses descended like a flight of Brahmany ducks, and so ruined the kingly swans. The combat appeared, with the severed heads of heroes flying up and down, like a game of ball, with which Death was amusing himself. When the arena of combat was cleared from the obscuring dust by the sprinkling of bloody drops, there took place on it the single combats of furious champions. There Súryaprabha fought with Śrutaśarman, and Prabhása fought with Dámodara, and Siddhártha fought with Mahotpáta, and Prahasta with Brahmagupta, and Vítabhí with Sangama, and Prajnáḍhya with Chandragupta, and Priyankara with Ákrama, and Sarvadamana fought with Atibala, and Kunjarakumáraka fought with Dhurandhara, and other great champions fought with others respectively.

Then first Mahotpáta silenced the arrows of Siddhártha with his arrows, and after cleaving his bow, slew his horses and charioteer. Siddhártha, though deprived of his chariot, charged him angrily, and with a large iron mace broke in pieces his chariot and horses. Then Siddhártha fought on foot with Mahotpáta also on foot, and in a wrestling-bout hurled him to the ground. But while he was trying to crush him, that Vidyádhara was delivered by his father Bhaga, and flying up into the air left the battle-field. And Prahasta and Brahmagupta destroyed one another’s chariots, and then fought with

swords, shewing various arts of fence; and Prahasta cleft his foe's shield in the course of their sword-play, and with a dexterous sleight laid him low on the earth; but when he was about to cut off his head, as he lay on the ground, he was forbidden by his father Brahmá himself by a sign from a distance; then all the Dánavas laughed the gods to scorn, saying, "You gods have come to save your sons, not to behold the fray." In the meanwhile Vítabhaya, after cutting in two the bow of Sankrama, and slaying his charioteer, slew him by piercing his heart with the weapon of Káma. And Prajnáḍhya, fighting on foot with Chandragupta, sword to sword, after both their chariots had been destroyed, killed him by cutting off his head. Then the Moon, angry at the death of his son, himself came and fought with Prajnáḍhya, and the two combatants were evenly matched. And Priyankara, who had lost his chariot, fighting with Ákrama, who had also had his chariot destroyed, cut him in two with one blow of his sword. And Sarvadamana easily killed Atibala in fight, for when his bow was cleft, he threw his elephant-hook and smote him in the heart.

Then Kunjarakumára in a contest, in which missiles were opposed by answering missiles, frequently deprived Dhurandhara of his chariot, and as frequently Vikramaśakti brought him a chariot, and defended him in sore straits, repelling weapons with weapons; then Kunjarakumára in wrath rushed forward, and swiftly hurled a great rock on to the chariot of Vikramaśakti, and, when Vikramaśakti retired with broken chariot, he crushed Dhurandhara with that very stone.[2]

* * *

Then Súryaprabha, while fighting with Śrutaśarman, being angry on account of the slaughter of Virochana, killed Dama with one arrow. Enraged at that, the two Aśvins descended to the combat, but Sunítha received them with showers of arrows, and a great fight took place between him and them. And Sthirabuddhi slew Parákrama in fight with a javelin, and then fought with the eight Vasus enraged on account of his death. And Prabhása, seeing Bhása deprived of his chariot, though himself engaged in fighting with Dámodara, killed Mardana with one arrow. The Dánava Prakampana killed

Tejaḥprabha in a missile combat, and then fought with the god of Fire enraged on account of his death. And when Dhúmraketu had slain Yamadanshṭra in fight, he had a terrible combat with the enraged Yama.[3] And Sinhadanshṭra, having crushed Suroshaṇa with a stone, fought with Nirṛiti,[4] enraged on account of his death. Kálachakra also cut Váyubala in two with a discus, and then fought with Váyu[5] inflamed with rage thereat. And Mahámáya slew Kuveradatta, who deluded his foes by assuming the forms of a snake, a mountain, and a tree, assuming himself the forms of Garuḍa, of the thunderbolt, and of fire. Then Kuvera[6] himself fought with him in wrath. In the same way all the gods fought, angry on account of the slaughter of their sons. And then various other princes of the Vidyádharas were slain by various men and Dánavas, darting forward from time to time.

And in the meanwhile a conflict went on between Prabhása and Dámodara, terrible from its unceasing exchange of missiles. Then Dámodara, though his bow was cleft asunder, and his charioteer slain, took another bow and fought on, holding the reins in his own hands. And when Brahmá applauded him, Indra said to him, "Revered one, why are you pleased with one who is getting the worst of it?" Then Brahmá answered him,—"How can I help being pleased with one, who fights for so long with this Prabhása? Who but Dámodara, who is a portion of Hari, would do this? For all the gods would be a scant match for Prabhása in fight. For that Asura Namuchi, who was so hard for the gods to subdue, and who was then born again as Prabala, one entire and perfect jewel, has now been born as the invincible Prabhása son of Bhása, and Bhása too was in a former birth the great Asura Kálanemi, who afterwards became Hiraṇyakaśipu and then Kapinjala. And Súryaprabha is the Asura who was called Sumuṇḍíka. And the Asura who was before called Hiraṇyáksha is now this Sunítha. And as for Prahasta and others, they are all Daityas and Dánavas; and since the Asuras slain by you have been born again in these forms, the other Asuras, Maya and others, have espoused their cause. And see, Bali has come here to look on, for his bonds have been broken by virtue of the great sacrifice to Śiva, duly performed by Súryaprabha and the others, but keeping his promise faithfully, he remains content with the realm of Pátála until your allotted period of rule is at an end, and then he will be Indra. These are now

favoured by Śiva, so it is not now a time of victory for you, make peace with your foes." While Brahmá was saying this to the king of the gods, Prabhása sent forth the great weapon of Śiva. When Vishṇu saw that terrible all-destroying weapon let loose, he also sent forth, out of regard for his son, his discus called Sudarśana. Then there took place between those divine weapons, which had assumed visible shapes, a struggle which made the three worlds dread a sudden destruction of all creatures. Then Hari said to Prabhása—"Recall your weapon and I will recall mine," and Prabhása answered him,—"My weapon cannot be launched in vain, so let Dámodara turn his back, and retire from the fight, and then I will recall my weapon." When Prabhása said that, Vishṇu answered—"Then do you also honour my discus, let not either of these weapons be fruitless." When Vishṇu said this, Prabhása who possessed tact, said "So be it, let this discus of thine destroy my chariot." Vishṇu agreed, and made Dámodara retire from the fight, and Prabhása withdrew his weapon, and the discus fell on his chariot. Then he mounted another chariot and went to Súryaprabha, and then Dámodara, for his part, repaired to Śrutaśarman.

And then the single combat between Śrutaśarman, who was puffed up by being a son of Indra, and Súryaprabha, became exceedingly fierce. Whatever weapon Śrutaśarman vigorously employed, Súryaprabha immediately repelled with opposing weapons. And whatever delusion Śrutaśarman employed, was overmastered by Súryaprabha with opposing delusion. Then Śrutaśarman in fierce wrath sent forth the weapon of Brahmá, and the mighty Súryaprabha let loose the weapon of Śiva. That mighty weapon of Śiva repelled the weapon of Brahmá, and being irresistible, was overpowering Śrutaśarman, when Indra and the other Lokapálas, being indignant, sent forth their tremendous weapons beginning with thunderbolts. But the weapon of Śiva conquered all those weapons, and blazed exceedingly, eager to slay Śrutaśarman. Then Súryaprabha praised that great weapon, and entreated it not to kill Śrutaśarman, but to take him prisoner and hand him over to himself. Then all the gods speedily prepared for fight, and the other Asuras also, who had come to look on, did the same, being eager to conquer the gods. Then a Gaṇa named Vírabhadra, sent by Śiva, came and delivered this order of his to Indra and the other gods: "You came to look on, so what right have you to fight here?

Moreover, your overstepping the bounds of propriety will produce other bad results." When the gods heard that, they said—"All of us have sons here that have been slain, or are being slain, so how can we help fighting?[7] Love for one's offspring is a feeling hard to lay aside, so we must certainly revenge ourselves on their slayers to the utmost of our power; what impropriety is there in this?" When the gods said this, Vírabhadra departed, and a great fight took place between the gods and the Asuras: Sunítha fought with the two Aśvins, and Prajnáḍhya fought with the Moon, and Sthirabuddhi with the Vasus, and Kálachakra with Váyu, and Prakampana with Agni, and Sinhadanshṭra with Nirṛiti, and Pramathana with Varuṇa, and Dhúmraketu with Yama, and then Mahámáya fought with the god of wealth, and other Asuras[8] at the same time fought with other gods, with missiles and opposing missiles. And finally, whatever mighty weapon any god sent forth, Śiva immediately destroyed with an angry roar. But the god of wealth, when his club was uplifted, was restrained by Śiva in a conciliatory manner, while various other gods, their weapons having been broken, fled from the field of battle. Then Indra himself, in wrath, attacked Súryaprabha, and let fly a storm of arrows at him and various other weapons. And Súryaprabha repelled those weapons with ease, and kept striking Indra with hundreds of arrows drawn back to the ear. Then the king of the gods, enraged, seized his thunderbolt, and Śiva made an angry noise and destroyed that thunderbolt. Then Indra turned his back and fled, and Náráyaṇa himself, in wrath, attacked Prabhása with sharp-edged[9] arrows. And he fearlessly fought with him, opposing those and other missiles with his own missiles, and when his horses were slain, and he was deprived of his chariot, he ascended another, and still fought with that enemy of the Daityas on equal terms. Then the god enraged sent forth his flaming discus. And Prabhása sent forth a heavenly sword, after consecrating it with magic formulas. While those two weapons were contending, Śiva, seeing that the sword was gradually being overpowered by the discus, made an angry roar. That caused the discus and sword to be both destroyed. Then the Asuras rejoiced, and the gods were cast down, as Súryaprabha had obtained the victory, and Śrutaśarman was taken prisoner. Then the gods praised and propitiated Śiva, and the husband of Ambiká, being pleased, gave this command to the gods—"Ask any boon but that promised to Súryaprabha;

who can set aside what has been once promised at a burnt-sacrifice?" The gods said—"But, Lord, let that also which we promised to Śrutaśarman be fulfilled, and let not our sons perish." Then they ceased, and the Holy Lord thus commanded them, "When peace is made, let that be so, and this is the condition of peace;——let Śrutaśarman with all his retinue do homage to Súryaprabha. Then we will issue a decree which shall be for the weal of both." The gods acquiesced in this decision of Śiva's, and made Śrutaśarman do homage to Súryaprabha. Then they renounced their enmity and embraced one another, and the gods and Asuras also laid aside their enmity and made peace with one another. Then, in the hearing of the gods and Asuras, the holy Śiva said this to Súryaprabha: "You must rule yourself in the southern half-*vedi*, but the northern half-*vedi* give to Śrutaśarman. For you are destined, my son, soon to receive the fourfold sovereignty of all the sky-goers, Kinnaras and all. And when you receive this, as you will be in a distinguished position, you must also give the southern half-*vedi* to Śríkunjarakumára." And as for the heroes slain on both sides in the battle, let them all rise up alive with unwounded limbs. After saying this, Śiva disappeared, and all those heroes, who were slain in that battle, rose up unwounded, as if they had awaked from sleep.

Then Súryaprabha, the tamer of his foes, intent on observing the command of Śiva, went to a remote extensive plain, and sitting in full court, himself made Śrutaśarman, who came to him, sit down on half of his throne. And his companions, headed by Prabhása, and Śrutaśarman's companions, headed by Dámodara, sat at the side of the two princes. And Sunítha and Maya, and the other Dánavas, and the kings of the Vidyádharas too sat on seats in order of precedence. Then the Daityas, who were kings of the seven Pátálas, headed by Prahláda, and the kings of the Dánavas came there out of joy. And Indra came with the Lokapálas, preceded by Vṛihaspati, and the Vidyádhara Sumeru with Suvásakumára. And all the wives of Kaśyapa came, headed by Danu, and the wives of Súryaprabha in the chariot Bhútásana. When they had all sat down, after shewing one another affection, and going through the prescribed courtesies, a friend of Danu's, named Siddhi, spoke to them as from her: "O gods and Asuras, the goddess Danu says this to you—'Say, if you have ever felt before the joy and satisfaction which we all feel in this friendly meeting! so you ought not to

wage against one another war, which is terrible on account of the sorrow it produces. Hiraṇyáksha and those other elder Asuras, who waged it to obtain the empire of heaven, have passed away, and Indra is now the eldest, so what cause is there for enmity?

"'So let your mutual antagonism drop, and be happy, in order that I may be pleased, and the prosperity of the worlds may be ensured.'" When they had heard this address of the revered Danu, uttered by the mouth of Siddhi, Vṛihaspati, Indra having looked him in the face, said to her—"The gods entertain no design against the Asuras, and are willing to be friends with them, unless they display a treacherous animosity against the gods." When the preceptor of the gods said this, Maya the king of the Dánavas said—"If the Asuras entertained any animosity, how could Namuchi have given to Indra the horse Uchchhaiḥśravas that resuscitates the dead? And how could Prabala have given his own body to the gods? And how could Bali have given the three worlds to Vishṇu, and himself have gone to prison? Or how could Ayodeha have given his own body to Viśvakarman? What more shall I say? The Asuras are ever generous, and if they are not treacherously injured, they cherish no animosity." When the Asura Maya had said this, Siddhi made a speech, which induced the gods and Asuras to make peace and embrace one another.

In the meanwhile a female warder, named Jayá, sent by Bhaváni, came there and was honoured by all, and she said to Sumeru, "I am sent by the goddess Durgá to you, and she gives you this order—'You have an unmarried daughter named Kámachúḍámaṇi; give her quickly to Súryaprabha, for she is a votary of mine.'" When Jayá said this to Sumeru, he bowed, and answered her—"I will do as the goddess Durgá commands me, for this is a great favour to me, and this very thing was long ago enjoined on me by the god Śiva." When Sumeru answered Jayá on this wise, she said to Súryaprabha—"You must set Kámachúḍámaṇi above all your wives, and she must be respected by you more than all the others; this is the order given to you to-day by the goddess Gaurí, being propitious to you." When Jayá had said this, she disappeared, after having been honoured by Súryaprabha. And Sumeru quickly fixed upon an auspicious moment in that same day for the marriage, and he had an altar made there, with pillars

and pavement of refulgent jewels, furnished with fire that seemed, as it were, eclipsed by their rays. And he summoned there his daughter Kámachúḍámaṇi, whose beauty was greedily drunk in by the eager eyes of gods and Asuras. Her loveliness was like that of Umá, and no wonder, for if Párvatí was the daughter of Himálaya, she was the daughter of Sumeru. Then he made her ascend the altar, fully adorned, resplendent from the ceremony of the marriage-thread, and then Súryaprabha took the lotus-hand of Kámachúḍámaṇi, on which bracelets had been fastened by Danu, and the other ladies. And when the first handful of parched grain[10] was thrown into the fire, Jayá immediately came and gave her an imperishable celestial garland sent by Bhaváni, and then Sumeru bestowed priceless jewels, and an excellent elephant of heavenly breed, descended from Airávata. And at the second throwing of parched grain, Jayá, bestowed a necklace, of such a kind that, as long as it is upon a person's neck, hunger, thirst and death cannot harm them; and Sumeru gave twice as many jewels as before, and a matchless horse descended from Uchchhaiḥśravas. And at the third throwing of grain, Jayá gave a single string of jewels, such that, as long as it is on the neck, youth does not wither, and Sumeru gave a heap of jewels three times as large as the first, and gave a heavenly pearl that bestowed all kinds of magic powers upon its possessor.

Then the wedding being over, Sumeru said to all present; "Gods, Asuras, Vidyádharas, mothers of the gods, and all. To-day all of you must eat in my house, you must do me this honour, I entreat you with palms folded above my head." They all were inclined to refuse Sumeru's invitation, but in the meanwhile Nandin arrived; he said to them, who bowed humbly before him, "Śiva commands you to feast in the house of Sumeru, for he is the god's servant, and if you eat his food, you will be satisfied for ever." All of them, when they heard this from Nandin, agreed to it. Then there came there innumerable Gaṇas sent by Śiva, under the leadership of Vináyaka, Mahákála, Vírabhadra and others. They prepared a place fit for dining, and caused the guests to sit down in order, gods, Vidyádharas and men. And the divine beings Vírabhadra, Mahákála, Bhṛingin and others, ministered to them viands produced by Sumeru by magic, and others supplied by the cow Kámadhenu ordered to do so by Śiva, and they waited upon every single guest according to his rank, and then there was a concert, charming on

account of the dancing of heavenly nymphs, and in which the bards of the Vidyádharas kept continually joining out of delight. And at the end of the feast, Nandin and the others gave them all celestial garlands, robes, and ornaments. After they had thus honoured the gods and others, all the chiefs of the Gaṇas, Nandin and the others, departed with all the Gaṇas as they had come. Then all the gods and Asuras, and those mothers of theirs, and Śrutaśarman and his followers took leave of Sumeru, and went each to his own place. But Súryaprabha and his wife, accompanied by all his former wives, went in the chariot first to that ascetic grove of Sumeru. And he sent his companion Harsha to announce his success to the kings and to his brother Ratnaprabha. And at the close of day he entered the private apartments of his wife Kámachúḍámaṇi, in which were splendid jewelled couches, and which were admirably built. There he flattered her by saying to her, "Now other women dwell outside of me, but you alone live in my heart." Then the night and his sleep gradually came to an end.

And in the morning Súryaprabha got up, and went and paid compliments to his head-wives, who were all together. And while they were rejecting him, as being in love with a new wife, with playfully sarcastic, sweet, affectionate, and bashful turns of speech, a Vidyádhara named Sushena came, announced by the warder, and after doing homage, said to that triumphant king—"Your highness, I have been sent here by all the princes of the Vidyádharas, the lord of Trikúṭa and others, and they make this representation to your highness—'It is auspicious that your coronation should take place on the third day at the mountain Ṛishabha, let this be announced to all, and let the necessary preparations be made.'" When Súryaprabha heard that, he answered the ambassador—"Go, and say to the king of Trikúṭa and the other Vidyádharas from me—'Let your honours begin the preparations, and say yourselves what further is to be done; I for my part am ready. But I will announce the day to all, as is fitting.'" Then Sushena departed, taking with him this answer. But Súryaprabha sent off his friends Prabhása and the others, one by one, to invite all the gods, and the hermits, Yájnavalkya and others, and the kings, and the Vidyádharas, and the Asuras to the great festival of his coronation.

He himself went alone to Kailása the monarch of mountains, in order to invite Śiva and Ambiká. And as he was ascending that mountain, he saw that it gleamed white as ashes, looking like a second Śiva to be adored by the Siddhas, Ṛishis, and gods. After he had got more than half-way up it, and had seen that further on it was hard to climb, he beheld on one side a coral door. When he found that, though gifted with supernatural power, he could not enter, he praised Śiva with intent mind. Then a man with an elephant's face opened the door, and said—"Come! enter! the holy Gaṇeśa is satisfied with you." Then Súryaprabha entered, inly wondering, and beheld the god seated on a broad slab of *jyotírasa*,[11] with one tusk, and an elephant's proboscis, in brightness like twelve suns, with pendent stomach, with three eyes, with flaming axe and club, surrounded by many Gaṇas with the faces of animals, and falling at his feet, he adored him. The vanquisher of obstacles, being pleased, asked him the cause of his coming, and said to him with an affectionate voice—"Ascend by this path." Súryaprabha ascended by that path another five *yojanas*, and saw another great door of ruby. And not being able to enter there either, he praised the god Śiva by his thousand names with intent mind. Then the son of Skanda, called Viśákha, himself opened the door, proclaiming who he was, and introduced the prince into the interior. And Súryaprabha, having entered, beheld Skanda of the brightness of burning fire, accompanied by his five sons like himself, Śákha, Viśákha and their brothers, surrounded by inauspicious planets, and infant planets,[12] that submitted to him as soon as he was born, and by ten millions of Gaṇeśas, prostrate at his feet. That god Kártikeya also, being pleased, asked the cause of his coming, and shewed him the path by which to ascend the mountain. In the same manner he passed five other jewel-doors in succession, kept by Bhairava, Mahákála, Vírabhadra, Nandin, and Bhṛingin severally, each with his attendants, and at last he reached on the top of the mountain an eighth door of crystal. Then he praised Śiva, and he was introduced courteously by one of the Rudras, and beheld that abode of Śiva that excelled Svarga, in which blew winds of heavenly fragrance, in which the trees ever bore fruit and flowers,[13] in which the Gandharvas had begun their concert, which was all joyous with the dancing of Apsarases. Then, in one part of it, Súryaprabha beheld with joy the great god Śiva, seated on a throne of crystal, three-eyed, trident in hand, in hue like unto

pure crystal, with yellow matted locks, with a lovely half-moon for crest, adored by the holy daughter of the mountain, who was seated at his side. And he advanced, and fell at the feet of him and the goddess Durgá. Then the adorable Hara placed his hand on his back, and made him rise up, and sit down, and asked him why he had come. And Súryaprabha answered the god, "My coronation is nigh at hand, therefore I desire the Lord's presence at it." Then Śiva said to him, "Why have you gone through so much toil and hardship? Why did you not think of me where you were, in order that I might appear there. Be it so, I will be present." The god, who is kind to his votaries, said this, and calling a certain Gaṇa who stood near him, gave him the following command: "Go and take this man to the Ṛishabha mountain, in order that he may be crowned emperor, for that is the place appointed for the grand coronation of emperors such as he is." When the Gaṇa had received this command from the holy god, he took in his lap with all respect Súryaprabha, who had circumambulated Śiva. And he carried him and placed him on the Ṛishabha mountain by his magic power that very moment, and then disappeared. And when Súryaprabha arrived there, his companions came to him, and his wives with Kámachúḍámaṇi at their head, and the kings of the Vidyádharas, and the gods with Indra, and the Asuras with Maya at their head, and Śrutaśarman, and Sumeru with Suvásakumára. And Súryaprabha honoured them all in becoming fashion, and when he told the story of his interview with Śiva, they congratulated him. Then Prabhása and the others brought the water of consecration with their own hands, mixed with various herbs, in pitchers of jewels and gold, taking it from male and female rivers, seas and holy bathing places. In the meanwhile the holy Śiva came there, accompanied by Durgá; and the gods, and Asuras and Vidyádharas, and kings, and great *ṛishis* adored his foot. And while all the gods, and Dánavas, and Vidyádharas uttered loud cries of "Blessed be this day," the *ṛishis* made Súryaprabha sit on the throne, and pouring all the waters over him, declared him emperor of the Vidyádharas. And the discreet Asura Maya joyfully fastened on his turban and diadem. And the drum of the gods, preceded by the dancing of lovely Apsarases, sounded joyfully in heaven, in unison with the cymbals of earth. And that assembly of great *ṛishis* poured the water of consecration over Kámachúḍámaṇi also, and made her the appropriate queen consort of Súryaprabha. Then, the gods and Asuras having departed, Súryaprabha, the emperor of the Vidyádharas,

protracted his great coronation feast with his relations, friends, and companions. And in a few days he gave to Śrutaśarman that northern half *vedi* mentioned by Śiva, and having obtained his other beloved ones, he enjoyed for a long time, together with his companions, the fortune of king of the Vidyádharas.

“Thus by virtue of the favour of Śiva, Súryaprabha, though a man, obtained of yore the empire of the Vidyádharas.”

Having told this story in the presence of the king of Vatsa, and having bowed before Naraváhanadatta, Vajraprabha, the king of the Vidyádharas, ascended to heaven. And after he had gone, that hero, king Naraváhanadatta, together with his queen Madanamanchuká, remained in the house of his father the king of Vatsa, waiting to obtain the rank of emperor of the Vidyádharas.

1

Śavará should probably be *śaraká.*

2

Here Brockhaus supposes a hiatus.

3

The god of Death.

4

i. e. Destruction (a goddess of death and corruption).

5

i. e. the god of the wind.

6

The god of wealth.

7

Cp. Homer’s Iliad, Book XV, 113–141.

8

For *anyonyaiś* I read *anye’anyaiś*.

9

Or perhaps—with arrows having ten million points.

10

Cp. Thiselton Dyer's English Folk-lore, p. 203.

11

Probably some kind of sparkling gem.

12

Said to mean, planets or demons unfavourable to children.

13

Cp. Odyssey VII, 117. The same is asserted by Palladius of the trees in the island of Taprobane, where the Makrobioi live. The fragment of Palladius, to which I refer, begins at the 7th Chapter of the IIIrd book of the History of the Pseudo-Callisthenes edited by Carolus Mueller.

Book IX.

Chapter LI.

We bow before that Gaṇeśa before whom, when dancing, even the mountains seem to bow, for they are made to stoop, owing to the earth being bent by the weight of Niśumbha.

Thus Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, dwelt in Kauśámbí in the palace of his father, having heard with astonishment of the reign of the king of the Vidyádharas. And once on a time, having gone out hunting, he dismissed his army, and entered a great forest, with Gomukha as his only companion. There the throbbing of his right eye indicated the approach of good fortune, and he soon heard the sound of singing mixed with the notes of a heavenly lyre. After going a short distance to find whence the sound proceeded, he beheld a Svayambhú[1] temple of Śiva, and after tying up his horse, he entered it. And there he beheld a heavenly maiden, surrounded by many other lovely maidens, praising Śiva with the harp. As soon as he saw her, with the effluent streams of her loveliness she disturbed his heart, as the orb of the moon disturbs the heart of the sea. She too looked on him with impassioned, loving, and bashful eye, and had her mind solely fixed on him, and forgot to pour forth her notes. Then Gomukha, who read his master's soul, began to ask her attendants—"Who is she, and whose daughter is she?" But in the meanwhile a Vidyádharí of mature age, resembling her in feature, descended from heaven, preceded by a gleam red as gold. And she came down, and sat by the side of that maiden, and then the maiden rose up, and fell at her feet. And that mature dame blessed that girl, saying, "Obtain without impediment a husband, who shall be king of all the Vidyádharas." Then Naraváhanadatta came to that gentle-looking Vidyádharí, and bowed before her, and after she had given him her blessing, he slowly said to her: "Who is this maiden of thine, mother, tell me?" then that Vidyádharí said to him "Listen, I will tell you."

Story of Alankáravatí.

There is on the mountain-heights of the father of Gaurí,[2] a city named Śrísundarapura, and in it there dwells a king of the Vidyádharas, named Alankáraśíla. That lofty-souled king had a wife named Kánchanaprabhá, and in course of time a son was born to the king by her. And, when Umá announced to his father in a dream that he should be devoted to religion, he named him Dharmaśíla. And in course of time that son Dharmaśíla grew up to be a young man, and the king, having had him taught the sciences, appointed him Crown-prince. Then Dharmaśíla, when appointed Crown-prince, being exclusively devoted to virtue, and self-controlled, delighted the subjects even more than did his father. Then the queen Kánchanaprabhá, the consort of king Alankáraśíla, became pregnant again, and gave birth to a daughter. Then a heavenly voice proclaimed, "This daughter shall be the wife of the emperor Naraváhanadatta." Then her father gave her the name of Alankáravatí, and the girl gradually grew like a digit of the moon. And in course of time she attained mature youth, and learned the sciences from her own father, and through devotion to the god Śiva, began to roam from temple to temple of his. In the meanwhile that brother of hers, Dharmaśíla, who was saintly, though in the bloom of youth, said in secret to his father Alankáraśíla—"My father, these enjoyments, that vanish in a moment, do not please me; for what is there in this world which is not distasteful at the last? Have you not heard on this point the saying of the hermit Vyása? 'All aggregations end in dissolution, all erections end in a fall, all unions end in separation, and life ends in death.' So what pleasure can wise men take in these perishable objects? Moreover, neither enjoyments nor heaps of wealth accompany one into the other world, but virtue is the only friend that never moves a step from one's side. Therefore I will go to the forest, and perform a severe penance, in order by it to attain everlasting supreme felicity." When the king's son Dharmaśíla said this, his father Alankáraśíla was perturbed, and answered him with tears in his eyes; "My son, what is this

sudden delusion that has overtaken you while still a boy? For good men desire a life of retirement after they have enjoyed their youth. This is the time for you to marry a wife, and rule your kingdom justly, and enjoy pleasures, not to abandon the world." When Dharmaśíla heard this speech of his father's, he answered: "There is no period for self-control or absence of self-control fixed by age; any one, even when a child, attains self-control, if favoured by the Lord, but no bad man attains self-control even when old. And I take no pleasure in reigning, nor in marrying a wife; the object of my life is to propitiate Śiva by austerities." When the prince said this, his father Alankáraśíla, seeing that he could not be turned from his purpose even by the greatest efforts, shed tears, and said; "If you, who are young, my son, display such freedom from passion, why should not I, who am an old man? I too will go to the forest." He said this, and went to the world of men, and bestowed on Bráhmans and the poor a myriad loads of gold and jewels. And returning to his city, he said to his wife Kánchanaprabhá: "You must, if you wish to obey my commands, remain here in your own city, and take care of this daughter of ours, Alankáravatí, and when a year has past, there will be on this very day an auspicious moment for her marriage. And then I will give her in marriage to Naraváhanadatta, and that son-in-law of mine shall be an emperor, and shall come to this city of ours." Having said this to his wife, the king made her take an oath, and then made her return weeping with her daughter, and himself went with his son to the forest. But his wife Kánchanaprabhá lived in her own city with her daughter; what virtuous wife would disobey her husband's commands? Then her daughter Alankáravatí wandered about to many temples together with her mother, who accompanied her out of affection. And one day the science named Prajnapti said to her, "Go to the holy places in Kaśmíra named Svayambhú, and there offer worship, for then you will obtain without difficulty for a husband, Naraváhanadatta, the sole emperor of all the Vidyádhara kings." After hearing this from the science, she went with her mother to Kaśmíra and worshipped Śiva in all the holy places, in Nandikshetra, in Mahádevagiri, in Amaraparvata, in the mountains of Sureśvarí, and in Vijaya, and Kapaṭeśvara. After worshipping the husband of Párvatí in these and other holy places, that princess of the Vidyádharas and her mother returned home.

Know, auspicious youth, that this is that very maiden Alankáravatí, and that I am her mother Kánchanaprabhá. And to-day she came to this temple of Śiva without telling me. Then I, perceiving it by the Prajnapti science, came here, and I was told by the same science that you had come here also. So marry this daughter of mine who has been ordained your wife by the god. And to-morrow arrives the day of her marriage appointed by her father, so return for this day, my son, to Kauśámbí your own city. And we will go hence, but to-morrow the king Alankáraśíla will come from the grove of asceticism, and himself give you this daughter of his.

When she said this, Alankáravatí and Naraváhanadatta were thrown into a strange state of distraction, for their eyes were full of tears, since their hearts could not bear that they should be separated from one another even for a night, and they were like *chakravákas* when the end of the day is near. When Kánchanaprabhá saw them in such a state, she said: "Why do you show such a want of self-restraint because you are to be separated for one night. People, who possess firmness, endure for a long time mutual separation to which no termination is assigned; hear in proof of this the tale of Rámabhadra and Sítá."

Story of Ráma and Sítá.

Long ago king Daśaratha, the sovereign of Ayodhyá, had a son, named Ráma, the elder brother of Bharata, Śatrughna and Lakshmaṇa. He was a partial incarnation of Vishṇu for the overthrow of Rávaṇa, and he had a wife named Sítá, the daughter of Janaka, the lady of his life. As fate would have it, his father handed over the kingdom to Bharata, and sent Ráma to the forest with Sítá and Lakshmaṇa. There Rávaṇa carried off his beloved Sítá by magic, and took her to the city of Lanká, having slain Jaṭáyus on the way. Then Ráma, in his bereaved state, made Sugríva his friend by killing Bálin, and by sending Hanumán to Lanká, obtained news of his wife. And he crossed the sea by building a bridge over it, and slew Rávaṇa, and gave

the sovereignty of Lanká to Vibhíshaṇa and recovered Sítá. Then he returned from the forest, and while he was ruling his kingdom, that Bharata had made over to him, Sítá became pregnant in Ayodhyá. And while the king was roaming through the city at leisure, with a small retinue, to observe the actions of his subjects, he beheld a certain man turning his wife, whom he held by the hand, out of his house, and giving out that her fault was going to the house of another man.[3] And king Ráma heard the wife saying to her husband,—"King Ráma did not desert his wife, though she dwelt in the house of the Rákshasa; this fellow is superior to him, for he abandons me for going to the house of a relation." So he went home afflicted; and afraid of the slander of the people, he abandoned Sítá in the forest; a man of reputation prefers the sorrow of separation to ill-repute. And Sítá, languid with pregnancy, happened to reach the hermitage of Válmíki, and that *ṛishi* comforted her, and made her take up her abode there. And the other hermits there debated among themselves; "Surely this Sítá is guilty, otherwise how could her husband have deserted her? So, by beholding her, everlasting pollution will attach to us; but Válmíki does not expel her from the hermitage out of pity, and he neutralizes by means of his asceticism the pollution produced by beholding her, so come, let us go to some other hermitage." When Válmíki perceived that, he said; "Bráhmans, you need not have any misgivings about the matter, I have perceived her by my meditation to be chaste. When even then they exhibited incredulity, Sítá said to them; "Reverend sirs, test my purity by any means that you know of, and if I turn out to be unchaste, let me be punished by having my head cut off." When the hermits heard that, they experienced an emotion of pity, and they said to her, "There is a famous bathing-place in this forest, called Ṭíṭhibhasaras, for a certain chaste woman named Ṭíṭhibhí, being falsely accused by her husband, who suspected her of familiarity with another man, in her helplessness invoked the goddess Earth and the Lokapálas, and they produced it for her justification. There let the wife of Ráma clear herself for our satisfaction." When they said that, Sítá went with them to that lake. And the chaste woman said—"Mother Earth, if my mind was never fixed even in a dream on any one besides my husband, may I reach the other side of the lake,"—and after saying this, she entered the lake, and the goddess Earth appeared, and, taking her in her lap, carried her to the other side. Then all

the hermits adored that chaste woman, and enraged at Ráma's having abandoned her, they desired to curse him. But Sítá, who was devoted to her husband, dissuaded them, saying,—"Do not entertain an inauspicious thought against my husband, I beg you to curse my wicked self." The hermits, pleased with that conduct of hers, gave her a blessing which enabled her to give birth to a son, and she, while dwelling there, in good time did give birth to a son, and the hermit Válmíki gave him the name of Lava.[4] One day she took the child and went to bathe, and the hermit, seeing that it was not in the hut, thought—"She is in the habit, when she goes to bathe, of leaving her child behind her, so what has become of the child? Surely it has been carried off by a wild beast. I will create another, otherwise Sítá, on returning from bathing, will die of grief." Under this impression, the hermit made a pure babe of *kuśa* grass, resembling Lava, and placed him there, and Sítá came, and seeing it, said to the hermit, "I have my own boy, so whence came this one, hermit?" When the hermit Válmíki heard this, he told her exactly what had taken place, and said, "Blameless one, receive this second son named Kuśa, because I by my power created him out of *kuśa* grass." When he said this to her, Sítá brought up those two sons Kuśa and Lava, for whom Válmíki performed the sacraments. And those two young princes of the Kshatriya race, even when children, learned the use of all heavenly weapons, and all sciences from the hermit Válmíki.

And one day they killed a deer belonging to the hermitage, and ate its flesh, and made use of a *linga*, which Válmíki worshipped, as a plaything. The hermit was offended thereby, but at Sítá's intercession he appointed for those youths the following expiatory penance: "Let this Lava go quickly and bring from the lake of Kuvera golden lotuses, and *mandára*[5] flowers from his garden, then worship, both of you brothers, this *linga* with those flowers; in this way this crime of those two will be atoned for." When Lava heard this, he went, though a boy, to Kailása, and invaded that lake and garden of Kuvera, and after killing the Yakshas, brought back the lotuses and the flowers, and as he was returning, being tired, he rested in the way under a tree. And in the meanwhile Lakshmaṇa came that way, seeking a man with auspicious marks for Ráma's human sacrifice.[6] He, according to

the custom of Kshatriyas, challenged Lava to fight, and paralyzed him by the stupefying weapon, and taking him prisoner, led him to the city of Ayodhyá. And in the meanwhile Válmíki comforted Sítá, who was anxious about the return of Lava, and said to Kuśa in his hermitage, "Lakshmaṇa has taken prisoner the child Lava and has carried him off to Ayodhyá; go and deliver him from Lakshmaṇa, after conquering him with these weapons." When the sage said this, and gave to Kuśa a heavenly weapon, he went and with it attacked and besieged the sacrificial enclosure in Ayodhyá, and he conquered in fight Lakshmaṇa, who advanced to repel him, by the help of those heavenly weapons; then Ráma advanced to meet him; and when he could not, though exerting himself to the utmost, conquer with weapons that Kuśa, owing to the might of Válmíki, he asked him who he was, and why he came. Then Kuśa said, "Lakshmaṇa has taken my elder brother prisoner and brought him here; I have come here to set him at liberty. We two are Kuśa and Lava the sons of Ráma, this is what our mother, the daughter of Janaka, says." Thereupon he told her story. Then Ráma burst into tears, and summoned Lava and embraced both, saying, "I am that same wicked Ráma." Then the citizens assembled and praised Sítá, beholding those two heroic youths, and Ráma recognised them as his sons. And then he summoned the queen Sítá from the hermitage of Válmíki, and dwelt with her in happiness, transferring to his sons the burden of the empire.

"Thus heroic souls endure separation for so long a time, and how can you find it difficult to endure it for only one night?" When Kánchanaprabhá had said this to her daughter Alaṅkáravatí, who was eager to be married, and to Naraváhanadatta, she departed through the air with the intention of returning again, and took her daughter with her: and Naraváhanadatta, for his part, returned despondent to Kauśámbí.

Then, as he could not sleep at night, Gomukha said to him to amuse him —"Prince, hear this story of Pṛithvírúpa, which I will relate to you."

Story of the handsome king Pṛithvírúpa.

There is in the Dekhan a city named Pratishṭhána, in it lived a very handsome king, named Pṛithvírúpa. Once on a time two discerning Buddhist hermits came to him, and seeing that that king was very handsome, they said to him, “King, we have travelled through the world, and we have nowhere seen a man or woman equal to you in beauty, except the daughter of king Rúpadhara and queen Hemalatá, in the isle of Muktipura, Rúpalatá by name, and that maiden alone is a match for you, and you alone are a match for her; if you were to be united in marriage, it would be well.” With these words of the hermit, which entered by his ears, the arrows of Love entered also and stuck in his heart. Then king Pṛithvírúpa, being full of longing, gave this order to his admirable painter, Kumáridatta by name; “Take with you my portrait, accurately painted on canvas, and with these two mendicants go to the isle of Muktipura, and there shew it by some artifice to the king Rúpadhara and his daughter Rúpalatá. Find out if that king will give me his daughter or not, and take a likeness of Rúpalatá, and bring it back.” When the king had said this, he made the painter take his likeness on canvas, and sent him with the mendicants to that island. And so the painter and the mendicants set out, and in course of time reached a city named Putrapura on the shore of the sea. There they embarked on a ship, and going across the sea, they reached in five days that island of Muktipura. There the painter went and held up at the gate of the palace a notice, to the effect that there was no painter like him in the world. When the king Rúpadhara heard of that, he summoned him, and the painter entered the palace, and bowing, he said: “O king, though I have travelled all over the earth, I have never seen my match as a painter, so tell me, whom I am to paint of gods, mortals, and Asuras.” When the king heard that, he summoned his daughter Rúpalatá into his presence, and gave him the following order: “Make a portrait of this daughter of mine, and shew it me.” Then the painter Kumáridatta made a portrait of the princess on canvas and shewed it, and it was exactly like the original. Then king Rúpadhara was pleased, and thinking him clever, he asked that painter, in his desire to obtain a son-in-law, “My good fellow, you have travelled over the earth: so tell me if you have anywhere seen a woman or a man

equal to my daughter in beauty." When the king said this, the painter answered him, "I have nowhere in the world seen a woman or a man equal to her, except a king in Pratishṭhána, named Pṛithvírúpa, who is a match for her; if she were married to him, it would be well. Since he has not found a princess equal in beauty, he remains, though in his fresh youth, without a wife. And I, your majesty, having beheld that king, dear to the eyes, took a faithful likeness of him, out of admiration of his beauty." When the king heard that, he said: "Have you that portrait with you?" And the painter said, "I have," and showed the portrait. Thereupon the king Rúpadhara, beholding the beauty of that king Pṛithvírúpa, found his head whirl round with astonishment. And he said, "Fortunate are we to have beheld that king even in a picture; I felicitate those who behold him in the flesh. When Rúpalatá heard this speech of her father's, and saw the king in the picture, she was full of longing, and could neither hear nor see anything else. Then the king Rúpadhara, seeing that his daughter was distracted with love, said to that painter Kumáridatta, "Your pictures exactly correspond to the original, so that king Pṛithvírúpa must be an appropriate husband for my daughter. So take this portrait of my daughter, and set off immediately, and shew my daughter to king Pṛithvírúpa; and tell the whole incident as it took place, and if he pleases, let him come here quickly, to marry her." Thus the king spake, and honoured the painter with gifts, and sent him off with his ambassador, in the company of the mendicants.

The painter, the ambassador, and the mendicants crossed the sea, and all reached the court of Pṛithvírúpa in Pratishṭhána. There they gave the present to that king, and told him the whole transaction, as it took place, and the message of Rúpadhara. And then that painter Kumáridatta shewed to that king his beloved Rúpalatá in a painting. As the king gazed,[7] his eye was drowned in that sea of beauty her person, so that he could not draw it out again. For the king, whose longing was excessive, could not be satisfied with devouring her form, which poured forth a stream of the nectar of beauty, as the partridge cannot be satisfied with devouring the moonlight. And he said to the painter, "My friend, worthy of praise is the Creator who made this beauty, and yourself who copied it. So I accept the proposal of king Rúpadhara; I will go to the island of Muktipura and marry his

daughter." After saying this, the king honoured the painter, the ambassador, and the hermits, and remained looking at the picture.

And afflicted with the sorrow of absence, the king spent that day in gardens and other places, and set out the next day on his expedition, after ascertaining a favourable moment. And the king mounted the great elephant Mangalaghaṭa, and proceeded on his way with many horses and elephants, with chiefs and Rájpúts, and with the painter and the hermits, together with the ambassador of Rúpadhara, and in a few days he reached the entrance of the Vindhya forest, and encamped there in the evening. The next day, the king Pṛithvírúpa mounted an elephant named Śatrumardana, and going on entered that forest. And as he was slowly proceeding, he beheld his army, which was marching in front of him, suddenly fleeing. And while he was perplexed as to what it could mean, a Rájpút named Nirbhaya, mounted on an elephant, came up and said to him, "King, a very large army of Bhillas attacked us in front there; in the fight that ensued those Bhillas slew with their arrows just fifty of our elephants, and a thousand of our footmen, and three hundred horses; but our troops laid low two thousand Bhillas, so that for every single corpse seen in our host two were seen in theirs. Then our forces were routed, galled with their arrows, which resemble thunderbolts." When the king heard that, he was angry, and advancing he slew the army of the Bhillas, as Arjuna slew that of the Kauravas. Then the other bandits were slain by Nirbhaya and his comrades,[8] and the king cut off with one crescent-headed arrow the head of the commander of the Bhillas. The king's elephant Śatrumardana, with the blood flowing from arrow-wounds, resembled a mountain of collyrium pouring forth streams coloured with cinnabar. Then his whole army, that had been dispersed, returned, finding themselves victorious, and those Bhillas, that had escaped slaughter, fled in all directions. And the king Pṛithvírúpa, having brought the fight to an end, had his might extolled by the ambassador of Rúpadhara, and being victorious, encamped in that very forest district, on the bank of a lake, to recruit the strength of his wounded troops.

And in the morning the king set out thence, and slowly advancing he reached that city of Putrapura on the shore of the sea. There he rested for a day, being entertained in becoming fashion by the king of that place, named

Udáracharita. And he crossed the sea in ships supplied by him, and in eight days reached the isle of Muktipura.

And the king Rúpadhara, hearing of it, came to meet him delighted, and the two kings met and embraced one another. Then the king Pṛithvírúpa entered his city with him, being, so to speak, drunk in by the eyes of the ladies of the city. Then the queen Hemalatá and the king Rúpadhara, seeing that he was a suitable husband for their daughter, rejoiced. And that king Pṛithvírúpa remained there, and Rúpadhara honoured him with entertainment in accordance with his own magnificence.

And the next day, the long-desiring Rúpalatá ascended the altar in an auspicious moment, and he with exultation received her hand in marriage. And when they beheld one another's beauty, the expanded eye of each was extended to the ear, as if to inform that organ that the report it had heard before was true. When the parched grain was thrown, Rúpadhara gave jewels in such abundance to the happy couple, that men thought he was a perfect mine of jewels. And after his daughter's marriage had taken place, he honoured the painter and the two mendicants with dresses and ornaments, and bestowed gifts on all the others. Then that king Pṛithvírúpa, remaining in that city with his attendants, enjoyed the best meat and drink the isle could produce. The day was spent in singing and dancing, and at night the eager king entered the private apartments of Rúpalatá, in which jewelled couches were spread, which was adorned with jewelled pavement, the circuit of which was propped on jewelled pillars, and which was lit up with jewel-lamps. And in the morning he was woke up by the bards and heralds reciting, and he rose up and remained as the moon in heaven.

Thus king Pṛithvírúpa remained ten days in that island, amusing himself with ever-fresh enjoyments furnished by his father-in-law. On the eleventh day, the king, with the consent of the astrologers, set out with Rúpalatá, after the auspicious ceremony had been performed for him. And he was escorted by his father-in-law as far as the shore of the sea, and accompanied by his retainers, he embarked on the ships with his wife. He crossed the sea in eight days, and his army, that was encamped on the shore, joined him, and the king Udáracharita came to meet him, and then he went to Putrapura.

There king Pṛithvírúpa rested some days, and was entertained by that king, and then he set out from that place. And he mounted his beloved Rúpalatá on the elephant Jayamangala, and he himself mounted an elephant named Kalyáṇagiri. And the king, proceeding by continual stages, in due course reached his good city of Pratishṭhána, where flags and banners were waving. Then, after beholding Rúpalatá, the ladies of the city lost at once all pride in their own beauty, and gazed on her with eyes unwinking from wonder. Then king Pṛithvírúpa entered his palace, making high festival, and he gave to that painter villages and wealth, and he honoured those two hermits with wealth as they deserved, and gave complimentary presents to the chiefs, ministers and Rájpúts. Then that king, having attained his object, enjoyed there this world's happiness in the society of Rúpalatá.

After the minister Gomukha had told Naraváhanadatta this tale with the object of amusing him, he went on to say to the impatient prince,—"Thus the resolute endure painful separation for a long time, but how is it that you cannot endure it even for one night, O king? For to-morrow your Highness shall marry Alankáravatí." When Gomukha had said this, Marubhúti the son of Yaugandharáyaṇa came up at that instant, and said, "What stuff will you not prate, being ungalled, and never having felt the agony of love? A man possesses firmness and discernment and morality, only so long as he does not come within the range of the arrows of Love. Happy in the world are Sarasvatí, Skanda, and Buddha, these three, who have brushed off and flung away love, like a blade of grass clinging to the skirt of the robe." When Marubhúti said this, Naraváhanadatta, perceiving that Gomukha was distressed, said in order to comfort him,—"What Gomukha said to me was appropriate, and it was said to amuse me, for what loving friend exults over one in the agony of separation? One afflicted by the pain of separation should be comforted by his friends to the best of their ability, and the sequel should be left to the disposal of the five-arrowed god." Talking in this style, and hearing various tales from his attendants, Naraváhanadatta somehow managed to get through that night. And when morning came, he rose up and performed his necessary duties, and saw Kánchanaprabhá descending from heaven, accompanied by her husband Alankáraśíla, and her son Dharmaśíla, and that Alankáravatí her daughter; and they all descended from the chariot and came near him, and he welcomed them as was fitting, and they saluted

him in like manner. And in the meanwhile thousands of other Vidyádharas descended from heaven, carrying loads of gold, jewels, and other valuables; and after hearing of this occurrence, the king of Vatsa came there with his ministers and his queens, delighted at the advancement of his son. After the king of Vatsa had performed the rites of hospitality duly, the king Alankáraśíla said to him, bowing graciously,—"King, this is my daughter Alankáravatí, and when she was born, she was declared by a voice, that came from heaven, to be destined to be the wife of this thy son Naraváhanadatta, the future emperor of all the Vidyádhara kings. So I will give her to him, for this is a favourable moment for them; for this reason I have come here with all these." The king of Vatsa welcomed that speech of the Vidyádhara sovereign's, saying, "It is a great favour that you do me." Then the ruler of the Vidyádharas sprinkled with water, produced in the hollow of his hand by virtue of his science, the ground of the courtyard. Immediately there was produced there an altar of gold, covered with a heavenly cloth, and a pavilion, not made with hands, for the preliminary ceremony, composed of various jewels. Then the successful king Alankáraśíla said to Naraváhanadatta—"Rise up, the favourable moment has arrived—bathe." After he had bathed, and had the marriage-thread put on, the king Alankáraśíla, being delighted, gave him with all his heart his daughter, after bringing her to the altar in her bridal dress. And when the grain was thrown into the fire, he and his son gave to his daughter thousands of loads of jewels, gold, garments and ornaments, and heavenly nymphs. And after the marriage was over, he honoured them all, and then took his leave of them, and with his wife and son departed, as he came, through the air. Then the king of Vatsa, seeing his son destined to advancement, being honoured by the bending kings of the Vidyádharas, was delighted, and prolonged that feast to a great length. And Naraváhanadatta, having obtained Alaṅkáravatí, charming on account of her good conduct, and of noble virtues, like a skilful poet who has obtained a style, charming on account of its excellent metre, and of splendid merits, remained delighted with her.[9]

1

i. e., connected in some way with Buddha. See Böhtlingk and Roth s. v.

2

i. e., the Himálaya.

3

This seems to agree with the story as told in the Bhágavata Puráṇa. For various forms of the Ráma legend, see the translation of the Uttara Ráma Charita by M. Félix Nève.

4

The story of Genovefa in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 371, bears a striking resemblance to that of Sítá. The way in which Schmerzensreich and his father retire to the forest at the end of the story is quite Indian. In the Greek novel of Hysminias and Hysmine the innocence of the heroine is tested by the fountain of Diana (Scriptores Erotici, p. 595). For parallels to the story of Genoveva or Genovefa see Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, LII, and the Introduction, p. xxii.

5

One of the five trees of Paradise. For the golden lotuses, see Chapter XXV. In Ch. LII we find trees with trunks of gold and leaves and fruit of jewels. A similar tree is found in the mediæval romance of king Alexander. Dunlop compares the golden vine carried away by Pompey. Liebrecht remarks that there was also a golden vine over the gate of the temple at Jerusalem, and compares the golden lotus made by the Chinese emperor Tunghwan. He refers also to Huon of Bordeaux, Ysaie le Triste, and Grimm's Kindermärchen 130 and 133. (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 184). See also Milton's Paradise Lost, IV. 220 and 256. Cp. Thalaba the Destroyer, Book I, 30. The passage in the Pseudo-Callisthenes will be found in III, 28, Karl Mueller's Edition.

6

See page 445.

7

Cp. the story of Seyf ul Mulk in the Persian Tales, and the Bahar-Danush, c. 35 (Dunlop, Vol. II, p. 208, Liebrecht's translation, p. 335) see also Dunlop's remarks upon the Polexandre of Gomberville. In this romance Abdelmelec, son of the emperor of Morocco, falls in love with Alcidiana by seeing her portrait (Vol. II, p. 276, Liebrecht's translation, p 372.) A similar incident is found in the romanco of Agesilaus of Colchos, (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 157.) See Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 3; Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 49; Coelho, Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 109.

8

For the *vidruteshu* of Brockhaus's edition I read *nihateshu*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS.

9

An elaborate pun. *Rasika* also means "full of (poetical) flavour."

Chapter LII.

Then Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, being united to Alaṅkáravatí his new wife, remained in the house of his father, pleased with the heavenly dancing and singing of her maids, and enjoying banquets with his ministers.

And one day his mother-in-law Kánchanaprabhá, the mother of Alaṅkáravatí, came to him and said, after he had hospitably entertained her —"Come to our palace, behold that city of Sundarapura, and take your delight in its gardens with Alaṅkáravatí." When he heard this, he consented, and he informed his father, and by his advice took Vasantaka with him, and with his wife and his minister, he ascended a splendid chariot created by his mother-in-law by her science, and set out through the air, and while in the chariot, he looked down from heaven, and beheld the earth of the size of a mound, and the seas small as ditches, and in due course he reached the Himálayas with his mother-in-law, wife, and attendants, and it resounded with the songs of the Kinnarís, and was adorned with the companies of heavenly nymphs. There he saw a great many wonderful sights, and then he reached the city of Sundarapura. It was adorned with many palaces of gold and jewels, and, thus, though it was on the Himálayas, it made the beholder suppose that he was looking on the peaks of mount Meru.[1] And he descended from the heaven, and getting out of the carriage entered that city, which, as it were, danced with the waving silk of its banners, in its joy at having once more a king. And he entered that palace, with the auspicious ceremony performed for him by his mother-in-law, accompanied by Alaṅkáravatí, and with his favourites and Vasantaka. There the fortunate prince spent the day in his father-in-law's palace, in enjoyments which were provided for him by the power of his mother-in-law. And on the next day his mother-in-law Kánchanaprabhá said to him; "There is in this city an image of the holy self-existent husband of Umá.[2] He, if visited and worshipped, gives enjoyment and even salvation. Around it the father of Alaṅkáravatí made a great garden, and brought down to it a holy water,

rightly named the Ganges-pool: go there to-day to worship the god and to amuse yourselves." When his mother-in-law said this to him, Naraváhanadatta, accompanied by his wife Alaṅkáravatí, and followed by his attendants, went to that garden of Śiva. It looked lovely with its golden-trunked trees, which were charming with their branches of jewels, the clear white flowers of which were clusters of pearls, and the shoots of which were coral.[3] There he bathed in the Ganges-pool and worshipped Śiva, and wandered round the tanks that were adorned with ladders of jewels and lotuses of gold. And, accompanied by his attendants, he amused himself with Alaṅkáravatí on their charming banks, and in bowers of the wish-granting creeper. And in those he delighted his soul with heavenly banquets and concerts, and amusing jokes caused by the simplicity of Marubhúti. And so Naraváhanadatta dwelt a month there, amusing himself in gardens, thanks to the resources of his mother-in-law. Then that Kánchanaprabhá bestowed on him, his wife, and his ministers, garments and ornaments fit for gods, and with his mother-in-law and his attendants, he returned in that same chariot to Kauśámbí, accompanied by his wife, and he gladdened the eyes of his parents.

There Alaṅkáravatí was thus addressed by her mother in the presence of the king of Vatsa; "You must never by jealous anger make your husband unhappy, for the fruit of that fault, my daughter, is separation that causes great affliction. Because I was jealous in old time and afflicted my husband, I am now consumed with remorse, as he has gone to the forest." After saying this, she embraced her daughter with eyes blinded with tears, and flying up into the air went to her own city.

Then, that day having come to an end, the next morning Naraváhanadatta, having performed the appropriate duties, was sitting with his ministers, when a woman rushed into the presence of Alaṅkáravatí and said—"Queen, I am a woman in the utmost terror, protect me, protect me! For there is a Bráhman come to slay me, and he is standing outside; through fear of him I have fled and come in here to implore protection." The queen said, "Do not fear. Tell your tale. Who is he? Why does he wish to slay you?" When thus questioned, the woman began to say:—

Story of Aśokamálá.

My sovereign, I am the daughter of a Kshatriya in this city, named Balasena, and my name is Aśokamálá. When I was a virgin, I was demanded from my father by a rich Bráhman named Haṭhaśarman, who was captivated by my beauty. And I said to my father; “I do not like this ugly grim-visaged man for a husband; if you give me to him, I will not remain in his house.” Though Haṭhaśarman heard that, he sat in *dharna* at the door of my father’s house, until he gave me to him, being afraid of causing the death of a Bráhman. Then the Bráhman married me and carried me off reluctant, and I deserted him, and fled to another man, the son of a Kshatriya. But that Haṭhaśarman managed to crush him by the power of his wealth, and then I went to another Kshatriya, who was well off. Then this Bráhman went at night and set his house on fire. Then he abandoned me, and I went to a third Kshatriya, and this Bráhman burnt his house also at night. Then I was abandoned by him also, and I became a fugitive, flying in terror, as the sheep flies from the jackal, from that Haṭhaśarman, who wishes to slay me, and follows me step by step. In this very city I entered the service of the mighty Víraśarman your servant, a Rájpút who protects the helpless. When the wicked Haṭhaśarman found that out, he was miserable at having no hope of recovering me, and being afflicted with separation, he was reduced to skin and bone. But the Rájpút Víraśarman, when disposed to imprison him for my protection, was prevented by me, O queen. To-day it chanced that I went outside the house, and Haṭhaśarman, seeing me, drew his sword and rushed on me to kill me, but I thereupon fled here, and the female warder, melted with compassion, opened the door and let me enter, but he, I know, is waiting for me outside.

When she said this, the king had the Bráhman Haṭhaśarman summoned into his presence; he looked at Aśokamálá with an eye inflamed with anger, his form was distorted, he held a sword in his hand, and the joints of his limbs

trembled with rage. The king said to him, “Wicked Bráhman, do you try to kill a woman, and for her sake set on fire your neighbours’ houses? Why are you so wicked?” When the Bráhman heard that, he said, “She is my lawful wife. She has left my protection and gone elsewhere, how could I endure that?” When he said this, Aśokamálá, in distress, exclaimed, “O guardians of the world, tell me this; did he not in your presence marry me and carry me off by force against my own will? And did I not say at the time, ‘I will not dwell in his house?’” When she said this, a heavenly voice said, “The statement of Aśokamálá is true. But she is not a woman; hear the truth about her. There is a heroic king of the Vidyádharas named Aśokakara. He had no sons, and once on a time it happened that a daughter was born to him, and she grew up in the house of her father, under the name of Aśokamálá. And when she arrived at an adult age, and he, desiring to perpetuate his race, offered her in marriage, she would not take any husband, through exceeding pride in her own beauty. For that reason her father, vexed with her obstinacy, denounced this curse on her; ‘Become a mortal, and in that state thou shalt have the same name. And an ugly Bráhman shall marry thee by force; thou shalt abandon him, and in thy fear resort to three husbands in succession. Even then he shall persecute thee, and thou shalt take refuge with a mighty Kshatriya as his slave, but even then the Bráhman shall not desist from persecuting thee. And he shall see thee, and run after thee, with the object of killing thee, but thou shalt escape, and entering the king’s palace, shalt be delivered from this curse.’

Accordingly that very Vidyádharí, Aśokamálá, who was in old time cursed by her father, has now been born as a woman under the same name. And this appointed end of her curse has now arrived. She shall now repair to her Vidyádhara home, and enter her own body which is there. There she, remembering her curse, shall live happily with a Vidyádhara prince, named Abhiruchita, who shall become her husband.” When the heavenly voice had said this, it ceased, and immediately that Aśokamálá fell dead on the ground. But the king and Alaṅkáravatí, when they saw that, had their eyes suffused with tears, and so had their courtiers. But in Haṭhaśarman grief overpowered anger, and he wept, blinded with passion. Then his eyes suddenly became expanded with joy. All of them thereupon said to him,

—“What does this mean?” Then that Bráhman said, “I remember my former birth, and I will give an account of it, listen.”

Story of Sthúlabhuja.

On the Himálayas there is a splendid city, named Madanapura; in it dwelt a Vidyádhara prince, named Pralambabhuja. He had born to him, my lord, a son named Sthúlabhuja, and he in course of time became a handsome prince in the flower of youth. Then a king of the Vidyádharas, named Surabhivatsa, came with his daughter to the palace of that king Pralambabhuja, and said to him: “I give this daughter of mine, called Surabhidattá, to your son Sthúlabhuja; let the accomplished youth marry her now.” When Pralambabhuja heard this, he approved it, and summoning his son, he communicated the matter to him. Then his son Sthúlabhuja, out of pride in his beauty, said to him, “I will not marry her, my father, for she is not a first-class beauty.” His father thereupon said to him, “What does her plainness matter? For she is of high lineage and must be honoured on that account, and her father offered her to me for you, and I have accepted her, so do not refuse.” Although Sthúlabhuja was thus entreated a second time by his father, he would not consent to marry her. Then his father, in his anger, denounced against him the following curse—“On account of this your pride in your good looks, be born as a man, and in that state you shall be ugly and with a large mouth. And you shall acquire by force a wife named Aśokamálá, also fallen by a curse, and she, not liking you, shall leave you, and you shall experience the grief of separation. And as she shall be attached to another, you shall commit for her sake arson and other crimes, being maddened with passion and emaciated with grief.” When Pralambabhuja had uttered this curse, that virtuous Surabhidattá clung to his feet, weeping, and entreated him, “Pronounce a curse on me also, let our lot be the same, let not my husband alone suffer calamity owing to my fault.” When she said this, Pralambabhuja was pleased, and, in order to comfort that virtuous woman, he appointed for her this end to his son’s curse:

“Whenever Aśokamálá shall be released from her curse, then he shall remember his birth and be released from this curse, and he shall regain his own body, and remembering his curse, he shall be free from pride, and soon marry you; then he shall live with you in happiness.” When the virtuous woman was thus addressed by him, she managed to recover her self-composure.

“Know that I am that very Sthúlabhuja, fallen here by a curse, and I have experienced this great grief owing to the fault of pride. How can proud men have happiness in a previous or in a present state of existence? And that curse of mine is now at an end.” After saying this, Haṭhaśarman abandoned that body, and became a Vidyádhara youth. And he took by the might of his science the body of Aśokamálá, and flung it, without its being seen, into the Ganges, out of compassion. And he sprinkled immediately the chamber of Alaṅkáravatí all round with water of the Ganges, brought by the might of his science, and after bending before Naraváhanadatta, his future lord, he flew up into the heaven to his destined prosperity.

All being astonished, Gomukha told this story of Anangarati, which was appropriate to the incident—

Story of Anangarati and her four suitors.

There is on the earth a city, rightly named Śúrapura,[4] and in it there lived a king named Mahávaráha, the destroyer of his foes. That king had a daughter named Anangarati, born to him by his wife Padmarati, owing to his having propitiated Gaurí, and he had no other children. And in course of time she attained womanhood, and proud of her beauty, she did not wish to have any husband, though kings asked her in marriage. But she said decidedly; “I must be given to a man who is brave and handsome, and knows some one splendid accomplishment.

Then there came from the Dekhan four heroes, who, having heard tidings of her, were eager to obtain her, and they were furnished with the qualities which she desired. They were announced by the warder and introduced, and then king Mahávaráha asked them in the presence of Anangarati; "What are your names? what is your descent, and what do you know?" When they heard this speech of the king's, one of them said—"I am Panchaphuṭṭika by name, a Śúdra; I possess a peculiar talent; I weave every day five pairs of garments, one of them I give to a Bráhman, and the second I offer to Śiva, and the third I wear myself, and as for the fourth, if I had a wife, I would give it to her, and the fifth I sell, and live upon the proceeds." Then the second said, "I am a Vaiśya named Bháshájna; I know the language of all beasts and birds."[5]

Then the third said, "I am a Kshatriya named Khaḍgadhara, and no one surpasses me in fighting with the sword." And the fourth said, "I am an excellent Bráhman named Jívadatta; by means of the sciences which I possess by the favour of Gaurí, I can raise to life a dead woman."[6] When they had thus spoken, the Śúdra, the Vaiśya, and the Kshatriya one after another praised their own beauty, courage and might, but the Bráhman praised his might and valour, and said nothing about his beauty.

Then king Mahávaráha said to his door-keeper—"Take all these now and make them rest in your house." The door-keeper, when he heard the order, took them to his house. Then the king said to his daughter Anangarati, "My daughter, which of these four heroes do you prefer?" When Anangarati heard that, she said to her father; "Father, I do not like any one of the four; the first is a Śúdra and a weaver, what is the use of his good qualities? The second is a Vaiśya, and what is the use of his knowing the language of cattle, and so on? How can I give myself to them, when I am a Kshatriya woman? The third indeed is a meritorious Kshatriya, equal to me in birth, but be is a poor man and lives by service, selling his life. As I am the daughter of a king, how can I become his wife? The fourth, the Bráhman Jívadatta, I do not like; he is ugly and is addicted to unlawful arts, and, as he has deserted the Vedas, he has fallen from his high position. You ought to punish him, why do you offer to give me to him? For you, my father, being a king, are the upholder of the castes and the various stages of life. And a

king, who is a hero in upholding religion, is preferred to a king, who is only a hero with the sword. A hero in religion will be the lord of a thousand heroes with the sword." When his daughter had said this, the king dismissed her to her own private apartments, and rose up to bathe and perform his other duties.

And the next day, the four heroes went out from the house of the door-keeper, and roamed about in the town out of curiosity. And at that very time a vicious elephant, named Padmakabala, broke his fastening, and in his fury rushed out from the elephant-stable, trampling down the citizens. And that great elephant, when he saw the four heroes, rushed towards them to slay them, and they too advanced towards him with uplifted weapons. Then the one Kshatriya among them, named Khaḍgadhara, putting aside the other three, alone attacked that elephant. And he cut off with one blow the protended trunk of that roaring elephant, with as much ease as if it had been a lotus-stalk. And after showing his agility by escaping between his feet, he delivered a second blow on the back of that elephant. And with the third he cut off both his feet. Then that elephant gave a groan and fell down and died. All the people were astonished when they beheld that valour of his, and king Mahávaráha was also amazed when he heard of it.

The next day, the king went out to hunt, mounted on an elephant, and the four heroes, with Khaḍgadhara at their head, accompanied him. There the king with his army slew tigers, deer, and boars, and the lions rushed out upon him in anger, hearing the trumpeting of the elephants. Then that Khaḍgadhara cleft in twain, with one blow of his sharp sword, the first lion that attacked them, and the second he seized with his left hand by the foot, and dashing it on the earth, deprived it of life. And in the same way Bháshájna, and Jívadatta, and Panchaphuṭṭika, each dashed a lion to pieces on the earth. Thus in turn those heroes killed on foot many tigers, and lions, and other animals, with ease, before the eyes of the king. Then that king, being pleased and astonished, after he had finished his hunting, entered his city, and those heroes went to the house of the door-keeper. And the king entered the harem, and though tired, had his daughter Anangarati quickly summoned. And after describing the valour of those heroes, one by one, as he had seen it in the chase, he said to her who was much astonished—"Even

if Panchaphuṭṭika and Bháshájna are of inferior caste, and Jívadatta, though a Bráhman, is ugly and addicted to forbidden practices, what fault is there in the Kshatriya Khaḍgadhara, who is handsome, and of noble stature, and is distinguished for strength and valour; who slew such an elephant, and who takes lions by the foot and crushes them on the ground, and slays others with the sword? And if it is made a ground of reproach against him that he is poor and a servant, I will immediately make him a lord to be served by others: so choose him for a husband, if you please, my daughter." When Anangarati heard this from her father, she said to him—"Well then, bring all those men here, and ask the astrologer, and let us see what he says." When she said this to him, the king summoned those heroes, and in their presence he, accompanied by his wives, said to the astrologer with his own mouth: "Find out with which of these Anangarati has conformity of horoscope, and when a favourable moment will arrive for her marriage." When the skilful astrologer heard that, he asked the stars under which they were born, and after long considering the time, he said to that king—"If you will not be angry with me, king, I will tell you plainly. Your daughter has no conformity of lot with any one of them. And she will not be married on earth, for she is a Vidyádharí fallen by a curse; that curse of hers will be at an end in three months. So let these wait here three months, and if she is not gone to her own world then, the marriage shall take place." All those heroes accepted the advice of that astrologer, and remained there for three months.

When three months had passed, the king summoned into his presence those heroes, and that astrologer, and Anangarati. And the king, when he saw that his daughter had suddenly become exceedingly beautiful, rejoiced, but the astrologer thought that the hour of her death had arrived. And while the king was saying to the astrologer—"Now tell me what it is proper to do, for those three months are gone," Anangarati called to mind her former birth, and covering her face with her garment, she abandoned that human body. The king thought—"Why has she put herself in this position?" But when he himself uncovered her face, he saw that she was dead, like a frost-smitten lotus-plant, for her eyes like bees had ceased to revolve, the lotus-flower of her face was pale, and the sweet sound of her voice had ceased, even as the sound of the swans departs. Then the king suddenly fell to earth motionless, smitten by the thunderbolt of grief for her, crushed by the extinction of his

race.[7] And the queen Padmarati also fell down to the earth in a swoon, and with her ornaments fallen from her like flowers, appeared like a cluster of blossoms broken by an elephant.

The attendants raised cries of lamentation, and those heroes were full of grief, but the king, immediately recovering consciousness, said to that Jívadatta, “In this matter those others have no power, but now it is your opportunity; you boasted that you could raise to life a dead woman; if you possess power by means of science, then recall my daughter to life; I will give her, when restored to life, to you as being a Bráhman.” When Jívadatta heard this speech of the king’s, he sprinkled that princess with water, over which charms had been said, and chanted this Áryá verse: “O thou of the loud laugh, adorned with a garland of skulls, not to be gazed on, Chámuṇḍá, the terrible goddess, assist me quickly.” When, in spite of this effort of Jívadatta’s, that maiden was not restored to life, he was despondent, and said—“My science, though bestowed by the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya range, has proved fruitless, so what is the use to me of my life that has become an object of scorn?” When he had said this, he was preparing to cut off his head with a great sword, when a voice came from the sky—“O Jívadatta, do not act rashly, listen now. This noble Vidyádhara maiden, named Anangaprabhá, has been for so long a time a mortal owing to the curse of her parents. She has now quitted this human body, and has gone to her own world, and taken her own body. So go and propitiate again the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya hills, and by her favour you shall recover this noble Vidyádhara maiden. But as she is enjoying heavenly bliss, neither you nor the king ought to mourn for her.” When the heavenly voice had told this true tale, it ceased. Then the king performed his daughter’s rites, and he and his wife ceased to mourn for her, and those other three heroes returned as they had come.

But hope was kindled in the breast of Jívadatta, and he went and propitiated with austerities the dweller in the Vindhya hills, and she said to him in a dream:

“I am satisfied with thee, so rise up and listen to this that I am about to tell thee.”

Story of Anangarati in a former birth when she was a Vidyádharí named Anangaprabhá.

There is a city on the Himálayas named Vírapura; and in it there dwells a sovereign of Vidyádharas named Samara. He had a daughter, named Anangaprabhá, born to him by his queen Anangavatí. When, in the pride of her youth and beauty, she refused to have any husband, her parents, enraged at her persistence, cursed her—

"Become a human being, and even in that state you shall not enjoy the happiness of married life. When you are a maiden of sixteen years, you shall abandon the body and come here. But an ugly mortal, who has become such by a curse, on account of his falling in love with the daughter of a hermit, and who possesses a magic sword, shall then become your husband, and he shall carry you off against your will to the world of mortals. There you, being unchaste, shall be separated from your husband. Because that husband in a former life carried off the wives of eight other men, he shall endure sorrow enough for eight births. And you, having become a mortal by the loss of your supernatural science, shall endure in that one birth the sufferings of eight births.[8] For to every one the association with the evil gives an evil lot, but to women the union with an evil husband is equivalent to evil. And having lost your memory of the past, you shall there take many mortal husbands, because you obstinately persisted in detesting the husband fitted for you. That Vidyádhara Madanaprabha, who, being equal in birth, demanded you in marriage, shall become a mortal king and at last become your husband. Then you shall be freed from your curse, and return to your own world, and you shall obtain that suitable match, who shall have returned to his Vidyádhara state." So that maiden Anangaprabhá has become Anangarati on the earth, and returning to her parents, has once more become Anangaprabhá.

“So go to Vírapura and conquer in fight her father, though he is possessed of knowledge and protected by his high birth, and obtain that maiden. Now take this sword, and as long as you hold it in your hand, you will be able to travel through the air, and moreover you will be invincible.” Having said this, and having given the sword to him, the goddess vanished, and he woke up, and beheld in his hand a heavenly sword. Then Jívadatta rose up delighted and praised Durgá, and all the exhaustion produced by his penance was removed by the refreshment caused by the nectar of her favour. And he flew up into the air with his sword in his hand, and after roaming all round the Himálayas, he found that prince of the Vidyádharas Samara in Vírapura. He conquered him in fight, and then the king gave him his daughter Anangaprabhá, and he married her, and lived in heavenly felicity. And after he had remained there some time, he said to his father-in-law Samara and to his beloved Anangaprabhá, “Let us two go to the world of men, for I feel a longing for it, for one’s native land is exceedingly dear to living beings, even though it may be an inferior place.”[9] When the father-in-law heard that, he consented, but the far-seeing Anangaprabhá was with difficulty induced to consent; then Jívadatta descended from heaven to the world of mortals, taking that Anangaprabhá in his arms. And Anangaprabhá, beholding there a pleasant mountain, being wearied, said to him—“Let us immediately rest here.” Then he consented, and descending there with her, he produced food and drink by the power of the various sciences. Then Jívadatta, being impelled by fate, said to Anangaprabhá—“Dear one, sing some sweet song.” When she heard that, she began to sing devoutly the praise of Śiva, and with that sound of her singing the Bráhman was sent to sleep.

In the meanwhile a king, named Harivara, wearied out with hunting, came that way in search of spring-water; he was attracted by hearing the sound of that singing, as deer are attracted, and, leaving his chariot, he went there alone. The king first had happiness announced by omens, and then he beheld that Anangaprabhá like the real brightness of the god of love. Then, as his heart was distracted with her song and her beauty, the god of love cleft it at will with his arrows. Anangaprabhá too, seeing that he was handsome, came within the range of the god of the flowery bow, and said to herself—“Who is this? is he the god of love, without his flowery bow? Is he

the incarnation of the favour of Śiva towards me, he being pleased with my song?" Then maddened with love, she asked him—"Who are you, and how have you come to this forest, tell me." Then the king told her who he was, and why he had come; then he said to her, "Tell me, who are you, fair one? And who is this, O lotus-faced one, who is sleeping here?" When he asked these questions, she answered him briefly: "I am a Vidyádharí, and this is my husband, who possesses a magic sword, and now I have fallen in love with you at first sight. So come, let us quickly go to your city, before he awakes; then I will tell my story at length." When the king heard that, he agreed, and felt as much delighted as if he had obtained the sovereignty of the three worlds. And Anangaprabhá hurriedly thought in her heart, "I will take this king in my arms, and quickly fly up to the heaven," but in the meanwhile her knowledge was stripped from her by her treachery to her husband; and remembering her father's curse, she became at once despondent. When the king saw that, he asked the cause, and then said to her—"This is not the time for despondency; your husband here may awake. And you ought not to lament, my beloved, over this matter which depends on destiny. For who can escape from the shadow of his own head, or the course of destiny? So come, let us depart." When the king Harivara said this, she consented to his proposal, and he took her quickly up in his arms. Then he went off quickly thence, as delighted as if he had obtained a treasure, and ascended his chariot, welcomed with joy by his servants. And he reached his city in that chariot, which travelled swift as thought, accompanied by his beloved, and he aroused curiosity in his subjects. Then king Harivara remained in heavenly enjoyments in that city, which was named after him, in the society of that Anangaprabhá. And Anangaprabhá remained there devotedly attached to him, forgetting all her supernatural power, bewildered by the curse.

In the meanwhile Jívadatta woke up on the mountain, and saw that not only Anangaprabhá was gone, but his sword also. He thought "Where is that Anangaprabhá? Alas! Where is that sword? Has she gone off with it? Or were they both carried off by some being?" In his perplexity, he made many surmises of this sort, and he searched that mountain for three days, being consumed with the fire of love. Then he came down, and wandered through the forests for ten days, but did not find a trace of her anywhere. He kept

crying out—“Alas spiteful fortune, how did you carry off, together with the magic power of the sword, my beloved Anangaprabhá, both which you granted with difficulty?” Thus employed he wandered about without food, and at last reached a village, and there he entered the opulent mansion of a Bráhman. There the handsome and well-dressed mistress of the house, Priyadattá by name, made him sit down on a seat, and immediately gave this order to her maids—“Wash quickly the feet of this Jívadatta, for to-day is the thirteenth day that he has gone without food on account of his separation.” When Jívadatta heard that, he was astonished, and reflected in his own mind—“Can Anangaprabhá have come here, or is this woman a witch?” Thus he reflected, and after his feet were washed, and he had eaten the food that she gave, he humbly asked Priyadattá in his great grief—“Tell me one thing: how do you know my history, blameless one? And tell me another thing, where are my sword and my beloved gone?” When the devoted wife Priyadattá heard that, she said—“No one but my husband has any place in my heart even in a dream, my son, and I look on all other men as brothers, and no guest leaves my house without entertainment; by virtue of that I know the past, the present and the future. And that Anangaprabhá of yours has been carried off by a king named Harivara, living in a town named after him, who, as destiny would have it, came that way, while you were asleep, attracted by her song. And you cannot recover her, for that king is very powerful; moreover that unchaste woman will in turn leave him and go to another man. And the goddess Durgá gave you that sword only that you might obtain that lady; having accomplished that, the weapon, in virtue of its divine nature, has returned to the goddess, as the lady has been carried off. Moreover, how have you forgotten what the goddess was pleased to tell you, when she told the story of the curse of Anangaprabhá? So why are you so distracted about an event, which was destined to take place? Abandon this chain of sins, which again and again produces extreme sorrow. And of what profit can be to you now, my brother, that wicked female, who is attached to another, and who has become a mortal, having lost her science by her treachery against you?” When that virtuous woman said this to Jívadatta, he abandoned all passion for Anangaprabhá, being disgusted with her fickleness, and thus answered the Bráhman lady —“Mother, my delusion has been brought to an end by this true speech of thine; whom does not association with persons of virtuous conduct benefit?

This misfortune has befallen me in consequence of my former crimes, so I will abandon jealousy, and go to holy places to wash them out. What can I gain by taking up an enmity with others on account of Anangaprabhá? For one, who has conquered anger, conquers this whole world." While he was saying this, the righteous husband of Priyadattá, who was hospitable to guests, returned to the house. The husband also welcomed him, and made him forget his grief, and then he rested, and taking leave of them both, started on his pilgrimage to holy places.

Then, in course of time, he roamed round to all the holy bathing-places on the earth, enduring many toils in difficult ways, living on roots and fruits. And after visiting holy bathing-places, he went to the shrine of the dweller in the Vindhya hills; there he went through a severe penance, without food, on a bed of *kuśa* grass. And Ambiká, satisfied with his asceticism, said to him, appearing to him in bodily form—"Rise up, my son, for you four are four *gaṇas* of mine. Three are Panchamúla, Chaturvaktra, and Mahodaramukha, and thou art the fourth, last in order, and thy name is Vikaṭavadana. You four once went to the sand of the Ganges to amuse yourselves, and saw there a hermit's daughter bathing. She was called Chápalekhá, the daughter of Kapilajaṭa. And she was solicited by all of you, distracted with love. When she said 'I am a maiden, go away all of you,' the three others remained quiet, but thou didst forcibly seize her by the arm. And she cried out—'Father, Father, deliver me.' Then the hermit, who was near, came up in wrath. Then thou didst let go her arm; then he immediately cursed you, saying—'Wicked ones, be born, all of you, as human beings.' Then you asked the hermit that the curse might end, and he said—'When the princess Anangarati shall be demanded in marriage by you, and shall go to the Vidyádhara world, then three of you shall be released from your curse. But when she has become a Vidyádharí, then thou, Vikaṭavadana, shalt gain her, and lose her again, and then thou shalt suffer great sorrow. But after propitiating the goddess Durgá for a long time, thou shalt be released from this curse. This will happen to thee, because thou didst touch the hand of this Chápalekhá, and also because thou hast much guilt attaching to thee, on account of having carried off the wives of others.' You four *gaṇas* of mine, whom that hermit thus cursed, became four heroes in the Dekhan, Panchaphuṭṭika, and Bháshájna, and Khaḍgadhara, these three

friends, and you the fourth Jívadatta. Now the first three, when Anangarati returned to her own place, came here, and by my favour were freed from their curse. And thou hast propitiated me now, therefore thy curse is at an end. So take this fiery meditation, and abandon this body; and consume at once the guilt, which it would take eight births to exhaust." When the goddess Durgá had said this, she gave him the meditation, and disappeared. And with that meditation he burned up his wicked mortal body, and at last was freed from the curse, and became once more an excellent *gaṇa*. When even gods have to endure so much suffering by associating with the wives of others, what must be the result of it to inferior beings?

In the meanwhile Anangaprabhá became head-queen in Harivara, the city of the king Harivara. And the king remained day and night with his mind fixed on her, and entrusted the great burden of his kingdom to his minister named Sumantra. And once on a time there came to that king from Madhyadeśa,[10] a fresh teacher of dancing, named Labdhavara. The king, having seen his skill in music and dancing, honoured him, and made him the instructor in dancing of the ladies of the harem. He brought Anangaprabhá to such excellence in dancing, that she was an object of admiration even to her rival wives. And from associating with the professor of dancing, and from the delight she took in his teaching, she fell in love with him. And the professor of dancing, attracted by her youth and beauty, gradually learnt a new strange[11] dance, thanks to the god of Love. And once she approached the professor of dancing secretly in the dancing-hall, and being desperately in love with him, said to him—"I shall not be able to live for a moment without you, and the king Harivara, when he hears of it, will not tolerate it, so come, let us depart elsewhere, where the king will not find us out. You have wealth in the form of gold, horses, and camels, given by the king, pleased with your dancing, and I have ornaments. So let us quickly go and dwell where we shall be secure." The professor of dancing was pleased with her proposal, and consented to this. Then she put on the dress of a man, and went to the house of the professor of dancing, accompanied by one female servant, who was exceedingly devoted to her. Thence she started on horseback, with that teacher of dancing, who placed his wealth on the back of a camel. First she abandoned the splendour of the Vidyádharas, then of a

throne, and now she put herself under the shelter of a bard's fortune; alas! fickle is the mind of women! And so Anangaprabhá went with the teacher of dancing, and reached a distant city named Viyogapura. There she dwelt in happiness with him, and the distinguished dancer thought that by obtaining her his name of Labdhavara[12] had been justified.

And in the meanwhile king Harivara, finding out that his beloved Anangaprabhá had gone somewhere or other, was ready to abandon the body out of grief. Then the minister Sumantra said to the king to comfort him, "Why do you appear as if you do not understand the matter? Consider it yourself? How, my sovereign, could you expect that a woman, who deserted a husband, that had by means of his sword obtained the power of a Vidyádhara, and repaired to you as soon as she saw you, would be faithful even to you? She has gone off with something that she has managed to get, having no desire for anything good, as one to whom a blade of grass is a sprout of jewels, falling in love at sight with a blade of grass. Certainly the teacher of dancing has gone off with her, for he is nowhere to be seen. And I hear that they both were in the concert-hall in the morning. So tell me, king; why are you so persistent about her, though you know all this? The truth is, a fickle dame is like a sunset, momentarily aglow for every one." When the minister said this to him, the king fell into a musing, and thought —"Yes, that wise man has told me the truth. For a fickle dame is like human life; connexion with her is unstable, she changes every moment, and is terrible, bringing disgust at the end. The wise man never falls into the power of deep rivers or of women, both which drown him who falls into their power, while they exhibit wanton sportfulness. Those men are truly masters of themselves, who are free from excitement about pleasures, who are not puffed up in prosperity, and who are unshrinking in dangers; such men have conquered the world." After saying this, king Harivara abandoned his grief by the advice of his minister, and remained satisfied with the society of his own wives.

And after Anangaprabhá had dwelt some time with the teacher of dancing, in the city named Viyogapura, he, as fate would have it, struck up an acquaintance with a young gambler named Sudarśana; then the gambler, before the eyes of Anangaprabhá, soon stripped the teacher of dancing of all

his wealth. Then Anangaprabhá deserted her husband, who was stripped of all his fortune, as if in anger on that account, and threw herself into the arms of Sudarśana. Then the teacher of dancing, having lost his wife and his wealth, having no refuge, in disgust with the world, matted his hair in a knot, and went to the banks of the Ganges to practise mortification of the flesh. But Anangaprabhá, who was ever taking new paramours, remained with that gambler. But one night, her lord Sudarśana was robbed of all that he had by some robbers, who entered his house in the darkness. Then Sudarśana, seeing that Anangaprabhá was uncomfortable and unhappy on account of their poverty, said to her: "Come and let us borrow something from a rich friend of mine, named Hiraṇyagupta, a distinguished merchant." After saying this, he, being deprived of his senses by destiny, went with his wife, and asked that great merchant Hiraṇyagupta to lend him some money. And the merchant, when he saw her, immediately fell in love with her, and she also with him, the moment that she beheld him. And the merchant said politely to Sudarśana—"To-morrow I will give you gold, but dine here to-day." When Sudarśana heard this, beholding the altered bearing of those two, he said—"I did not come here to-day to dine." Then the great merchant said—"If this be the case, at any rate let your wife dine here, my friend, for this is the first time that she has visited my house." When Sudarśana was thus addressed by him, he remained silent in spite of his cunning, and that merchant went into his house with Anangaprabhá. There he indulged in drinking and other pastimes with that fair one, unexpectedly thrown in his way, who was merry with all the wantonness of wine. But Sudarśana, who was standing outside, waiting for her to come out, had the following message brought to him by the merchant's servants, in accordance with their master's orders: "Your wife has dined and gone home; you must have failed to see her going out. So what are you doing here so long? Go home." He answered—"She is within the house, she has not come out, and I will not depart." Thereupon the merchant's servants drove him away from the house with kicks. Then Sudarśana went off, and sorrowfully reflected with himself: "What! has this merchant, though my friend, robbed me of my wife? Or rather, in this very birth the fruit of my sin has in such a form fallen to my lot. For what I did to one, another has done to me. Why should I then be angry with another, when my own deeds merit anger? So I will sever the chain of works, so that I may not be again humiliated." Thus

reflecting, the gambler abandoned his anger, and going to the hermitage of Badariká,[13] he proceeded to perform such austerities as would cut the bonds of mundane existence.

And Anangaprabhá, having obtained that exceedingly handsome merchant for a dear husband, was as pleased as a bee that has lighted on a flower. And in course of time she attained undisputed control over the wealth, as well as over the heart of that opulent merchant, who was deeply in love with her. But the king Vírabáhu, though he heard of the matchless beauty residing there, did not carry her off, but remained strictly within the limits of virtue. And in course of time, the wealth of the merchant began to diminish, on account of the expenditure of Anangaprabhá; for, in a house presided over by an unchaste woman, Fortune pines as well as virtuous women. Then the merchant Hiraṇyagupta got together wares, and went off to an island named Suvarnabhúmi to trade, and he took that Anangaprabhá with him, out of fear of being separated from her, and journeying on his way, he at last reached the city of Ságarapura. There he fell in with a chief of fishermen, a native of that place, Ságaravíra by name, whom he found in that city near the sea. He went with that sea-faring man to the shore of the sea, and with his beloved embarked on a ship which he provided. And after the merchant had travelled in anxiety for some days over the sea, in that ship, accompanied by Ságaravíra, one day a terrible black cloud of doom appeared, with flashing eyes of lightning, filling them with fear of destruction. Then that ship, smitten by a mighty wind, with a violent shower of rain, began to sink in the waves. That merchant Hiraṇyagupta, when the crew raised a cry of lamentation, and the ship began to break up like his own hopes, fastened his cloak round his loins, and looking at the face of Anangaprabhá, exclaimed “Ah! my beloved, where art thou,” and threw himself into the sea. And he oared himself along with his arms, and, as luck would have it, he reached a merchant-ship, and he caught hold of it, and climbed up into it.

But that Ságaravíra tied together some planks with a cord, and quickly placed Anangaprabhá upon them. And he himself climbed up upon them, and comforted that terrified woman, and went paddling along in the sea, throwing aside the water with his arms. And as soon as the ship had been

broken to pieces, the clouds disappeared from the heaven, and the sea was calm, like a good man whose wrath is appeased. But the merchant Hiraṇyagupta, after climbing up into the ship, which was impelled by the wind, as fate would have it, reached in five days the shore of the sea. Then he went on shore, grieved at the loss of his beloved, but he reflected that the dispensations of Destiny were irremediable; and he went slowly home to his own city, and being of resolute soul, he recovered his self-command, and again acquired wealth, and lived in great comfort.

But Anangaprabhá, seated on the plank, was piloted to the shore of the sea in one day by Ságaravíra. And there that chief of the fishermen, consoling her, took her to his own palace in the city of Ságarapura. There Anangaprabhá, reflecting that that chief of the fishermen was a hero who had saved her life, and was equal to a king in opulence, and in the prime of youth and good looks, and obedient to her orders, made him her husband: a woman who has lost her virtue does not distinguish between high and low. Then she dwelt with that chief of fishermen, enjoying in his house his wealth that he put at her disposal.

One day she saw from the roof of the palace a handsome Kshatriya youth, named Vijayavarman, going along the high street of the town. Falling in love with his good looks, she went up to him, and said—"Receive me, who am in love with you, for my mind has been fascinated by the sight of you." And he gladly welcomed that fairest woman of the three worlds, who had fallen to him, as it were, from the sky, and took her home to his house. But Ságaravíra, finding that his beloved had gone somewhere or other, abandoned all, and went to the river Ganges, intending to leave the body by means of ascetic practices; and no wonder that his grief was great, for how could a man of servile caste ever have expected to obtain such a Vidyádharí? But Anangaprabhá lived at ease in that very town with Vijayavarman, free from restraint.

Then, one day the king of that place, named Ságaravarman, mounted a female elephant and went out to roam round his city. And while the king was looking at that well-built city named after him, he came along the street where the house of Vijayavarman was. And Anangaprabhá, finding out that

the king was coming that way, went up to the top of the house, out of curiosity to behold him. And, the moment she saw the king, she fell so desperately in love with him, that she insolently exclaimed to the elephant-driver—"Mahout, I never in my life have ridden on an elephant, so give me a ride on yours, and let me see how pleasant it is." When the elephant-driver heard this, he looked at the face of the king, and in the meanwhile the king beheld her, like the splendour of the moon fallen from heaven. And the king, drinking her in with insatiate eye like a partridge, having conceived the hope of gaining her, said to his elephant-driver—"Take the elephant near and comply with her wish, and without delay seat this moon-faced dame on the elephant." When the king said this, the elephant-driver at once brought that elephant close under the house. When Anangaprabhá saw that the elephant had come near, she immediately flung herself into the lap of the king Ságaravarman. How came it that, though at first she was averse to a husband, she now showed such an insatiable appetite for husbands? Surely her father's curse made her exhibit a great change of character. And she clasped the king round the neck, as if afraid of falling, and he, when his limbs were irrigated with the nectar of her touch, was much delighted. And the king quickly carried off to his own palace her, who had surrendered herself by an artifice, being desirous of being kissed. There he made that Vidyádharí enter his harem, and after she had told him her story, he made her his principal wife. And then that young Kshatriya, finding out that she had been carried off by the king, came and attacked the king's servants outside the palace, and there he left his corpse, not turning his back in fight, for brave men do not submit to insult on account of a woman. And it seemed as if he was carried off to the abode of the gods by the nymphs of heaven, saying—"What have you to do with this contemptible woman? Come to Nandana and court us."

As for that Anangaprabhá, when she had come into the possession of the king Ságaravarman, she roamed no more, but remained faithful to him, as rivers are at rest in the bosom of the sea. And owing to the force of destiny, she thought herself fortunate in having obtained that husband, and he thought that his life was complete by his having obtained her for a wife.

And in some days Anangaprabhá, the queen of that king Ságaravarman, became pregnant, and in due time gave birth to a son. And the king made a great feast on account of the birth of a noble son, and gave the boy the name of Samudravarman. And when that son attained his full stature, and became a young man distinguished for might, the king appointed him crown-prince. Then he brought to his court Kamalavatí the daughter of a certain king named Samaravarman, to be married to him. And when that son Samudravarman was married, the king, being impressed by his virtues, gave him his own kingdom. That brave son Samudravarman, being thoroughly acquainted with the duties of Kshatriyas, when he had obtained the kingdom, said to his father, bowing before him: "Father, give me leave to depart; I am setting out to conquer the regions. A lord of earth, that is not intent on conquest, is to be blamed as much as the effeminate husband of a woman. And in this world, only that fortune of kings is righteous and glorious, which is acquired by one's own strength after conquering the kingdoms. What is the use, father, of the sovereignty of those kings, who hold it merely for the sake of oppressing the poor? They devour their own subjects, ravenous like cats."[14] When he had said this, his father Ságaravarman replied, "Your rule, my boy, is young; so for the present secure that; no demerit or disgrace attaches to one who rules his subjects justly. And war is not meet for kings without considering their power; though, you my child, are a hero, and your army is numerous, still you ought not to rely upon the fortune of victory, which is fickle in fight." Though his father used these and similar arguments with him, the brave Samudravarman at last, with great difficulty, induced him to consent, and marched out to conquer the regions. And having conquered the regions in due course, and reduced the kings under his sway, he returned to his own city in possession of elephants, horses, gold, and other tributes. And there he humbly honoured the feet of his delighted parents with great jewels produced in various regions. And the glorious prince gave, by their orders, to the Bráhmans great gifts of elephants, horses, gold and jewels. Then he showered gold in such profusion upon suppliants and servants, that the only thing in the country devoid of wealth was the word poor, which had become without meaning.[15] The king Ságaravarman, dwelling with Anangaprabhá,

when he beheld the glory of his son, considered that his objects in life had been accomplished.

And the king, after spending those days in feasting, said to his son Samudravarman in the presence of the ministers—"I have accomplished, my son, what I had to accomplish in this birth; I have enjoyed the pleasures of rule, I have not experienced defeat from my enemies, and I have seen you in possession of sovereignty, what else does there remain for me to obtain? So I will retire to a holy bathing-place, while my body retains strength. For see, old age whispers at the root of my ear—'Since this body is perishable, why do you still remain in your house?'" Having said this, the king Ságaravarman, all whose ends were attained, went, though his son was opposed to it, to Prayága with his beloved. And Samudravarman escorted his father there, and, after returning to his own city, ruled it in accordance with the law.

And the king Ságaravarman, accompanied by his wife Anangaprabhá, propitiated the god Śiva in Prayága with asceticism. And at the end of the night, the god said to him in a dream—"I am pleased with this penance of yourself and your wife, so hear this—This Anangaprabhá and you, my son, are both of the Vidyádhara race, and to-morrow the curse will expire, and you will go to your own world." When the king heard that, he woke up, and Anangaprabhá too, who had seen a similar dream, and they told their dreams to one another. And then Anangaprabhá, delighted, said to the king —"My husband, I have now remembered all the history of my former birth; I am the daughter of Samara, a prince of the Vidyádharas, in the city of Vírapura, and my name has always been Anangaprabhá. And I came here owing to the curse of my father, having become a human being by the loss of my science, and I forgot my Vidyádharí nature. But now I have recovered consciousness of it." While she was saying this, her father Samara descended from heaven; and after he had been respectfully welcomed by the king Ságaravarman, he said to that daughter Anangaprabhá, who fell at his feet, "Come, daughter, receive these sciences, your curse is at an end. For you have endured in one birth the sorrows of eight births."[16] Saying this, he took her on his lap, and gave her back the sciences; then he said to the king Ságaravarman—"You are a prince of the Vidyádharas, named

Madanaprabha, and I am by name Samara, and Anangaprabhá is my daughter. And long ago, when she ought to have been given in marriage, her hand was demanded by several suitors, but being intoxicated by her beauty, she did not desire any husband. Then she was asked in marriage by you, who were equal in merit, and very eager to marry her, but as fate would have it, she would not then accept even you. For that reason I cursed her, that she might go to the world of mortals. And you, being passionately in love with her, fixed your heart on Śiva the giver of boons, and wished intently that she might be your wife in the world of mortals, and then you abandoned your Vidyádhara body by magic art. Then you became a man and she became your wife. Now return to your own world linked together." When Samara said this to Ságaravarman, he, remembering his birth, abandoned his body in the water of Prayága,[17] and immediately became Madanaprabha. And Anangaprabhá was rekindled with the brightness of her recovered science, and immediately becoming a Vidyádharí, gleamed with that very body, which underwent a heavenly change. And then Madanaprabha, being delighted, and Anangaprabhá also, feeling great passion stir in both their hearts at the sight of one another's heavenly bodies, and the auspicious Samara, king of the sky-goers, all flew up into the air, and went together to that city of the Vidyádharas, Vírapura. And there Samara immediately gave, with due rites, his daughter Anangaprabhá to the Vidyádhara king, Madanaprabha. And Madanaprabha went with that beloved, whose curse had been cancelled, to his own city, and there he dwelt at ease.

"Thus divine beings fall by virtue of a curse, and owing to the consequences of their own wickedness, are incarnate in the world of men, and after reaping the fruit appropriate to their bad conduct, they again go to their own home on account of previously acquired merit."

When Naraváhandadatta heard this tale from his minister Gomukha, he and Alankáravatí were delighted, and then he performed the duties of the day.

1

Dim traditions of this mountain seem to have penetrated to Greece and Rome. Aristophanes (Acharnians v. 82) speaks of the king of Persia as engaged for 8 months ἐπὶ χρυσῶν ὀρῶν. Clark tells us that Bergler quotes Plautus, Stichus 24, Neque ille mereat Persarum sibi montes qui esse perhibentur aurei. (Philological Journal, VIII. p. 192.) See also Ter. Phormio I, 2, 18, Pers. III, 65. Naraváhanadatta's journey through the air may remind the reader of the air-voyage of Alexander in the Pseudo-Callisthenes, II, 41. He sees a serpent below him, and a ἅλως in the middle of it. A divine being, whom he meets, tells him, that these objects are the earth and the sea.

2

I. e. Śiva.

3

See note on page 488.

4

i. e. city of heroes. See Cunningham's Ancient Geography of India, p. 99.

5

Cp. the properties of the magic ring given to Canace in the Squire's tale, and Grimm's story of "Die drei Sprachen," (No. 33, Kindermärchen). See also Tylor's Primitive Culture, Vol. I, pp. 18, 423. In the Edda, Sigurd learns to understand the language of birds by tasting the blood of Fafner. For other parallels see Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 184, and note 248.

6

Cp. the 77th chapter of this work, the second in the Vetála Panchavinśati, and Ralston's exhaustive note, in his Russian Folk-tales, pp. 231, 232, 233. Cp. also Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 114, and Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 486. The Pseudo-Callisthenes (Book II, c. 40) mentions a fountain that restored to life a salt fish, and made one of Alexander's daughters immortal. This is perhaps the passage that was in Dunlop's mind, when he said (page 129 of Liebrecht's translation) that such a fountain is described in the Greek romance of Ismenias and Ismene, for which Liebrecht takes him to task. See the parallels quoted by Dunlop and Liebrecht. Wheeler, in his Noted Names of Fiction, tells us that there was a tradition current among the natives of Puerto Rico, that such a fountain existed in the fabulous island of Bimini, said to belong to the Bahama group. This was an object of eager and long-continued quest to the celebrated Spanish navigator, Juan Ponce de Leon. By Ismenias and Ismene Dunlop

probably means Hysminias and Hysmine. See also Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, p. 185. Kuhn in his “Herabkunft des Feuers” traces this story back to the Śatapatha Bráhmaṇa.

7

Here there is an elaborate pun. “King” may also mean “mountain,” “race” may mean “wings,” and the whole passage refers to Indra’s clipping the wings of the mountains.

8

Compare the remarkable passage which M. Lévêque quotes from the works of Empedocles (Les Mythes et les Légendes de l’Inde, p. 90).

Ἔστιν ἀνάγκης χρῆμα, θεῶν ψήφισμα παλαιόν,
ἀίδιον, πλατέεσσι κατεσφρηγισμένον ὅρκοις,
εὖτέ τις ἀμπλακίῃσι φονῳ φίλα γῦια μιήνῃ
αἵμασιν ἢ ἐπίορκον ἁμαρτήσας ἐπομόσσῃ
δαίμων, οἵ τε μακραίωνος λελάχασι βίοιο,
τρὶς μιν μυρίας ὥρας ἀπὸ μακάρων ἀλάλησθαι,
φυόμενον παντοῖα διὰ χρόνου εἴδεα θνητῶν,
ἀργαλέας βιότοιο μεταλλάσσοντα κελεύθους.

I have adopted the readings of Ritter and Preller, in their Historia Philosophiæ, in preference to those of M. Lévêque. It is clear that Empedocles supposed himself to be a Vidyádhara fallen from heaven in consequence of a curse. As I observed in an article in the Calcutta Review of 1875, “The Bhagavad Gítá and Christianity,” his personality is decidedly Indian.

9

Cp. Odyssey IX. 27, 28.

10

Comprising the modern provinces of Allahabad, Agra, Delhi and Oude.

11

For *anṛityata* I should like to read *anartyata*.

12

i. e., one who has obtained a prize.

13

Badarínátha is a place sacred to Vishṇu in the Himálayas. The Badarínátha peaks, in British Gurwhal, form a group of six summits, from 22,000 to 23,400 feet above the sea. The town

of Badarínátha is 55 miles north-east of Śrínagar, on the right bank of the Vishṇuganga, a feeder of the Alakananda. The temple is situated in the highest part of the town, and below it a tank, supplied by a sulphureous thermal spring, is frequented by thousands of pilgrims. The temple is 10,294 feet above the sea. (Akbar, an Eastern Romance, by Dr. Van Limburg-Brouwer, with an introduction by Clements Markham, p. 1, note.)

14

Prajá means subjects and also offspring.

15

The word *artha* means wealth, and also meaning.

16

The story of Anangaprabhá may be the origin of the seventh Novel of the IInd day in the Decameron of Boccacio.

17

Prayága—Allahabad, the place of sacrifice κατ' ἐξοχην. Here the Gangá and Yamuná unite with the supposed subterranean Sarasvatí.

Chapter LIII.

Then, on the next day, Naraváhanadatta's friend Marubhúti said to him, when he was in the company of Alankáravatí—"See, king, this miserable dependent[1] of yours remains clothed with one garment of leather, with matted hair, thin and dirty, and never leaves the royal gate, day or night, in cold or heat; so why do you not shew him favour at last? For it is better that a little should be given in time, than much when it is too late; so have mercy on him before he dies." When Gomukha heard this, he said—"Marubhúti speaks well, but you, king, are not the least in fault in this matter; for until a suitor's guilt, which stands in his way, is removed, a king, even though disposed to give, cannot give; but when a man's guilt is effaced, a king gives, though strenuously dissuaded from doing so; this depends upon works in a previous state of existence. And *à propos* of this, I will tell you, O king, the story of Lakshadatta the king, and Labdhadatta the dependent; listen."

Story of king Lakshadatta and his dependent Labdhadatta.[2]

There was on the earth a city named Lakshapura. In it there lived a king named Lakshadatta, chief of generous men. He never knew how to give a petitioner less than a lac of coins, but he gave five lacs to any one with whom he conversed. As for the man with whom he was pleased, he lifted him out of poverty, for this reason his name was called Lakshadatta. A certain dependent named Labdhadatta stood day and night at his gate, with a piece of leather for his only loin-rag. He had matted hair, and he never left the king's gate for a second, day or night, in cold, rain, or heat, and the king

saw him there. And, though he remained there long in misery, the king did not give him anything, though he was generous and compassionate.

Then, one day the king went to a forest to hunt, and his dependent followed him with a staff in his hand. There, while the king seated on an elephant, armed with a bow, and followed by his army, slew tigers, bears, and deer, with showers of arrows, his dependent, going in front of him, alone on foot, slew with his staff many boars and deer. When the king saw his bravery, he thought in his heart—"It is wonderful that this man should be such a hero," but he did not give him anything. And the king, when he had finished his hunting, returned home to his city, to enjoy himself, but that dependent stood at his palace-gate as before. Once on a time, Lakshadatta went out to conquer a neighbouring king of the same family, and he had a terrible battle. And in the battle the dependent struck down in front of him many enemies, with blows from the end of his strong staff of acacia wood. And the king, after conquering his enemies, returned to his own city, and though he had seen the valour of his dependent, he gave him nothing. In this condition the dependent Labdhadatta remained, and many years passed over his head, while he supported himself with difficulty.

And when the sixth year had come, king Lakshadatta happened to see him one day, and feeling pity for him, reflected—"Though he has been long afflicted, I have not as yet given him anything, so why should I not give him something in a disguised form, and so find out whether the guilt of this poor man has been effaced, or not, and whether even now Fortune will grant him a sight of her, or not." Thus reflecting, the king deliberately entered his treasury, and filled a citron with jewels, as if it were a casket. And he held an assembly of all his subjects, having appointed a meeting outside his palace, and there entered the assembly all his citizens, chiefs, and ministers. And when the dependent entered among them, the king said to him with an affectionate voice, "Come here;" then the dependent, on hearing this, was delighted, and coming near, he sat in front of the king. Then the king said to him—"Utter some composition of your own." Then the dependent recited the following Áryá verse—"Fortune ever replenishes the full man, as all the streams replenish the sea, but she never even comes within the range of the eyes of the poor." When the king had heard this, and

had made him recite it again, he was pleased, and gave him the citron full of valuable jewels. And the people said, “This king puts a stop to the poverty of every one with whom he is pleased; so this dependent is to be pitied, since this very king, though pleased with him, after summoning him politely, has given him nothing but this citron; a wishing-tree, in the case of ill-starred men, often becomes a *paláśa*-tree.”[3] These were the words which all in the assembly said to one another in their despondency, when they saw that, for they did not know the truth.

But the dependent went out, with the citron in his hand, and when he was in a state of despondency, a mendicant came before him. And that mendicant, named Rájavandin, seeing that the citron was a fine one, obtained it from that dependent by giving him a garment. And then the mendicant entered the assembly, and gave that fruit to the king, and the king, recognizing it, said to that hermit,[4] “Where, reverend sir, did you procure this citron.” Then he told the king that the dependent had given it to him. Then the king was grieved and astonished, reflecting that his guilt was not expiated even now. The king Lakshadatta took the citron, rose up from the assembly, and performed the duties of the day. And the dependent sold the garment, and after he had eaten and drunk, remained at his usual post at the king’s gate.

And on the second day the king held a general assembly, and everybody appeared at it again, citizens and all. And the king, seeing that the dependent had entered the assembly, called him as before, and made him sit near him. And after making him again recite that very same Áryá verse, being pleased, he gave him that very same citron with jewels concealed in it. And all there thought with astonishment—“Ah! this is the second time that our master is pleased with him without his gaining by it. And the dependent, in despondency, took the citron in his hand, and thinking that the king’s good will had again been barren of results, went out. At that very moment a certain official met him, who was about to enter that assembly, wishing to see the king. He, when he saw that citron, took a fancy to it, and regarding the omen, procured it from the dependent by giving him a pair of garments. And entering the king’s court, he fell at the feet of the sovereign, and first gave him the citron, and then another present of his own. And when the king recognised the fruit, he asked the official where he got it, and

he replied—"From the dependent." And the king, thinking in his heart that Fortune would not even now give the dependent a sight of her, was exceedingly sad.[5] And he rose up from the assembly with that citron, and the dependent went to the market with the pair of garments he had got. And by selling one garment he procured meat and drink, and tearing the other in half he made two of it. Then on the third day also the king held a general assembly, and all the subjects entered, as before, and when the dependent entered, the king gave him the same citron again, after calling him and making him recite the Áryá verse. Then all were astonished, and the dependent went out, and gave that citron to the king's mistress. And she, like a moving creeper of the tree of the king's regard, gave him gold, which was, so to speak, the flower, the harbinger of the fruit. The dependent sold it, and enjoyed himself that day, and the king's mistress went into his presence. And she gave him that citron, which was large and fine, and he, recognising it, asked her whence she procured it. Then she said—"The dependent gave it me." Hearing that, the king thought, "Fortune has not yet looked favourably upon him; his merit in a former life must have been slight, since he does not know that my favour is never barren of results. And so these splendid jewels come back to me again and again." Thus the king reflected, and he took that citron, and put it away safely, and rose up and performed the duties of the day. And on the fourth day the king held an assembly in the same way, and it was filled with all his subjects, feudatories, ministers and all. And the dependent came there again, and again the king made him sit in front of him, and when he bowed before him, the king made him recite the Áryá verse: and gave him the citron, and when the dependent had half got hold of it, he suddenly let it go, and the citron fell on the ground and broke in half. And as the joining of the citron, which kept it together, was broken, there rolled out of it many valuable jewels, illuminating that place of assembly. All the people, when they saw it, said, "Ah! we were deluded and mistaken, as we did not know the real state of the case, but such is the nature of the king's favour." When the king heard that, he said—"By this artifice I endeavoured to ascertain, whether Fortune would now look on him or not. But for three days his guilt was not effaced; now it is effaced, and for that reason Fortune has now granted him a sight of herself." After the king had said this, he gave the dependent those jewels,

and also villages, elephants, horses and gold, and made him a feudal chief. And he rose up from that assembly, in which the people applauded, and went to bathe; and that dependent too, having obtained his ends, went to his own dwelling.

So true is it that, until a servant's guilt is effaced, he cannot obtain the favour of his master; even by going through hundreds of hardships.

When Gomukha the prime-minister had told this tale, he again said to his master Naraváhanadatta; "So, king, I know that even now the guilt of that dependent of yours is not expiated, since even now you are not pleased with him." When the son of the king of Vatsa heard this speech of Gomukha's, he said, "Ha! good!" and he immediately gave to his own dependent, who was named Kárpaṭika, a number of villages, elephants and horses, a crore of gold pieces, and excellent garments, and ornaments. Then that dependent, who had attained prosperity, became like a king; how can the attendance on a grateful king, who has excellent courtiers, be void of fruit.

When Naraváhanadatta was thus employed, there came one day, to take service with him, a young Bráhman from the Dekhan, named Pralambabáhu. That hero said to the prince: "I have come to your feet, my sovereign, attracted by your renown; and I on foot will never leave your company for a step, as long as you travel on the earth with elephants, horses, and chariots; but in the air I cannot go; I say this because it is rumoured that my lord will one day be emperor of the Vidyádharas. A hundred gold pieces should be given to me every day as salary." When that Bráhman, who was really of incomparable might, said this, Naraváhanadatta gave him this salary. And thereupon Gomukha said—"My lord, kings have such servants: *à propos* of this, hear this story."

Story of the Bráhman Víravara.[6]

There is in this country a great and splendid city of the name of Vikramapura. In it there lived long ago a king named Vikramatunga. He was distinguished for statesmanship, and though his sword was sharp, his rod of justice was not so; and he was always intent on righteousness, but not on women, hunting, and so forth. And while he was king, the only atoms of wickedness were the atoms of earth in the dust, the only departure from virtue was the loosing of arrows from the string, the only straying from justice was the wandering of sheep in the folds of the keepers of cattle.[7] Once on a time a heroic and handsome Bráhman, from the country of Málava, named Víravara, came there to take service under that king; he had a wife named Dharmavatí, a daughter named Víravatí, and a son named Sattvavara; these three constituted his family; and his attendants consisted of another three: at his hip a dagger, in one hand a sword, and in the other a polished shield. Though he had such a small following, he demanded from that king five hundred *dínárs* every day by way of salary. And the king gave him that salary, perceiving his courage, and thinking to himself, "I will make trial of his excellence." And the king set spies on him, to find out what this man, with only two arms, would do with so many *dínárs*. And Víravara, every day, gave his wife a hundred of those *dínárs* for food and other purposes; and with another hundred he bought clothes, and garlands, and so on; and he appointed a third hundred, after bathing, for the worship of Vishṇu and Śiva; and the remaining two hundred he gave to Bráhmans, the poor and so on; and so he expended every day the whole five hundred. And he stood at the palace-gate of the king for the first half of the day, and after he had performed his daily prayers and other duties, he came back and remained there at night also. The spies reported to the king continually that daily practice of his, and then the king, being satisfied, ordered those spies to desist from observing him. And Víravara remained day and night at the gate of the king's palace, sword in hand, excepting only the time set apart for bathing and matters of that kind. Then there came a collection of clouds, bellowing terribly, as if determined to conquer that Víravara, being impatient of his valour. And then, though the cloud rained a terrible arrow-shower of drops, Víravara stood like a column and did not leave the palace-gate. And the king Vikramatunga, having beheld him from the palace in this position, went up to the roof of the palace at night to try him again. And he

called out from above—"Who waits at the palace-gate?" And Víravara, when he heard that, answered—"I am here." The king hearing this, thought—"Surely this brave man deserves high rank, for he does not leave the palace-gate, though such a cloud is raining." While engaged in these reflections, the king heard a woman weeping bitterly in the distance; and he thought—"There is not an afflicted person in my dominions, so why does she weep?" Thereupon he said to Víravara, "Hark, Víravara, there is some woman weeping at some distance from this place, so go, and find out who she is, and what is her sorrow." When Víravara heard that, he set out, brandishing his sword, with his dagger at his side. Then the king, seeing that he had set out when such a cloud was blazing with lightning, and when the interval between heaven and earth[8] was full of descending drops of rain, being moved with curiosity and pity, came down from the roof of his palace, and set out behind him, sword in hand, unobserved.

And Víravara, going in the direction of the wailing,[9] followed unperceived by the king, reached a lake outside the city. And he saw a woman lamenting in the midst of it; "Ah lord! Ah merciful one! Ah hero! How shall I exist abandoned by thee?" He asked her; "Who are you, and what lord do you lament?" Then she said; "My son, know that I am this earth. At present Vikramatunga is my righteous lord, and his death will certainly take place on the third day from now. And how shall I obtain such a lord again? For with divine foresight I behold the good and evil to come, as Suprabha, the son of a god, did, when in heaven."

Story of Suprabha.

For he, possessing divine foresight, foresaw that in seven days he would fall from heaven on account of the exhaustion of his merits, and be conceived in the body of a sow. Then that son of a god, reflecting on the misery of dwelling in the body of a sow, regretted with himself those heavenly enjoyments: "Alas for heaven! Alas for the Apsarases! Alas for the arbours

of Nandana! Alas! how shall I live in the body of a sow, and after that in the mire?" When the king of the gods heard him indulging in these lamentations, he came to him, and questioned him, and that son of a god told him the cause of his grief. Then Indra said to him, "Listen, there is a way out of this difficulty open to you. Have recourse to Śiva as a protector, exclaiming 'Om! Honour to Śiva!' If you resort to him as a protector, you shall escape from your guilt and obtain merit, so that you shall not be born in the body of a pig nor fall from heaven." When the king of the gods said this to Suprabha, he followed his advice, and exclaiming "Om! Honour to Śiva!" he fled to Śiva as an asylum. After remaining wholly intent on him for six days, he not only by his favour escaped being sent into the body of a pig, but went to an abode of bliss higher than *Svarga*. And on the seventh day, when Indra, not seeing him in heaven, looked about, he found he had gone to another and a superior world.

"As Suprabha lamented, beholding pollution impending, so I lament, beholding the impending death of the king." When Earth said this, Víravara answered her:—"If there is any expedient for rescuing this king, as there was an expedient for rescuing Suprabha in accordance with the advice of Indra, pray tell it me." When Earth was thus addressed by Víravara, she answered him: "There is an expedient in this case, and it is in your hands." When the Bráhman Víravara heard this, he said joyfully—[10]

"Then tell me, goddess, quickly; if my lord can be benefited by the sacrifice of my life, or of my son or wife, my birth is not wasted." When Víravara said this, Earth answered him—"There is here an image of Durgá near the palace; if you offer to that image your son Sattvavara, then the king will live, but there is no other expedient for saving his life." When the resolute Víravara heard this speech of the goddess Earth, he said—"I will go, lady, and do it immediately." And Earth said "What other man is so devoted to his lord? Go, and prosper." And the king, who followed him, heard all.

Then Víravara went quickly to his house that night, and the king followed him unobserved. There he woke up his wife Dharmavatí and told her, that, by the counsel of the goddess Earth, he must offer up his son for the sake of the king. She, when she heard it, said—"We must certainly do what is for

the advantage of the king; so wake up our son and tell him." Then Víravara woke up his son, and told him all that the goddess Earth had told him, as being for the interest of the king, down to the necessity of his own sacrifice. When the child Sattvavara heard this, he, being rightly named, said to his father,[11] "Am I not fortunate, my father, in that my life can profit the king? I must requite him for his food which I have eaten; so take me and sacrifice me to the goddess for his sake." When the boy Sattvavara said this, Víravara answered him undismayed, "In truth you are my own son." When king Vikramatunga, who was standing outside, heard this, he said to himself —"Ah! the members of this family are all equally brave."

Then Víravara took that son Sattvavara on his shoulder, and his wife Dharmavatí took his daughter Víravatí on her back, and the two went to the temple of Durgá by night.

And the king Vikramatunga followed them, carefully concealing himself. When they reached the temple, Sattvavara was put down by his father from his shoulder, and, though he was a boy, being a store-house of courage, he bowed before the goddess, and addressed this petition to her: "Goddess, may our lord's life be saved by the offering of my head! And may the king Vikramatunga rule the earth without an enemy to oppose him!" When the boy said this, Víravara exclaimed, "Bravo! my son!" And drawing his sword, he cut off his son's head, and offered it to the goddess Durgá, saying, "May the king be prosperous!" Those who are devoted to their master grudge them neither their sons' lives nor their own. Then a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "Bravo, Víravara! you have bestowed life on your master by sacrificing even the life of your son." Then, while the king was seeing and hearing with great astonishment all that went on, the daughter of Víravara, named Víravatí, who was a mere girl, came up to the head of her slain brother, and embraced it, and kissed it, and crying out "Alas! my brother!" died of a broken heart. When Víravara's wife, Dharmavatí, saw that her daughter also was dead, in her grief she clasped her hands together, and said to Víravara; "We have now ensured the prosperity of the king, so permit me to enter the fire with my two dead children. Since my infant daughter, though too young to understand anything, has died out of grief for her brother, what is the use of my life, my

two children being dead?" When she spoke with this settled purpose, Víravara said to her; "Do so, what can I say against it? For, blameless one, there remains no happiness for you in a world, which will be all filled for you with grief for your two children; so wait a moment while I prepare the funeral pyre." Having said this, he constructed a pyre with some wood, that was lying there to make the fence of the enclosure of the goddess's temple, and put the corpses of his children upon it, and lit a fire under it, so that it was enveloped in flames. Then his virtuous wife, Dharmavatí, fell at his feet, and exclaiming, "May you, my husband, be my lord in my next birth, and may prosperity befall the king!" she leapt into that burning pyre, with its hair of flame, as gladly as into a cool lake. And king Vikramatunga, who was standing by unperceived, remained fixed in thought as to how he could possibly recompense them.

Then Víravara, of resolute soul, reflected—"I have accomplished my duty to my master, for a divine voice was heard audibly, and so I have requited him for the food which I have eaten, but now that I have lost all the dear family I had to support,[12] it is not meet that I should live alone, supporting myself only, so why should I not propitiate this goddess Durgá by offering up myself?" Víravara, firm in virtue, having formed this determination, first approached with a hymn of praise that goddess Durgá, the granter of boons. "Honour to thee, O great goddess, that givest security to thy votaries, rescue me plunged in the mire of the world, that appeal to thee for protection. Thou art the principle of life in creatures, by thee this world moves. In the beginning of creation Śiva beheld thee self-produced, blazing and illuminating the world with brightness hard to behold, like ten million orbs of fiery suddenly-produced infant suns rising at once, filling the whole horizon with the circle of thy arms, bearing a sword, a club, a bow, arrows and a spear. And thou wast praised by that god Śiva in the following words —'Hail to thee Chaṇḍí, Chámuṇḍá, Mangalá, Tripurá, Jayá, Ekánanśá, Śivá, Durgá, Náráyaṇí, Sarasvatí, Bhadrakálí, Mahálakshmí, Siddhá, slayer of Ruru. Thou art Gáyatrí, Maháráјní, Revatí, and the dweller in the Vindhya hills; thou art Umá and Kátyáyaní, and the dweller in Kailása, the mountain of Śiva.' When Skandha, and Vasishṭa, and Brahmá, and the others heard thee praised, under these and other titles, by Śiva well skilled in praising, they also praised thee. And by praising thee, O adorable one,

immortals, *ṛishis*, and men obtained, and do now obtain, boons above their desire. So be favourable to me, O bestower of boons and do thou also receive this tribute of the sacrifice of my body, and may prosperity befall my lord the king!" After saying this, he was preparing to cut off his own head,[13] but a bodiless voice was heard at that moment from the air, "Do not act rashly, my son, for I am well-pleased with this courage of thine, so crave from me the boon that thou dost desire." When Víravara heard that, he said, "If thou art pleased, goddess, then may king Vikramatunga live another hundred years. And may my wife and children return to life." When he craved this boon, there again sounded from the air the words "So be it!" And immediately the three, Dharmavatí, Sattvavara, and Víravatí rose up with unwounded bodies. Then Víravara was delighted, and took home to his house all those who had been thus restored to life by the favour of the goddess, and returned to the king's gate.

But the king, having beheld all this with joy and astonishment, went and again ascended the roof of his palace unobserved. And he cried out from above—"Who is on guard at the palace-gate?" When Víravara, who was below, heard that, he answered—"I am here, and I went to discover that woman, but she vanished somewhere as soon as I saw her, like a goddess." When king Vikramatunga heard this, as he had seen the whole transaction, which was exceedingly wonderful, he reflected with himself alone in the night: "Oh! surely this man is an unheard of marvel of heroism, to perform such an exceedingly meritorious action, and not to give any account of it. The sea, though deep, and broad, and full of great monsters,[14] does not vie with this man, who is firm even in the shock of a mighty tempest. What return can I make to him, who secretly redeemed my life this night by the sacrifice of his son and wife?" Thus reflecting, the king descended from the roof of the palace, and went into his private apartments, and passed that night in smiling. And in the morning, when Víravara was present in the great assembly, he related his wonderful exploit that night. Then all praised that Víravara, and the king conferred on him and his son a turban of honour. And he gave him many domains, horses, jewels, and elephants, and ten crores of gold pieces, and a salary sixty times as great as before. And

immediately the Bráhman Víravara became equal to a king, with a lofty umbrella, being prosperous, himself and his family.

When the minister Gomukha had told this tale, he again said to Naraváhanadatta, summing up the subject—"Thus, king, do sovereigns, by their merit in a previous life, sometimes fall in with exceptionally heroic servants, who, in their nobility of soul, abandoning regard for their lives and all other possessions for the sake of their master, conquer completely the two worlds. And Pralambabáhu, this lately arrived heroic Bráhman servant of yours, my king, is seen to be such, of settled virtue and character, a man in whom the quality of goodness is ever on the increase." When the noble-minded prince Naraváhanadatta heard this from his minister, the mighty-minded Gomukha, he felt unsurpassed satisfaction in his heart.

1

The word in the original is *kárpaṭika*. Böhtlingk and Roth explain it in this passage as "*ein im Dienste eines Fürsten stehender Bettler*." It appears from Taranga 81, that a poor man became a *kárpaṭika* by tearing a *karpaṭa*, a ragged garment, in a king's presence. The business of a *kárpaṭika* seems to have been to do service without getting anything for it.

2

Cp. the 1st Novel in the 10th Day of the Decameron and Ralston's Russian Folk Tales, p. 197.

3

There is a pun here. The word *paláśa* also means "cruel, unmerciful."

4

The word used shews that he was probably a Buddhist mendicant.

5

Cp. Miss Frere's Old Deccan days, p. 171, and Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, p. 430, where the young lady says to Ma; "You have often asked me for money, but on account of your weak luck I have hitherto refrained from giving you any."

6

This story is found in the Hitopadeśa, p. 89 of Johnson's translation.

7

These two lines are an elaborate pun—*ku* = evil, and also earth, *guṇa* = virtue, and also string, *avichára* = injustice, also the movement of sheep.

8

I follow the MS. in the Sanskrit College which reads *rodorandhre*.

9

Here with the Sanskrit College MS. I read *ruditam* for the unmetrical *kranditam*.

10

I read *dhṛishyan*, *i. e.*, rejoicing, from *hṛish*.

11

The word *sattvavara* here means “possessing pre-eminent virtue.”

12

In śl. 163 (a) I read *mama* for *mayá* with the Sanskrit College MS.

13

The story, as told in Chapter 78, is somewhat different from this.

14

There is a pun in this word *mahásattva*. It means noble, good, virtuous, and also full of great monsters.

Chapter LIV.

Thus Naraváhanadatta dwelt in the house of his father the king of Vatsa, being attended by his affectionate ministers, Gomukha and the others, and amusing himself with his loving queen Alankáravatí, whose jealousy was removed by her great love, that refused to be hampered by female pride. Then, once on a time, he went to a forest of wild beasts, mounted on a chariot, with Gomukha seated behind him. And, with that heroic Bráhman Pralambabáhu going in front of him, he indulged in silvan sports, accompanied by his attendants. And though the horses of his chariot galloped at the utmost of their speed, Pralambabáhu outstripped their swiftness, and still kept in front of them. The prince from his position on the chariot killed lions, and tigers, and other wild beasts with arrows, but Pralambabáhu, going on foot, slew them with his sword. And Naraváhanadatta, as often as he beheld that Bráhman, said in astonishment —"What courage, and what fleetness of foot he possesses!"

And the prince, being wearied at the end of his hunting, and overcome with thirst, went in search of water, mounted on his chariot, with Gomukha and his charioteer, and preceded by that champion Pralambabáhu, and in the course of his search he reached another great forest far distant. There he came to a great and charming lake with full-blown golden lotuses, looking like a second sky on earth, studded with many solar orbs. There he bathed and drank water, and, after he and his companions had performed their ablutions and other duties, he beheld at one end of the lake, at a distance, four men of heavenly appearance, dressed in heavenly garments, adorned with heavenly ornaments, engaged in culling golden lotuses from that lake. And out of curiosity he approached them, and when they asked him who he was, he told them his descent, his name and his history.

And they, pleased at seeing him, told him their story when he asked them; "There is in the midst of the great sea a great, prosperous and splendid island, which is called the island of Nárikela, and is renowned in the world

for its beauty.[1] And in it there are four mountains with splendid expanses of land, named Mainâka, Vṛishabha, Chakra, and Balâhaka, in those four we four live. One of us is named Rûpasiddhi, and he possesses the power of assuming various forms; another is by name Pramânasiddhi, who can measure the most minute as well as the largest things; and the third is Jnânasiddhi, who knows the past, the present, and the future; and the fourth is Devasiddhi, who possesses the power of calling down to his aid all the deities. We have now gathered these golden lotuses, and are going to offer them to the god, the husband of Śrí, in Śvetadvîpa. For we are all of us devoted to him, and it is by his favour that we possess rule over those mountains of ours, and prosperity accompanied with supernatural power. So come, we will shew you the lord Hari in Śvetadvîpa; we will carry you through the air, friend, if you approve." When those sons of gods said this, Naravâhanadatta consented, and leaving Gomukha and the others in that place, where they could obtain water, fruits and so on, he went with them to Śvetadvîpa through the air, for Devasiddhi, one of the four brothers, carried him in his lap. There he descended from heaven, and beheld Vishṇu, and approached him from a distance, introduced by those four sons of gods. The god was reclining upon the snake Śesha, in front of him sat Garuḍa, at his side was the daughter of the sea,[2] at his feet was the Earth, he was waited upon by the discus, the conch, the club, and the lotus, incarnate in bodily form, and the Gandharvas, with Nârada at their head, were piously chanting hymns in his honour, and the gods, Siddhas, and Vidyâdharas were bowing before him. To whom is not association with the good a cause of exaltation?

Then, after that Lord had been honoured by those sons of gods, and praised by Kaśyapa and others, Naravâhanadatta thus praised him with folded hands, "All hail to thee, venerable one, the wishing-tree of thy worshippers, whose body is encircled with the wish-granting creeper of Lakshmí, who art the granter of all desires; hail to thee, the divine swan, dwelling in the Mânasa-lake of the minds of the good,[3] ever soaring and singing in the highest ether. Hail to thee, who dost transcend all, and dwell within all, who hast a form transcending qualities, and whose shape is the full aggregate of the six kingly measures;[4] Brahmâ is the bee on the lotus of thy navel, O Lord, humming with the soft sound of Veda-murmur, though from him

spring many verses;[5] thy foot is the earth, the heaven is thy head, the cardinal points are thy ears, the sun and moon are thy eyes; thy belly is the egg of Brahmá, the globe of the world; thou art hymned by the wise as the infinite soul. From thee, the home of brightness, spring all these creatures, O Lord, as the host of sparks from the blazing fire, and when the time of destruction comes, they again enter thy essence, as at the end of the day a flock of birds enters the great tree in which they dwell. Thou flashest forth, and createst these lords of the world, who are parts of thee, as the ocean, disturbed with a continual flow, creates waves. Though the world is thy form, thou art formless; though the world is thy handiwork, thou art free from the bondage of works; though thou art the support of the world, thou art thyself without support; who is he that knows thy real nature? The gods have obtained various stages of prosperity by being looked upon by thee with a favourable eye; so be propitious, and look upon me, thy suppliant, with an eye melting with love."

When Naraváhanadatta had in these words praised Vishṇu, the god looked upon him with a favourable eye, and said to Nárada: "Go and demand back from Indra in my name those lovely Apsarases of mine, who long ago sprang from the sea of milk, and whom I deposited in his hand, and make them mount the chariot of Indra, and quickly bring them here." When Nárada received this command from Hari, he said "So be it," and with Mátali he brought the Apsarases from Indra in his chariot, and then bowing he presented the Apsarases to Vishṇu, and the Holy one spake thus to the son of the king of Vatsa—"Naraváhanadatta, I give these Apsarases to thee, the future emperor of the kings of the Vidyádharas. Thou art a fitting husband for them, and they are fitting wives for thee, for thou hast been created by Śiva as an incarnation of the god of Love." When Vishṇu said that, the son of the king of Vatsa fell at his feet, delighted at having obtained favour, and Vishṇu thus commanded Mátali,—"Let this Naraváhanadatta, together with the Apsarases, be taken back by thee to his palace, by whatever path he desires."

When the Holy one gave this command, Naraváhanadatta, with the Apsarases and those sons of gods who invited him, mounted the chariot which was driven by Mátali, and went to the island of Nárikela, being

envied even by gods. There the successful hero, honoured by those four sons of gods, Rúpasiddhi and his brethren, and accompanied by Indra's chariot, sported in succession on those four mountains on which they dwelt, Mainâka, Vṛishabha, and the others, that vied with heaven, in the company of those Apsarases. And he roamed, full of joy, in the thickets of their pleasure-grounds, the various splendid trees of which were in blossom on account of the arrival of the month of spring. And those sons of gods said to him: "See! these clusters on the trees seem to be regarding with the expanded eyes of their open flowers their beloved spring that has arrived. See! the full-blown lotuses shield the lake, as if to prevent their place of birth from being afflicted by the warmth of the sun's rays. See! the bees, after resorting to a Karnikára splendid with blossoms, leave it again, finding it destitute of perfume, as good men leave a rich man of mean character. See! a concert is being held in honour of spring, the king of the seasons, with the songs of the Kinnarís, the notes of the cuckoos, and the humming of bees." With such words those sons of gods shewed Naravâhanadatta the range of their pleasure-grounds. And the son of the king of Vatsa amused himself also in their cities, beholding the merry-makings of the citizens, who danced without restraint in honour of the spring-festival. And he enjoyed with the Apsarases delights fitted for gods; wherever the virtuous go, their good fortunes precede them.

After remaining there for four days thus occupied, Naravâhanadatta said to those sons of gods his friends; "I now wish to go to my own city, being anxious to behold my father;[6] so come you also to that city and bless it with a visit." When they heard that, they said: "We have seen you, the choicest jewel in that town; what more do we require? But when you have obtained the sciences of the Vidyádharas, you must not forget us." With these words they dismissed him, and Naravâhanadatta said to Mâtali, who brought him the splendid chariot of Indra; "Take me to the city of Kauśámbí by a course leading past that lovely lake, on the bank of which I left Gomukha and the others." Mâtali consented, and the prince ascended the chariot with the Apsarases, and reached that lake, and saw Gomukha and the others, and said to them, "Come quickly by your own way, I will tell you all when I get home." Having said this, he went to Kauśámbí in the chariot of Indra. There he descended from heaven, and dismissed Mâtali after honouring him, and

entered his own palace accompanied by those Apsarases. And leaving them there, he went and prostrated himself before the feet of his father, who was delighted at his arrival, and also of Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, and they welcomed him, and their eyes were never satisfied with gazing on him. And in the meanwhile Gomukha came, riding on the chariot, with the charioteer, and that Bráhman Pralambabáhu. Then, being questioned by his father, Naraváhanadatta related in the presence of all his ministers his very wonderful adventures. And all said—"God grants to that virtuous man, whom he wishes to favour, association with good friends." When all said this, the king was pleased, and ordered a festival for his son on account of the favour which Vishṇu had shewed towards him. And he and his wives saw those Apsarases his daughters-in-law, obtained by the favour of Vishṇu, whom Gomukha brought to fall at his feet, Devarupá, and Devarati, and Devamálá, and the fourth Devapriyá, whose names he enquired by the mouth of their maids. And the city of Kauśámbí, making festival, appeared as if scattering red paint with its waving scarlet banners, as much as to say: "What am I that Apsarases should dwell in me? Blessed am I that the prince Naraváhanadatta has made me a heavenly city upon earth." And Naraváhanadatta, after he had rejoiced the eyes of his father, visited his other wives, who were anxiously awaiting him, and they, who had been emaciated by those four days, as if they were four years, exulted, relating the various woes of their separation. And Gomukha described the valour of Pralambabáhu, while he was protecting the horses during their sojourn in the forest, in killing lions and other noxious beasts. Thus listening to pleasing unrestrained conversation, and contemplating the beauty of his beloved ones, that was as nectar to his eyes, and making flattering speeches, and drinking wine in the company of his ministers, Naraváhanadatta passed that time there in happiness.

Once on a time, as he was in the apartments of Alankáravatí with his ministers, he heard a loud sound of drums outside. Then he said to his general Hariśikha: "What may be the cause of this sudden great noise of drums outside?" When Hariśikha heard this, he went out, and entering again immediately said to the prince, the son of the king of Vatsa; "There is in this town a merchant of the name of Rudra, and he went to the island of Suvarṇadvípa on a mercantile expedition. As he was returning, the hoard of

wealth, that he had managed to acquire, was lost, being sunk in the sea by his ship foundering. And he himself happened to escape from the sea alive. And to-day is the sixth day since he arrived in misery at his own house. After he had been living here for some days in distress, it happened that he found a great treasure in his garden. And the king of Vatsa heard of it from his relations, so the merchant came to-day and represented the matter to the king; saying—'I have obtained four crores of gold pieces with a multitude of valuable jewels, so, if the king commands me, I will hand them over.' The king of Vatsa thereupon gave this command to the merchant—'Who that had any sense,[7] after seeing you in distress, plundered by the sea, would plunder you again, now that you have been supplied with wealth by the mercy of Providence. Go and enjoy at will the wealth obtained from your own ground.' The merchant fell at the king's feet full of joy, and it is this very man that is now returning to his house, with his attendants beating drums." When Hariśikha said this, Naraváhanadatta praised the justice of his father, and said in astonishment to his ministers—"If Destiny sometimes takes away wealth, does she not sometimes afterwards give it. She sports in a strange way with the raising and depressing of men." When Gomukha heard that, he said—"Such is the course of Destiny! And in proof of this, hear the story of Samudraśúra."

Story of the merchant Samudraśúra.

In old times there was a splendid city, belonging to the king Harshavarman, called Harshapura, the citizens of which were made happy by good government. In this city there was a great merchant, named Samudraśúra; he was of good family, just, of resolute courage, a lord of much wealth. He was once compelled by his business to go to Suvarṇadvípa, and reaching the shore of the sea, he embarked on a ship. As he was travelling over the sea, when his journey was very nearly at an end, a terrible cloud arose and a wind that agitated the deep. The wind tossed the ship about with the

violence of the waves, and it was struck by a sea-monster and split asunder; and then the merchant, girding up his loins, plunged into the sea. And after the brave man had made some way by swimming, he found the corpse of a man long dead, driven hither and thither by the wind. And he climbed up on the corpse, and skilfully paddling himself along with his arms, he was carried to Suvarṇadvípa by a favourable wind. There he got off that corpse on to the sand, and he perceived that it had a cloth tied round its loins, with a knot in it. When he unfastened the cloth from its loins, and examined it, he found inside it a necklace richly studded with jewels. He saw that it was of inestimable value, and he bathed and remained in a state of great felicity, thinking that the wealth he had lost in the sea was but straw in comparison with it. Then he went on to a city called Kalaśapura, and with the bracelet in his hand, entered the enclosure of a great temple. There he sat in the shade, and being exceedingly tired with his exertions in the water, he slowly dropped off to sleep, bewildered by Destiny. And while he was asleep, the policemen came and saw that necklace in his hand exposed to view. They said—"Here is the necklace stolen from the neck of the princess Chakrasená; without doubt this is the thief." And so they woke the merchant up and took him to the palace. There the king himself questioned him, and he told him what had taken place. The king held out the necklace, and said to the people present in court,—"This man is speaking falsely; he is a thief, look at this necklace." And at that very moment a kite saw it glittering, and quickly swooping down from heaven, carried off the necklace, and disappeared where he could not be traced. Then the king, in his anger, commanded that the merchant should be put to death, and he, in great grief, invoked the protection of Śiva. Then a voice was heard from heaven—"Do not put this man to death: he is a respectable merchant named Samudraśúra from the city of Harshapura, that has landed on your territory. The thief, who stole the necklace, fled, beside himself with fear of the police, and falling into the sea at night, perished. But this merchant here, when his ship foundered, came upon the body of that thief, and climbing up on it, he crossed the sea and came here. And then he found the necklace in the knot of the cloth fastened round his loins; he did not take it from your house. So let go, king, this virtuous merchant, who is not a thief; dismiss him with honour." Having said this, the voice ceased. When the king heard this, he was satisfied, and revoking the capital sentence passed on the merchant, he

honoured him with wealth, and let him go. And the merchant, having obtained wealth, bought wares, and again crossed the terrible ocean in a ship, in order to return to his own native land.

And after he had crossed the sea, he travelled with a caravan, and one day, at evening time, he reached a wood. The caravan encamped in the wood for the night, and while Samudraśúra was awake, a powerful host of bandits attacked it. While the bandits were massacring the members of the caravan, Samudraśúra left his wares and fled, and climbed up a banyan-tree without being discovered. The host of bandits departed, after they had carried off all the wealth, and the merchant spent that night there, perplexed with fear, and distracted with grief. In the morning he cast his eye towards the top of the tree, and saw, as fate would have it, what looked like the light of a lamp, trembling among the leaves. And in his astonishment he climbed up the tree, and saw a kite's nest, in which there was a heap of glittering priceless jewelled ornaments. He took them all out of it, and found among the ornaments that necklace, which he had found in Svarṇadvípa and the kite had carried off. He obtained from that nest unlimited wealth, and, descending from the tree, he went off delighted, and reached in course of time his own city of Harshapura. There the merchant Samudraśúra remained, enjoying himself to his heart's content with his family, free from the desire of any other wealth.

"So you have that merchant's whelming in the sea, and that loss of his wealth, and the finding of the necklace, and again the losing of it, and his undeserved degradation to the position of a malefactor, and his immediate obtaining of wealth from the satisfied king, and his return-voyage over the sea, and his being stripped of all his wealth by falling in with bandits on the journey, and at last his acquisition of wealth from the top of a tree. So you see, prince, such is the various working of destiny, but a virtuous man, though he may have endured sorrow, obtains joy at the last." When Naraváhanadatta heard this from Gomukha, he approved it, and rising up, he performed his daily duties, such as bathing and the like.

And the next day, when he was in the hall of assembly, the heroic prince Samaratunga, who had been his servant ever since he was a boy, came and

said to him—"Prince, my relation Sangrámarvarsha has ravaged my territory, with the help of his four sons, Vírajita and the others. So I will go myself, and bring them all five here as prisoners. Let my lord know this." After saying this he departed. And the son of the king of Vatsa, knowing that he had but a small force, and that those others had large forces, ordered his own army to follow him. But that proud man refused to receive this accession to his force, and went and conquered those five enemies in fight by the help of his own two arms only, and brought them back prisoners. Naraváhanadatta honoured and praised his follower, when he came back victorious, and said—"How wonderful! This man has conquered his five enemies, though with their forces they had overrun his territory, and has done the deed of a hero, as a man conquers the senses, when they have laid hold upon outward objects, and are powerful, and so accomplishes emancipation, the work of the soul."[8] When Gomukha heard that, he said —"If, prince, you have not heard the tale of king Chamarabála, which is similar, listen, I will tell it."

Story of king Chamarabála.

There is a city named Hastinápura, and in it there lived a king named Chamarabála, who possessed treasure, a fort, and an army. And he had, as neighbours to his territory, several kings of the same family as himself, the chief of whom was Samarabála, and they put their heads together and reflected: "This king Chamarabála defeats us all, one by one; so we will join together and accomplish his overthrow." After thus deliberating, those five kings' being anxious to march out against him to conquer him, secretly asked an astrologer when a favourable moment would come. The astrologer, not seeing a favourable moment, and not seeing good omens, said—"There is no favourable moment for you this year. Under whatever circumstances you set out on your expedition, you will not be victorious. And why are you so eager for the undertaking, beholding his prosperity? Enjoyment is after all the fruit[9] of prosperity, and you have enjoyments in

abundance. And now hear, if you have not heard it before, the story of the two merchants."

Story of Yaśovarman and the two fortunes.

There was in old time in this country a city, named Kautukapura. In it there lived a king, called Bahusuvarṇaka,[10] rightly named. And he had a young Kshatriya servant named Yaśovarman. To that man the king never gave anything, though he was generous by nature. Whenever in his distress he asked the king, the king said to him, pointing to the sun, "I wish to give to you, but this holy god will not permit me to give to you. Tell me what I am to do." While he remained distressed, watching for an opportunity, the time for an eclipse of the sun arrived. Then Yaśovarman, who had constantly served the king, went and said to him, when he was engaged in giving many valuable presents: "Give me something, my sovereign, while this sun, who will not permit you to give, is in the grasp of his enemy." When the king, who had given many presents, heard that, he laughed, and gave garments, gold, and other things to him.

In course of time that wealth was consumed, and he, being afflicted, as the king gave him nothing, and having lost his wife, went to the shrine of the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya hills.[11] He said—"What is the use of this profitless body that is dead even while alive? I will abandon it before the shrine of the goddess, or gain the desired boon." Resolved on this course, he lay down on a bed of *darbha* grass in front of the goddess, with his mind intent on her, and fasting he performed a severe penance. And the goddess said to him in a dream, "I am pleased with thee, my son; tell me, shall I give thee the good fortune of wealth, or the good fortune of enjoyment?" When Yaśovarman heard this, he answered the goddess, "I do not precisely know the difference between these two good fortunes." Then the goddess said to him: "Return to thy own country, and there go and

examine into the good fortunes of the two merchants, Arthavarman and Bhogavarman, and find out which of the two pleases thee, and then come here and ask a like fortune for thyself." When Yaśovarman heard this, he woke up, and next morning he broke his fast, and went to his own country of Kautukapura.

There he first went to the house of Arthavarman,[12] who had acquired much wealth, in the form of gold, jewels, and other precious things, by his business transactions. Seeing that prosperity of his, he approached him with due politeness, and was welcomed by him, and invited to dinner. Then he sat by the side of that Arthavarman, and ate food appropriate to a guest, with meat-curry and ghee. But Arthavarman ate barley-meal, with half a *pal* of ghee and a little rice, and a small quantity of meat-curry. Yaśovarman said to the merchant out of curiosity—"Great merchant, why do you eat so little?" Thereupon the merchant gave him this answer: "To-day out of regard for you I have eaten a little rice with meat-curry and half a *pal* of ghee; I have also eaten some barley-meal. But as a general rule, I eat only a *karsha* of ghee and some barley-meal, I have a weak digestion, and cannot digest more in my stomach." When Yaśovarman heard that, he turned the matter over in his mind, and formed an unfavourable opinion of that prosperity of Arthavarman's, as being without fruit. Then, at nightfall, that merchant Arthavarman again brought rice and milk for Yaśovarman to eat. And Yaśovarman again ate of it to his fill, and then Arthavarman drank one *pala* of milk. And in that same place Yaśovarman and Arthavarman both made their beds, and gradually fell asleep.

And at midnight Yaśovarman suddenly saw in his sleep some men of terrible appearance with clubs in their hands, entering the room. And they exclaimed angrily—"Fie! why have you taken to-day one *karsha* more of ghee than the small amount allowed to you, and eaten meat-curry, and drunk a *pala* of milk?" Then they dragged Arthavarman by his foot and beat him with clubs. And they extracted from his stomach the *karsha* of ghee, and the milk, flesh, and rice, which he had consumed above his allowance. When Yaśovarman had seen that, he woke up and looked about him, and lo! Arthavarman had woke up, and was seized with colic. Then Arthavarman, crying out, and having his stomach rubbed by his servants, vomited up all

the food he had eaten above the proper allowance. After the merchant's colic was allayed, Yaśovarman said to himself: "Away with this good fortune of wealth, which involves enjoyment of such an equivocal kind! This would be altogether neutralized by such misery of ill health." In such internal reflections he passed that night.

And in the morning he took leave of Arthavarman, and went to the house of that merchant Bhogavarman. There he approached him in due form, and he received him with politeness, and invited him to dine with him on that day. Now he did not perceive any wealth in the possession of that merchant, but he saw that he had a nice house, and dresses, and ornaments. While Yaśovarman was waiting there, the merchant Bhogavarman proceeded to do his own special business. He took merchandise from one man, and immediately handed it over to another, and without any capital of his own, gained *dínárs* by the transaction. And he quickly sent those *dínárs* by the hand of his servant to his wife, in order that she might procure all kinds of food and drink. And immediately one of that merchant's friends, named Ichchhábharaṇa, rushed in and said to him: "Our dinner is ready, rise up and come to us, and let us eat, for all our other friends have assembled and are waiting for you." He answered, "I shall not come to-day, for I have a guest here." Thereupon his friend went on to say to him, "Then let this guest come with you; is he not our friend also? Rise up quickly." Bhogavarman, being thus earnestly invited by that friend, went with him, accompanied by Yaśovarman, and ate excellent food. And, after drinking wine, he returned, and again enjoyed all kinds of viands and wines at his own house in the evening. And when night came on, he asked his servants—"Have we enough wine left for the latter part of the night or not?" When they replied, "No, master," the merchant went to bed, exclaiming, "How are we to drink water in the latter part of the night?"

Then Yaśovarman, sleeping at his side, saw in a dream two or three men enter, and some others behind them. And those who entered last, having sticks in their hands, exclaimed angrily to those who entered first—"You rascals! Why did you not provide wine for Bhogavarman to drink in the latter half of the night? Where have you been all this time?" Then they beat them with strokes of their sticks. The men who were beaten with sticks,

said, “Pardon this single fault on our part.” And then they and the others went out of the room.

Then Yaśovarman, having seen that sight, woke up and reflected, “The good fortune of enjoyment of Bhogavarman, in which blessings arrive unthought of, is preferable to the good fortune of wealth of Arthavarman, which, though attended with opulence, is devoid of enjoyment.”

In these reflections he spent the rest of the night.

And early the next morning Yaśovarman took leave of that excellent merchant, and again repaired to the feet of Durgá, the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya range. And he chose out of those two good fortunes mentioned by the goddess, when she appeared to him on a former occasion,[13] while he was engaged in austerities, the good fortune of enjoyment, and the goddess granted it to him. Then Yaśovarman returned home and lived in happiness, thanks to the good fortune of enjoyment, which, owing to the favour of the goddess, continually presented itself to him unthought of.

“So a smaller fortune, accompanied with enjoyment, is to be preferred to a great fortune, which, though great, is devoid of enjoyment and therefore useless. So why are you annoyed at the good fortune of king Chamarabála, which is combined with meanness, and do not consider your own fortune, which is rich in the power of giving and in enjoyment?

“So an attack on him by you is not advisable, and there is no auspicious moment for commencing the expedition, and I do not foresee victory to you.” Though those five kings were thus warned by the astrologer, they marched in their impatience against king Chamarabála.

And when king Chamarabála heard that they had reached the border, he bathed in the morning, and worshipped Śiva duly by his auspicious names referring to sixty-eight excellent parts of the body,[14]—his names that destroy sin and grant all desires. And then he heard a voice coming from heaven, “King, fight without fear, thou shalt conquer thy enemies in battle.” Then king Chamarabála was delighted, and girded on his armour, and

accompanied by his army, marched out to fight with those foes. In the army of his enemies there were thirty thousand elephants, and three hundred thousand horses, and ten million foot-soldiers. And in his own army there were twenty hundred thousand foot-soldiers, and ten thousand elephants, and a hundred thousand horses. Then a great battle took place between those two armies, and king Chamarabála, preceded by his warder Víra,[15] who was rightly so named, entered that field of battle, as the holy Vishṇu, in the form of the great boar, entered the great ocean. And though he had but a small army, he so grievously smote that great army of his foes, that slain horses, elephants, and footmen lay in heaps. And when king Samarabála came across him in the battle, he rushed upon him, and smote him with an iron spear, and drawing him towards him with a lasso, made him prisoner. And then in the same way he smote the second king Samaraśúra in the heart with an arrow, and drawing him towards him with a noose, made him also prisoner. And his warder, named Víra, captured the third king, named Samarajita, and brought him to him. And his general, named Devabala, brought and presented to him the fourth king, named Pratápachandra, wounded with an arrow. Then the fifth king Pratápasena, beholding that, fell furiously upon king Chamarabála in the fight. But he repelled his arrows with the multitude of his own, and pierced him with three arrows in the forehead. And when he was bewildered with the blows of the arrows, Chamarabála, like a second Destiny, flung a noose round his neck, and dragging him along made him a captive. When those five kings had in this way been taken prisoners in succession, as many of their soldiers, as had escaped slaughter, fled, dispersing themselves in every direction. And king Chamarabála captured an infinite mass of gold and jewels, and many wives belonging to those kings. And among them, the head queen of king Pratápasena, called Yaśolekhá, a lovely woman, fell into his hands.

Then he entered his city, and gave turbans of honour to the warder Víra and the general Devabala, and loaded them with jewels. And the king made Yaśolekhá an inmate of his own harem, on the ground that she, being the wife of Pratápasena, was captured according to the custom of the Kshatriyas. And she, though flighty, submitted to him because he had won her by the might of his arm; in those abandoned to the intoxication of love the impressions of virtue are evanescent. And after some days, king

Chamarabála, being solicited by the queen Yaśolekhá, let go those five captive kings, Pratápasena and the others, after they had learnt submission and done homage, and after honouring them, dismissed them to their own kingdoms. And then king Chamarabála long ruled his own wealthy kingdom, in which there were no opponents, and the enemies of which had been conquered, and he sported with that Yaśolekhá, who surpassed in form and loveliness beautiful Apsarases, being, as it were, the banner that announced his victory over his foes.

"Thus a brave man, though unsupported, conquers in the front of battle even many enemies coming against him in fight, distracted with hate, and not considering the resources of themselves and their foe, and by his surpassing bravery puts a stop to the fever of their conceit and pride."

When Naraváhanadatta had heard this instructive tale told by Gomukha, he praised it, and set about his daily duties of bathing and so on. And he spent that night, which was devoted to the amusement of a concert, in singing with his wives in such a ravishing way, that Sarasvatí from her seat in heaven gave him and his beloved ones high commendation.

1

This reminds one of the description which Palladius gives of the happy island of Taprobane. St. Ambrose in his version speaks of it as governed by *four* kings or satraps. The fragment begins at the 7th chapter of the 3rd book of the History of the Pseudo-Callisthenes edited by Carolus Müller. See Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 239.

2

i. e. Lakshmí or Śrí.

3

Hansa—means swan and also supreme soul, *i. e.*, Vishṇu.

4

War, peace, marching, encamping, dividing one's forces, seeking the alliance of a more powerful king.

5

Or sects. The word used for “bee” means literally the six-footed. The whole passage is full of double meanings, *charana* meaning foot, line, *i. e.*, the fourth part of a stanza, and also sect.

6

Darśana utsukaḥ should probably be read here for the sake of the metre.

7

Here there is a pun.

8

This passage is an elaborate pun throughout.

9

I read *phalam* which I find in the Sanskrit College MS. instead of *param*.

10

i. e., possessor of much gold.

11

i. e., Durgá. For *mṛitajátir* I read *mṛitajánir* which is the reading of the MS. in the Sanskrit College. In the next line *jívitá* should be *jívatá*.

12

Cp. the story of Dhanagupta and Upabhuktadhana, Benfey’s Panchatantra, Vol. II, p. 197. It is part of the fifth story, that of Somilaka. See Benfey, Vol. I, p. 321, where he traces it to a Buddhist source.

13

I read *tapaḥstha-púrva-dṛishṭáyás* one word.

14

Śiva is invoked by a different name for each limb which he is asked to protect. See the quotations in Brand’s Popular Antiquities (Bohn’s Edition, Vol. I, pp. 365 and 366) from Moresini Papatus and Melton’s Astrologaster. Brand remarks, “The Romanists, in imitation of the heathens, have assigned tutelary gods to each member of the body.”

15

Víra means hero.

Chapter LV.

Then, the next day, as Naraváhanadatta was sitting in the apartments of Alankáravatí, a servant of Marubhúti's, the brother of Sauvidalla the guard of the prince's harem, came and said to him in the presence of all his ministers—"King, I have attended on Marubhúti for two years; he has given food and clothing to me and my wife: but he will not give me the fifty *dínárs* a year, which he promised me in addition. And when I asked him for it, he gave me a kick. So I am sitting in *dharna* against him at your Highness's door. If your Highness does not give judgment in this case, I shall enter the fire. What more can I say? For you are my sovereign." When he had said this, he stopped, and Marubhúti said—"I must give him the *dínárs*, but I have not got the money at present." When he said this, all the ministers laughed at him, and Naraváhanadatta said to the minister Marubhúti: "What are you thinking about, you fool? Your intentions are not over-creditable. Rise up, give him the hundred *dínárs* without delay." When Marubhúti heard this speech of his sovereign's, he was ashamed, and immediately brought that hundred *dínárs* and gave it to him. Then Gomukha said—"Marubhúti is not to be blamed, because the works of the Creator's hand have varying moods of mind. Have you not heard the story of king Chiradátṛi, and his servant named Prasanga?"

Story of Chiradátṛi.

In old time there was a king named Chiradátṛi, sovereign or Chirapura. Though he was an excellent man, his followers were extremely wicked. And that king had a servant, named Prasanga, who had come from another country, and was accompanied by two friends. And five years passed, while he was performing his duties, but the king gave him nothing, not even when

an occasion was presented by a feast or something of the kind. And owing to the wickedness of the courtiers, he never obtained an opportunity of representing his case to the king, though his friends were continually instigating him to do so.

Now one day the king's infant son died, and when he was grieved at it, all his servants came and crowded round him. And among them the servant, named Prasanga, out of pure sorrow, said to the king as follows, though his two friends tried to prevent him, "We have been your servants, your Highness, for a long time, and you have never given us anything, nevertheless we have remained here because we had hopes from your son; for we thought that, although you have never given us anything, your son would certainly give us something. If Fate has carried him off, what is the use of remaining here now? We will immediately take our departure." Thus he exclaimed, and fell at the feet of the king, and went out with his two friends. The king reflected—"Ah! though these men had fixed their hopes on my son, they have been faithful servants to me, so I must not abandon them." Thereupon he immediately had Prasanga and his companions summoned, and loaded them so with wealth that poverty did not again lay hold on them.

"So you see, men have various dispositions, for that king did not give at the proper season, but did give in the unseasonable hour of calamity." When Gomukha, skilful in story-telling, had said this, he went on, at the instigation of the son of the sovereign of Vatsa, to tell the following tale:

Story of king Kanakavarsha and Madanasundarí.

There was in old time on the banks of the Ganges an excellent city, named Kanakapura, the people of which were purified in the water of the river; and which was a delightful place on account of its good government. In this city

the only imprisonment seen was the committing to paper of the words of poets, the only kind of defeat was the curling in the locks of the women, the only contest was the struggle of getting the corn into the granary.[1]

In that city there dwelt in old time a glorious king, named Kanakavarsha, who was born to Priyadarśana, the son of Vásuki, king of the snakes, by the princess Yaśodhará. Though he bore the weight of the whole earth, he was adorned with innumerable virtues, he longed for glory, not for wealth, he feared sin, not his enemy. He was dull in slandering his neighbour, but not in the holy treatises; there was restraint in the high-souled hero's wrath, not in his favour; he was resolute-minded; he was niggardly in curses, not in gifts; he ruled the whole world; and such was his extraordinary beauty that all women, the moment they saw him, were distracted with the pain of love.

Once on a time, in an autumn, that was characterized by heat, that maddened elephants, that was attended by flocks of swans, and delighted the subjects with rejoicings,[2] he entered a picture-palace which was cooled by winds that blew laden with the scent of lotuses. There he observed and praised the display of pictures, and in the meanwhile there entered the warder, who said to the king—

"Your majesty, an unequalled painter has arrived here from Ujjayiní, boasting himself to be matchless in the art of painting. His name is Roladeva, and he has to-day set up a notice at the palace gate to the above effect." When the king heard that, he felt respect for him, and ordered him to be introduced, and the warder immediately went and brought him in. The painter entered, and beheld the king Kanakavarsha amusing himself in private with looking at pictures, reclining his body on the lap of beautiful women, and taking in carelessly crooked fingers the prepared betel. And the painter Roladeva made obeisance to the king, who received him politely, and sitting down said slowly to him—"O king, I put up a notice principally through the desire of beholding your feet, not out of pride in my skill, so you must excuse this deed of mine. And you must tell me what form I am to represent on canvas, let not the trouble I took in learning this accomplishment be thrown away, O king." When the painter said this to the

king, he replied, “Teacher, paint anything you will, let us give our eyes a treat: what doubt can there be about your skill?”

When the king said this, his courtiers exclaimed—“Paint the king: what is the use of painting others, ugly in comparison with him?” When the painter heard this, he was pleased, and painted the king, with aquiline nose, with almond-shaped fiery eye, with broad forehead, with curly black hair, with ample breast, glorious with the scars of wounds inflicted by arrows and other weapons, with handsome arms resembling the trunks of the elephants that support the quarters, with waist capable of being spanned with the hand, as if it had been a present from the lion-whelps conquered by his might, and with thighs like the post for fastening the elephant of youth, and with beautiful feet, like the shoots of the *aśoka*. And all, when they beheld that life-like likeness of the king, applauded that painter, and said to him; “We do not like to see the king alone on the picture-panel, so paint on it one of these queens by his side, carefully choosing one, that will be a worthy pendant to him; let the feast of our eyes be complete.”

When they said this, the painter looked at the picture and said, “Though there are many of these queens, there is none among them like the king, and I believe there is no woman on the earth a match for him in beauty, except one princess—listen, I will tell you about her.

“In Vidarbha there is a prosperous town named Kuṇḍina, and in it there is a king of the name of Devaśakti. And he has a queen named Anantavatí, dearer to him than life, and by her there was born to him a daughter named Madanasundarí. How could one like me presume to describe her beauty with this one single tongue, but so much will I say. When the Creator had made her, through delight in her he conceived a desire to make another like her, but he will not be able to do it even in the course of *yugas*. That princess, alone on the earth, is a match for this king in shape, beauty and refinement, in age and birth. For I, when I was there, was once summoned by her by the mouth of a maid, and I went to her private apartments. There I beheld her, freshly anointed with sandal unguent, having a necklace of lotus-fibres, tossing on a bed of lotuses, being fanned by her ladies-in-waiting with the wind of plantain leaves, pale and emaciated, exhibiting the

signs of love's fever. And in these words was she dissuading her ladies occupied in fanning her,—'O my friends, away with this sandal unguent and these breezes wafted by plantain leaves; for these, though cool, scorch up unhappy me.' And when I saw her in this state, I was troubled to divine the reason, and after doing obeisance, I sat down in front of her. And she said, 'Teacher, paint such a form as this on canvas and give it me.'

"And then she made me paint a certain very handsome youth, slowly tracing out the form on the ground with trembling, nectar-distilling hand, to guide me. And when I had so painted that handsome youth, I said to myself —'She has made me paint the god of Love in visible form; but, as I see that the flowery bow is not represented in his hand, I know that it cannot be the god of Love, it must be some extraordinarily handsome young man like him. And her outburst of love-sickness has to do with him. So I must depart hence, for this king, her father Devaśakti, is severe in his justice, and if he heard of this proceeding of mine, he would not overlook it.' Thus reflecting, I did obeisance to that princess Madanasundarí, and departed, honoured by her.

"But when I was there, O king, I heard from her attendants, as they talked freely together, that she had fallen in love with you from hearing of you only. So I have secretly taken a picture of that princess on a sheet of canvas, and have come here quickly to your feet. And when I beheld your majesty's appearance, my doubt was at an end, for it was clearly your majesty that the princess caused to be painted by my hand. And as it is not possible to paint her twice, such as she is, I will not represent her in the picture as standing at your side, though she is equal to you in beauty."

When Roladeva said this, the king said to him—"Then shew her as she is represented on the canvas you have brought with you." Then the painter looked out a piece of canvas which was in a bag, and shewed the king Madanasundarí in a painting. And the king Kanakavarsha, seeing that even in a painting she was wonderfully beautiful, immediately became enamoured of her. And he loaded that painter with much gold, and taking the picture of his beloved, retired into his private apartments. There he remained with his mind fixed on her alone, abandoning all occupations, and

his eyes were never satisfied with gazing on her beauty. It seemed as if the god of love was jealous of his good looks, for now that he had obtained an opportunity, he tormented him, smiting him with his arrows and robbing him of his self-control. And the love-pain, which he had inflicted on women enamoured of his handsome shape, was now visited on that king a hundredfold.

And in the course of some days, being pale and emaciated, he told to his confidential ministers, who questioned him, the thought of his heart. And after deliberating with them, he sent to the king Devaśakti, as ambassador, to ask for the hand of his daughter, a trustworthy Bráhman of good birth, named Sangamasvámin, who was skilled in affairs, knew times and seasons, and could speak in a sweet and lofty style. That Sangamasvámin went to Vidarbha with a great retinue, and entered the city of Kuṇḍina. And there he had a formal interview with the king Devaśakti, and on behalf of his master asked for the hand of his daughter. And Devaśakti reflected—"I must give away this daughter of mine to some one, and this king Kanakavarsha has been described as my equal, and he asks for her; so I will give her to him." Accordingly he granted the prayer of Sangamasvámin, and the king displayed to the ambassador the astonishing elegance in the dance of his daughter Madanasundarí. Then the king sent away, after honouring him, and promising to give his daughter, that Sangamasvámin, who was charmed with his sight of her. And he sent with him a counter-ambassador to say, "Fix an auspicious moment and come here for the marriage. And Sangamasvámin returned, accompanied by the counter-ambassador, and told the king Kanakavarsha that his object was effected. Then the king ascertained a favourable moment, and honoured that ambassador, and heard from him over and over again how Madanasundarí was in love with him. And then the king Kanakavarsha set out for the city of Kuṇḍina, in order to marry her, with mind at ease on account of his own irresistible valour, mounted on the horse Aśíkala,[3] and he smote the Śavaras that inhabited the border-forests, and took the lives of living creatures, like lions and other wild beasts. And he reached Vidarbha, and entered that city of Kuṇḍina, with king Devaśakti, who came out to meet him. Then he entered the king's palace, in which preparations had been made for the marriage, robbing the ladies of the city of the feast which he had given to their eyes. And there he

rested a day with his retinue, pleased at the noble reception which king Devaśakti gave him. And on the next day Devaśakti gave him his daughter Madanasundarí, together with all his wealth, retaining only his kingdom.

And king Kanakavarsha, after he had remained there seven days, returned to his own city with his recently-married bride. And when he arrived with his beloved, giving joy to the world, like the moon with the moonlight, that city was full of rejoicing. Then that queen Madanasundarí was dearer than life to that king, though he had many wives, as Rukmiṇí is to Vishṇu. And the wedded couple remained fastened together by their eyes with lovely eyelashes, which were fixed on one another's faces, resembling the arrows of love. And in the meanwhile arrived the lion of spring, with a train of expanding filaments for mane, tearing to pieces the elephant of female coyness. And the garden made ready blossoming mango-plants, by way of bows for the god of Love, with rows of bees clinging to them by way of bowstring. And the wind from the Malaya mountain blew, swaying the love-kindled hearts of the wives of men travelling in foreign lands, as it swayed the suburban groves. And the sweetly-speaking cuckoos seemed to say to men, "The brimming of the streams, the flowers of the trees, the digits of the moon wane and return again, but not the youth of men.[4] Fling aside coyness and quarrelling, and sport with your beloved ones."

And at that time king Kanakavarsha went with all his wives to a spring-garden, to amuse himself. And he eclipsed the beauty of the *aśokas* with the red robes of his attendants, and with the songs of his lovely ladies the song of the cuckoos and bees. There the king, though all his wives were with him, amused himself with Madanasundarí in picking flowers and other diversions. And after roaming there a long time, the king entered the Godávarí with his wives to bathe, and began the water-game. His ladies surpassed the lotuses with their faces, with their eyes the blue water-lilies, with their breasts the couples of Brahmany ducks, with their hips the sandbanks, and when they troubled the bosom of the stream, it showed frowns of anger in the form of curling waves. Then the mind of Kanakavarsha took pleasure in them, while they displayed the contours of their limbs in the splashing-game. And in the ardour of the game, he splashed one queen with water from his palms on her breast.

When Madanasundarí saw it, she was jealous, and got angry with him, and in an outburst of indignation said to him, “How long are you going to trouble the river?” And going out of the water, she took her other clothes and rushed off in a passion to her own palace, telling her ladies of that fault of her lover’s. Then king Kanakavarsha, seeing her state of mind, stopped his water-game, and went off to her apartments. Even the parrots in the cages warned him off in wrath, when he approached, and entering he saw within the queen afflicted with wrath: with her downcast lotus-like face supported on the palm of her left hand, with tear-drops falling like transparent pearls. And she was repeating, with accents charming on account of her broken speech, in a voice interrupted with sobs, shewing her gleaming teeth, this fragment of a Prákrit song: “If you cannot endure separation, you must cheerfully abandon anger. If you can in your heart endure separation, then you must increase your wrath. Perceiving this clearly, remain pledged to one or the other; if you take your stand on both, you will fall between two stools.” And when the king saw her in this state, lovely even in tears, he approached her bashfully and timidly. And embracing her, though she kept her face averted, he set himself to propitiate her with respectful words tender with love. And when her retinue signified her scorn with ambiguous hints, he fell at her feet, blaming himself as an offender. Then she clung to the neck of the king, and was reconciled to him, bedewing him with the tears that flowed on account of that very annoyance. And he, delighted, spent the day with his beloved, whose anger had been exchanged for good-will, and slept there at night.

But in the night he saw in a dream his necklace suddenly taken from his neck, and his crest-jewel snatched from his head, by a deformed woman. Then he saw a Vetála, with a body made up of the limbs of many animals, and when the Vetála wrestled with him, he hurled him to earth. And when the king sat on the Vetála’s back, the demon flew up with him through the air, like a bird, and threw him into the sea. Then, after he had with difficulty struggled to the shore, he saw that the necklace was replaced on his neck, and the crest-jewel on his head. When the king had seen this, he woke up, and in the morning he asked a Buddhist mendicant, who had come to visit him as an old friend, the meaning of the dream. And the mendicant answered clearly—“I do not wish to say what is unpleasant, but how can I

help telling you when I am asked? The fact that you saw your necklace and crest-jewel taken away, means that you will be separated from your wife and from your son. And the fact that, after you had escaped from the sea, you found them again, means that you will be reunited with them, when your calamity comes to an end." Then the king said, "I have not a son as yet, let him be born first." Then the king heard from a reciter of the Rámáyaṇa, who visited his palace, how king Daśaratha endured hardship to obtain a son; and so there arose in his mind anxiety about obtaining a son, and the mendicant having departed, the king Kanakavarsha spent that day in despondency.

And at night, as he was lying alone and sleepless upon his bed, he saw a woman enter without opening the door. She was modest and gentle of appearance, and, when the king bowed before her, she gave him her blessing and said to him: "Son, know that I am the daughter of Vásuki the king of the snakes, and the elder sister of thy father, Ratnaprabhá by name. I always dwell near thee, invisible, to protect thee, but to-day, seeing thee despondent, I have displayed to thee my real form. I cannot bear to behold thy sorrow, so tell me the cause." When the king had been thus addressed by his father's sister, he said to her: "I am fortunate, mother, in that you shew me such condescension. But know that my anxiety is caused by the fact that no son is born to me. How can people like myself help desiring that, which even heroic saints of old days, like Daśaratha and others, desired for the sake of obtaining *svarga*." When the Nágí[5] Ratnaprabhá heard this speech of that king, she said to her brother's son; "My son, I will tell thee an admirable expedient, carry it out. Go and propitiate Kártikeya with a view to obtain a son. I will enter thy body, and by my power thou shalt support the rain of Kártikeya falling on thy head to impede thee, difficult to endure. And after thou hast overcome a host of other impediments, thou shalt obtain thy wish." When the Nágí had said this, she disappeared, and the king spent the night in bliss.

The next morning he committed his realm to the care of his ministers, and went, desiring a son, to visit the sole of Kártikeya's foot. There he performed a severe penance to propitiate that lord, having power given him by the Nágí that entered his body. Then the rain of Kumára[6] fell on his head

like thunderbolts, and continued without ceasing. But he endured it by means of the Nágí that had entered his body. Then Kártikeya sent Gaṇeśa to impede him still further. And Gaṇeśa created in that rain a very poisonous and exceedingly terrible serpent, but the king did not fear it. Then Gaṇeśa, invincible[7] even by gods, came in visible form, and began to give him bites on the breast. Then king Kanakavarsha, thinking that he was a foe hard to subdue, proceeded, after he had endured that ordeal, to propitiate Gaṇeśa with praises.

"Honour to thee, O god of the projecting belly, adorned with the elephant's ornament, whose body is like a swelling pitcher containing success in all affairs! Victory to thee, O elephant-faced one, that makest even Brahmá afraid, shaking the lotus, which is his throne, with thy trunk flung up in sport! Even the gods, the Asuras, and the chief hermits do not succeed, unless thou art pleased, the only refuge of the world, O thou beloved of Śiva! The chief of the gods praise thee by thy sixty-eight sin-destroying names, calling thee the pitcher-bellied, the basket-eared one,[8] the chief of the Gaṇas, the furious *mast* elephant, Yama the noose-handed, the Sun, Vishṇu, and Śiva. With these names to the number of sixty-eight, corresponding to so many parts of the body, do they praise thee. And when one remembers thee, and praises thee, O Lord, fear produced by the battle-field, by the king's court, by gambling, by thieves, by fire, by wild beasts, and other harms, departs." With these laudatory verses, and with many others of the same kind, king Kanakavarsha honoured that king of impediments. And the conqueror of impediments said, "I will not throw an impediment in thy way, obtain a son," and disappeared then and there from the eyes of that king.

Then Kártikeya said to that king, who had endured the rain; "Resolute man, I am pleased with thee, so crave thy boon." Then the king, delighted, said to the god, "Let a son be born to me by thy favour." Then the god said, "Thou shalt have a son, the incarnation of one of my Gaṇas, and his name shall be Hiraṇyavarsha on the earth." And then the rider on the peacock summoned him to enter his inmost shrine, in order to shew him special favour.[9] Thereupon the Nágí left his body invisibly, for females do not enter the house of Kártikeya through dread of a curse. Then king Kanakavarsha

entered the sanctifying temple of that god, armed only with his human excellence. When the god saw that he was deprived of the excellence he formerly had, because he was no longer inhabited by the Nágí, he reflected —"What can this mean?" And Kártikeya, perceiving by his divine meditation, that that king had performed a very difficult vow by the secret help of the Nágí, thus cursed him in his wrath: "Since thou didst make use of deceit, intractable man, thou shalt be separated from thy son, as soon as he is born, and from thy queen. When the king heard this curse, terrible as a thunderstroke, he was not amazed, but being a mighty poet, praised that god with hymns. Then the six-faced god, pleased with his well turned language, said to him; "King, I am pleased with thy hymns; I appoint thee this end of thy curse; thou shalt be separated from thy wife and son for one year, but after thou hast been saved from three great dangers, thou shalt come to an end of the separation." When the six-faced god had said this, he ceased to speak, and the king, satisfied with the nectar of his favour, bowed before him, and went to his own city.

Then, in course of time, he had a son born to him by queen Madanasundarí, as the nectar-stream is born of the light of the cold-rayed moon. When the king and queen saw the face of that son, being filled with great delight, they were not able to contain themselves.[10] And at that time the king made a feast, and showered riches, and made his name of Kanakavarsha[11] a literal fact on the earth.

When five nights had passed, while guard was being kept in the lying-in-house, on the sixth night a cloud suddenly came there. It swelled, and gradually covered the whole sky, as a neglected enemy overruns the kingdom of a careless king. Then the *mast* elephant of the wind began to rush, showering drops of rain like drops of ichor, and rooting up trees. At that moment a terrible woman, sword in hand, opened the door, though it was bolted, and entered that lying-in-chamber. She took that babe from the queen as she was nursing it, and ran out, having bewildered the attendants. And then the queen, distracted, and exclaiming, "Alas! a Rákshasí has carried off my child," pursued that woman, though it was dark. And the woman rushed on and plunged into a tank with the child, and the queen, pursuing her, plunged in also, eager to recover her offspring. Immediately

the cloud disappeared, and the night came to an end, and the lamentation of the attendants was heard in the lying-in-chamber. Then the king Kanakavarsha, hearing it, came to the lying-in-chamber, and seeing it empty of his son and wife, was distracted. After he had recovered consciousness, he began to lament, “Alas, my queen! Alas, my infant son!” and then he called to mind that the curse was to end in a year. And he exclaimed, “Holy Skanda, how could you give to ill-starred me a boon joined with a curse, like nectar mixed with poison? Alas! how shall I be able to pass a year, long as a thousand years, without the queen Madanasundarí, whom I value more than my life?” And the king, though exhorted by the ministers, who knew the circumstances, did not recover his composure, which had departed with his queen.

And in course of time he left his city, distracted with a paroxysm of love, and wandered through the Vindhya forest in a state of bewilderment. There, as he gazed on the eyes of the young does, he remembered the beauty of the eyes of his beloved, and the bushy tails of the *chamarís* reminded him of the loveliness of her luxuriant hair, and when he marked the gait of the female elephant, he called to mind the languid grace of her gait, so that the fire of his love broke out into a fiercer flame. And wandering about exhausted with thirst and heat, he reached the foot of the Vindhya mountains, and, after drinking the water of a stream, he sat down at the foot of a tree. In the meanwhile a long-maned lion came out of a cavern of the Vindhya hills, uttering a roar which resembled a loud demoniac laugh, and rushed towards him to slay him. At that very moment a certain Vidyádhara descended rapidly from heaven, and cleft that lion in two with a sword-stroke. And that sky-goer, coming near, said to the king, “King Kanakavarsha, how have you come to this region?” When the king heard it, he recovered his memory, and said to him, “How do you know me, who am tossed with the wind of separation?” Then the Vidyádhara said, “I, when in old time I was a religious mendicant, of the name of Bandhumitra, dwelt in your city. Then you helped me in my rites, when I respectfully asked you to do so, and so I obtained the rank of a Vidyádhara, by making a goblin my servant. Thus I recognized you, and being desirous to confer on you a benefit by way of recompense, I have slain this lion which I saw on the point of killing you.

“And my name has now become Bandhuprabha.” When the Vidyádhara said this, the king conceived an affection for him, and said, “Ah! I remember, and this friendship has been nobly acted up to by you, so tell me when I shall be reunited with my wife and son.” When the Vidyádhara Bandhuprabha heard that, he perceived it by his divine knowledge, and said to the king—“By a pilgrimage to the shrine of Durgá, in the Vindhya hills, you will recover your wife and son, so go you to prosperity, and I will return to my own world.” When he had said this, he departed, and king Kanakavarsha, having recovered his self-command, went to visit that shrine of Durgá.

As he was going along, a great and furious wild elephant, stretching out its trunk, and shaking its head, charged him in the path. When the king saw that, he fled by a way full of holes, so that the elephant, pursuing him, fell into a chasm and was killed. Then the king, fatigued with toil and exertion, slowly going along, reached a great lake full of lotuses with straight upstanding stalks. There the king bathed, drank the water of the lake, and ate the fibres of the lotuses, and lying tired at the foot of a tree, was for a moment overpowered by sleep. And some Śavaras, returning that way from hunting, saw that king with auspicious marks lying asleep. And they immediately bound him, and took him to their king Muktáphala, in order that he might serve as a victim. The king of the Śavaras, for his part, seeing that the king was a suitable victim, took him to the temple of Durgá to offer him up. And when the king saw the goddess, he bowed before her, and by her mercy and the favour of Skanda his bonds fell off. When the king of the Śavaras saw that miracle, he knew that it was a mark of the goddess’s favour towards him, and he spared his life. So Kanakavarsha escaped the third danger, and accomplished the year of his curse.

And in the meanwhile the Nágí, the aunt of the king, came there, bringing the queen Madanasundarí with her son, and said to the king—“O king, when I heard the curse of Kártikeya, I took these away by an artifice to my own dwelling, and preserved them there. Therefore, Kanakavarsha, receive here your wife and son, enjoy this empire of the earth, for now your curse is at an end.” When the Nágí had said this to the king, who bowed before her, she disappeared, and the king looked upon the arrival of his wife and child

as a dream. Then the grief of separation of the king and queen, who had so long been forced to live apart, trickled away in their tears of joy. Then Muktáphala, the king of the Śavaras, fell at the feet of the king Kanakavarsha, on finding that he was his master, the lord of the whole earth. And after he had propitiated him, and persuaded him to visit his town, he furnished his wife and child with all kinds of luxuries, such as it was in his power to give. Then the king, remaining there, summoned by messengers his father-in-law Devaśakti and his army[12] from his own city. Then he sent on in front of him his beloved wife Madanasundarí, mounted on a female elephant, and his son, who Kártikeya said was to be called Hiraṇyavarsha, and went with his father-in-law towards his father-in-law's house.[13] And in a few days he reached the residence of his father-in-law, a hermitage in the country of Vidarbha, and after that his wealthy city of Kuṇḍina, and there he remained some time with his wife and son, and his army, being entertained by his father-in-law. And setting out thence, he at last reached his own town of Kanakapura, where he was, as it were, drunk in by the eyes of the wives of the citizens, long desirous of beholding him again. And with his son and Madanasundarí he entered the palace, like an embodied feast, accompanied with joy and splendour. And there he gave Madanasundarí a turban of honour, and made her his head wife, and he honoured his subjects with gifts on this day of triumph.[14] And then king Kanakavarsha ruled this circle of the earth, four-limited by the sea, without opponents, in perpetual happiness, with his wife and son, without experiencing again the grief of separation.

When the prince Naraváhanadatta heard this magnificent tale from his head minister Gomukha, in the company of the fair Alankáravatí, he was exceedingly delighted.

1

The puns here defy translation.

2

Here the Sanskrit text has "and so resembled himself." Each of the Sanskrit compounds may be taken in another sense. The "heat" is valour; the "swans" subject kings; the sight of the king delighted his subjects, and he possessed furious elephants.

3

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *Aśíkalahayárúḍhaḥ*.

4

Cp. The Lament of Moschos for Bion, 1. 99–104.

5

I. e. Female snake, somewhat of the nature of the Echidna of our boyhood;

ἥμισυ μὲν νύμφην ἑλικώπιδα καλλιπάρῃον
ἥμισυ δ’ αὖτε πέλωρον ὄφιν, δεινόν τε μέγαν τε.

Hesiod. Theog. 298.

6

Cp. the following passage which Wirt Sikes (British Goblins, p. 385) quotes from the Mabinogion. “Take the bowl and throw a bowlful of water on the slab,” says the black giant of the wood to Sir Kai, “and thou wilt hear a mighty peal of thunder, so that thou wilt think that heaven and earth are trembling with its fury. With the thunder will come a shower so severe that it will be hardly possible for thee to endure and live. And the shower will be of hailstones; and after the shower the weather will become fair, but every leaf that was upon the tree will have been carried away by the shower.” Cp. Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 116, and Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, pp. 101 and 102.

7

I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *ajayyaḥ*.

8

Böhtlingk conjectures *śúrpa* for *śúrya*; *śúrpa* is a winnowing-basket.

9

This is the sense, but—*épsur* cannot be right; the Sanskrit College MS. reads—*echchhum*. Perhaps—*echchhuḥ* will do.

10

I read *tadá* for *padá*, a conjecture of Babu S. C. Mookerjea’s. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *atyánandabhṛite yuktam návartetám yadátmani*.

11

I. e. showerer of riches.

12

The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *svasainyam* which saves the metre.

13

Śvasuraveśmavartmáśṛitas is the reading of the MS. in the library of the Sanskrit College.

14

I read *mánitaprakṛitiḥ*, following the MS. in the Sanskrit College.

Chapter LVI.

Then the prince Naraváhanadatta, with his beloved by his side, being much pleased at the tale of Gomukha, but seeing that Marubhúti was quite put out, in order to pay him a compliment, said to him, attempting to conciliate him; “Marubhúti, why do you not tell a tale also?” Then he said, “Well, I will tell one,” and with pleased soul began to relate the following story.

Story of the Bráhman Chandrasvámin, his son Mahípála, and his daughter Chandravatí.

There once lived in a town called Devakamalapura, belonging to the king Kamalavarman, an excellent Bráhman, named Chandrasvámin. And that wise man had a wife like himself, distinguished for modesty, and she was a worthy match for Sarasvatí and Lakshmí. And to that Bráhman was born a son with auspicious marks, and when he was born, this voice was heard from heaven:

“Chandrasvámin, you must call your son Mahípála,[1] because he shall be a king and long protect the earth.” When Chandrasvámin heard this, he made a feast and called that son Mahípála. And in course of time Mahípála grew up, and was taught the science of missile and hand to hand weapons, and was at the same time instructed in all knowledge. And in the meanwhile his wife Devamati brought forth to Chandrasvámin another child, a daughter, beautiful in all her limbs. And the brother and sister, Mahípála and Chandravatí, grew up together in their father’s house.

Then a famine, caused by want of rain, sprang up in that country, the corn having been scorched up by the rays of the sun. And owing to that, the king began to play the bandit, leaving the right path, and taking wealth from his subjects unlawfully. Then, as that land was going rapidly to ruin, Chandrasvámin's wife said to her husband: "Come to my father's house, let us leave this city, for our children will perish here some day or other." When Chandrasvámin heard this, he said to his wife—"By no means, for flight from one's own country in time of famine is a great sin. So I will take these children and deposit them in your father's house, and do you remain here; I will return soon. She agreed, and then Chandrasvámin left her in his house, and taking those two children, the boy Mahípála and the girl Chandravatí, set out from that city for his father-in-law's house. And in course of time, as he roamed on, he reached a great wilderness, with sands heated by the rays of the sun, and with but a few parched up trees in it. And there he left his two children, who were exhausted with thirst, and went to a great distance to look for water for them. Then there met him a chief of the Śavaras, named Sinhadanshṭra, with his followers, going somewhere or other for his own ends. The Bhilla saw him and questioned him, and finding out that he was in search of water, said to his followers, "Take him to some water," at the same time making a sign to them. When they heard it, two or three of the Śavara king's followers, perceiving his intention, took the innocent Chandrasvámin to the village, and fettered him. And he, learning from them that he was fettered in order to be offered as a victim, lamented for his two children that he had left in the wild:

"Ah Mahípála! Ah dear Chandravatí! why did I foolishly abandon you in the wilderness and make you the prey of lions and tigers? And I have brought myself also into a position where I am sure to be slain by bandits, and there is no escape for me." While he was thus lamenting in his terror, he saw to his delight the sun. And exclaiming, "Ah! I will fling aside bewilderment and fly for refuge to my own lord," the Bráhman began to praise the sun in the following verses—"Hail to thee, O Lord, the brightness residing in the near and in the remote ether, that dispersest the internal and external darkness. Thou art Vishṇu pervading the three worlds, thou art Śiva the treasure-house of blessings, thou art the supreme lord of creatures, calling into activity the sleeping Universe. Thou deposest thy brightness in

fire and in the moon, out of pity, as it were, saying, ‘Let these two dull things shine,’ and so thou dispellest the night. When thou risest, the Rákshasas disperse, the Dasyus have no power, and the virtuous rejoice.[2] So, thou matchless illuminator of the three worlds, deliver me, who take refuge with thee. Disperse this darkness of my grief, have mercy upon me.” When the Bráhman had devoutly praised the sun with these and other similar hymns, a voice was heard from heaven—“Chandrasvámin, I am pleased with thee, thou shalt not be put to death, and by my favour thou shalt be reunited with thy wife and children.” When the divine voice had said this to Chandrasvámin, he recovered his spirits, and remained in a state of tranquillity, being supplied with bathing requisites and food by the Śavaras.

And in the meanwhile the boy Mahípála, left in the wilderness with his sister, as his father did not return, remained lamenting bitterly, supposing that some calamity had befallen him. And in this state he was beheld by a great merchant, of the name of Sárthadhara, who came that way, and the merchant asked him what had happened to him. And feeling compassion, he consoled the boy, and observing that he had auspicious marks, he took him and his sister to his own country. There that Mahípála lived in the house of that merchant, who looked upon him with all the affection of a father for his son; and though a boy, he was occupied in the rites of the sacred fire.

But one day the minister of the king Tárávarman, who lived in the city of Tárápura, the excellent Bráhman Anantasvámin, came that way on business, with his elephants, horses and foot-soldiers, and entered the house of that merchant, being a friend of his. After he had rested, he saw the handsome boy Mahípála, engaged in muttering prayers and in sacrificing to the fire, and asked his story; then the Bráhman minister, finding that the boy was of his own caste, as he had no children, begged the boy and his sister from the merchant. Then the merchant, who was a Vaiśya, gave him the children, and Anantasvámin went with them to Tárápura. There Mahípála remained in the house of that minister, which abounded in wealth on account of its master’s knowledge, and was treated by him as a son.

And in the meanwhile Sinhadanshṭra, the king of the Bhillas, came to Chandrasvámin, who was in captivity in that village, and said to him; "Bráhman, I have been ordered in a dream by the Sun-god not to slay you but to set you free, after doing you honour. So rise up, and go where you please." After saying this, he let him go, giving him pearls and musk, and supplying him with an escort through the forest. And Chandrasvámin, being thus set at liberty, not finding his son and his younger sister in the wood, wandered in search of them, and as he wandered he found a city named Jalapura on the shore of the sea, and entered as a guest the house of a certain Bráhman. There, after he had taken refreshment, and then told his story, the Bráhman, the master of the house, said to him; "A merchant named Kanakavarman came here some days ago; he found in the forest a Bráhman boy with his sister, and he has gone off with those two very handsome children to the great island of Nárikela, but he did not tell his name." When Chandrasvámin heard that, he made up his mind that those children were his, and he determined to go to that beautiful island. And after he had spent the night, and looked about him, he made acquaintance with a merchant, named Vishṇuvarman, who was about to go to the isle of Nárikela. And with him he embarked in a ship, and went across the sea to the island, out of love for his children. When he began to enquire there, the merchants, who lived there, said to him; "It is true that a merchant named Kanakavarman did come here, with two beautiful Bráhman children, whom he found in a wood. But he has now gone with them to the island of Kaṭáha. When the Bráhman heard that, he went in a ship with the merchant Dánavarman to the island of Kaṭáha. There he heard that the merchant Kanakavarman had gone from that island to an island named Karpúra. In the same way he visited in turn the islands of Karpúra, Suvarṇa, and Sinhala with merchants, but he did not find the merchant whom he was in search of. But from the people of Sinhala he heard that that merchant Kanakavarman had gone to his own city, named Chitrakúṭa. Then Chandrasvámin went with a merchant, named Koṭíśvara, to Chitrakúṭa, crossing the sea in his ship. And in that city he found the merchant Kanakavarman, and longing for his children, he told him the whole story. Then Kanakavarman, when he knew the cause of his grief, showed him the children, whom he had found in the forest and brought away. But when Chandrasvámin looked at those two children, he saw that they were not his, but some other children. Then

he, being afflicted with tears and grief, lamented in desperate mood —"Alas! though I have wandered so far, I have not found my son or my daughter. Malignant Providence, like a wicked master, has held out hopes to me but has not fulfilled them, and has made me wander far and wide on a false surmise." While he was indulging in such lamentations, he was at last, though with difficulty, consoled by Kanakavarman, and exclaimed in his grief, "If I do not find those children in a year, by wandering over the earth, I will abandon the body by austerities on the bank of the river Ganges. When he said this, a certain seer there said to him, "Go, you will recover your children by the favour of Náráyaṇí. When he heard that, he was delighted, remembering the compassion shown him by the sun, and he departed from that city, honoured by the merchants.

Then, searching the lands which were royal grants to Bráhmans, and the villages and the towns, he reached one evening a wood with many tall trees in it. There he made a meal on fruits and water, and climbed up into a tree to spend the night there, dreading the lions, and tigers, and other noisome beasts. And being sleepless, he saw in the night at the foot of the tree a great body of divine Mothers assembled, with Náráyaṇí at their head; waiting for the arrival of the god Bhairava, having brought with them all kinds of presents suited to their resources. And thereupon the Mothers asked Náráyaṇí why the god delayed, but she laughed and gave no reason. And being persistently questioned by them, she answered—"He has stopped to curse a Guhyaka who has incurred his displeasure."[3] And on account of that business some delay has taken place about his arrival, but know that he will be here soon. While Náráyaṇí was saying this to the Mothers, there came there Bhairava[4] the lord of the company of Mothers. And he, having been honoured with gifts by all the Mothers, spent some time in dancing, and sported with the witches.

And while Chandrasvámin was surveying that from the summit of a tree, he saw a slave belonging to Náráyaṇí, and she saw him. And as chance would have it, they fell in love with one another, and the goddess Náráyaṇí perceived their feelings. And when Bhairava had departed, accompanied by the witches, she, lingering behind, summoned Chandrasvámin who was on the tree. And when he came down, she said to him and her slave: "Are you

in love with one another?" And they confessed the truth, and said they were, and thereupon she dismissed her anger and said to Chandrasvámin, "I am pleased with thee for confessing the truth, so I will not curse thee, but I will give thee this slave, live in happiness." When the Bráhman heard this, he said—"Goddess, though my mind is fickle, I hold it in check, I do not touch a strange woman. For this is the nature of the mind, but bodily sin should be avoided." When that firm-souled Bráhman said this, the goddess said to him —"I am pleased with thee and I give thee this boon: thou shalt quickly find thy children. And receive from me this unfading lotus that destroys poison." When the goddess had said this, she gave the Bráhman Chandrasvámin a lotus, and disappeared from his eyes.

And he, having received the lotus, set out, at the end of the night, and roaming along reached the city of Tárápura, where his son Mahípála and his daughter were living in the house of that Bráhman minister Anantasvámin. There he went and recited at the door of that minister, in order to obtain food, having heard that he was hospitable. And the minister, having been informed by the door-keepers, had him introduced by them, and when he saw that he was learned, invited him to dinner. And when he was invited, having heard that there was a lake there, named Anantahrada, that washed away sin, he went to bathe there. While he was returning after bathing, the Bráhman heard all round him in the city a cry of grief. And when he asked the cause, the people said to him—"There is in this city a Bráhman boy, of the name of Mahípála, who was found in the forest by the merchant Sárthadhara. The minister Anantasvámin, observing that he had auspicious marks, with some difficulty begged him and his sister from the merchant, and brought them both here. And being without a son, he has adopted the boy, whose excellent qualities have endeared him to king Tárávarman and his people. To-day he has been bitten by a poisonous snake; hence the cry of grief in the city." When Chandrasvámin heard that, he said to himself, "This must be my son," and reflecting thus, he went to the house of that minister as fast as he could. There he saw his son surrounded by all, and recognized him, and rejoiced, having in his hand the lotus that was an antidote to snake-poison. And he put that lotus to the nose of that Mahípála, and the moment he smelt it, he was free from the effects of poison. And Mahípála rose up, and was as one who had just awoke from sleep,[5] and all

the people in the city, and the king rejoiced. And Chandrasvámin was honoured with wealth by Anantasvámin, the king, and the citizens, who said "This is some incarnation of the divinity." And he remained in the house of the minister in great comfort, honoured by him, and he saw his son Mahípála and his daughter Chandravatí. And the three, though they mutually recognized one another, said nothing, for the wise have regard to what is expedient, and do not discover themselves out of season.

Then the king Tárávarman, being highly pleased with the virtues of Mahípála, gave him his daughter Bandhumatí. Then that king, after giving him the half of the kingdom, being pleased with him, laid the whole burden of the kingdom upon him, as he had no other son. And Mahípála, after he had obtained the kingdom, acknowledged his father, and gave him a position next to his, and so lived in happiness.

One day his father Chandrasvámin said to him, "Come, let us go to our own country to bring your mother. For if she hears that you are the occupant of a throne, having been long afflicted, she might think, 'How comes it that my son has forgotten me,' and might curse you in her anger. But one who is cursed by his father and mother does not long enjoy prosperity. In proof of this hear this tale of what happened long ago to the merchant's son."

Story of Chakra.[6]

In the city of Dhavala there was a merchant's son, named Chakra. He went on a trading voyage to Svarṇadvípa against the will of his parents. There he gained great wealth in five years, and in order to return embarked on the sea in a ship laden with jewels. And when his voyage was very nearly at an end, the sea rose up against him, troubled with a great wind, and with clouds and rain. And the huge billows broke his vessel, as if angry because he had come against the wish of his parents. Some of the passengers were whelmed in the waves, others were eaten by sea-monsters. But Chakra, as his allotted

term of life had not run out, was carried to the shore and flung up there by the waves. While he was lying there in a state of exhaustion, he saw as if in a dream, a man of black and terrible appearance come to him, with a noose in his hand. Chakra was caught in the noose by that man, who took him up and dragged him a long distance to a court presided over by a man on a throne. By the order of the occupant of the throne, the merchant's son was carried off by that noose-bearer, and flung into a cell of iron.

In that cell Chakra saw a man being tortured by means of an iron wheel[7] on his head, that revolved incessantly. And Chakra asked him,—"Who are you, by what crime did you incur this, and how do you manage to continue alive?" And the man answered—"I am a merchant's son named Khaḍga, and because I did not obey the commands of my parents, they were angry and in wrath laid this curse upon me:[8] 'Because, wicked son, you torture us like a hot wheel placed on the head, therefore such shall be your punishment.' When they had said this they ceased, and as I wept, they said to me, 'Weep not, your punishment shall only last for one month.' When I heard that, I spent the day in grief, and at night when I was in bed, I saw, as if in a dream, a terrible man come. He took me off and thrust me by force into this iron cell, and he placed on my head this burning and ever-revolving wheel. This was my parents' curse, hence I do not die. And the month is at an end to-day; still I am not set free." When Khaḍga said that, Chakra in pity answered him—"I too did not obey my parents, for I went abroad to get wealth against their will, and they pronounced against me the curse that my wealth, when acquired, should perish. So I lost in the sea my whole wealth, that I had acquired in a foreign island. My case is the same as yours. So what is the use of my life? Place this wheel on my head. Let your curse, Khaḍga, depart." When Chakra said this, a voice was heard in the air "Khaḍga, thou art released, so place this wheel on the head of Chakra." When Khaḍga heard this, he placed the wheel on the head of Chakra, and was conveyed by some invisible being to his parents' house.

There he remained without disobeying again the orders of his parents: but Chakra put that wheel upon his head, and then spake thus—"May other sinners also on the earth be released from the result of their sins; until all sins are cancelled, may this wheel revolve on my head." When the resolute

Chakra said this, the gods in heaven, being pleased, rained flowers and thus addressed him: “Bravo! Bravo! man of noble spirit, this compassion has cancelled thy sin, go; thou shalt possess inexhaustible wealth.” When the gods said this, that iron wheel fell from the head of Chakra, and disappeared somewhere. Then a Vidyádhara youth descended from heaven, and gave him a valuable treasure of jewels, sent by Indra pleased with his self-abnegation, and taking Chakra in his arms, carried him to his city named Dhavala, and departed as he had come. Then Chakra delighted his relations by his arrival at the house of his parents, and, after telling his adventures, remained there without falling away from virtue.

When Chandrasvámin had told this story, he said again to Mahípála, “Such evil fruits does opposition to one’s parents produce, my son, but devotion to them is a wishing-cow of plenty: in illustration of this hear the following tale.”

Story of the hermit and the faithful wife.

There was in old time a hermit of great austerity, who roamed in the forest. And one day a hen-crow, as he was sitting under the shade of a tree, dropped dirt upon him, so he looked at the crow with angry eyes. And the crow, as soon as he looked at it, was reduced to ashes; and so the hermit conceived a vain-glorious confidence in the might of his austerities.

Once on a time, in a certain city, the hermit entered the house of a Bráhman, and asked his wife for alms. And that wife, who was devoted to her husband, answered him, “Wait a little, I am attending upon my husband.” Then he looked at her with an angry look, and she laughed at him and said, “Remember,[9] I am not a crow.” When the hermit heard that, he sat down in a state of astonishment, and remained wondering how she could possibly have come to know of the fate of the crow. Then, after she had attended upon her husband in the oblation to the fire and in other rites, the virtuous

woman brought alms, and approached that hermit. Then the hermit joined his hands in the attitude of supplication, and said to that virtuous woman: “How did you come to know of my adventure with the crow in the forest; tell me first, and then I will receive your alms?” When the hermit said this, that wife, who adored her husband, said, “I know of no virtue other than devotion to my husband, accordingly by his favour I have such power of discernment. But go and visit a man here who lives by selling flesh, whose name is Dharmavyádha, from him thou shalt learn the secret of blessedness free from the consciousness of self.” The hermit, thus addressed by the all-knowing faithful wife, took the portion of a guest, and after bowing before her, departed.

Story of Dharmavyádha the righteous seller of flesh.[10]

The next day he went in search of that Dharmavyádha, and approached him, as he was selling flesh in his shop. And as soon as Dharmavyádha saw the hermit, he said, “Have you been sent here, Bráhman, by that faithful wife?” When the hermit heard that, he said to Dharmavyádha in his astonishment, —“How come you to have such knowledge, being a seller of flesh?” When the hermit said this, Dharmavyádha answered him—“I am devoted to my father and mother, that is my only object in life. I bathe after I have provided them with the requisites for bathing, I eat after I have fed them, I lie down after I have seen them to bed; thus it comes to pass that I have such knowledge. And being engaged in the duties of my profession, I sell only for my subsistence the flesh of deer and other animals slain by others, not from desire of wealth. And I and that faithful wife do not indulge self-consciousness, the impediment of knowledge, so the knowledge of both of us is free from hindrance. Therefore do you, observing the vow of a hermit, perform your own duties, without giving way to self-consciousness, with a view to acquiring purity, in order that you may quickly attain the supreme brightness.” When he had been thus instructed by Dharmavyádha, he went

to his house and observed his practice, and afterwards he returned satisfied to the forest. And by his advice he became perfected, and the faithful wife and Dharmavyádha also attained perfection by such performance of their duties.

“Such is the power of those who are devoted to husband or father and mother. So come, visit that mother who longs for a sight of you.” When thus addressed by his father Chandrasvámin, Mahípála promised to go to his native land to please his mother. And he disclosed that of his own accord to Anantasvámin his spiritual father, and when he took upon him the burden of his kingdom, the king set out with his natural father by night. And at last he reached his own country, and refreshed his mother Devamati with a sight of him, as the spring refreshes the female cuckoo. And Mahípála stayed there some time with his mother, being welcomed by his relations, together with his father who related their adventures.

In the meanwhile in Tárápura the princess, his wife Bandhumatí, who was sleeping within the house, woke up at the close of night. And discovering that her husband had gone somewhere, she was distressed at her lonely state, and could not find solace in the palace, the garden, or any other place. But she remained weeping, shedding tears that seemed to double her necklace, intent on lamentation only, desiring relief by death. But the minister Anantasvámin came and comforted her with hope-inspiring words, saying, “Before your husband went, he said to me, ‘I am going away on some business and I will quickly return,’ so do not weep, my daughter.” Then she recovered self-control, though with difficulty. Then she remained continually honouring with gifts excellent Bráhmans, that came from a foreign country, in order to obtain news of her husband. And she asked a poor Bráhman, named Sangamadatta, who came for a gift, for tidings of her husband, having told him his name and the signs by which to recognize him. Then the Bráhman said, “I have never beheld a man of that kind; but, queen, you must not give way to excessive anxiety on this account. Doers of righteous actions eventually obtain reunion with loved ones, and in proof of that I will tell you a wonder which I saw, listen.”

Story of the treacherous Páśupata ascetic.

As I was wandering round all the holy places, I came to the Mánasa lake on the Himálayas, and in it I saw, as in a mirror,[11] a house composed of jewels, and from that building there came out suddenly a man with a sword in his hand, and he ascended the bank of the lake, accompanied by a troop of celestial females. There he amused himself with the females in a garden in the recreation of drinking, and I was looking on from a distance unobserved, full of interest in the spectacle. In the meanwhile a man of prepossessing appearance came there from somewhere or other. And when he met me, I told him what I had seen. And with much interest I pointed out to him that man from a distance, and when he beheld him he told me his own story in the following words:

Story of the king Tribhuvana.

I am a king named Tribhuvana in the city of Tribhuvana. There a certain Páśupata ascetic for a long time paid me court. And being asked the reason by me, he at once asked me to be his ally in obtaining a sword concealed in a cavern, and I agreed to that. Then the Páśupata ascetic went with me at night, and having by means of a burnt-offering and other rites discovered an opening in the earth, the ascetic said to me, “Hero! enter thou first, and after thou hast obtained the sword, come out, and cause me also to enter; make a compact with me to do this.” When he said this, I made that compact with him, and quickly entered the opening, and found a palace of jewels. And the

chief of the Asura maidens who dwelt there came out from the palace, and out of love led me in, and there gave me a sword. She said, “Keep this sword which confers the power of flying in the air, and bestows all magical faculties.” Then I remained there with her. But I remembered my compact, and going out with the sword in my hand, I introduced that ascetic into the palace of the Asuras by that opening. There I dwelt with the first Asura lady who was surrounded by her attendants, and he dwelt with the second. One day when I was stupefied with drinking, the ascetic treacherously took away from my side the sword, and grasped it in his own hand. When he had it in his grasp, he possessed great power, and with his hand he seized me and flung me out of the cavern. Then I searched for him for twelve years at the mouths of caverns, hoping that some time I might find him outside. And this very day the scoundrel has presented himself to my eyes, sporting with that very Asura lady who belongs to me.

While the king Tribhuvana was relating this to me, O queen, that ascetic, stupefied with drink, went to sleep. And while he was asleep, the king went and took the sword from his side, and by its operation he recovered celestial might. Then the hero woke up that ascetic with a kick, and reproached the unfortunate man, but did not kill him. And then he entered the palace with the Asura lady and her attendants, recovered again like his own magic power. But the ascetic was much grieved at having lost his magic power. For the ungrateful, though long successful, are sure to fail at last.

“Having seen this with my own eyes, I have now arrived here in the course of my wanderings; so be assured, queen, that you shall eventually be reunited to your beloved, like Tribhuvana, for the righteous does not sink.” When Bandhumatí heard that from the Bráhman, she was highly delighted, and made him successful by giving him much wealth.

And the next day a distinguished Bráhman came there from a distant land, and Bandhumatí eagerly asked him for tidings of her husband, telling his name and the tokens by which he might be recognized. Then that Bráhman said to her: “Queen, I have not seen your husband anywhere, but I, who have to-day come to your house, am named not without reason, the Bráhman Sumanas,[12] so you will quickly have your wishes satisfied, thus

my heart tells me. And reunions do take place, even of the long separated. In proof of thus I will tell you the following tale; listen, queen."

Story of Nala and Damayantí.

Of old time there lived a king named Nala, whose beauty, I fancy, so surpassed that of the god of Love, that in disgust he offered his body as a burnt-offering in the fire of the eye of the enraged Śiva. He had no wife, and when he made enquiries, he heard that Damayantí, the daughter of Bhíma the king of Vidarbha, would make him a suitable wife. And Bhíma, searching through the world, found that there was no king except Nala fit to marry his daughter.

In the meanwhile Damayantí went down into a tank in her own city, to amuse herself in the water. There the girl saw a swan that had fed on blue and white lotuses, and by a trick she threw over it her robe and made it a prisoner in sport. But the celestial swan, when captured, said to her in accents that she could understand: "Princess, I will do you a good turn, let me go. There is a king of the name of Nala, whom even the nymphs of heaven bear on their hearts, like a necklace strung with threads of merit.[13] You are a wife fitted for him and he is a husband suited for you, so I will be an ambassador of Love to bring like to like." When she heard that, she thought that the celestial swan was a polished speaker, and so she let him go, saying—"So be it."—And she said, "I will not choose any husband but Nala," having her mind captivated by that prince, who had entered by the channel of her ear.

And the swan departed thence, and quickly repaired to a tank resorted to by Nala, when bent on sporting in the water. And Nala, seeing that the swan was beautiful, took it captive out of curiosity by throwing his robe over it in sport. Then the swan said—"Set me free, O king, for I have come to benefit you; listen, I will tell you. There is in Vidarbha one Damayantí, the

daughter of king Bhíma, the Tilottamá of the earth, to be desired even by gods. And she has chosen you as her future husband, having fallen in love with you on account of my description of your virtues; and I have come here to tell you. Nala was at the same time pierced with the words of that excellent swan, that were brightened by the splendid object they had in view,[14] and with the sharp arrows of the god of the flowery shafts. And he said to that swan, "I am fortunate, best of birds, in that I have been selected by her, as if by the incarnate fulfilment of my wishes." When the swan had been thus addressed by him and let go, it went and related the whole occurrence to Damayantí, as it took place, and then went whither it would.

Now Damayantí was longing for Nala; so, by way of a device to obtain him, she sent her mother to ask her father to appoint for her the ceremony of the Svayamvara. And her father Bhíma consented, and sent messengers to all the kings on the earth, to invite them to the Svayamvara. And all the kings, when they had received the summons, set out for Vidarbha, and Nala went also eagerly, mounted on his chariot.

And in the meanwhile, Indra and the other Lokapálas heard from the hermit Nárada of the Svayamvara of Damayantí, and of her love for Nala. And of them Indra, the Wind, the god of Fire, Yama and Varuṇa, longing for Damayantí, deliberated together, and went to Nala, and they found Nala setting off on the journey, and when he prostrated himself before them, they said to him "Go, Nala, and tell Damayantí this from us—'Choose one of us five; what is the use of choosing Nala who is a mortal? Mortals are subject to death, but the gods are undying.' And by our favour, thou shalt enter where she is, unperceived by the others." Nala said "So be it," and consented to do the errand of the gods. And he entered the apartments of Damayantí without being seen, and delivered that command of the gods, exactly as it was given. But when the virtuous woman heard that, she said "Suppose the gods are such, nevertheless Nala shall be my husband, I have no need of gods." When Nala had heard her utter this noble sentiment, and had revealed himself, he went and told it, exactly as it was said, to Indra and the others; and they, pleased with him, gave him a boon, saying, "We are thy servants from this time forth, and will repair to thee as soon as thought of, truthful man."

Then Nala went delighted to Vidarbha, and Indra and the other gods assumed the form of Nala, with intent to deceive Damayantí. And they went to the court of Bhíma, assuming the attributes of mortals, and, when the Svayamvara began, they sat near Nala. Then Damayantí came, and leaving the kings who were being proclaimed one by one by her brother, gradually reached Nala. And when she saw six Nalas, all possessing shadows and the power of winking,[15] she thought in her perplexity, while her brother stood amazed, "Surely these five guardians of the world have produced this illusion to deceive me, but I think that Nala is the sixth here, and so I cannot go in any other direction." When the virtuous one had thus reflected, she stood facing the sun, with mind fixed on Nala alone, and spoke thus—"O guardians of the world, if even in sleep I have never fixed my heart on any but Nala, on account of that loyal conduct of mine shew me your real forms. And to a maiden any other men than her lover previously chosen are strangers, and she is to them the wife of another, so how comes this delusion upon you?" When the five, with Indra at their head, heard that, they assumed their own forms, and the sixth, the true Nala, preserved his true form. The princess in her delight cast upon the king her eye, beautiful as a blown blue lotus, and the garland of election. And a rain of flowers fell from heaven. Then king Bhíma performed the marriage ceremony of her and Nala. And the kings and the gods, Indra and the others, returned by the way that they came, after due honour had been done to them by the king of Vidarbha.

But Indra and his companions saw on the way Kali and Dvápara,[16] and knowing that they had come for Damayantí, they said to them, "It is of no use your going to Vidarbha; we come thence; and the Svayamvara has taken place; Damayantí has chosen king Nala. When the wicked Kali and Dvápara heard that, they exclaimed in wrath, "Since she has chosen that mortal in preference to gods like thyself, we will certainly separate that couple." After making this vow they turned round and departed thence. And Nala remained seven days in the house of his father-in-law, and then departed, a successful man, for Nishada, with his wife Damayantí. There their love was greater than that of Śiva and Párvatí. Párvatí truly is half of Śiva, but Damayantí was Nala's self. And in due time Damayantí brought

forth to Nala a son named Indrasena, and after that a daughter named Indrasená.

And in the meanwhile Kali, who was resolved on effecting what he had promised, was seeking an occasion against Nala, who lived according to the Śástras. Then, one day, Nala lost his senses from drunkenness, and went to sleep without saying the evening prayer and without washing his feet. After Kali had obtained this opportunity, for which he had been watching day and night, he entered into the body of Nala. When Kali had entered his body, king Nala abandoned righteous practices and acted as he pleased. The king played dice, he loved female slaves, he spoke untruths, he slept in the day, he kept awake at night, he became angry without cause, he took wealth unjustly, he despised the good, and he honoured the bad.

Moreover Dvápara entered into his brother Pushkara, having obtained an opportunity, and made him depart from the true path. And one day Nala saw, in the house of his younger brother Pushkara, a fine white bull, named Dánta. And Pushkara would not give the bull to his elder brother, though he wanted it and asked for it, because his respect for him had been taken away by Dvápara. And he said to him, "If you desire this bull, then win it from me at once at play." When Nala heard that challenge, in his infatuation he accepted it, and then those two brothers began to play against each other. Pushkara staked the bull, Nala staked elephants and other things, and Pushkara continually won, Nala as continually lost. In two or three days Nala had lost his army and his treasure, but he still refused to desist from gambling, though entreated to desist, for he was distracted by Kali. Damayantí, thinking that the kingdom was lost, put her children in a splendid chariot, and sent them to the house of her father. In the mean-while Nala lost his whole kingdom; then the hypocritical Pushkara said, "Since you have lost everything else, now stake Damayantí on the game against that bull of mine."

This windy speech of Pushkara's, like a strong blast, made Nala blaze like fire; but he did not say anything unbecoming, nor did he stake his wife. Then Pushkara said to him, "If you will not stake your wife, then leave this country of mine with her." When Nala heard this, he left that country with

Damayantí, and the king's officers saw him as far as the frontier. Alas! when Kali reduced Nala to such a state, say, what will be the lot of other mortals, who are like worms compared with him? Curse on this gambling, the livelihood of Kali and Dvápara, without law, without natural affection, such a cause of misfortunes even to royal sages.

So Nala, having been deprived of his sovereignty by his brother, started to go to another land with Damayantí, and as he was journeying along, he reached the centre of a forest, exhausted with hunger. There, as he was resting with his wife, whose soft feet were pierced with *darbha* grass, on the bank of a river, he saw two swans arrive. And he threw his upper garment over them, to capture them for food, and those two swans flew away with it. And Nala heard a voice from heaven,—"These are those two dice in the form of swans, they have descended and flown off with your garment also." Then the king sat down despondent, with only one garment on, and providently shewed to Damayantí the way to her father's house; saying, "This is the way to Vidarbha, my beloved, to your father's house, this is the way to the country of the Angas, and this is the way to Kośala." When Damayantí heard this, she was terrified, thinking to herself—"Why does my husband tell me the way, as if he meant to abandon me?" Then the couple fed on roots and fruits, and when night came on, lay down both of them, wearied, in the wood, on a bed of *kuśa* grass. And Damayantí, worn out with the journey, gradually dropt off to sleep, but Nala, desiring to depart, kept awake, deluded by Kali. So he rose up with one garment, deserting that Damayantí, and departed thence, after cutting off half her upper garment and putting it on. But Damayantí woke up at the end of the night, and when she did not see in the forest her husband, who had deserted her and gone, she thought for some time, and then lamented as follows: "Alas, my husband, great of heart, merciful even to your enemy! You that used to love me so well, what has made you cruel to me? And how will you be able to go alone on foot through the forests, and who will attend on you to remove your weariness? How will the dust defile on the journey your feet, that used to be stained with the pollen of the flowers in the garlands worn on the heads of kings! How will your body, that could not endure to be anointed with the powder of yellow sandal-wood, endure the heat of the sun in the middle of the day? What do I care for my young son? What for

my daughter? What for myself? May the gods, if I am chaste, procure good fortune for you alone!" Thus Damayantí lamented, in her loneliness, and then set out by the path, which her husband had shewn her beforehand. And with difficulty she crossed the woods, forests, rivers, and rocks, and never did she depart from her devotion to her husband in, any point. And the might of her chastity preserved her on the way,[17] so that the hunter, who, after delivering her from the serpent, fell in love with her for a moment, was reduced to ashes. Then she joined a caravan of merchants, which she met on the way, and with them she reached the city of a king named Subáhu. There the daughter of the king saw her from her palace, and pleased with her beauty, had her brought and gave her as a present to her mother. Then she remained in attendance on the queen, respected by her, and when questioned, she answered only—"My husband has abandoned me."

And in the meanwhile her father Bhíma, having heard the tidings of Nala's misfortune, sent trustworthy men in every direction, to make search for the royal couple. And one of them, his minister named Suveṇa, as he was wandering about disguised as a Bráhman, reached that palace of Subáhu. There he saw Damayantí, who always examined guests, and she saw with sorrow her father's minister. And having recognized one another, they wept together so violently, that Subáhu's queen heard it. And the queen had them summoned, and asked them the truth of the matter, and then she found out that the lady was Damayantí, the daughter of her sister. Then she informed her husband, and after shewing her honour, she sent her to the house of her father with Suveṇa and an army. There Damayantí remained, reunited with her two children, enquiring under her father's guidance for news of her husband. And her father sent out spies to look for her husband, who was distinguished by preternatural skill in cooking and driving. And king Bhíma commanded the spies to say; "Moon, where have you hid yourself so cruelly, deserting your young bride asleep in the forest, dear as a cluster of white lotuses, having taken a piece of her robe?"[18] This he told them to utter wherever they suspected the presence of Nala.

And in the meanwhile king Nala travelled a long way at night in that forest, clothed with the half-garment, and at last he saw a jungle-fire. And he heard

some one exclaim—"Great-hearted one, take me away from the neighbourhood of this fire, in order that I, being helpless, may not be burned up by it."[19] When Nala heard this, he looked round, and beheld a snake coiled up near the fire, having his head encircled with the rays of the jewels of his crest,[20] as if seized on the head by the jungle-fire, with terrible flaming weapons in its hand. He went up to it, and in compassion put it on his shoulder, and carried it a long distance, and when he wished to put it down, the snake said to him—"Carry me ten steps further, counting them as you go." Then Nala advanced, counting the steps, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—listen, snake—eight, nine, ten, and when he said ten (*daśa*),[21] the snake took him at his word, and bit him in the front of the forehead, as he lay on his shoulder. That made the king small in the arms, deformed and black. Then the king took down the snake from his shoulder, and said to him—"Who art thou, and what kind of a return for my kindness is this which thou hast made?" When the snake heard this speech of Nala's, he answered him,—"King, know that I am a king of the snakes named Kárkoṭaka, and I gave you the bite for your good; that you will come to learn; when great ones wish to live concealed, a deformed appearance of body furthers their plans. Receive also from me this pair of garments, named the 'fire-bleached,'[22] you need only put them on and you will recover your true form." When Kárkoṭaka had said this, and had departed after giving those garments, Nala left that wood, and in course of time reached the city of Kośala.

And going by the name of Hrasvabáhu, he took service as a cook in the family of king Ṛituparṇa, the sovereign of Kośala. And he acquired renown by making dishes of exquisite flavour, and by his skill in chariot-driving. And while Nala was living there, under the name of Hrasvabáhu, it happened that once upon a time one of the spies of the king of Vidarbha came there. And the spy heard men there saying,—"In this place there is a new cook, of the name of Hrasvabáhu, equal to Nala in his own special art and also in the art of driving." The spy suspected that the cook was Nala himself, and hearing that he was in the judgment-hall of the king, he went there and repeated the following Áryá verse, taught him by his master, "Moon, where have you hid yourself so cruelly, deserting your young bride

asleep in the forest, dear as a cluster of white lotuses, having taken a piece of her robe?" The people present in the judgment-hall, when they heard that, thought that his words were those of a madman, but Nala, who stood there disguised as a cook, answered him, "What cruelty was there in the moon's becoming invisible to the lotus-cluster, when it reached and entered another region, after one part of the heaven[23] had become exhausted?"

When the spy heard this, he surmised that the supposed cook was really Nala transformed by misfortune, and he departed thence, and when he reached Vidarbha, he told king Bhíma and his queen and Damayantí all that he had heard and seen.

Then Damayantí, of her own accord, said to her father, "Without doubt that man is my husband disguised as a cook. So let this amusing artifice be employed to bring him here. Let a messenger be sent to king Ṛituparṇa, and the moment he arrives let him say to that king, 'Nala has gone off somewhere or other, no tidings are heard of him; accordingly to-morrow morning Damayantí will again make her Svayamvara; so come quickly to Vidarbha this very day;' and the moment the king hears his speech, he will certainly come here in one day, together with that husband of mine who is skilled in chariot-driving." Having thus debated with her father, Damayantí sent off that very moment a messenger to the city of Kośala with exactly this message. He went and told it, as it was given him to Ṛituparṇa, and the king thereupon, being excited, said affectionately to his attendant Nala, who was disguised as a cook: "Hrasvabáhu, you said—'I possess skill in chariot-driving.' So take me this very day to Vidarbha if you have sufficient endurance." When Nala heard that, he said, "Good! I will take you there," and thereupon he yoked swift horses, and made ready the splendid chariot. He said to himself; "Damayantí has spread this report of a Svayamvara in order to recover me, otherwise, I know, she would not have behaved in this way even in her dreams. So I will go there and see what happens." With such reflections he brought to Ṛituparṇa the chariot ready. And as soon as the king had mounted it, Nala proceeded to drive on that chariot with a speed exceeding even that of Garuḍa. Then Ṛituparṇa dropped his garment, and wished to stop the chariot in order to recover it, but Nala said to him, —"King, where is that garment of yours? Why the chariot has in this

moment left it many *yojanas* behind." When Ṛituparṇa heard this, he said: —"Well, give me this skill in chariot-driving, and I will give you my skill in dice, so that the dice shall obey your command and you shall acquire skill in numbers. And now look; I will give you a proof of the truth of what I say. You see this tree in front of us; I will tell you the number of its leaves and fruits, and then do you count them for yourself and see." When he had said this, he told him the number of the leaves and fruits on that tree, and Nala counted them and found them exactly as many as he had said. Then Nala gave to Ṛituparṇa his skill in driving, and Ṛituparṇa gave to Nala his skill in dice and numbers.

And Nala tested that skill on another tree, and found the number of leaves and fruits to be exactly what he had guessed. And while he was rejoicing, a black man issued from his body, and he asked him who he was. Then he said, "I am Kali; when you were chosen by Damayantí, I entered your body out of jealousy, so you lost your fortune at play. And when Kárkoṭaka bit you in the forest, you were not consumed, but I was burnt, as you see, being in your body. For to whom is a treacherous injury done to another likely to be beneficial? So I depart, my friend, for I have opportunities against others." After saying this, Kali vanished from his sight, and Nala at once became well-disposed as before, and recovered his former splendour. And he returned and remounted the chariot; and in the course of the same day he drove king Ṛituparṇa into Vidarbha, so rapidly did he get over the ground, and there the king was ridiculed by the people, who asked the cause of his coming; and he put up near the palace.

And when he arrived, Damayantí knew of it, having heard the wonderful noise of the chariot, and she inly rejoiced, as she suspected that Nala had come too. And she sent her own maid to find out the truth, and she enquired into it, and came back and said to her mistress, who was longing for her beloved lord; "Queen, I have enquired into the matter; this king of Kośala heard a false report of your Svayamvara and has come here, and he has been driven here in one day by Hrasvabáhu his charioteer and cook, who is famous for his skill in managing chariots. And I went into the kitchen and saw that cook. And he is black and deformed, but possesses wonderful powers. It is miraculous that water gushed up in his pots and pans, without

being put in, and wood burst into flames of its own accord, without having been lighted,[24] and various cates were produced in a moment. After I had seen this great miracle, I came back here." When Damayantí heard this from the maid, she reflected—"This cook, whom the fire and the water obey, and who knows the secret of chariot-driving, can be no other than my husband, and I suspect he has become changed and deformed on account of separation from me, but I will test him." When she had formed this resolve, she sent, by way of stratagem, her two children with that same maid, to shew them to him. And Nala, when he had seen his children and taken them on his knees after a long separation, wept silently with a flood of tears. And he said to the maid—"I have two children like these in the house of their maternal grandfather, I have been moved to sorrow by recollecting them." The maid returned with the children and told all to Damayantí, and then she conceived much hope.

And early the next day she gave her maid this order; "Go and tell that cook of Ṛituparṇa's from me; 'I hear that there is no cook like you in the world, so come and prepare curry for me to-day.'" When the maid communicated to Nala this politic request, he got leave from Ṛituparṇa and came to Damayantí. And she said, "Tell me the truth; are you the king Nala disguised as a cook? I am drowned in a sea of anxiety, and you must to-day bring me safe to shore." When Nala heard that, he was full of joy, love, grief and shame, and with downcast face, he spoke, in a voice faltering from tears, this speech suited to the occasion,—"I am in truth that wicked Nala, hard as adamant, who in his madness behaved like fire in afflicting you." When he said this, Damayantí asked him—"If it is so, how did you become deformed?" Then Nala told her the whole of his adventures, from his making friends with Kárkoṭaka to the departure of Kali from him. And immediately he put on the pair of garments called the "fire-bleached," given him by Kárkoṭaka, and recovered on the spot his own original shape.

When Damayantí saw that Nala had resumed his own charming form, the lotus of her face quickly expanded, and she quenched, as it were, with the waters of her eyes the forest-fire of her grief, and attained indescribable unequalled happiness. And Bhíma, the king of Vidarbha, quickly heard that intelligence from his joyful attendants, and coming there he welcomed

Nala, who showed him becoming respect, and he made his city full of rejoicing. Then king Rituparṇa was welcomed with the observance of all outward courtesy and every hospitable rite[25] by king Bhíma, who in his heart could not help laughing, and after he had in return honoured Nala, he returned to Kośala. Then Nala lived there happily with his wife, describing to his father-in-law his outburst of wickedness due to the influence of Kali. And in a few days he returned to Nishada with the troops of his father-in-law, and he humbled his younger brother Pushkara, beating him by his knowledge of dice, but, righteous as he was, he gave him a share of the kingdom again, after Dvápara had left his body, and glad at having recovered Damayantí, he enjoyed his kingdom lawfully.

When the Bráhman Sumanas had told this story to the princess Bandhumatí in Tárápura, whose husband was away, he went on to say to her—"Even thus, queen, do great ones, after enduring separation, enjoy prosperity, and following the example of the sun, after suffering a decline, they rise again. So you also, blameless one, shall soon recover your husband returning from his absence; use patient self-control, banish grief, and console yourself with the approaching gratification of your wishes in the return of your husband." When the virtuous Bráhman had spoken these appropriate words, she honoured him with much wealth, and taking refuge in patience, she remained there awaiting her beloved. And in a few days her husband Mahípála returned, with his father, bringing that mother of his from a distant land. And when he returned, furnishing a feast to all eyes, he gladdened Bandhumatí, as the full moon gladdens the lovely water of the ocean. Then Mahípála, on whom her father had already devolved the burden of the kingdom, enjoyed as a king desired pleasures with her.

When prince Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, had heard in the company of his wife, from the mouth of his minister Marubhúti, this matchless romantic story, pleasing on account of its picture of affection, he was exceedingly pleased.

1

I. e. earth-protector, king.

2

Compare for the idea Richard II. Act III, Sc. 2. line 41 and *ff.*

3

Here I have omitted a short story.

4

He seems to correspond to the Junker Voland or Herr Urian of the Walpurgisnacht; (see Bayard Taylor's notes to his translation of Goethe's Faust). See also, for the assembly of witches and their uncanny president, Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, pp. 323 and 372. In Bartsch's Sagen &c. aus Meklenburg, pp. 11—44, will be found the recorded confessions of many witches, who deposed to having danced with the Teutonic Bhairava on the Blocksberg. The Mothers of the second part of Faust probably come from Greece.

5

Mukta for *yukta*, which is clearly a misprint.

6

This story is identical with the story of "The merchant who struck his mother," as given by the Rev. S. Beal in the Antiquary for September 1880. It is also found in the Avadána Śataka: see Dr. R. L. Mitra's Buddhist Literature of Nepal, p. 28, where the above MS. is described. See also Dr. R. Morris's remarks in the Academy of the 27th of August, 1881.

7

A similar transferable wheel is found in the Panchatantra, Vth Book, 3rd Story. Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. II, p. 331.

8

Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 358. "Great stress is laid in the skazkas and legends upon the terrible power of a parent's curse. The hasty word of a father or mother will condemn even an innocent child to slavery among devils and when it is once uttered, it is irrevocable." Throughout the present work curses appear to be irrevocable but susceptible of modification and limitation. See Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 537, and the remarks of Preller in his Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 345.

9

Perhaps we should read *mṛishyatám*, forgive me, be patient.

10

This character is probably taken from the Mahábhárata (see Dowson's Classical Dictionary of Hindu Mythology, p. 90).

11

I have followed the Sanskrit College MS. which gives *ádarśa*.

12

I. e. Benevolent, and also satisfied at heart.

13

Sadguṇa means good quality, also "good thread."

14

The epithet refers also to the arrows and means "bright with excellent heads."

15

So in Heliodorus, Æthiopica, Lib. III, cap. XIII.

ἀλλά τοῖς τ' ἀφθάλμοις ἄν γνωσθεῖεν ἀτενὲς διόλου βλέποντες καὶ τὸ βλέφαρον οὔ ποτ' ἐπιμύοντες.—In the third canto of the Purgatorio Dante is much troubled at finding that Virgil, being a disembodied spirit, casts no shadow.

16

Kali is the side of the die marked with one point. Dvápara is the side marked with two. They are personified here as demons of gambling. They are also the present, *i. e.*, the fourth and the third Yugas or ages of the world.

17

Cp. Milton's Comus, v. 421 and *ff.* The word "might" also means "fire". This "fire" burnt up the hunter.

The pun in the previous sentence cannot be rendered in English.

18

Here there is a pun. *Ambara* also means the sky.

19

Preller in his Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 475, refers to a Servian story, in which a shepherd saves the life of a snake in a forest fire. In return for this service, the snake's father gives him endless treasures, and teaches him the language of birds.

20

For the jewels in the heads of reptiles see the long note in Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 214. The passage in "As you like it" will occur to every one. Snakes' crowns are mentioned in Grössler, Sagen der Grafschaft Mansfeld, p. 178, in Veckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, pp. 403–405, and in Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, pp. 219 and 223.

21

Daśa means "ten," and also "bite."

22

In Prester John's letter quoted by Baring Gould, Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, New Edition, p. 43, we find, "In one of our lands, hight Zone, are worms called in our tongue Salamanders. These worms can only live in fire, and they build cocoons like silkworms, which are unwound by the ladies of our palace, and spun into cloth and dresses, which are worn by our Exaltedness. *These dresses, in order to be cleansed and washed, are cast into flames.*"

23

Or robe. The pun is obvious.

24

Cp. the 28th story in the 1st Part of Sicilianische Märchen by Laura Gonzenbach, "Von der Tochter der Sonne." Here Lattughina says "Fire, be lighted," and immediately a clear fire burned upon the hearth. Then she said "Come along, pan," and a golden pan came and placed itself upon the fire. "Come along oil," and the oil came and poured itself into the pan. In "The story of Shams ul dín and his son," Hasan Badr ul dín is discovered by his skill in cooking (Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. I, p. 266.) De Gubernatis (Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, p. 158,) remarks that service in the kitchen is especially dear to the young hero. Bhíma disguises himself as a cook in the Viráta parvan of the Mahábhárata. Pausanias tells us, Book I, ch. 16, Σελεύκῳ γὰρ, ὅς ὡρμᾶτο ἐκ Μακεδονίας σὺν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ, Θύοντι ἐν Πέλλῃ τῷ Διὶ, τὰ ξύλα ἐπὶ τοῦ βωμοῦ κείμενα προύβη τε αὐτόματα πρὸς τὸ ἄγαλμα, καὶ ἄνευ πυρὸς ἥφθη.

25

The Petersburg lexicographers think that *saṃvṛitti* should be *sadvṛitti*.

Translation
Of the
Kathá Sarit Ságara
Or
Ocean of the Streams of Story.

Book X.

Chapter LVII.

We worship the elephantine proboseis of Gaṇeśa, not to be resisted by his enemies, reddened with vermilion, a sword dispelling great arrogance.[1] May the third eye of Śiva, which, when all three were equally wildly-rolling, blazed forth beyond the others, as he made ready his arrow upon the string, for the burning of Pura, protect you. May the row of nails of the Man-lion,[2] curved and red with blood, when he slew his enemy, and his fiery look askance, destroy your calamities.

Story of the porter who found a bracelet.

Thus Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, remained in Kauśámbí in happiness, with his wives, and his ministers. And one day, when he was present, a merchant living in the city, came to make a representation to his father, as he was sitting on his throne. That merchant, of the name of Ratnadatta, entered, announced by the warder, and bowing before the king, said as follows: “O king, there is a poor porter here, of the name of Vasundhara; and suddenly he is found of late to be eating, drinking, and bestowing alms. So, out of curiosity, I took him to my house, and gave him food and drink to his heart’s content, and when I had made him drunk. I questioned him, and he gave me this answer, ‘I obtained from the door of the king’s palace a bracelet with splendid jewels, and I picked out one jewel and sold it. And I sold it for a *lakh* of *dínárs* to a merchant named Hiraṇyagupta; this is how I come to be living in comfort at present.” When he had said this, he shewed me that bracelet, which was marked with the king’s name, and therefore I have come to inform your majesty of the circumstance.” When the king of Vatsa heard that, he had the porter and the merchant of precious jewels summoned with all courtesy, and when he saw

the bracelet, he said of himself; “Ah! I remember, this bracelet slipped from my arm when I was going round the city.” And the courtiers asked the porter, “Why did you, when you had got hold of a bracelet marked with the king’s name, conceal it?” He replied, “I am one who gets his living by carrying burdens, and how am I to know the letters of the king’s name? When I got hold of it, I appropriated it, being burnt up with the misery of poverty.” When he said this, the jewel-merchant, being reproached for keeping the jewel, said—“I bought it in the market, without putting any pressure on the man, and there was no royal mark upon it, though now it is said that it belongs to the king. And he has taken five thousand of the price, the rest is with me.” When Yaugandharáyaṇa, who was present, heard this speech of Hiraṇyagupta’s, he said—“No one is in fault in this matter. What can we say against the porter who does not know his letters? Poverty makes men steal, and who ever gave up what he had found? And the merchant who bought it from him cannot be blamed.” The king when he heard this decision of his prime minister’s, approved it. And he took back his jewel from the merchant, paying him the five thousand *dínárs*, which had been spent by the porter, and he set the porter at liberty, after taking back his bracelet, and he, having consumed his five thousand, went free from anxiety to his own house. And the king, though in the bottom of his heart he hated that merchant Ratnadatta, as being a man who ruined those that reposed confidence in him, honoured him for his service. When they had all departed, Vasantaka came before the king, and said, “Ah! when men are cursed by destiny, even the wealth they obtain departs, for the incident of the inexhaustible pitcher has happened to this porter.”

Story of the inexhaustible pitcher.[3]

For you must know that there lived long ago, in the city of Páṭaliputra, a man of the name of Śubhadatta, and he every day carried in a load of wood from the forest, and sold it, and so maintained his household. Now one day he went to a distant forest, and, as it happened, he saw there four Yakshas

with heavenly ornaments and dresses. The Yakshas, seeing he was terrified, kindly asked him of his circumstances, and finding out that he was poor, they conceived pity for him, and said—"Remain here as a servant in our house, we will support your family for you without trouble on your part." When Śubhadatta heard that, he agreed, and remained with them, and he supplied them with requisites for bathing and performed other menial offices for them. When the time for eating came, those Yakshas said to him —"Give us food from this inexhaustible pitcher." But he hesitated, seeing that it was empty, and then the Yakshas again said to him, smiling —"Śubhadatta, do you not understand? Put your hand in the pitcher, and you will obtain whatever you want, for this is a pitcher that supplies whatever is required." When he heard that, he put his hand in the pitcher, and immediately he beheld all the food and drink that could be required. And Śubhadatta out of that store supplied them and ate himself.

Thus waiting on the Yakshas every day with devotion and awe, Śubhadatta remained in their presence anxious about his family. But his sorrowing family was comforted by them in a dream, and this kindness on their part made him happy. At the termination of one month the Yakshas said to him, "We are pleased with this devotion of yours, we will grant you a boon, say what it shall be." When he heard that, he said to them, "Then give me this inexhaustible pitcher." Then the Yakshas said to him, "You will not be able to keep it, for, if broken, it departs at once, so choose some other boon." Though they warned him in these words, Śubhadatta would not choose any other boon, so they gave him that inexhaustible pitcher. Then Śubhadatta bowed before them delighted, and, taking that pitcher, quickly returned to his house, to the joy of his relations. Then he took out of that pitcher food and drink, and in order to conceal the secret, he placed them in other vessels, and consumed them with his relations. And as he gave up carrying burdens, and enjoyed all kinds of delights, his kinsmen one day said to him, when he was drunk; "How did you manage to acquire the means of all this enjoyment?" He was too much puffed up with pride to tell them plainly, but taking the wish-granting pitcher on his shoulder, he began to dance.[4] And as he was dancing, the inexhaustible pitcher slipped from his shoulder, as his feet tripped with over-abundance of intoxication, and falling on the ground, was broken in pieces. And immediately it was mended again, and reverted

to its original possessors, but Śubhadatta was reduced to his former condition, and filled with despondency.

“So you see that these unfortunate persons, whose intellects are destroyed with the vice of drinking, and other vices, and with infatuation, cannot keep wealth, even when they have obtained it.” When the king of Vatsa had heard this amusing story of the inexhaustible pitcher, he rose up, and bathed, and set about the other duties of the day. And Naraváhanadatta also bathed, and took food with his father, and at the end of the day went with his friends to his own house. There he went to bed at night, but could not sleep, and Marubhúti said to him in the hearing of the ministers: “I know, it is love of a slave-girl that prevents your summoning your wives, and you have not summoned the slave-girl, so you cannot sleep. But why in spite of your better knowledge do you still fall in love with *hetæræ*? For they have no goodness of character; in proof that they have not, hear the following tale:”

Story of the merchant’s son, the hetæra, and the wonderful ape Ála.

There is in this country a great and opulent city named Chitrakúṭa. In it there lived a merchant named Ratnavarman, a prince among the wealthy. He had one son born to him by propitiating Śiva, and he gave that son the name of Íśvaravarman. After he had studied the sciences, his father the rich merchant, who had no other son but him, seeing that he was on the verge of manhood, said to himself: “Providence has created in this world that fair and frail type of woman, the *hetæra*, to steal the wealth and life of rich young men blinded with the intoxication of youth. So I will entrust my son to some *kuṭṭiní*, in order that he may learn the tricks of the *hetæræ* and not be deceived by them.” Having thus reflected, he went with his son Íśvaravarman to the house of a certain *kuṭṭiní*, whose name was Yamajihvá. There he saw that *kuṭṭiní*, with massive jaw, and long teeth, and snub nose,

instructing her daughter in the following words—"Every one is valued on account of wealth, a *hetæra* especially; and *hetæræ* who fall in love do not obtain wealth, therefore a *hetæra* should abandon passion. For rosy red, love's proper hue, is the harbinger of eclipse to the *hetæra* as to the evening twilight; a properly trained *hetæra* should exhibit love without sincerity, like a well-trained actress. With that she should gain a man's affections, then she should extract from him all his wealth, when he is ruined, she should finally abandon him, but if he should recover his wealth, she should take him back into favour. A *hetæra*, like a hermit, is the same towards a young man, a child, an old man, a handsome man, and a deformed man, and so she always attains the principal object of existence."[5] While the *kuṭṭiní* was delivering this lesson to her daughter, Ratnavarman approached her, and after she had welcomed him, he took a seat by her side. And he said to her—"Reverend mother, teach my son this skill of the *hetæra*, in order that he may become clever in it. And I will give you a thousand *dínárs* by way of recompense." When the *kuṭṭiní* heard his desire, she consented, and he paid the *dínárs*, and made over his son Íśvaravarman to her, and then returned home.

Then Íśvaravarman, in the course of one year, learned in the house of Yamajihvá all the graceful accomplishments, and then returned to his father's house. And after he had attained sixteen years, he said to his father —"Wealth gives us religion and love, wealth gives us consideration and renown." When his father heard this, he exclaimed in approval, "It is even so," and being delighted, he gave him five *crores* by way of capital. The son took it, and set out on an auspicious day with a caravan, with the object of journeying to Svarṇadvípa. And on the way he reached a town named Kánchanapura, and there he encamped in a garden, at a short distance outside the town. And after bathing and anointing himself, the young man entered the town, and went to a temple to see a spectacle. And there he saw a dancing-girl, of the name of Sundarí, dancing, like a wave of the sea of beauty[6] tossed up by the wind of youth. And the moment he saw her, he became so devoted to her, that the instructions of the *kuṭṭiní* fled far from him, as if in anger. At the end of the dance, he sent a friend to solicit her, and she bowed and said—"I am highly favoured." And Íśvaravarman left

vigilant guards in his camp, to watch over his treasure, and went himself to the house of that Sundarí. And when he came, her mother, named Makarakaṭí, honoured him with the various rites of hospitality which became the occasion. And at nightfall she introduced him into a chamber with a canopy of flashing jewels and a bed. There he passed the night with Sundarí,[7] whose name expressed her nature, and who was skilled in all movements of the dance. And the next day he could not bring himself to part from her, as she shewed great affection for him, and never left his side. And the young merchant gave her twenty-five *lakhs* of gold and jewels in those two days. But Sundarí, with a false affectation of disinterestedness, refused to take them, saying—"I have obtained much wealth, but I never found a man like you; since I have obtained you, what should I do with wealth?" But her mother Makarakaṭí, whose only child she was, said to her, "Henceforth, whatever wealth belongs to us, is as much his as his own property, so take it, my daughter, as a contribution to our common stock, what harm is there in that?" When Sundarí's mother said this to her, she took it with affected unwillingness, and the foolish Íśvaravarman thought she was really in love with him. While the merchant remained in her house, charmed by her beauty, her dancing, and singing, two months passed, and in course of time he bestowed upon her two *crores*.

Then his friend, named Arthadatta, of his own accord came to him and said —"Friend, has all that training of yours, though painfully acquired from the *kuṭṭiní*, proved useless, now that the occasion has presented itself, as skill in the use of weapons does to a coward, in that you believe that there is sincerity in this love of a *hetæra*? Is water ever really found in desert-mirages? So let us go before all your wealth is consumed, for, if your father were to hear of it, he would be very angry." When his friend said this to him, the merchant's son said, "It is true that no reliance can be placed upon *hetæræ* as a rule, but Sundarí is not like the rest of her class, for, if she were to lose sight of me for a moment, my friend, she would die. So do you break it to her, if we must in any case go."

When he said this to Arthadatta, Arthadatta said to Sundarí, in the presence of Íśvaravarman and her mother Makarakaṭí, "You entertain extraordinary affection for Íśvaravarman, but he must certainly go on a trading expedition

to Svarṇadvípa immediately. There he will obtain so much wealth, that he will come and live with you in happiness all his life, consent to it, my friend." When Sundarí heard this, she gazed on the face of Íśvaravarman with tears in her eyes and assumed despondency, and said to Arthadatta, "What am I to say? you gentlemen know best. Who can rely on any one before seeing the end? Never mind! Let fate deal with me as it will!" When she said this, her mother said to her, "Do not be grieved, control yourself; your lover will certainly return when he has made his fortune; he will not abandon you." In these words her mother consoled her, but made an agreement with her, and had a net secretly prepared in a well, that lay in the road they must take. And then Íśvaravarman's mind was in a state of tremulous agitation about parting, and Sundarí, as if out of grief, took but little food and drink. And she shewed no inclination for singing, music, or dancing, but she was consoled by Íśvaravarman with various affectionate attentions.

Then, on the day named by his friend, Íśvaravarman set out from the house of Sundarí, after the *kuṭṭiní* had offered a prayer for his success. And Sundarí followed him weeping, with her mother, outside the city, as far as the well in which the net had been stretched. There he made Sundarí turn back, and he was proceeding on his journey, when she flung herself into the well on the top of the net. Then a loud cry was heard from her mother, from the female slaves, and all the attendants, "Ah! my daughter! Ah! mistress!" That made the merchant's son and his friend turn round, and when he heard that his beloved had thrown herself into a well, he was for a moment stupefied with grief. And Makarakaṭí, lamenting with loud cries, made her servants, who were attached to her, and in the secret, go down into the well. They let themselves down by means of ropes, and exclaiming, "Thank heaven, she is alive, she is alive," they brought up Sundarí from the well. When she was brought up, she assumed the appearance of one nearly dead, and after she had mentioned the name of the merchant's son, who had returned, she slowly began to cry. But he, being comforted, took her to her house in great delight, accompanied by his attendants, returning there himself. And having made up his mind that the love of Sundarí was to be relied on, and considering that, by obtaining her, he had obtained the real end of his birth, he once more gave up the idea of continuing his journey.

And when he had taken up his abode there, determined to remain, his friend said to him once more, “My friend, why have you ruined yourself by infatuation? Do not rely on the love of Sundarí simply because she flung herself into a well, for the treacherous schemes of a *kuṭṭiní* are not to be fathomed even by Providence. And what what will you say to your father, when you have spent all your property, or where will you go? So leave this place even at this eleventh hour, if your mind is sound.” When the merchant’s son heard this speech of his friend’s, he paid no attention to it, and in another month he spent those other three *crores*. Then he was stripped of his all; and the *kuṭṭiní* Makarakaṭí had him seized by the back of the neck and turned out of Sundarí’s house.

But Arthadatta and the others quickly returned to their own city, and told the whole story, as it happened, to his father. His father Ratnavarman, that prince of merchants, was much grieved when he heard it, and in great distress went to the *kuṭṭiní* Yamajihvá, and said to her, “Though you received a large salary, you taught my son so badly, that Makarakaṭí has with ease stripped him of all his wealth.” When he had said this, he told her all the story of his son. Then the old *kuṭṭiní* Yamajihvá said: “Have your son brought back here; I will enable him to strip Makarakaṭí of all her wealth.” When the *kuṭṭiní* Yamajihvá made this promise, Ratnavarman quickly sent off that moment his son’s well-meaning friend Arthadatta with a message, to bring him, and to take at the same time means for his subsistence.

So Arthadatta went back to that city of Kánchanapura, and told the whole message to Íśvaravarman. And he went on to say to him—“Friend, you would not do what I advised you, so you have now had personal experience of the untrustworthy dispositions of *hetæræ*. After you had given that five crores, you were ejected neck and crop. What wise man looks for love in *hetæræ* or for oil in sand? Or why do you put out of sight this unalterable nature of things?[8] A man is wise, self-restrained, and possesses happiness, only so long as he does not fall within the range of woman’s cajoleries. So return to your father and appease his wrath.” With these words Arthadatta quickly induced him to return, and encouraging him, led him into the presence of his father. And his father, out of love for his only son, spoke kindly to him, and again took him to the house of Yamajihvá. And when she

questioned him, he told his whole story by the mouth of Arthadatta, down to the circumstance of Sundarí's flinging herself into the well, and how he lost his wealth. Then Yamajihvá said—"I indeed am to blame, because I forgot to teach him this trick. For Makarakaṭí stretched a net in the well, and Sundarí flung herself upon that, so she was not killed. Still there is a remedy in this case." Having said this, the *kuṭṭiní* made her female slaves bring her monkey named Ála. And in their presence she gave the monkey her thousand *dínárs*, and said—"Swallow these," and the monkey, being trained to swallow money, did so. Then she said, "Now, my son give twenty to him, twenty-five to him, and sixty to him, and a hundred to him." And the monkey, as often as Yamajihvá told him to pay a sum, brought up the exact number of *dínárs*, and gave them as commanded.[9] And after Yamajihvá had shewn this device of Ála, she said to Íśvaravarman, "Now take with you this young monkey. And repair again to the house of Sundarí, and keep asking him day by day for sums of money, which you have secretly made him swallow. And Sundarí, when she sees Ála, resembling in his powers the wishing-stone, will beg for him, and will give you all she has so as to obtain possession of the ape, and clasp him to her bosom. And after you have got her wealth, make him swallow enough money for two days, and give him to her, and then depart to a distance without delay."

After Yamajihvá had said this, she gave that ape to Íśvaravarman, and his father gave him two *crores* by way of capital. And with the ape and the money he went once more to Kánchanapura, and despatching a messenger on in front, he entered the house of Sundarí. Sundarí welcomed him as if he were an incarnation of perseverance, which includes in itself all means for attaining an end, and his friend with him, embracing him round the neck, and making other demonstrations. Then Íśvaravarman, having gained her confidence, said to Arthadatta in her presence in the house: "Go, and bring Ála." He said, "I will," and went and brought the monkey. And as the monkey had before swallowed a thousand *dínárs*, he said to him, "Ála, my son, give us to-day three hundred *dínárs* for our eating and drinking, and a hundred for betel and other expenses, and give one hundred to our mother Makarakaṭí, and a hundred to the Bráhmans, and give the rest of the thousand to Sundarí." When Íśvaravarman said this, the monkey brought up

the *dínárs* he had before swallowed, to the amounts ordered, and gave them for the various objects required.

So by this artifice Ála was made to supply every day the necessary expenses, for the period of a fortnight, and in the meanwhile Makarakaṭí[10] and Sundarí began to think; "Why this is a very wishing-stone which he has got hold of in the form of an ape, which gives every day a hundred *dínárs*; if he would only give it us, all our desires would be accomplished." Having thus debated in private with her mother, Sundarí said to that Íśvaravarman, when he was sitting at his ease after dinner,—"If you really are well pleased with me, give me Ála." But when Íśvaravarman heard that, he answered laughingly, "He is my father's all in the world, and it is not proper to give him away." When he said this, Sundarí said to him again, "Give him me and I will give you five *crores*." Thereupon Íśvaravarman said with an air of decision, "If you were to give me all your property, or indeed this city, it would not do to give him you, much less for your *crores*." When Sundarí heard this, she said, "I will give you all I possess; but give me this ape, otherwise my mother will be angry with me." And thereupon she clung to Íśvaravarman's feet. Then Arthadatta and the others said, "Give it her, happen what will." Then Íśvaravarman promised to give it her, and he spent the day with the delighted Sundarí. And the next day he gave to Sundarí, at her earnest entreaties, that ape, which had in secret been made to swallow two thousand *dínárs*, and he immediately took by way of payment all the wealth in her house, and went off quickly to Svarṇadvípa to trade.

And to Sundarí's delight, the monkey Ála, when asked, gave her regularly a thousand *dínárs* for two days. But on the third day he did not give her anything, though coaxed to do it, then Sundarí struck the ape with her fist. And the monkey, being beaten, sprang up in a rage, and bit and scratched the faces of Sundarí and her mother, who were thrashing him. Then the mother, whose face was streaming with blood, flew in a passion and beat the ape with sticks, till he died on the spot. When Sundarí saw that he was dead, and reflected that all her wealth was gone, she was ready to commit suicide for grief, and so was her mother. And when the people of the town heard the story, they laughed and said, "Because Makarakaṭí took away this man's wealth by means of a net, he in his turn has stripped her of all her

property, like a clever fellow that he is, by means of a pet; she was sharp enough to net him, but did not detect the net laid for herself. Then Sundarí, with her scratched face and vanished wealth, was with difficulty restrained by her relations from destroying herself, and so was her mother. And Íśvaravarman soon returned from Svarṇadvípa to the house of his father in Chitrakúṭa. And when his father saw him returned, having acquired enormous wealth, he rewarded the *kuṭṭiní* Yamajihvá with treasure, and made a great feast. And Íśvaravarman, seeing the matchless deceitfulness of *hetæræ*, became disgusted with their society, and taking a wife remained in his own house.[11]

"So you see, king, that there never dwells in the minds of *hetæræ* even an atom of truth, unalloyed with treachery, so a man who desires prosperity should not take pleasure in them, as their society is only to be gained by the wealthy, any more than in uninhabited woods to be crossed only with a caravan.[12]"

"When Naraváhanadatta heard, from the mouth of Marubhúti, the above story, word for word, of Ála and the net, he and Gomukha approved it, and laughed heartily.

1

I read *mada* for *madya*.

2

Nṛisinha, Vishṇu assumed this form for the destruction of Hiraṇyukaśipu.

3

See the note on page 14 of this work. Parallels will be found also in the notes to No. 52 of the Sicilian Tales, collected by Laura von Gonzenbach. I have referred, in the Addenda to the 1st Fasciculus, to Ralston's Russian Folk-tales, p. 230, and Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 152. The Mongolian form of the story is found in Sagas from the Far East, p. 148. See also Corrigenda and Addenda to Vol. I, and Dasent's Norse Tales, pp. 12, 264, and 293–295, and xcv of the Introduction. The first parallel is very close, as the hero of the tale lets out his secret, when warmed with wine. For the most ancient example of this kind of tale, see Rhys Davids, Buddhist Birth Stories, Introduction, pp. xvi–xxi. Cp. Prym und

Socin Syrische Märchen, p. 343; Grimm, Irische Märchen, No. 9, "Die Flasche," p. 42. In the Bhadraghaṭajátaka, No. 291 Sakko gives a pitcher, which is lost in the same way. Grimm in his Irische Elfenmärchen, Introduction, p. xxxvii, remarks that "if a man discloses any supernatural power which he possesses, it is at once lost."

4

In Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 41, a man possesses himself of an inexhaustible beer-can. But as soon as he told how he got it, the beer disappeared. Another (page 84) spoils the charm by looking into the vessel, at the bottom of which he sees a loathsome toad. This he had been expressly forbidden to do.

5

Wealth in her case, salvation in that of the hermit.

6

Cp. Winter's Tale, Act VI, Scene 4, line 140.

7

i. e., beautiful.

8

I find in the Sanskrit College MS. *kimmuchyate* for *vimuchyate*.

9

In La Fontaine's Contes et Nouvelles III, 13, there is a little dog *qui secoue de l'argent et des pierreries*. The idea probably comes from the Mahábhárata. In this poem Srinjaya has a son named Suvarṇashṭívin. Some robbers treat him as the goose that laid the golden eggs was treated. There are also birds that spit gold in the Mahábhárata. (See Lévêque, Les Mythes et Légendes de l'Inde, pp. 289–294.) There is an ass with the same gift in Sicilianische Märchen, No. 52. For the wishing-stone see Dasent's Norse Tales, Introduction, p. xcv. He remarks that the stone in his tale No. LIX, which tells the prince all the secrets of his brides, "is plainly the old Okastein or wishing-stone."

10

The reading should be *Makarakaṭyevam*.

11

There is a certain resemblance between this story and the Xth Novel of the VIIIth day in Boccacio's Decameron. Dunlop traces Boccacio's story to the Disciplina Clericalis of Petrus Alphonsus (c. 16). It is also found in the Arabian Nights (story of Ali Khoja, the

merchant of Baghdad) in the Gesta Romanorum (c. 118), and in the Cento Novelle Antiche (No. 74), see also Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 56, Liebrecht's German translation, p. 247).

12

An elaborate pun.

Chapter LVIII.

When Marubhúti had thus illustrated the untrustworthy character of *hetæræ*, the wise Gomukha told this tale of Kumudiká, the lesson of which was the same.

Story of king Vikramasinha, the hetæra, and the young Bráhman.

There was in Pratishṭhána a king named Vikramasinha, who was made by Providence a lion in courage, so that his name expressed his nature. He had a queen of lofty lineage, beautiful and beloved, whose lovely form was her only ornament, and she was called Śaśilekhá. Once on a time, when he was in his city, five or six of his relations combined together, and going to his palace, surrounded him. Their names were Mahábhaṭa, Vírabáhu, Subáhu, Subhaṭa and Pratápáditya, all powerful kings. The king's minister was proceeding to try the effect of conciliation on them, but the king set him aside, and went out to fight with them. And when the two armies had begun to exchange showers of arrows, the king himself entered the fray, mounted on an elephant, confiding in his might. And when the five kings, Mahábhaṭa and the others, saw him, seconded only by his bow, dispersing the army of his enemies, they all attacked him together. And as the numerous force of the five kings made an united charge, the force of Vikramasinha, being inferior in number, was broken. Then his minister Anantaguṇa, who was at his side, said, "Our force is routed for the present, there is no chance of victory to-day, and you would engage in this conflict with an overwhelming force in spite of my advice, so now at the last moment do what I recommend you, in order that the affair may turn out prosperously; come

now, descend from your elephant, and mount a horse, and let us go to another country; if you live, you will conquer your enemies on some future occasion." When the minister said this, the king readily got down from his elephant, and mounted on a horse, and left his army in company with him. And in course of time, the king, in disguise, reached with his minister the city of Ujjayiní. There he entered with his minister the house of a *hetæra*, named Kumudiká, renowned for her wealth; and she, seeing him suddenly entering the house, thought, "This is a distinguished hero that has come to my house: and his majesty and the marks on his body shew him to be a great king, so my desire is sure to be attained if I can make him my instrument." Having thus reflected, Kumudiká rose up and welcomed him, and entertained him hospitably, and immediately she said to the king, who was wearied,—"I am fortunate, to-day the good deeds of my former life have borne fruit, in that Your Majesty has hallowed my house by coming to it in person. So by this favour Your Majesty has made me your slave. The hundred elephants, and two myriads of horses, and house full of jewels, which belong to me, are entirely at your majesty's disposal." Having said this, she provided the king and his minister with baths and other luxuries, all in magnificent style.

Then the wearied king lived in her palace, at his ease, with her, who put her wealth at his disposal. He consumed her substance and gave it away to petitioners, and she did not show any anger against him on that account, but was rather pleased at it. Thereupon the king was delighted, thinking that she was really attached to him, but his minister Anantaguṇa, who was with him, said to him in secret: "Your majesty, *hetæræ* are not to be depended upon, though, I must confess, I cannot guess the reason why Kumudiká shews you love." When the king heard this speech of his, he answered him: "Do not speak thus; Kumudiká would even lay down her life for my sake. If you do not believe it, I will give you a convincing proof." After the king had said this to his minister, he adopted this artifice; he took little to eat and little to drink, and so gradually attenuated his body, and at last he made himself as dead, without movement, prostrate on the ground. Then his attendants put him on a bier, and carried him to the burning-*ghat* with lamentations, while Anantaguṇa affected a grief which he did not feel. And Kumudiká, out of grief, came and ascended the funeral pyre with him, though her relations

tried to prevent her. But before the fire was lighted, the king, perceiving that Kumudiká had followed him, rose up with a yawn. And all his attendants took him home with Kumudiká to his lodging, exclaiming, “Fortunate is it that our king has been restored to life.”

Then a feast was made, and the king recovered his normal condition, and said in private to his minister,—“Did you observe the devotion of Kumudiká?” Then the minister said,—“I do not believe even now. You may be sure that there is some reason for her conduct, so we must wait to get to the bottom of the matter. But let us reveal to her who we are, in order that we may obtain a force granted by her, and another force supplied by your ally, and so smite our enemies in battle.” While he was saying this, the spy, that had been secretly sent out, returned, and when questioned, answered as follows; “Your enemies have overrun the country, and queen Śaśilekhá, having heard from the people a false report of your majesty’s death, has entered the fire.” When the king heard this, he was smitten by the thunderbolt of grief, and lamented—“Alas! my queen! Alas, chaste lady!”

Then Kumudiká at last came to know the truth, and after consoling the king Vikramasinha, she said to him; “Why did not the king give me the order long ago? Now punish your enemies with my wealth and my forces.” When she said this, the king augmented the force by means of her wealth, and repaired to a powerful king who was an ally of his. And he marched with his forces and those forces of his own, and after killing those five enemies in battle, he got possession of their kingdoms into the bargain. Then he was delighted, and said to Kumudiká who accompanied him; “I am pleased with you, so tell me what I can do to gratify you.” Then Kumudiká said—“If you are really pleased, my lord, then extract from my heart this one thorn that has long remained there. I have an affection for a Bráhman’s son, of the name of Śrídhara, in Ujjayiní, whom the king has thrown into prison for a very small fault, so deliver him out of the king’s hand. Because I saw by your royal marks, that your majesty was a glorious hero, and destined to be successful, and able to effect this object of mine, I waited on you with devoted attentions. Moreover, I ascended that pyre out of despair of attaining my object, considering that life was useless without that Bráhman’s son. When the *hetæra* said this, the king answered her; “I will

accomplish it for you, fair one, do not despair." After saying this, he called to mind his minister's speech, and thought—"Anantaguṇa was right, when he said that *hetæræ* were not to be depended upon. But I must gratify the wish of this miserable creature." Thus resolved, he went with his troops to Ujjayiní, and after getting Śrídhara set at liberty, and giving him much wealth, he made Kumudiká happy by uniting her with her beloved there. And after returning to his city, he never disobeyed the advice of his minister, and so in time he came to enjoy the whole earth.

"So you see, the hearts of *hetæræ* are fathomless and hard to understand."

Then Gomukha stopped, after he had told this story. But then Tapantaka said in the presence of Naraváhanadatta—"Prince, you must never repose any confidence at all in women, for they are all light, even those that, being married or unmarried, dwell in their father's house, as well as those that are *hetæræ* by profession. I will tell you a wonder which happened in this very place, hear it.

Story of the faithless wife who burnt herself with her husband's body.

There was a merchant in this very city named Balavarman, and he had a wife named Chandraśrí, and she beheld from a window a handsome merchant's son, of the name of Śílahara, and she sent her female friend to invite him to her house, and there she used to have assignations with him in secret. And while she was in the habit of meeting him there every day, her attachment to him was discovered by all her friends and relations. But her husband Balavarman was the only one who did not discover that she was unchaste; very often men blinded by affection do not discover the wickedness of their wives.

Then a burning fever seized Balavarman, and the merchant consequently was soon reduced to a very low state. But, though he was in this state, his wife went every day to her friend's house, to meet her paramour. And the next day, while she was there, her husband died. And on hearing of it she returned, quickly taking leave of her lover. And out of grief for her husband, she ascended the pyre with his body, being firmly resolved, though her attendants, who knew her character, tried to dissuade her.[1]

"Thus is the way of a woman's heart truly hard to understand. They fall in love with strange men, and die when separated from their husbands." When Tapantaka said this, Hariśikha said in his turn, "Have you not heard what happened in this way to Devadása?"

Story of the faithless wife who had her husband murdered.

Of old time there lived in a village a householder, named Devadása, and he had a wife named with good cause Duḥśílá.[2] And the neighbours knew that she was in love with another man. Now, once on a time, Devadása went to the king's court on some business. And his wife, who wished to have him murdered, took advantage of the occasion to bring her paramour, whom she concealed on the roof of the house. And in the dead of night she had her husband Devadása killed by that paramour, when he was asleep. And she dismissed her paramour, and remained quiet until the morning, when she went out, and exclaimed, "My husband has been killed by robbers." Then his relations came there, and after they had seen his body, they said, "If he was killed by thieves, why did they not carry off anything?" After they had said this, they asked her young son, who was there, "Who killed your father?" Then he said plainly; "A man had gone up on the roof here in the day, he came down in the night, and killed my father before my eyes; but first my mother took me and rose up from my father's side." When the boy said this, the dead man's relations knew that Devadása had been killed by

his wife's paramour, and they searched him out, and put him to death then and there, and they adopted that boy and banished Duḥśílá.

"So you see, a woman, whose heart is fixed on another man, infallibly kills like the snake." When Hariśikha said this, Gomukha said again—"Why should we tell any out-of-the-way story? Listen to the ridiculous fate that befell Vajrasára here, the servant of the king of Vatsa."

Story of Vajrasára whose wife cut off his nose and ears.

He, being brave and handsome, had a beautiful wife that came from Málava, whom he loved more than his own body. Once on a time his wife's father, longing to see her, came in person, accompanied by his son, from Málava, to invite him and her. Then Vajrasára entertained him, and informed the king, and went, as he had been invited to do, to Málava with his wife and his father-in-law. And after he had rested a month only in his father-in-law's house, he came back here to attend upon the king, but that wife of his remained there. Then, after some days had passed, suddenly a friend of the name of Krodhana came to him, and said:—"Why have you ruined your family by leaving your wife in her father's house? For the abandoned woman has there formed a connexion with another man. This was told me to-day by a trustworthy person who came from that place. Do not suppose that it is untrue; punish her, and marry another." When Krodhana had said this, he went away, and Vajrasára stood bewildered for a moment, and then reflected—"I suspect this may be true; otherwise, why did she not come back, though I sent a man to summon her? So I will go myself to bring her, and see what the state of the case is."

Having formed this resolution, he went to Málava, and after taking leave of his father-in-law and his mother-in-law, he set out with his wife. And after he had gone a long distance, he eluded his followers by a trick, and going

by the wrong path, entered with his wife a dense wood. He sat down in the middle of it, and said to her, out of hearing of any one: “I have heard from a trustworthy friend, that you are in love with another, and when I, remaining at home, sent for you, you did not come; so tell me the truth; if you do not, I will punish you.” When she heard this, she said: “If this is your intention, why do you ask me? Do what you like.” When Vajrasára heard this contemptuous speech of hers, he was angry and tied her up, and began to beat her with creepers. But while he was stripping off her clothes, he felt his passion renewed, and asked her to forgive him, whereupon she said; “I will, if I may tie you up and beat you with creepers, in the same way as you tied me up and beat me, but not otherwise.” Vajrasára, whose heart was made like stubble by love, consented, for he was blinded by passion. Then she bound him firmly, hand and foot, to a tree, and, when he was bound, she cut off his ears and nose with his own sword, and the wicked woman took his sword and clothes, and disguising herself as a man, departed whither she would.

But Vajrasára, with his nose and ears cut off, remained there, depressed by great loss of blood, and loss of self-respect. Then a certain benevolent physician, who was wandering through the wood in search of healing herbs, saw him, and out of compassion unbound him, and brought him home to his house. And Vajrasára, having been brought round by him, slowly returned to his own house, but he did not find that wicked wife, though he sought for her. And he described the whole occurrence to Krodhana, and he related it in the presence of the king of Vatsa; and all the people in the king’s court mocked him, saying, that his wife had justly taken away his man’s dress and suitably punished him, because he had lost all manly spirit and faculty of just resentment, and so become a woman. But in spite of their ridicule he remains there with heart of adamant, proof against shame. So what confidence, your Royal Highness, can be placed in women?

When Gomukha had said this, Marubhúti went on to say, “The mind of woman is unstable, hear a tale in illustration of this truth.”

Story of king Sinhabala and his fickle wife.

Formerly there dwelt in the Deccan a king, of the name of Sinhabala. And his wife named Kalyáṇavatí, the daughter of a prince of Málava, was dear to him above all the women of his harem. And the king ruled the realm with her as consort, but once on a time he was expelled from his kingdom by his powerful relations, who banded together against him. And then the king, accompanied by the queen, with his weapons and but few attendants, set out for the house of his father-in-law in Málava.

And as he was going along through a forest, which lay in his road, a lion charged him, and the hero easily cut it in two with a stroke of his sword. And when a wild elephant came at him trumpeting, he circled round it and cut off with his sword its trunk and feet, and stripped it of its jewel, and killed it. And alone he dispersed the hosts of bandits like lotuses, and trampled them, as the elephant, lord of the forest, tramples the beds of white water-lilies. Thus he accomplished the journey, and his wonderful courage was seen, and so he reached Málava, and then this sea of valour said to his wife: “You must not tell in your father’s house this that happened to me on the journey, it will bring shame to me, my queen, for what is there laudable in courage displayed by a man of the military caste?” After he had given her this injunction, he entered his father-in-law’s house with her, and when eagerly questioned by him, told his story. His father-in-law honoured him, and gave him elephants and horses, and then he repaired to a very powerful king named Gajáníka. But being intent on conquering his enemies, he left his wife Kalyáṇavatí there in her father’s house.

Some days after he had gone, his wife, while standing at the window, saw a certain man. The moment she saw him, he captivated her heart by his good looks; and being drawn on by love, she immediately thought, “I know, no one is more handsome or more brave than my husband, but alas! my mind is attracted towards this man. So let what must be, be. I will have an interview with him.” So she determined in her own mind, and told her desire to a female attendant, who was her confidante. And she made her

bring him at night, and introduce him into the women's apartments by the window, pulling him up with a rope. When the man was introduced, he had not courage to sit boldly on the sofa on which she was, but sat apart on a chair. The queen, when she saw that, was despondent, thinking he was a mean man, and at that very moment a snake, which was roaming about, came down from the roof. When the man saw the snake, he sprang up quickly in fear, and taking his bow, he killed the snake with an arrow. And when it fell dead, he threw it out of the window, and in his delight at having escaped that danger, the coward danced for joy. When Kalyáṇavatí saw him dancing, she was cast down, and thought to herself over and over again: "Alas! alas! What have I to do with this mean-spirited coward?" And her friend, who was a discerning person, saw that she was disgusted, and so she went out, and quickly returned with assumed trepidation, and said, "Queen, your father has come, so let this young man quickly return to his own house by the way by which he came." When she said this, he went out of the window by means of the rope, and being overpowered by fear, he fell, but as luck would have it, he was not killed.

When he had gone, Kalyáṇavatí said to her confidante,—"My friend, you have acted rightly in turning out this low fellow.[3] You penetrated my feelings, for my heart is vexed. My husband, after slaying tigers and lions, conceals it through modesty, and this cowardly man, after killing a snake, dances for joy. So why should I desert such a husband and fall in love with a common fellow? Curse on my unstable mind, or rather curse on women, who are like flies that leave camphor and haste to impurity!" The queen spent the night in these self-reproaches, and afterwards remained waiting in her father's house for the return of her husband. In the meanwhile Sinhabala, having been supplied with another army by king Gajánika, slew those five wicked relations. Then he recovered his kingdom, and at the same time brought back his wife from her father's house, and after loading his father-in-law with abundance of wealth, he ruled the earth for a long time without opposition.

"So you see, king, that the mind of even discerning women is fickle, and, though they have brave and handsome husbands, wanders hither and thither, but women of pure character are scarce."

When Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, had heard this story related by Marubhúti, he sank off into a sound sleep and so passed the night.

1

Ralston remarks (Songs of the Russian people, p. 327.) “The fact that in Slavonic lands, a thousand years ago, widows used to destroy themselves, in order to accompany their dead husbands to the world of spirits, seems to rest upon incontestable evidence, and there can be no doubt that ‘a rite of suttee, like that of modern India’ prevailed among the heathen Slavonians, the descendant, perhaps as Mr. Tylor remarks (Primitive Culture, I, 421) of ‘widow-sacrifice’ among many of the European nations, of ‘an ancient Aryan rite belonging originally to a period even earlier then the Veda’”. See also Zimmer, Alt-Indisches Leben, pp. 329–331.

2

i. e., of bad character.

3

The Sanskrit College MS. inserts *nícho* after *kṛitam*.

Chapter LIX.

Early the next day, Naraváhanadatta, after he had performed his necessary duties, went to his garden by way of amusement. And while he was there, he saw first a blaze of splendour descend from heaven, and after it a company of many Vidyádhara females. And in the middle of those glittering ones, he saw a maiden charming to the eye like a digit of the moon in the middle of the stars, with face like an opening lotus, with rolling eyes like circling bees, with the swimming gait of a swan, diffusing the perfume of a blue lotus, with dimples charming like waves, with waist adorned with a string of pearls, like the presiding goddess of the lovely lake in Cupid's garden, appearing in bodily form. And the prince, when he saw that charming enamoured creature, a medicine potent to revive the god of love, was disturbed like the sea, when it beholds the orb of the moon. And he approached her, saying to his ministers—"Ah! extraordinary is the variety in producing fair ones that is characteristic of Providence!" And when she looked at him with a sidelong look tender with passion, he asked her —"Who are you, auspicious one, and why have you come here?" When the maiden heard that, she said, "Listen, I will tell you."

"There is a town of gold on the Himálayas, named Kánchanaśṛinga. In it there lives a king of the Vidyádharas, named Sphaṭikayaśas, who is just, and kind to the wretched, the unprotected, and those who seek his aid. Know that I am his daughter, born to him by the queen Hemaprabhá, in consequence of a boon granted by Gaurí. And I, being the youngest child, and having five brothers, and being dear to my father as his life, kept by his advice propitiating Gaurí with vows and hymns. She, being pleased, bestowed on me all the magic sciences, and deigned to address me thus —'Thy might in science shall be tenfold that of thy father, and thy husband shall be Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, the future emperor of the Vidyádharas. After the consort of Śiva had said this, she disappeared, and by her favour I obtained the sciences and gradually grew up. And last night the goddess appeared to me and commanded me—'To-morrow, my

daughter, thou must go and visit thy husband, and thou must return here the same day, for in a month thy father, who has long entertained this intention, will give thee in marriage.' The goddess, after giving me this command, disappeared, and the night came to an end; so here I am come, your Highness, to pay you a visit. So now I will depart." Having said this, Śaktiyaśas flew up into the heaven with her attendants, and returned to her father's city.

But Naraváhanadatta, being eager to marry her, went in disappointed, considering the month as long as a *yuga*. And Gomukha, seeing that he was despondent, said to him, "Listen, prince, I will tell you a delightful story."

Story of king Sumanas, the Nisháda maiden and the learned parrot.[1]

In old time there was a city named Kánchanapurí, and in it there lived a great king named Sumanas. He was of extraordinary splendour, and crossing difficult and inaccessible regions, he conquered the fortresses and fastnesses of his foes. Once, as he was sitting in the hall of assembly, the warder said to him—"King, the daughter of the king of the Nishádas, named Muktálatá, is standing outside the door with a parrot in a cage, accompanied by her brother Víraprabha, and wishes to see your Majesty." The king said "Let her enter," and, introduced by the warder, the Bhilla maiden entered the enclosure of the king's hall of assembly. And all there, when they saw her beauty, thought—"This is not a mortal maiden, surely this is some heavenly nymph." And she bowed before the king and spoke as follows—"King, here is a parrot that knows the four Vedas, called Śástraganja, a poet skilled in all the sciences and in the graceful arts, and I have brought him here to-day by the order of king Maya, so receive him." With these words she handed over the parrot, and it was brought by the

warder near the king, as he had a curiosity to see it, and it recited the following *śloka*:

“King, this is natural, that the black-faced smoke of thy valour should be continually increased by the windy sighs of the widows of thy enemies, but this is strange, that the strong flame of thy valour blazes in the ten cardinal points all the more fiercely on account of the overflowing of the copious tears wrung from them by the humiliation of defeat.”

When the parrot had recited this śloka, it began to reflect, and said again, “What do you wish to know? tell me from what *śástra* I shall recite.”

Then the king was much astonished, but his minister said—“I suspect, my lord, this is some *ṛishi* of ancient days become a parrot on account of a curse, but owing to his piety he remembers his former birth, and so recollects what he formerly read.” When the ministers said this to the king, the king said to the parrot—“I feel curiosity, my good parrot, tell me your story, where is your place of birth? How comes it that in your parrot condition you know the *śástras*? Who are you?” Then the parrot shed tears and slowly spoke: “The story is sad to tell, O king, but listen, I will tell it in obedience to thy command.”

The parrot’s account of his own life as a parrot.

Near the Himálayas, O king, there is a *rohiní* tree, which resembles the Vedas, in that many birds take refuge in its branches that extend through the heaven, as Bráhmans in the various branches of the sacred tradition.[2] There a cock-parrot used to dwell with his hen, and to that pair I was born, by the influence of my evil works in a former life. And as soon as I was born, the hen-parrot, my mother, died, but my old father put me under his wing, and

fostered me tenderly. And he continued to live there, eating what remained over from the fruits brought by the other parrots, and giving some to me.

Once on a time, there came there to hunt a terrible army of Bhillas, making a noise with cows' horns strongly blown; and the whole of that great wood was like an army fleeing in rout, with terrified antelopes for dust-stained banners, and the bushy tails of the *chamarí* deer, agitated in fear, resembling *chowries*, as the host of Pulindas rushed upon it to slay various living creatures. And after the army of Śavaras had spent the day in the hunting-grounds, in the sport of death, they returned with the loads of flesh which they had obtained. But a certain aged Śavara, who had not obtained any flesh, saw the tree in the evening, and being hungry, approached it, and he quickly climbed up it, and kept dragging parrots and other birds from their nests, killing them, and flinging them on the ground. And when I saw him coming near, like the minister of Yama, I slowly crept in fear underneath the wing of my father. And in the meanwhile the ruffian came near our nest, and dragged out my father, and wringing his neck, flung him down on the ground at the foot of the tree. And I fell with my father, and slipping out from underneath his wing, I slowly crept in my fear into the grass and leaves. Then the rascally Bhilla came down, and roasted some of the parrots and ate them, and others he carried off to his own village.

Then my fear was at an end, but I spent a night long from grief, and in the morning, when the flaming eye[3] of the world had mounted high in the heaven, I, being thirsty, went to the bank of a neighbouring lake full of lotuses, tumbling frequently, clinging to the earth with my wings, and there I saw on the sand of the lake a hermit, named Maríchi, who had just bathed, as it were my good works in a former state of existence. He, when he saw me, refreshed me with drops of water flung in my face, and, putting me in the hollow of a leaf, out of pity, carried me to his hermitage. There Pulastya, the head of the hermitage, laughed when he saw me, and being asked by the other hermits, why he laughed, having supernatural insight, he said —"When I beheld this parrot, who is a parrot in consequence of a curse, I laughed out of sorrow, but after I have said my daily prayers, I will tell a story connected with him, which shall cause him to remember his former birth, and the occurrences of his former lives." After saying this, the hermit

Pulastya rose up for his daily prayer, and, after he had performed his daily prayer, being again solicited by the hermits, the great sage told this story concerning me.

The hermit's story of Somaprabha, Manorathaprabhá, and Makarandiká, wherein it appears who the parrot was in a former birth.

There lived in the city of Ratnákara a king named Jyotishprabha, who ruled the earth with supreme authority, as far as the sea, the mine of jewels. There was born to him, by his queen named Harshavatí, a son, whose birth was due to the favour of Śiva propitiated by severe asceticism. Because the queen saw in a dream the moon entering her mouth, the king gave his son the name of Somaprabha. And the prince gradually grew up with ambrosial qualities, furnishing a feast to the eyes of the subjects.

And his father Jyotishprabha, seeing that he was brave, young, beloved by the subjects, and able to bear the weight of empire, gladly anointed him crown-prince. And he gave him as minister the virtuous Priyankara, the son of his own minister named Prabhákara. On that occasion Mátali descended from the heaven with a celestial horse, and coming up to Somaprabha, said to him: "You are a Vidyádhara, a friend of Indra's, born on earth, and he has sent you an excellent horse named Áśuśravas, the son of Uchchhaiḥśravas, in memory of his former friendship; if you mount it, you will be invincible by your foes." After the charioteer of Indra had said this, he gave Somaprabha that splendid horse, and after receiving due honour, he flew up to heaven again.

Then Somaprabha spent that day pleasantly in feasting, and the next day said to his father the king; "My father, the duty of a Kshatriya is not complete without a desire for conquest, so permit me to march out to the

conquest of the regions." When his father Jyotishprabha heard that, he was pleased, and consented, and made arrangements for his expedition. Then Somaprabha bowed before his father, and marched out on an auspicious day, with his forces, for the conquest of the regions, mounted on the horse given by Indra. And by the help of his splendid horse, he conquered the kings of every part of the world, and being irresistible in might, he stripped them of their jewels. He bent his bow and the necks of his enemies at the same time; the bow was unbent again, but the heads of his enemies were never again uplifted.

Then, as he was returning in triumph, on a path which led him near the Himálayas, he made his army encamp, and went hunting in a wood. And as chance would have it, he saw there a Kinnara, made of a splendid jewel, and he pursued him on his horse given by Indra, with the object of capturing him. The Kinnara entered a cavern in the mountain, and was lost to view, but the prince was carried far away by that horse.

And when the sun, after diffusing illumination over the quarters of the world, had reached the western peak, where he meets the evening twilight, the prince, being tired, managed, though with difficulty, to return, and he beheld a great lake, and wishing to pass the night on its shores, he dismounted from his horse. And after he had given grass and water to the horse, and had taken fruits and water himself, and felt rested, he suddenly heard from a certain quarter the sound of a song. Out of curiosity he went in the direction of the sound, and saw at no great distance a heavenly nymph, singing in front of a *linga* of Śiva. He said to himself in astonishment, "Who may this lovely one be?" And she, seeing that he was of noble appearance, said to him bashfully—"Tell me, who are you? How did you reach alone this inaccessible place?" When he heard this, he told his story, and asked her in turn, "Tell me, who are you and what is your business in this wood?" When he asked this question, the heavenly maiden said—"If you have any desire, noble sir, to hear my tale, listen, I will tell it;" after this preface she began to speak with a gushing flood of tears.

Episode of Manorathaprabhá and Raśmimat.

There is here, on the table-land of the Himálayas, a city named Kánchanábha, and in it there dwells a king of the Vidyádharas named Padmakúṭa. Know that I am the daughter of that king by his queen Hemaprabhá, and that my name is Manorathaprabhá, and my father loves me more than his life. I, by the power of my science, used to visit, with my female companions, the isles, and the principal mountains, and the woods, and the gardens, and after amusing myself, I made a point of returning every day at my father's meal-time, at the third watch of the day, to my palace. Once on a time I arrived here as I was roaming about, and I saw on the shore of the lake a hermit's son with his companion. And being summoned by the splendour of his beauty, as if by a female messenger, I approached him, and he welcomed me with a wistful look. And then I sat down, and my friend, perceiving the feelings of both, put this question to him through his companion, "Who are you, noble sir, tell me?" And his companion said; "Not far from here, my friend, there lives in a hermitage a hermit named Dídhitimat. He, being subject to a strict vow of chastity, was seen once, when he came to bathe in this lake, by the goddess Śrí, who came there at the same time. As she could not obtain him in the flesh, as he was a strict ascetic, and yet longed for him earnestly with her mind, she conceived a mind-born son. And she took that son to Dídhitimat, saying to him, 'I have obtained this son by looking at you; receive it.' And after giving the son to the hermit, Śrí disappeared. And the hermit gladly received the son, so easily obtained, and gave him the name of Raśmimat, and gradually reared him, and after investing him with the sacred thread, taught him out of love all the sciences. Know that you see before you in this young hermit that very Raśmimat the son of Śrí, come here with me on a pleasure journey." When my friend had heard this from the youth's friend, she, being questioned by him in turn, told my name and descent as I have now told it to you.

Then I and the hermit's son became still more in love with one another from hearing one another's descent, and while we were lingering there, a second

attendant came and said to me, “Rise up, your father, fair one, is waiting for you in the dining-room of the palace.” When I heard that, I said—“I will return quickly,” and leaving the youth there, I went into the presence of my father out of fear. And when I came out, having taken a very little food, the first attendant came to me and said of her own accord: “The friend of that hermit’s son came here, my friend, and standing at the door of the court said to me in a state of hurried excitement—‘Raśmimat has sent me here now, bestowing on me the power of travelling in the air, which he inherits from his father, to see Manorathaprabhá: he is reduced to a terrible state by love and cannot retain his breath a moment longer, without that mistress of his life.’” The moment I heard this, I left my father’s palace, and, accompanied by that friend of the hermit’s son, who showed me the way, and my attendant, I came here, and when I arrived here, I saw that that hermit’s son, separated from me, had resigned, at the rising of the moon, the nectar of his life. So I, grieved by separation from him, was blaming my vital frame, and longing to enter the fire with his body. But at that very moment a man, with a body like a mass of flame, descended from the sky, and flew up to heaven with his body.

Then I was desirous to hurl myself into the fire alone, but at that moment a voice issued from the air here; “Manorathaprabhá, do not do this thing, for at the appointed time thou shalt be re-united to this thy hermit’s son.” On hearing this, I gave up the idea of suicide, and here I remain full of hope, waiting for him, engaged in the worship of Śiva. And as for the friend of the hermit’s son, he has disappeared somewhere.

When the Vidyádhara maiden had said this, Somaprabha said to her, “Then, why do you remain alone, where is that female attendant of yours?” When the Vidyádhara maiden heard this, she answered: “There is a king of the Vidyádharas, named Sinhavikrama, and he has a matchless daughter named Makarandiká; she is a friend of mine, dear as my life, who sympathizes with my grief, and she to-day sent her attendant to learn tidings of me. So I sent back my own attendant to her, with her attendant; it is for that reason that I am at present alone.” As she was saying this, she pointed out to Somaprabha her attendant descending from heaven. And she made the

attendant, after she had told her news, strew a bed of leaves for Somaprabha, and also give grass to his horse.

Then, after passing the night, they rose up in the morning, and saw approaching a Vidyádhara, who had descended from heaven. And that Vidyádhara, whose name was Devajaya, after sitting down, spoke thus to Manorathaprabhá—"Manorathaprabhá, king Sinhavikrama informs you that your friend, his daughter Makarandiká, out of love for you, refuses to marry until you have obtained a bridegroom. So he wishes you to go there and admonish her, that she may be ready to marry." When the Vidyádhara maiden heard this, she prepared to go, out of regard for her friend, and then Somaprabha said to her:—"Virtuous one, I have a curiosity to see the Vidyádhara world: so take me there, and let my horse remain here supplied with grass." When she heard that, she consented, and taking her attendant with her, she flew through the air, with Somaprabha, who was carried in the arms of Devajaya.

When she arrived there, Makarandiká welcomed her, and seeing Somaprabha, asked, "Who is this?" And when Manorathaprabhá told his story, the heart of Makarandiká was immediately captivated by him. He, for his part, thought in his mind, deeming he had come upon Good Fortune in bodily form—"Who is the fortunate man destined to be her bridegroom?"

Then, in confidential conversation, Manorathaprabhá put the following question to Makarandiká; "Fair one, why do you not wish to be married?" And she, when she heard this, answered:—"How could I desire marriage until you have accepted a bridegroom, for you are dearer to me than life?" When Makarandiká said this in an affectionate manner, Manorathaprabhá said—"I have chosen a bridegroom, fair one; I am waiting here in hopes of union with him." When she said this, Makarandiká said—"I will do as you direct."[4]

Then Manorathaprabhá, seeing the real state of her feelings, said to her, "My friend, Somaprabha has come here as your guest, after wandering through the world, so you must entertain him as a guest with becoming hospitality." When Makarandiká heard this, she said:—"I have already

bestowed on him, by way of hospitality, every thing but myself, but let him accept me, if he is willing." When she said this, Manorathaprabhá told their love to her father, and arranged a marriage between them. Then Somaprabha recovered his spirits, and delighted said to her:—"I must go now to your hermitage, for possibly my army, commanded by my minister, may come there tracking my course, and if they do not find me, they may return, suspecting something untoward. So I will depart, and after I have learned the tidings of the host, I will return, and certainly marry Makarandiká on an auspicious day." When Manorathaprabhá heard that, she consented, and took him back to her own hermitage, making Devajaya carry him in his arms.

In the meanwhile his minister Priyankara came there with the army, tracking his footsteps. And while Somaprabha, in delight, was recounting his adventures to his minister, whom he met there, a messenger came from his father, with a written message that he was to return quickly. Then, by the advice of his minister, he went with his army back to his own city, in order not to disobey his father's command, and as he started, he said to Manorathaprabhá and Devajaya, "I will return as soon as I have seen my father."

Then Devajaya went and informed Makarandiká of that, and in consequence she became afflicted with the sorrow of separation. She took no pleasure in the garden, nor in singing, nor in the society of her ladies-in-waiting, nor did she listen to the amusing voices of the parrots; she did not take food; much less did she care about adorning herself. And though her parents earnestly admonished her, she did not recover her spirits. And she soon left her couch of lotus-fibres, and wandered about like an insane woman, causing distress to her parents. And when she would not listen to their words, though they tried to console her, her parents in their anger pronounced this curse on her, "You shall fall for some time among the unfortunate race of the Nishádas, with this very body of yours, without the power of remembering your former birth." When thus cursed by her parents, Makarandiká entered the house of a Nisháda, and became that very moment a Nisháda maiden. And her father Sinhavikrama, the king of the Vidyádharas, repented, and through grief for her died, and so did his wife.

Now that king of the Vidyádharas was in a former birth a *ṛishi* who knew all the *śástras*, but now on account of some remnant of former sin he has become this parrot, and his wife also has been born as a wild sow, and this parrot, owing to the power of former austerities, remembers what it learned in a former life.

"So I laughed, considering the marvellous results of his works. But he shall be released, as soon as he has told this tale in the court of a king. And Somaprabha shall obtain the parrot's daughter in his Vidyádhara birth, Makarandiká, who has now become a Nisháda female. And Manorathaprabhá also shall obtain the hermit's son Raśmimat, who has now become a king; but Somaprabha, as soon as he had seen his father, returned to her hermitage, and remains there propitiating Śiva in order to recover his beloved."

When the hermit Pulastya had said thus much, he ceased, and I remembered my birth, and was plunged in grief and joy. Then the hermit Maríchi, who carried me out of pity to the hermitage, took me and reared me. And when my wings grew, I flew about hither and thither with the flightiness natural to a bird,[5] displaying the miracle of my learning. And falling into the hands of a Nisháda, I have in course of time reached your court. And now my evil works have spent their force, having been brought with me into the body of a bird.

When the learned and eloquent parrot had finished this tale in the presence of the court, king Sumanas suddenly felt his soul filled with astonishment, and disturbed with love. In the meanwhile Śiva, being pleased, said to Somaprabha in a dream—"Rise up, king, and go into the presence of king Sumanas, there thou wilt find thy beloved. For the maiden, named Makarandiká, has become, by the curse of her father, a Nisháda maiden, named Muktálatá, and she has gone with her own father, who has become a parrot, to the court of the king. And when she sees thee, her curse will come to an end, and she will remember her existence as a Vidyádhara maiden, and then a union will take place between you, the joy of which will be increased by your recognizing one another." Having said this to that king, Śiva, who is merciful to all his worshippers, said to Manorathaprabhá, who

also was living in his hermitage, “The hermit’s son Raśmimat, whom thou didst accept as thy bridegroom, has been born again under the name of Sumanas, so go to him and obtain him, fair one; he will at once remember his former birth, when he beholds thee.” So Somaprabha and the Vidyádhara maiden, being separately commanded in a dream by Śiva, went immediately to the court of that Sumanas. And there Makarandiká, on beholding Somaprabha, immediately remembered her former birth, and being released from her long curse, and recovering her heavenly body, she embraced him. And Somaprabha, having, by the favour of Śiva, obtained that daughter of the Vidyádhara prince, as if she were the incarnate fortune of heavenly enjoyment, embraced her, and considered himself to have attained his object. And king Sumanas, having beheld Manorathaprabhá, remembered his former birth, and entered his former body, that fell from heaven, and became Raśmimat the son of the chief of hermits. And once more united with his beloved, for whom he had long yearned, he entered his own hermitage, and king Somaprabha departed with his beloved to his own city. And the parrot too left the body of a bird, and went to the home earned by his asceticism.

“Thus you see that the appointed union of human beings certainly takes place in this world, though vast spaces intervene.” When Naraváhanadatta heard this wonderful, romantic, and agreeable story from his own minister Gomukha, as he was longing for Śaktiyaśas, he was much pleased.

1

Cp. the falcon in Chaucer’s Squire’s Tale and the parallels quoted by Skeat in his Introduction to Chaucer’s Prioresses Tale &c., p. xlvii.

2

An elaborate pun on *dvija* and *śákhá*.

3

For the conception of the sun as an eye see Kuhn, Die Herabkunft des Feuers und des Göttertranks, pp. 52, 53. The idea is common in English poetry. See for instance Milton, P. L. V. 171, Spenser’s Faery Queene, I, 3, 4. For instances in classical poetry, see Ovid, Met. IV, 228, Ar. Nub. 286, Soph. Tr. 101.

4

I read *tvadvákyam* with the Sanskrit College MS. and *ahitáśanki tachcha* in śl. 141 with the same MS.

5

Cp. Aristophanes, Aves, pp. 169, 170.

ἄνθρωπος ὄρνις ἀστάθμητος, πετόμενος
ἀτέκμαρτος, οὐδὲν οὐδέποτ’ ἐν ταὐτῷ μένων

Chapter LX.

Then the chief minister Gomukha, having told the story of the two Vidyádhara maidens, said to Naraváhanadatta, “Some ordinary men even, being kindly disposed towards the three worlds, resist with firm resolution the disturbance of love and other passions.

Story of Śúravarman who spared his guilty wife.

For the king Kuladhara once had a servant of distinguished valour, a young man of good family, named Śúravarman. And one day, as he was returning from war, he entered his house suddenly, and found his wife alone with his friend. And when he saw it, he restrained his wrath, and in his self-control reflected, “What is the use of slaying this animal who has betrayed his friend? Or of punishing this wicked woman? Why too should I saddle my soul with a load of guilt?” After he had thus reflected, he left them both unharmed and said to them, “I will kill whichever of you two I see again. You must neither of you come in my sight again. When he said this and let them depart, they went away to some distant place, but Śúravarman married another wife, and lived there in comfort.

“Thus, prince, a man who conquers wrath will not be subject to grief; and a man, who displays prudence, is never harmed. Even in the case of animals prudence produces success, not valour. In proof of it, hear this story about the lion, and the bull, and other animals.”

Story of the Ox abandoned in the Forest.[1]

There was in a certain city a rich merchant's son. Once on a time, as he was going to the city of Mathurá to trade, a draught-bull belonging to him, named Sanjívaka, as it was dragging the yoke vigorously, broke it, and so slipped in the path, which had become muddy by a mountain torrent flowing into it, and fell and bruised its limbs. The merchant's son, seeing that the bull was unable to move on account of its bruises, and not succeeding in his attempts to raise it up from the ground, at last in despair went off and left it there. And, as fate would have it, the bull slowly revived, and rose up, and by eating tender grass recovered its former condition. And it went to the bank of the Yamuná, and by eating green grass and wandering about at will, it became fat and strong. And it roamed about there, with full hump, wantoning, like the bull of Śiva, tearing up ant-hills with its horns, and bellowing frequently.

Now at that time there lived in a neighbouring wood a lion named Pingalaka, who had subdued the forest by his might; and that king of beasts had two jackals for ministers; the name of the one was Damanaka, and the name of the other was Karaṭaka. That lion, going one day to the bank of the Yamuná to drink water, heard close to him the roar of that bull Sanjívaka. And when the lion heard the roar of that bull, never heard before, resounding through the air, he thought, "What animal makes this sound? Surely some great creature dwells here, so I will depart, for if it saw me, it might slay me, or expel me from the forest." Thereupon the lion quickly returned to the forest without drinking water, and continued in a state of fear, hiding his feelings from his followers.

Then the wise jackal[2] Damanaka, the minister of that king, said secretly to Karaṭaka the second minister, "Our master went to drink water; so how comes it that he has so quickly returned without drinking? We must ask him

the reason." Then Karaṭaka said—"What business is this of ours? Have you not heard the story of the ape that drew out the wedge?"

Story of the monkey that pulled out the wedge.[3]

In a certain town, a merchant had begun to build a temple to a divinity, and had accumulated much timber. The workmen there, after sawing through the upper half of a plank, placed a wedge in it, and leaving it thus suspended, went home. In the meanwhile a monkey came there and bounded up out of mischief, and sat on the plank, the parts of which were separated by the wedge. And he sat in the gap between the two parts, as if in the mouth of death, and in purposeless mischief pulled out the wedge. Then he fell with the plank, the wedge of which had been pulled out, and was killed, having his limbs crushed by the flying together of the separated parts.

"Thus a person is ruined by meddling with what is not his own business. So what is the use of our penetrating the mind of the king of beasts?" When the grave Damanaka heard Karaṭaka say this, he answered—"Certainly wise ministers must penetrate and observe the peculiarities of their master's character. For who would confine his attention to filling his belly?" When Damanaka said this, the good Karaṭaka said—"Prying for one's own gratification is not the duty of a servant." Damanaka, being thus addressed, replied—"Do not speak thus, every one desires a recompense suited to his character; the dog is satisfied with a bone only, the lion attacks an elephant."

When Karaṭaka heard this, he said, "And supposing under these circumstances the master is angry, instead of being pleased, where is your special advantage? Lords, like mountains, are exceedingly rough, firm, uneven, difficult of access, and surrounded with noxious creatures." Then

Damanaka said, “This is true, but he who is wise, gradually gets influence over his master by penetrating his character.”

Then Karaṭaka said—“Well, do so,” and Damanaka went into the presence of his master the lion. The lion received him kindly: so he bowed, and sat down, and immediately said to him; “King, I am a hereditary useful servant of yours. One useful is to be sought after, though a stranger, but a mischievous one is to be abandoned; a cat, being useful, is bought with money, brought from a distance, and cherished; but a mouse, being harmful, is carefully destroyed, though it has been nourished up in one’s house. And a king, who desires prosperity, must listen to servants who wish him well, and they must give their lord at the right time useful counsel, even without being asked. So, king, if you feel confidence in me, if you are not angry, and if you do not wish to conceal your feelings from me, and if you are not disturbed in mind by my boldness, I would ask you a certain question.” When Damanaka said this, the lion Pingalaka answered; “You are trustworthy, you are attached to me, so speak without fear.”

When Pingalaka said this, Damanaka said: “King, being thirsty, you went to drink water; so why did you return without drinking, like one despondent?” When the lion heard this speech of his, he reflected—“I have been discovered by him, so why should I try to hide the truth from this devoted servant?” Having thus reflected, he said to him, “Listen, I must not hide anything from you. When I went to drink water, I heard here a noise which I never heard before, and I think, it is the terrible roar of some animal superior to myself in strength. For, as a general rule, the might of creatures is proportionate to the sound they utter, and it is well known that the infinitely various animal creation has been made by God in regular gradations. And now that he has entered here, I cannot call my body nor my wood my own; so I must depart hence to some other forest.” When the lion said this, Damanaka answered him; “Being valiant, O king, why do you wish to leave the wood for so slight a reason? Water breaks a bridge, secret whispering friendship, counsel is ruined by garrulity, cowards only are routed by a mere noise. There are many noises, such as those of machines, which are terrible till one knows the real cause. So your Highness must not fear this. Hear by way of illustration the story of the jackal and the drum.

Story of the Jackal and the Drum.[4]

Long ago there lived a jackal in a certain forest district. He was roaming about in search of food, and came upon a plot of ground where a battle had taken place, and hearing from a certain quarter a booming sound, he looked in that direction. There he saw a drum lying on the ground, a thing with which he was not familiar. He thought, “What kind of animal is this, that makes such a sound?” Then he saw that it was motionless, and coming up and looking at it, he came to the conclusion that it was not an animal. And he perceived that the noise was produced by the parchment being struck by the shaft of an arrow, which was moved by the wind. So the jackal laid aside his fear, and he tore open the drum, and went inside, to see if he could get anything to eat in it, but lo! it was nothing but wood and parchment.

So, king, why do creatures like you fear a mere sound? If you approve, I will go there to investigate the matter.” When Damanaka said this, the lion answered, “Go there, by all means, if you dare;” so Damanaka went to the bank of the Yamuná. While he was roaming slowly about there, guided by the sound, he discovered that bull eating grass. So he went near him, and made acquaintance with him, and came back, and told the lion the real state of the ease. The lion Pingalaka was delighted and said, “If you have really seen that great ox, and made friends with him, bring him here by some artifice, that I may see what he is like.” So he sent Damanaka back to that bull. Damanaka went to the bull and said—“Come! our master, the king of beasts is pleased to summon you,” but the bull would not consent to come, for he was afraid. Then the jackal again returned to the forest, and induced his master the lion to grant the bull assurance of protection. And he went and encouraged Sanjívaka with this promise of protection, and so brought him into the presence of the lion. And when the lion saw him come and bow before him, he treated him with politeness, and said—“Remain here now about my person, and entertain no fear.” And the bull consented, and

gradually gained such an influence over the lion, that he turned his back on his other dependents, and was entirely governed by the bull.

Then Damanaka, being annoyed, said to Karaṭaka in secret: “See! our master has been taken possession of by Sanjívaka, and does not trouble his head about us. He eats his flesh alone, and never gives us a share. And the fool is now taught his duty by this bull.[5] It was I that caused all this mischief by bringing this bull. So I will now take steps to have him killed, and to reclaim our master from his unbecoming infatuation.” When Karaṭaka heard this from Damanaka, he said—“Friend, even you will not be able to do this now.” Then Damanaka said—“I shall certainly be able to accomplish it by prudence. What can he not do whose prudence does not fail in calamity? As a proof, hear the story of the *makara*[6] that killed the crane.”

Story of the crane and the Makara.[7]

Of old time there dwelt a crane in a certain tank rich in fish; and the fish in terror used to flee out of his sight. Then the crane, not being able to catch the fish, told them a lying tale: “There has come here a man with a net who kills fish. He will soon catch you with a net and kill you. So act on my advice, if you repose any confidence in me. There is in a lonely place a translucent lake, it is unknown to the fishermen of these parts; I will take you there one by one, and drop you into it, that you may live there.” When those foolish fish heard that, they said in their fear—“Do so, we all repose confidence in you.” Then the treacherous crane took the fish away one by one, and, putting them down on a rock, devoured in this way many of them.

Then a certain *makara* dwelling in that lake, seeing him carrying off fish, said:—“Whither are you taking the fish?” Then that crane said to him exactly what he had said to the fish. The *makara*,[8] being terrified, said —“Take me there too.” The crane’s intellect was blinded with the smell of

his flesh, so he took him up, and soaring aloft carried him towards the slab of rock. But when the *makara* got near the rock, he saw the fragments of the bones of the fish that the crane had eaten, and he perceived that the crane was in the habit of devouring those who reposed confidence in him. So no sooner was the sagacious *makara* put down on the rock, than with complete presence of mind he cut off the head of the crane. And he returned and told the occurrence, exactly as it happened, to the other fish, and they were delighted, and hailed him as their deliverer from death.

"Prudence indeed is power, so what has a man, devoid of prudence, to do with power? Hear this other story of the lion and the hare."

Story of the lion and the hare.[9]

There was in a certain forest a lion, who was invincible, and sole champion of it, and whatever creature he saw in it, he killed. Then all the animals, deer and all, met and deliberated together, and they made the following petition to that king of beasts—"Why by killing us all at once do you ruin your own interests? We will send you one animal every day for your dinner." When the lion heard this, he consented to their proposal, and as he was in the habit of eating one animal every day, it happened that it was one day the lot of a hare to present himself to be eaten. The hare was sent off by the united animals, but on the way the wise creature reflected—"He is truly brave who does not become bewildered even in the time of calamity, so, now that Death stares me in the face, I will devise an expedient." Thus reflecting, the hare presented himself before the lion late. And when he arrived after his time, the lion said to him: "Hola! how is this that you have neglected to arrive at my dinner hour, or what worse penalty than death can I inflict on you, scoundrel?" When the lion said this, the hare bowed before him, and said: "It is not my fault, your Highness, I have not been my own master to-day, for another lion detained me on the road, and only let me go after a long interval." When the lion heard that, he lashed his tail, and his

eyes became red with anger, and he said: “Who is that second lion? Shew him me.” The hare said: “Let your Majesty come and see him.” The lion consented and followed him. Thereupon the hare took him away to a distant well. “Here he lives, behold him,” said the hare, and when thus addressed by the hare, the lion looked into the well, roaring all the while with anger. And seeing his own reflexion in the clear water, and hearing the echo of his own roar, thinking that there was a rival lion there roaring louder than himself,[10] he threw himself in a rage into the well, in order to kill him, and there the fool was drowned. And the hare, having himself escaped death by his wisdom, and having delivered all the animals from it, went and delighted them by telling his adventure.

“So you see that wisdom is the supreme power, not strength, since by virtue of it even a hare killed a lion. So I will effect my object by wisdom.” When Damanaka said this, Karaṭaka remained silent.

Then Damanaka went and remained in the presence of the king Pingalaka, in a state of assumed depression. And when Pingalaka asked him the reason, he said to him in a confidential aside: “I will tell you, king, for if one knows anything, one ought not to conceal it. And one should speak too without being commanded to do so, if one desires the welfare of one’s master. So hear this representation of mine, and do not suspect me. This bull Sanjívaka intends to kill you and gain possession of the kingdom, for in his position of minister he has come to the conclusion that you are timid; and longing to slay you, he is brandishing his two horns, his natural weapons, and he talks over the animals in the forest, encouraging them with speeches of this kind—‘We will kill by some artifice this flesh-eating king of beasts, and then you can live in security under me, who am an eater of herbs only.’ So think about this bull; as long as he is alive, there is no security for you.” When Damanaka said this, Pingalaka answered, “What can that miserable herb-eating bull do against me? But how can I kill a creature that has sought my protection, and to whom I have promised immunity from injury.” When Damanaka heard this, he said—“Do not speak so. When a king makes another equal to himself, Fortune does not proceed as favourably as before.[11] The fickle goddess, if she places her feet at the same time upon two exalted persons, cannot keep her footing long, she will certainly

abandon one of the two. And a king, who hates a good servant and honours a bad servant, is to be avoided by the wise, as a wicked patient by physicians. Where there is a speaker and a hearer of that advice, which in the beginning is disagreeable, but in the end is useful, there Fortune sets her foot. He, who does not hear the advice of the good, but listens to the advice of the bad, in a short time falls into calamity, and is afflicted. So what is the meaning of this love of yours for the bull, O king? And what does it matter that you gave him protection, or that he came as a suppliant, if he plots against your life? Moreover, if this bull remains always about your person, you will have worms produced in you by his excretions. And they will enter your body, which is covered with the scars of wounds from the tusks of infuriated elephants. Why should he not have chosen to kill you by craft? If a wicked person is wise enough not to do an injury[12] himself, it will happen by association with him, hear a story in proof of it."

Story of the Louse and the Flea.[13]

In the bed of a certain king there long lived undiscovered a louse, that had crept in from somewhere or other, by name Mandavisarpiṇí. And suddenly a flea, named Tiṭṭibha, entered that bed, wafted there by the wind from some place or other. And when Mandavisarpiṇí saw him, she said, "Why have you invaded my home? go elsewhere." Tiṭṭibha answered, "I wish to drink the blood of a king, a luxury which I have never tasted before, so permit me to dwell here." Then, to please him, the louse said to him, "If this is the case, remain. But you must not bite the king, my friend, at unseasonable times, you must bite him gently when he is asleep." When Tiṭṭibha heard that, he consented and remained. But at night he bit the king hard when he was in bed, and then the king rose up, exclaiming, "I am bitten," then the wicked flea fled quickly, and the king's servants made a search in the bed, and finding the louse there, killed it.

“So Mandavisarpiṇí perished by associating with Tiṭṭibha. Accordingly your association with Sanjívaka will not be for your advantage; if you do not believe in what I say, you will soon yourself see him approach, brandishing his head, confiding in his horns, which are sharp as lances.”

By these words the feelings of Pingalaka were changed towards the bull, and so Damanaka induced him to form in his heart the determination that the bull must be killed. And Damanaka, having ascertained the state of the lion’s feelings, immediately went off of his own accord to Sanjívaka, and sat in his presence with a despondent air. The bull said to him, “Friend, why are you in this state? Are you in good health?” The jackal answered, “What can be healthy with a servant? Who is permanently dear to a king? What petitioner is not despised? Who is not subject to time?” When the jackal said this, the bull again said to him—“Why do you seem so despondent to-day, my friend, tell me?” Then Damanaka said—“Listen, I speak out of friendship. The lion Pingalaka has to-day become hostile to you. So unstable is his affection that, without regard for his friendship, he wishes to kill you and eat you, and I see that his evilly-disposed courtiers have instigated him to do it.” The simple-minded bull, supposing, on account of the confidence he had previously reposed in the jackal, that this speech was true, and feeling despondent, said to him: “Alas a mean master, with mean retainers, though he be won over by faithful service, becomes estranged; in proof of it hear this story.”

Story of the Lion, the Panther, the Crow and the Jackal.[14]

There lived once in a certain forest a lion, named Madotkaṭa, and he had three followers, a panther, a crow, and a jackal. That lion once saw a camel, that had escaped from a caravan, entering his wood, a creature he was not familiar with before, of ridiculous appearance. That king of beasts said in astonishment, “What is this creature?” And the crow, who knew when it

behoved him to speak,[15] said, “It is a camel.” Then the lion, out of curiosity, had the camel summoned, and giving him a promise of protection, he made him his courtier, and placed him about his person.

One day the lion was wounded in a fight with an elephant, and being out of health, made many fasts, though surrounded by those attendants who were in good health. Then the lion, being exhausted, roamed about in search of food, but not finding any, secretly asked all his courtiers, except the camel, what was to be done. They said to him:—“Your Highness, we must give advice which is seasonable in our present calamity. What friendship can you have with a camel, and why do you not eat him? He is a grass-eating animal, and therefore meant to be devoured by us flesh-eaters. And why should not one be sacrificed to supply food to many? If your Highness should object, on the ground that you cannot slay one to whom you have granted protection, we will contrive a plot by which we shall induce the camel himself to offer you his own body.” When they had said this, the crow, by the permission of the lion, after arranging the plot, went and said to that camel: “This master of ours is overpowered with hunger, and says nothing to us, so we intend to make him well-disposed to us by offering him our bodies, and you had better do the same, in order that he may be well-disposed towards you.” When the crow said this to the camel, the simple-minded camel agreed to it, and came to the lion with the crow. Then the crow said, “King, eat me, for I am my own master.” Then the lion said, “What is the use of eating such a small creature as you?” Thereupon the jackal said—“Eat me,” and the lion rejected him in the same way. Then the panther said “Eat me,” and yet the lion would not eat him; and at last the camel said “Eat me.” So the lion, and the crow, and his fellows entrapped him by these deceitful offers, and taking him at his word, killed him, divided him into portions, and ate him.

“In the same way some treacherous person has instigated Pingalaka against me without cause. So now destiny must decide. For it is better to be the servant of a vulture-king with swans for courtiers, than to serve a swan as king, if his courtiers be vultures, much less a king of a worse character, with such courtiers.[16] “When the dishonest Damanaka heard Sanjívaka say that,

he replied, “Everything is accomplished by resolution, listen—I will tell you a tale to prove this.”

Story of the pair of Ṭiṭṭibhas.

There lived a certain cock *ṭiṭṭibha* on the shore of the sea with his hen. And the hen, being about to lay eggs, said to the cock: “Come, let us go away from this place, for if I lay eggs here, the sea may carry them off with its waves.” When the cock-bird heard this speech of the hen’s, he said to her —“The sea cannot contend with me.” On hearing that, the hen said—“Do not talk so; what comparison is there between you and the sea? People must follow good advice, otherwise they will be ruined.”

Story of the Tortoise and the two Swans.[17]

For there was in a certain lake a tortoise, named Kambugríva, and he had two swans for friends, Vikaṭa and Sankaṭa. Once on a time the lake was dried up by drought, and they wanted to go to another lake; so the tortoise said to them, “Take me also to the lake you are desirous of going to.” When the two swans heard this, they said to their friend the tortoise—“The lake to which we wish to go is a tremendous distance off; but, if you wish to go there too, you must do what we tell you. You must take in your teeth a stick held by us, and while travelling through the air, you must remain perfectly silent, otherwise you will fall and be killed.” The tortoise agreed, and took the stick in his teeth, and the two swans flew up into the air, holding the two ends of it. And gradually the two swans, carrying the tortoise, drew near

that lake, and were seen by some men living in a town below; and the thoughtless tortoise heard them making a chattering, while they were discussing with one another, what the strange thing could be that the swans were carrying. So the tortoise asked the swans what the chattering below was about, and in so doing let go the stick from its mouth, and falling down to the earth, was there killed by the men.

“Thus you see that a person who lets go common sense will be ruined, like the tortoise that let go the stick.” When the hen-bird said this, the cock-bird answered her, “This is true, my dear, but hear this story also.”

Story of the three Fish.

Of old time there were three fish in a lake near a river, one was called Anágatavidhátṛi, a second Pratyutpannamati and the third Yadbhavishya,[18] and they were companions. One day they heard some fishermen, who passed that way, saying to one another, “Surely there must be fish in this lake. Thereupon the prudent Anágatavidhátṛi, fearing to be killed by the fishermen, entered the current of the river and went to another place. But Pratyutpannamati remained where he was, without fear, saying to himself, “I will take the expedient course if any danger should arise.” And Yadbhavishya remained there, saying to himself, “What must be, must be.” Then those fishermen came and threw a net into that lake. But the cunning Pratyutpannamati, the moment he felt himself hauled up in the net, made himself rigid, and remained as if he were dead. The fishermen, who were killing the fish, did not kill him, thinking that he had died of himself, so he jumped into the current of the river, and went off somewhere else, as fast as he could. But Yadbhavishya, like a foolish fish, bounded and wriggled in the net, so the fishermen laid hold of him and killed him.

“So I too will adopt an expedient when the time arrives; I will not go away through fear of the sea.” Having said this to his wife, the *ṭiṭṭibha* remained

where he was, in his nest; and there the sea heard his boastful speech. Now, after some days, the hen-bird laid eggs, and the sea carried off the eggs with his waves, out of curiosity, saying to himself; "I should like to know what this *ṭiṭṭibha* will do to me." And the hen-bird, weeping, said to her husband; "The very calamity which I prophesied to you, has come upon us." Then that resolute *ṭiṭṭibha* said to his wife, "See, what I will do to that wicked sea!" So he called together all the birds, and mentioned the insult he had received, and went with them and called on the lord Garuḍa for protection. And the birds said to him: "Though thou art our protector, we have been insulted by the sea as if we were unprotected, in that it has carried away some of our eggs." Then Garuḍa was angry, and appealed to Vishṇu, who dried up the sea with the weapon of fire, and made it restore the eggs.[19]

"So you must be wise in calamity and not let go resolution. But now a battle with Pingalaka is at hand for you. When he shall erect his tail, and arise with his four feet together, then you may know that he is about to strike you. And you must have your head ready tossed up, and must gore him in the stomach, and lay your enemy low, with all his entrails torn out."

After Damanaka had said this to the bull Sanjívaka, he went to Karaṭaka, and told him that he had succeeded in setting the two at variance.

Then Sanjívaka slowly approached Pingalaka, being desirous of finding out the mind of that king of beasts by his face and gestures. And he saw that the lion was prepared to fight, being evenly balanced on all four legs, and having erected his tail, and the lion saw that the bull had tossed up his head in fear. Then the lion sprang on the bull and struck him with his claws, the bull replied with his horns, and so their fight went on. And the virtuous Karaṭaka, seeing it, said to Damanaka—"Why have you brought calamity on our master to gain your own ends? Wealth obtained by oppression of subjects, friendship obtained by deceit, and a lady-love gained by violence, will not remain long. But enough; whoever says much to a person who despises good advice, incurs thereby misfortune, as Súchímukha from the ape."

Story of the Monkeys, the Firefly, and the Bird.[20]

Once on a time, there were some monkeys wandering in a troop in a wood. In the cold weather they saw a firefly and thought it was real fire. So they placed grass and leaves upon it, and tried to warm themselves at it, and one of them fanned the firefly with his breath. A bird named Súchímukha, when he saw it, said to him, “This is not fire, this is a firefly, do not fatigue yourself.” Though the monkey heard, he did not desist, and thereupon the bird came down from the tree, and earnestly dissuaded him, at which the ape was annoyed, and throwing a stone at Súchímukha, crushed him.

“So one ought not to admonish him, who will not act on good advice. Why then should I speak? you well know that you brought about this quarrel with a mischievous object, and that which is done with evil intentions cannot turn out well.”

Story of Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi.[21]

For instance, there were long ago in a certain village two brothers, the sons of a merchant, Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi by name. They left their father’s house and went to another country to get wealth, and with great difficulty acquired two thousand gold *dínárs*. And with them they returned to their own city. And they buried those *dínárs* at the foot of a tree, with the

exception of one hundred, which they divided between them in equal parts, and so they lived in their father's house.

But one day Dushṭabuddhi went by himself and dug up of his own accord those *dínárs*, which were buried at the foot of the tree, for he was vicious and extravagant.[22] And after one month only had passed, he said to Dharmabuddhi: "Come, my elder brother, let us divide those *dínárs*; I have expenses." When Dharmabuddhi heard that, he consented, and went and dug with him, where he had deposited the *dínárs*. And when they did not find any *dínárs* in the place where they had buried them, the treacherous Dushṭabuddhi said to Dharmabuddhi: "You have taken away the *dínárs*, so give me my half." But Dharmabuddhi answered: "I have not taken them, you must have taken them." So a quarrel arose, and Dushṭabuddhi hit Dharmabuddhi on the head with a stone, and dragged him into the king's court. There they both stated their case, and as the king's officers could not decide it, they were proceeding to detain them both for the trial by ordeal. Then Dushṭabuddhi said to the king's officers; "The tree, at the foot of which these *dínárs* were placed, will depose, as a witness, that they were taken away by this Dharmabuddhi. And they were exceedingly astonished, but said, "Well, we will ask it to-morrow." Then they let both Dharmabuddhi and Dushṭabuddhi go, after they had given bail, and they went separately to their house.

But Dushṭabuddhi told the whole matter to his father, and secretly giving him money, said; "Hide in the trunk of the tree and be my witness." His father consented, so he took him and placed him at night in the capacious trunk of the tree, and returned home. And in the morning those two brothers went with the king's officers, and asked the tree, who took away those *dínárs*. And their father, who was hidden in the trunk of the tree, replied in a loud clear voice: "Dharmabuddhi took away the *dínárs*." When the king's officers heard this surprising utterance, they said; "Surely Dushṭabuddhi must have hidden some one in the trunk." So they introduced smoke into the trunk of the tree, which fumigated the father of Dushṭabuddhi so, that he fell out of the trunk on to the ground, and died. When the king's officers saw this, they understood the whole matter, and they compelled Dushṭabuddhi to give up the *dínárs* to Dharmabuddhi. And so they cut off

the hands and cut out the tongue of Dushṭabuddhi, and banished him, and they honoured Dharmabuddhi as a man who deserved his name.[23]

“So you see that a deed done with an unrighteous mind is sure to bring calamity, therefore one should do it with a righteous mind, as the crane did to the snake.”

Story of the Crane, the Snake and the Mungoose.[24]

Once on a time a snake came and ate the nestlings of a certain crane, as fast as they were born; that grieved the crane. So, by the advice of a crab, he went and strewed pieces of fish from the dwelling of a mungoose as far as the hole of the snake, and the mungoose came out, and following up the pieces of fish, eating as it went on, was led to the hole of the snake, which it saw and entered, and killed him and his offspring.

“So by a device one can succeed; now hear another story.”

Story of the mice that ate an iron balance.[25]

Once on a time there was a merchant’s son, who had spent all his father’s wealth, and had only an iron balance left to him. Now the balance was made of a thousand *palas* of iron; and depositing it in the care of a certain merchant, he went to another land. And when, on his return, he came to that merchant to demand back his balance, the merchant said to him: “It has

been eaten by mice." He repeated, "It is quite true, the iron, of which it was composed, was particularly sweet, and so the mice ate it." This he said with an outward show of sorrow, laughing in his heart. Then the merchant's son asked him to give him some food, and he, being in a good temper, consented to give him some. Then the merchant's son went to bathe, taking with him the son of that merchant, who was a mere child, and whom he persuaded to come with him by giving him a dish of *ámalakas*. And after he had bathed, the wise merchant's son deposited the boy in the house of a friend, and returned alone to the house of that merchant. And the merchant said to him, "Where is that son of mine?" He replied, "A kite swooped down from the air and carried him off." The merchant in a rage said, "You have concealed my son," and so he took him into the king's judgment-hall; and there the merchant's son made the same statement. The officers of the court said, "This is impossible, how could a kite carry off a boy?" But the merchant's son answered; "In a country where a large balance of iron was eaten by mice, a kite might carry off an elephant, much more a boy."[26] When the officers heard that, they asked about it, out of curiosity, and made the merchant restore the balance to the owner, and he, for his part, restored the merchant's child.

"Thus, you see, persons of eminent ability attain their ends by an artifice. But you, by your reckless impetuosity, have brought our master into danger." When Damanaka heard this from Karaṭaka, he laughed and said —"Do not talk like this! What chance is there of a lion's not being victorious in a fight with a bull? There is a considerable difference between a lion, whose body is adorned with numerous scars of wounds from the tusks of infuriated elephants, and a tame ox, whose body has been pricked by the goad." While the jackals were carrying on this discussion, the lion killed the bull Sanjívaka. When he was slain, Damanaka recovered his position of minister without a rival, and remained for a long time about the person of the king of beasts in perfect happiness.

Naraváhanadatta much enjoyed hearing from his prime minister Gomukha this wonderful story, which was full of statecraft, and characterized by consummate ability.

Note to Chapter 60. The fables of Pilpay.

Wilson in his collected works, (Vol. IV, p. 139) remarks that we have in the Kathá Sarit Ságara an earlier representative of the original collection of Indian fables, than even the Panchatantra, as it agrees better with the Kalilah and Dimnah than the Panchatantra does. The earliest Indian form of the Panchatantra appears to have been translated into Pehlevi in the time of the king of Persia, Khushru Naushírváns (between 531 and 572 A. D.); upon this the Arabic translation was based. It was edited by Silvestre de Sacy under the title, "Calila et Dimna ou Fables de Bidpai," and has been translated into German by Wolff, and into English by Knatchbull. There are many recensions of the Arabic translation as of the Panchatantra. (Benfey is of opinion that originally the latter work consisted of more than five sections.) The oldest translation of the Arabic version is the Greek one by Symeon Seth, which was made about 1080, A. D. (Benfey, Einleitung, p. 8, with note). The Latin translation of Possinus was made from this. Perhaps the most important translation of all is the Hebrew translation of Rabbi Joel. It must have been made about 1250. It has never been edited, with the exception of a small fragment, and is practically represented by the Latin translation of John of Capua, made between 1263 and 1278. Benfey considers that the first German translation was made from a MS. of this. The oldest German translation has no date. The second appeared at Ulm in 1483. Another version, probably not based upon any of these, is a poetical paraphrase, the Alter Aesopus of Baldo, edited by Edéléstand du Méril in his Poésies inédites du Moyen Age. There is a Spanish translation from the Arabic, perhaps through an unknown Latin version, which appeared about 1251. A portion has been published by Rodriguez De Castro. Possibly Raimond's Latin translation was based partly on this, and partly on the Latin translation of the Hebrew by John of Capua.

The Arabic version was translated into Persian by Nasr Allah in the 12th century. Upon it is based the Anvár-i-Suhaili of Husain Vaiz, which was written three centuries later. It has been translated into English by Eastwick. (Hertford 1854). (The above note is summarized from Benfey's Einleitung). See also Rhys Davids' Buddhist Birth Stories, Introduction, pp. xciii and xciv. He says that the Arabic version was made from the Syriac.

1

This is also found in the Panchatantra and the Hitopadeśa. See Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, (Einleitung), p. 100. In fact the present chapter corresponds to the 2nd book of the Hitopadeśa, "The separation of friends," Johnson's Translation, p. 40, and to the 1st book of the Panchatantra. In śl. 15, I read, with Dr. Kern, *śashpán*.

2

Weber supposes that the Indians borrowed all the fables representing the jackal as a wise animal, as he is not particularly cunning. He thinks that they took the Western stories about the fox, and substituted for that animal the jackal. Benfey argues that this does not prove that these fables are not of Indian origin. German stories represent the lion as king of beasts, though it is not a German animal. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, pp. 102, 103). See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, p. 122.

3

This story is found in the Hitopadeśa, the Panchatantra, the Kalilah and Dimnah, Anvár-i-Suhaili, Livre des Lumières, p. 61, Cabinet des Fées, XVII. 152, and other collections (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 105.) For the version of the Panchatantra, see Benfey, Vol. II, p. 9, for that of the Hitopadeśa, Johnson's Translation, p. 44. For that of the Kalíla and Dimna Benfey refers us to Knatchbull's translation, p. 88, for that of the Anvár-i-Suhaili to Eastwick's translation, p. 86. Benfey considers a fable of Æsop, in which an ape tries to fish and is nearly drowned, an imitation of this. It reminds one of the trick which the fox played the bear in Reineke Fuchs, (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 148.)

4

Cp. Panchatantra, Vol. II, p. 21. In the 1st volume Benfey tells us that in the old Greek version of the fables of Bidpai, the fox, who represents the jackal, loses through fear his appetite for other food, and for a hen in the Anvár-i-Suhaili, 99. The fable is also found in Livre des Lumières, p. 72, Cabinet des Fées, p. XVII, 183, and other collections. The

Arabic version and those derived from it leave out the point of the drum being found on a battle-field (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 132).

Cp. also Campbell's West Highland Tales, p. 268, "A fox being hungry one day found a bagpipe, and proceeded to eat the bag, which is generally made of hide. There was still a remnant of breath in the bag, and when the fox bit it, the drone gave a groan, when the fox, surprised but not frightened, said—'Here is meat and music.'"

5

I follow the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. *múḍhabuddiḥ prabhur nyáyam ukshnánenádya śikshyate*. This satisfies the metre, which Brockhaus's reading does not.

6

This word generally means crocodile. But in the Hitopadeśa the creature that kills the crane is a crab.

7

This fable is the 7th in Benfey's translation of the Panchatantra, Vol. II, p. 58. It is found in the 4th book of the Hitopadeśa, Johnson's translation, p. 103. It is also found in the Arabic version (Wolff, I, 41, Knatchbull, 114), Symeon Seth (Athenian edition, p. 16,) John of Capua, c. 4, b., German translation (Ulm., p. 1483. D., V, b.,) Spanish translation, XIII, 6, Firenzuola, 39, Doni, 59, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 117, Livre des Lumières, 92, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 221, Thousand and one Nights (Weil, III, 915.) Cp. Lafontaine, X, 4. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 175). Benfey shews that it may be Buddhistic in origin, quoting a story from Upham's Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon, III, 292. He also shews that it may have come into Buddhist books from the Greek, as Alcæus appears to have been acquainted with a similar Greek fable, (Æsopus, Furia 231, Cor., 70). See also Weber's Indische Studien, III, 343. I may as well mention that in the notes taken from Benfey's Panchatantra I substitute Johnson's translation of the Hitopadeśa for Max Mueller's. The story is found in Rhys Davids' translation of the Játakas, (pp. 317–321,) which has just been published.

8

Here he is called a *jhasha* which means "large fish."

9

Cp. Hitopadeśa, Johnson's translation, Fable, IX, p. 61, Arabic, (Wolff., 46, Knatchbull, 117,) Symeon Seth, 18, John of Capua c., 5, b., German translation (Ulm edition) 1483, E., II, a, Spanish, XIII, 6, Firenzuola, 43, Doni, 62, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 124, Livre des Lumières, 99, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 236, Baldo 4th Fable, Livre des Merveilles (in Edéléstand du

Méril, Poésies Inédites, 234), also Śukasaptati, 31. Benfey considers it to be Buddhistic in origin, referring to Memoires sur les contrées occidentales traduits du Sanscrit par Hiouen Thsang et du Chinois par Stan. Julien I, 361, Köppen, Religion des Buddha, p. 94, Note I, (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 179 and *ff.*) This is the 30th story in my copy of the Śukasaptati.

10

Dr. Kern conjectures *abhigarjinam* but the Sanskrit College MS. reads *matvá tatrátigarjitam iti sinham*, thinking that he was outroared there, however, the word sinham must be changed if this reading is to be adopted.

11

I prefer the reading *kas* of the Sanskrit College MS., and would render, "Whom can the king make his equal? Fortune does not proceed in that way."

12

I read *dosham* for *dosho* with the Sanskrit College MS.

13

Cp. the ninth in Benfey's translation, Vol. II, p. 71. Cp. also Kalilah and Dimnah, (Wolff. I, 59, Knatchbull, 126), Symeon Seth, p. 22, John of Capua d, 1, b, German translation (Ulm, 1483) E., V., a, Spanish translation, XVI a, Firenzuola, 49, Doni, 75, (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 223).

14

Cp. Johnson's translation of the Hitopadeśa, Fable XI, p. 110. Benfey compares Kalilah and Dimnah (Wolff. 1, 78, Knatchbull 138), John of Capua, d., 3, Symeon Seth, p. 25, German translation (Ulm 1483) F. 1, 6, Spanish translation, XVII, 6 and *ff*, Firenzuola, 57, Doni 54, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 153, Livre des Lumières, 118, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 294, (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 230.) Cp. also Sagas from the Far East, Tale XIX. In śl. 145, I read *vairaktyam*; see Böhtlingk and Roth s. v. *vairatya*.

15

I adopted this translation of *deśajna*, in deference to the opinion of a good native scholar, but might not the word mean simply "knowing countries?" The crow then would be a kind of feathered Ulysses, cp. Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 255. The fable may remind some readers of the following lines in Spenser's Mother Hubberd's Tale.

He shortly met the Tygre and the Bore
That with the simple Camell raged sore

In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
Upon his fleshly corpse to make invasion.

16

Benfey (Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 231) quotes the following passage from John of Capua's version, "Dicitur autem, melior omnium regum est qui aquilæ similatur in cujus circuitu sunt cadavera, pejor vero omnium est qui similatur cadaveri in cujus circuitu sunt aquilæ." It is wanting in De Sacy's edition of the Arabic version, and in the old Greek translation. This looks as if the Hebrew version, from which John of Capua translates, was the best representation of the original Indian work.

17

This corresponds to the 2nd Fable in the IVth book of the Hitopadeśa, Johnson's translation, page 99. Benfey considers that the fable of Æsop, which we find in Babrius, 115, is the oldest form of it. He supposes that it owes its present colouring to the Buddhists. It appears in the Arabic version (Wolff. I, 91, Knatchbull, 146), Symeon Seth, p. 28, John of Capua d., 5, b., German translation (Ulm., 1483) F., VIII, 6, Spanish translation, XIX a, Firenzuola, 65, Doni 93, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 159, Livre des Lumières, 124, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 309. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, pp. 239, 240). See also Weber, Indische Studien, III, 339. This story is found in the Avadánas translated from the Chinese by Stanislas Julien No. XIV, Vol. I, pp. 71–73, (Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 111.) It is the 3rd in La Fontaine's tenth book. The original source is probably the Kachchhapa Játaka; see Rhys Davids' Introduction to his Buddhist Birth stories, p. viii. In Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 15, the heron, which is carrying the fox, persuades it to let go, in order that she may spit on her hand. (A similar incident on page 112 of this volume.) Gosson in his School of Abuse, Arber's Reprints, p. 43, observes, "Geese are foolish birds, yet, when they fly over mount Taurus, they shew great wisdom in their own defence for they stop their pipes full of gravel to avoid gagling, and so by silence escape the eagles."

18

i. e., the provider for the future, the fish that possessed presence of mind, and the fatalist, who believed in *kismat*. This story is found in the Hitopadeśa, Book IV, Fable 11, Johnson's translation. Benfey has discovered it in the Mahábhárata, XII, (III, 538) v. 4889, and *ff.* He compares Wolff., I, 54, Knatchbull, 121, Symeon Seth, p. 20, John of Capua, c., 6, b., German translation (Ulm., 1483), E. III, a., Spanish, XV, b, Firenzuola, 47, Doni, 73, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 130, Livre des Lumières, 105, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 250. (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 241 and 242)

19

For the story of the pair of *ṭiṭṭibha* birds, cp. Hitopadeśa, Book II, fable X, Johnson's translation, p. 65. Benfey compares Wolff, I, 84, Knatchbull 145, Symeon Seth, 28, John of Capua d., 5, a., German translation (Ulm 1483) F., VII, a., Spanish, XIX, a., Firenzuola, 63, Doni, 92, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 158, Livre des Lumières, 123, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 307, (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 235) Benfey adduces evidence in favour of its Buddhistic origin.

20

The following story is the 17th in the 1st Book of the Panchatantra, Benfey's translation. He compares the Arabic version (Wolff, I, 91, Knatchbull, 150,) Symeon Seth, 31, John of Capua e., 1., German translation (Ulm 1483) G., IV., Spanish translation, XX, a., Firenzuola, 70, Doni, 98, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 170; Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 329. Symeon Seth has for the firefly λίθον στίλβοντα: the Turkish version in the Cabinet des Fées "Un morceau de crystal qui brillait." (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, pp. 269, 270).

21

Benfey compares the Arabic version, (Wolff, I, 93, Knatchbull, 151,) Symeon Seth, 31, John of Capua, o., 2., German translation (Ulm 1483) G., VI, b., Spanish, XXI, a., Firenzuola, 73, Doni, 104, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 172, Livre des Lumières, 129, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 333, Baldo, Fab. XIX, in Edéléstand du Méril. Benfey points out that that Somadeva agrees wholly or partly with the Arabic version in two points. The judges set the tree on fire (or apply smoke to it,) not Dharmabuddhi, (as in Panchatantra, Benfey, Vol. II, pp. 114 & *ff.*) Secondly, in the Panchatantra the father dies and the son is hanged, in De Sacy's Arabic and the old Greek version both remain alive, in Somadeva, and John of Capua, and the Anvár-i-Suhaili, the father dies and the son is punished. Here we have a fresh proof that the Hebrew version, from which John of Capua translated, is the truest representative of the oldest Arabic recension. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 275 and *ff.*) This story has been found in Tibet by the Head Master of the Bhútia School, Darjiling, Babu Śarat Chandra Dás.

22

I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *asadvyayi*.

23

i. e., "Virtuously-minded." His brother's name means—"Evil-minded."

24

Cp. Hitopadeśa, Johnson's translation, Fable, VIII, p. 60. Benfey appears not to be aware that this story is in Somadeva. It corresponds to the sixth in his 1st Book, Vol. II, p. 67. He thinks that Somadeva must have rejected it though it was in his copy. Benfey says it is of Buddhistic origin. It is found in the Arabic version (Wolff, p. 40, Knatchbull, p. 113), Symeon Seth, (Athenian edition, p. 16), John of Capua, e., 4, a., German translation, Ulm, 1483 D., IV. b., Spanish, XIII, 6, Firenzuola, 38, Doni, 57, Anvár-i-Suhaili, p. 116, Livre des Lumières, 91, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 220. It is connected with the 20th of the 1st book in Benfey's translation, in fact it is another form of it. (Somadeva's fable seems to be a blending of the two Panchatantra stories). Cp. also Phædrus, I, 28, Aristophanes, Aves, 652. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I. pp. 167–170.)

25

This corresponds to the 21st of the first book in Benfey's translation, Vol. II, p. 120. Cp. Arabic version (Wolff, I, 98, Knatchbull, 156.), Symeon Seth, 33, John of Capua, e., 4, German translation (Ulm, 1483) H., II, b., Firenzuola, 82, Doni, 113, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 187, Livre des Lumières, 135, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 353, Robert, Fables inédites, II, 193–196. (Benfey, I, 283). It is the 1st of the IXth Book of La Fontaine's Fables, Le depositaire infidèle.

This is the 218th Játaka. A *gámavásí* deposits ploughshares with a *nagaravásí* who sells them and buys *músikavaccam*. "*Phálá te músike hi kháditá ti músikavaccam dassesi.*" The rest much as in our tale. A *kulalo* is said to have carried off the son. (Fausböll, Vol. II, p 181.) If Plutarch is to be believed, the improbability of the merchant's son's story is not so very striking, for he tells us, in his life of Marcellus, that rats and mice gnawed the gold in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

26

The argument reminds one of that in "Die kluge Bauerntochter," (Grimm's Märchen, 94). The king adjudges a foal to the proprietor of some oxen, because it was found with his beasts. The real owner fishes in the road with a net. The king demands an explanation. He says, "It is just as easy for me to catch fish on dry land, as for two oxen to produce a foal." See also Das Märchen vom sprechenden Bauche, Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, pp. 83, 84.

Chapter LXI.

Then the minister Gomukha again said to Naraváhanadatta, in order to solace him while pining for Śaktiyaśas; “Prince, you have heard a tale of a wise person, now hear a tale about a fool.”

Story of the foolish merchant who made aloes-wood into charcoal.[1]

A certain rich merchant had a blockhead of a son. He, once on a time, went to the island of Kaṭáha to trade, and among his wares there was a great quantity of fragrant aloes-wood. And after he had sold the rest of his wares, he could not find any one to take the aloes-wood off his hands, for the people who live there are not acquainted with that article of commerce. Then, seeing people buying charcoal from the woodmen, the fool burnt his stock of aloes-wood and reduced it to charcoal. Then he sold it for the price which charcoal usually fetched, and returning home, boasted of his cleverness, and became a laughing-stock to everybody.

“I have told you of the man who burnt aloes-wood, now hear the tale of the cultivator of sesame.”

Story of the man who sowed roasted seed.[2]

There was a certain villager who was a cultivator, and very nearly an idiot. He one day roasted some sesame-seeds, and, finding them nice to eat, he sowed a large number of roasted seeds, hoping that similar ones would come up. When they did not come up, on account of their having been roasted, he found that he had lost his substance, and people laughed at him.

“I have spoken of the sesame-cultivator, now hear about the man who threw fire into water.”

Story of the fool who mixed fire and water.[3]

There was a silly man, who, one night, having to perform a sacrifice next day, thus reflected:—“I require water and fire, for bathing, burning incense, and other purposes; so I will put them together, that I may quickly obtain them when I want them.” Thus reflecting, he threw the fire into the pitcher of water, and then went to bed. And in the morning, when he came to look, the fire was extinct, and the water was spoiled. And when he saw the water blackened with charcoal, his face was blackened also, and the faces of the amused people were wreathed in smiles.

“You have heard the story of the man who was famous on account of the pitcher of fire, now hear the story of the nose-engrafter.”

Story of the man who tried to improve his wife’s nose.

There lived in some place or other a foolish man of bewildered intellect. He, seeing that his wife was flat-nosed, and that his spiritual instructor was high-nosed,[4] cut off the nose of the latter when he was asleep: and then he went and cut off his wife's nose, and stuck the nose of his spiritual instructor on her face, but it would not grow there. Thus he deprived both his wife and his spiritual guide of their noses.

"Now hear the story of the herdsman who lived in a forest."

Story of the foolish herdsman.

There lived in a forest a rich but silly herdsman. Many rogues conspired together and made friends with him. They said to him, "We have asked the daughter of a rich inhabitant of the town in marriage for you, and her father has promised to give her. When he heard that, he was pleased and gave them wealth, and after a few days they came again and said, "Your marriage has taken place." He was very much pleased at that, and gave them abundance of wealth. And after some more days they said to him: "A son has been born to you." He was in ecstasies at that, and he gave them all his wealth, like the fool that he was, and the next day he began to lament, saying, "I am longing to see my son." And when the herdsman began to cry, he incurred the ridicule of the people on account of his having been cheated by the rogues, as if he had acquired the stupidity of cattle from having so much to do with them.

"You have heard of the herdsman; now hear the story of the ornament-hanger."

Story of the fool and the ornaments.[5]

A certain villager, while digging up the ground, found a splendid set of ornaments, which thieves had taken from the palace and placed there. He immediately took them and decorated his wife with them; he put the girdle on her head, and the necklace round her waist, and the anklets on her wrists, and the bracelets on her ears.

When the people heard of it, they laughed, and bruited it about. So the king came to hear of it, and took away from the villager the ornaments, which belonged to himself, but let the villager go unharmed, because he was as stupid as an animal.

Story of the Fool and the Cotton.[6]

I have told you, prince, of the ornament-finder, now hear the story of the cotton-grower. A certain blockhead went to the market to sell cotton, but no one would buy it from him on the ground that it was not properly cleaned. In the meanwhile he saw in the *bazar* a goldsmith selling gold, which he had purified by heating it, and he saw it taken by a customer. When the stupid creature saw that, he threw the cotton into the fire in order to purify it, and when it was burnt up, the people laughed at him.

“You have heard, prince, this story of the cotton-grower, now hear the story of the men who cut down the palm-trees.”

Story of the Foolish Villagers who cut down the palm-trees.

Some foolish villagers were summoned by the king's officers, and set to work to gather some dates in accordance with an order from the king's court.[7] They, perceiving that it was very easy to gather the dates of one date-palm that had tumbled down of itself, cut down all the date-palms in their village. And after they had laid them low, they gathered from them their whole crop of dates, and then they raised them up and planted them again, but they did not succeed in making them grow. And then, when they brought the dates, they were not rewarded, but on the contrary punished with a fine by the king, who had heard of the cutting down of the trees.[8]

"I have told you this joke about the dates, now I am going to tell you about the looking for treasure."

Story of the Treasure-finder who was blinded.

A certain king took to himself a treasure-finder. And the wicked minister of that king had both the eyes of the man, who was able to find the places where treasure was deposited, torn out, in order that he might not run away anywhere. The consequence was that, being blind, he was incapacitated from seeing the indications of treasure in the earth, whether he ran away or remained; and people, seeing that,[9] laughed at the silly minister.

"You have heard of the searching for treasure, now hear about the eating of salt."

Story of the Fool and the Salt.

There was once on a time an impenetrably stupid man living in a village.[10] He was once taken home by a friend who lived in the city, and was regaled on curry and other food, made savoury by salt. And that blockhead asked, "What makes this food so savoury?" His friend told him that its relish was principally due to salt. He came to the conclusion that salt was the proper thing to eat, so he took a handful of crushed salt and threw it into his mouth, and ate it; the powdered salt whitened the lips and beard of the foolish fellow, and so the people laughed at him till his face became white also.

"You have heard, prince, the story of the devourer of salt, now hear the story of the man who had a milch-cow."

Story of the Fool and his Milch-cow.[11]

There was once on a time a certain foolish villager, and he had one cow. And that cow gave him every day a hundred *palas* of milk. And once on a time it happened that a feast was approaching. So he thought; "I will take all the cow's milk at once on the feast-day, and so get very much." Accordingly the fool did not milk his cow for a whole month. And when the feast came, and he did begin to milk it, he found its milk had failed, but to the people this was an unfailing source of amusement.

"You have heard of the fool who had a milch-cow, now hear the story of these other two fools."

Story of the Foolish Bald Man and the Fool who pelted him.

There was a certain bald man with a head like a copper pot. Once on a time a young man, who, being hungry, had gathered wood-apples, as he was coming along his path, saw him sitting at the foot of a tree. In fun he hit him on the head with a wood-apple; the bald man took it patiently and said nothing to him. Then he hit his head with all the rest of the wood-apples that he had, throwing them at him one after another, and the bald man remained silent, even though the blood flowed. So the foolish young fellow had to go home hungry without his wood-apples, which he had broken to pieces in his useless and childish pastime of pelting the bald man; and the foolish bald man went home with his head streaming with blood, saying to himself; “Why should I not submit to being pelted with such delicious wood-apples?” And everybody there laughed, when they saw him with his head covered with blood, looking like the diadem with which he had been crowned king of fools.

“Thus you see, prince, that foolish persons become the objects of ridicule in the world, and do not succeed in their objects; but wise persons are honoured.”

When Naraváhanadatta had heard from Gomukha these elegant and amusing anecdotes, he rose up and performed his day’s duties. And when night came on, the prince was anxious to hear some more stories, and at his request, Gomukha told this story about wise creatures.

Story of the Crow and the King of the Pigeons, the Tortoise and the Deer.[12]

There was in a certain forest region a great *Śalmali* tree; and in it there lived a crow, named Laghupátin, who had made his dwelling there. One day, as he was in his nest, he saw below the tree a terrible-looking man arrive with a stick, net in hand. And while the crow looked down from the tree, he saw

that the man spread out the net on the ground, and strewed there some rice, and then hid himself.

In the meanwhile the king of the pigeons, named Chitragríva, as he was roaming through the air, attended by hundreds of pigeons, came there, and seeing the grains of rice scattered on the ground, he alighted on the net out of desire for food, and got caught in the meshes with all his attendants. When Chitragríva saw that, he said to all his followers; “Take the net in your beaks, and fly up into the air as fast as you can.” All the terrified pigeons said,—“So be it”—and taking the net, they flew up swiftly, and began to travel through the air. The fowler too rose up, and with eye fixed upwards, returned despondent. Then Chitragríva, being relieved from his fear, said to his followers; “Let us quickly go to my friend the mouse Hiraṇya, he will gnaw these meshes asunder and set us at liberty.” With these words he went on with those pigeons, who were dragging the net along with them, and descended from the air at the entrance of a mouse’s hole. And there the king of the pigeons called the mouse, saying, —“Hiraṇya, come out, I, Chitragríva, have arrived.” And when the mouse heard through the entrance, and saw that his friend had come, he came out from that hole with a hundred openings. The mouse went up to him, and when he had heard what had taken place, proceeded with the utmost eagerness to gnaw asunder the meshes, that kept the pigeon-king and his retinue prisoners. And when he had gnawed the meshes asunder, Chitragríva took leave of him with kind words, and flew up into the air with his companions.

And when the crow, who had followed the pigeons, saw that, he came to the entrance of the hole, and said to the mouse who had re-entered it; “I am Laghupátin, a crow; seeing that you tender your friends dearly, I choose you for my friend, as you are a creature capable of delivering from such calamities.” When the mouse saw that crow from the inside of his hole, he said, “Depart! what friendship can there be between the eater and his prey?” Then the crow said,—“God forbid! If I were to eat you, my hunger might be satisfied for a moment, but if I make you my friend, my life will be always preserved by you.” When the crow had said this, and more, and had taken an oath, and so inspired confidence in the mouse, the mouse came

out, and the crow made friends with him. The mouse brought out pieces of flesh and grains of rice, and there they both remained eating together in great happiness.

And one day the crow said to his friend the mouse: “At a considerable distance from this place there is a river in the middle of a forest, and in it there lives a tortoise named Mantharaka, who is a friend of mine; for his sake I will go to that place where flesh and other food is easily obtained; it is difficult for me to obtain sustenance here, and I am in continual dread of the fowler.” When the crow said this to him, the mouse answered,—“Then we will live together, take me there also; for I too have an annoyance here, and when we get there, I will explain the whole matter to you.” When Hiraṇya said this, Laghupátin took him in his beak, and flew to the bank of that forest stream. And there he found his friend, the tortoise Mantharaka, who welcomed him, and he and the mouse sat with him. And after they had conversed a little, that crow told the tortoise the cause of his coming, together with the circumstance of his having made friends with Hiraṇya. Then the tortoise adopted the mouse, as his friend on an equal footing with the crow, and asked the cause of the annoyance which drove him from his native place. Then Hiraṇya gave this account of his experiences in the hearing of the crow and the tortoise.

Story of the Mouse and the Hermit.[13]

I lived in a great hole near the city, and one night I stole a necklace from the palace, and laid it up in my hole. And by looking at that necklace I acquired strength,[14] and a number of mice attached themselves to me, as being able to steal food for them. In the meanwhile a hermit had made a cell near my hole, and he lived on a large stock of food, which he obtained by begging. Every evening he used to put the food, which remained over after he had eaten, in his beggar’s porringer on an inaccessible peg, meaning to eat it the

next day.[15] And, every night, when he was asleep, I entered by a hole, and jumping up, carried it off.

Once on a time, another hermit, a friend of his, came there, and after eating, conversed with him during the night. And I was at that time attempting to carry off the food, so the first hermit, who was listening, made the pot resound frequently by striking it with a piece of split cane. And the hermit, who was his guest, said, “Why do you interrupt our conversation to do this?” Whereupon the hermit to whom the cell belonged, answered him, “I have got an enemy here in the form of this mouse, who is always jumping up and carrying off this food of mine, though it is high up. I am trying to frighten him by moving the pot of food with a piece of cane.” When he said this, the other hermit said to him, “In truth this covetousness is the bane of creatures, hear a story illustrative of this.”

Story of the Bráhman’s wife and the sesame-seeds.[16]

Once on a time, as I was wandering from one sacred bathing-place to another, I reached a town, and there I entered the house of a certain Bráhman to stay. And while I was there, the Bráhman said to his wife, “Cook to-day, as it is the change of the moon, a dish composed of milk, sesame, and rice, for the Bráhmans.” She answered him, “How can a pauper, like you, afford this?” Then the Bráhman said to her, “My dear, though we should hoard, we should not direct our thoughts to excessive hoarding—hear this tale.”

Story of the greedy Jackal.[17]

In a certain forest a hunter, after he had been hunting, fixed an arrow in a self-acting bow,[18] and after placing flesh on it, pursued a wild boar. He pierced the wild boar with a dart, but was mortally wounded by his tusks, and died; and a jackal beheld all this from a distance. So he came, but though he was hungry, he would not eat any of the abundant flesh of the hunter and the boar, wishing to hoard it up. But he went first to eat what had been placed on the bow, and that moment the arrow fixed in it flew up, and pierced him so that he died.

"So you must not indulge in excessive hoarding." When the Bráhman said this, his wife consented, and placed some sesame-seeds in the sun. And while she went into the house, a dog tasted them and defiled them, so nobody would buy that dish of sesame-seeds and rice.[19]

"So, you see, covetousness does not give pleasure, it only causes annoyance to those who cherish it." When the hermit, who was a visitor, had said this, he went on to say; "If you have a spade, give it me, in order that I may take steps to put a stop to this annoyance caused by the mouse." Thereupon the hermit, to whom the cell belonged, gave the visitor a spade, and I, who saw it all from my place of concealment, entered my hole. Then the cunning hermit, who had come to visit the other, discovering the hole by which I entered, began to dig. And while I retired further and further in, he went on digging, until at last he reached the necklace and the rest of my stores. And he said to the hermit, who resided there, in my hearing, "It was by the power of this necklace that the mouse had such strength." So they took away all my wealth and placed the necklace on their necks, and then the master of the cell and the visitor went to sleep with light hearts. But when they were asleep, I came again to steal, and the resident hermit woke up and hit me with a stick on the head. That wounded me, but, as it chanced, did not kill me, and I returned to my hole. But after that, I had never strength to make the bound necessary for stealing the food. For wealth is youth to creatures, and the want of it produces old age; owing to the want of it, spirit, might, beauty, and enterprise fail. So all my retinue of mice, seeing that I had become intent on feeding myself only, left me. Servants leave a master who does not support them, bees a tree without flowers, swans a tank without water, in spite of long association.

“So I have been long in a state of despondency, but now, having obtained this Laghupátin for a friend, I have come here to visit you, noble tortoise.” When Hiraṇya had said this, the tortoise Manthara answered—“This is a home to you; so do not be despondent, my friend. To a virtuous man no country is foreign; a man who is content cannot be unhappy; for the man of endurance calamity does not exist; there is nothing impossible to the enterprising.” While the tortoise was saying this, a deer, named Chitránga, came to that wood from a great distance, having been terrified by the hunters. When they saw him, and observed that no hunter was pursuing him, the tortoise and his companions made friends with him, and he recovered his strength and spirits. And those four, the crow, the tortoise, the mouse, and the deer, long lived there happily as friends, engaged in reciprocal courtesies.

One day Chitránga was behind time, and Laghupátin flew to the top of a tree to look for him, and surveyed the whole wood. And he saw Chitránga on the bank of the river, entangled in the fatal noose, and then he came down and told this to the mouse and the tortoise. Then they deliberated together, and Laghupátin took up the mouse in his beak, and carried him to Chitránga. And the mouse Hiraṇya comforted the deer, who was distressed at being caught, and in a moment set him at liberty by gnawing his bonds asunder.[20] In the meanwhile the tortoise Manthara, who was devoted to his friends, came up the bank near them, having travelled along the bed of the river. At that very moment the hunter, who had set the noose, arrived from somewhere or other, and when the deer and the others escaped, caught and made prize of the tortoise. And he put it in a net, and went off, grieved at having lost the deer. In the meanwhile the friends saw what had taken place, and by the advice of the far-seeing mouse, the deer went a considerable distance off, and fell down as if he were dead.[21] And the crow stood upon his head, and pretended to peck his eyes. When the hunter saw that, he imagined that he had captured the deer, as it was dead, and he began to make for it, after putting down the tortoise on the bank of the river. When the mouse saw him making towards the deer, he came up, and gnawed a hole in the net which held the tortoise, so the tortoise was set at liberty, and he plunged into the river. And when the deer saw the hunter coming near,

without the tortoise, he got up, and ran off, and the crow, for his part, flew up a tree. Then the hunter came back, and finding that the tortoise had escaped by the net's having been gnawed asunder, he returned home, lamenting that the tortoise had fled and could not be recovered.

Then the four friends came together again in high spirits, and the gratified deer addressed the three others as follows; "I am fortunate in having obtained you for friends, for you have to-day delivered me from death at the risk of your lives." In such words the deer praised the crow and the tortoise and the mouse, and they all lived together delighting in their mutual friendship.

Thus, you see, even animals attain their ends by wisdom, and they risk their lives sooner than abandon their friends in calamity. So full of love is the attachment that subsists among friends; but attachment to women is not approved because it is open to jealousy; hear a story in proof of this.

Story of the wife who falsely accused her husband of murdering a Bhilla.[22]

There lived once on a time in a certain town a jealous husband, who had for wife a beautiful woman, whom he loved exceedingly. But being suspicious he never left her alone, for he feared that she might be seduced even by men in pictures. However, one day he had to go to another country on unavoidable business, and he took his wife with him. And seeing that a forest inhabited by Bhillas lay in his way, he left his wife in the house of an old Bráhman villager, and proceeded on his journey. But, while she was there, she saw some Bhillas, who had come that way, and she eloped with a young Bhilla whom she saw. And she went with him to his village,[23] following her inclinations, having escaped from her jealous husband, as a river that has broken a dam.

In the meanwhile her husband finished his business, and returned, and asked the Bráhman villager for his wife, and the Bráhman answered him, “I do not know where she has gone; so much only I know, that some Bhillas came here: she must have been carried off by them. And their village is near here, go there quickly, you will find your wife there, without doubt.” When the Bráhman told him this, he wept, and blamed his own folly, and went to that village of Bhillas, and there he saw his wife. When the wicked woman saw him, she approached him in fear and said, “It is not my fault, the Bhilla brought me here by force.” Her husband, blind with love, said, “Come along, let us return home, before any one discovers us.” But she said to him, “Now is the time when the Bhilla returns from hunting; when he returns he will certainly pursue you and me, and kill us both. So enter this cavern at present, and remain concealed. But at night we will kill him when he is asleep, and leave this place in perfect safety.” When the wicked woman said this to him, he entered the cave; what room is there for discernment in the heart of one blinded with love?

The Bhilla returned at the close of the day, and that wicked woman shewed him her husband in the cave, whom his passion had enabled her to decoy there. And the Bhilla, who was a strong man, and cruel, dragged out the husband, and tied him firmly to a tree, in order that he might next day offer him to Bhaváni.

And he ate his dinner, and at night lay down to sleep by the side of the faithless wife, before the eyes of the husband. Then that jealous husband, who was tied to the tree, seeing him asleep, implored Bhaváni to help him in his need, praising her with hymns. She appeared and granted him a boon, so that he escaped from his bonds, and cut off the head of the Bhilla with his own sword. Then he woke up his wife, and said to her: “Come, I have killed this villain,” and she rose up much grieved. And the faithless woman set out at night with her husband, but she secretly took with her the head of the Bhilla. And the next morning, when they reached a town, she shewed the head, and laying hands upon her husband, cried out, “This man has killed my husband.” Then the city police took her with her husband before the king. And the jealous husband, being questioned, told the whole story. Then the king enquired into it, and finding that it was true, he ordered the

ears and nose of that faithless wife to be cut off, and set her husband at liberty. And he went home freed from the demon of love for a wicked woman.

“This, prince, is how a woman behaves when over-jealously watched, for the jealousy of the husband teaches the wife to run after other men. So a wise man should guard his wife without shewing jealousy. And a man must by no means reveal a secret to a woman, if he desires prosperity. Hear a story shewing this.”

Story of the snake who told his secret to a woman.

A certain snake,[24] out of fear of Garuḍa, fled to earth, and taking the form of a man, concealed himself in the house of a *hetæra*. And that *hetæra* used to take as payment five hundred elephants;[25] and the snake by his power gave her five hundred every day. And the lady importuned him to tell her how he acquired so many elephants every day, and who he was. And he, blinded with love, replied—“I am a snake hiding here from fear of Garuḍa, do not tell any one.” But the *hetæra* privately told all this to the *kuṭṭiní*.

Now Garuḍa, searching through the world for the snake, came there in the form of a man, and he came to the *kuṭṭiní* and said; “I wish to remain to-day in your daughter’s house, take my payment.” And the *kuṭṭiní* said to him, “There is a snake living here, who gives us five hundred elephants every day. What do we care about one day’s pay?” Then Garuḍa, finding out that the snake was living there, entered as a guest that *hetæra’s* house. And there he saw the snake on the flat roof, and revealing himself in his real form, he swooped down, and killed him, and ate him.

“So a wise man should not recklessly tell secrets to women.” Having said this, Gomukha told him another story of a simpleton.

Story of the bald man and the hair-restorer.

There was a bald man, with a head like a copper pot. And he, being a fool, was ashamed because, though a rich man in the world, he had no hair on his head. Then a rogue, who lived upon others, came to him and said, “There is a physician who knows a drug that will produce hair.” When he heard it, he said;—“If you bring him to me, I will give wealth to you and to that physician also.” When he said this, the rogue for a long time devoured his substance, and brought to that simpleton a doctor who was a rogue also. And after the doctor too had long lived at his expense, he one day removed his head-dress designedly, and shewed him his bald head. In spite of that, the blockhead, without considering, asked him for a drug which would produce hair, then the physician said to him,—“Since I am bald myself, how can I produce hair in others? It was in order to explain this to you, that I showed you my bald head. But out on you! you do not understand even now.” With these words the physician went away.

“So you see, prince, rogues perpetually make sport of fools. You have heard the story of the simpleton and his hair, now hear that of the simpleton and the oil.”

Story of a foolish servant.

A certain gentleman had a simpleton for a servant. His master sent him once to fetch oil from a merchant, and he received from him the oil in a vessel. And as he was returning, with the vessel in his hand, a friend of his said to

him,—“Take care of this oil-vessel, it leaks at the bottom.” When the blockhead heard this, he turned the vessel upside down to look at the bottom of it, and that made all the oil fall on the ground. When his master heard that, he turned out of his house that fool, who was the laughing-stock of the place.

“So it is better for a simpleton to rely upon his own sense, and not to take advice. You have heard about the simpleton and the oil, now hear the story of the simpleton and the bones.”

Story of the faithless wife who was present at her own Śráddha.

26

There was once a foolish man, and he had an unchaste wife. Once on a time, when her husband had gone away for some business to another country, she placed in charge of the house a confidential servant of hers, a truly unique maid, after giving her instructions as to what she was to do, and went away alone to the house of her paramour, intent on enjoying herself without being interfered with. When the lady’s husband returned, the maid, who had been well schooled beforehand, said with a voice choked with tears: “Your wife is dead and burnt.” She then took him to the burning-ghaut, and shewed him the bones belonging to the pyre of some other person; the fool brought them home with tears, and after bathing at the sacred bathing-places, and strewing her bones there, he proceeded to perform her *śráddha*. And he made his wife’s paramour the officiating Bráhman at the ceremony, as the maid brought him, saying that he was an excellent Bráhman. And every month his wife came with that Bráhman, splendidly dressed, and ate the sweetmeats. And then the maid said to him, “See, master, by virtue of her chastity your wife is enabled to return from

the other world, and eat with the Bráhman." And the matchless fool believed most implicitly what she said.

"In this way people of simple dispositions are easily imposed upon by wicked women. You have heard about the simpleton and the bones; now hear the story of the Chaṇḍála maiden."

Story of the ambitious Chaṇḍála maiden.

There was once a simple but good-looking Chaṇḍála maiden. And she formed in her heart the determination to win for her bridegroom a universal monarch. Once on a time, she saw the supreme sovereign go out to make a progress round his city, and she proceeded to follow him, with the intention of making him her husband. At that moment a hermit came that way; and the king, though mounted on an elephant, bowed at his feet, and returned to his own palace. When she saw that, she thought that the hermit was a greater man even than the king, and abandoning him, she proceeded to follow the hermit. The hermit, as he was going along, beheld in front of him an empty temple of Śiva, and kneeling on the ground, he worshipped Śiva, and then departed. Then the Chaṇḍála maiden thought that Śiva was greater even than the hermit, and she left the hermit, and attached herself to the god, with the intention of marrying him. Immediately a dog entered, and going up on to the pedestal of the idol, lifted up his leg, and behaved after the manner of the dog tribe. Then the Chaṇḍála maiden thought that the dog was superior even to Śiva, and leaving the god, followed the departing dog, desiring to marry him. And the dog entered the house of a Chaṇḍála, and out of affection rolled at the feet of a young Chaṇḍála whom it knew. When she saw that, she concluded that the young Chaṇḍála was superior to the dog, and satisfied with her own caste, she chose him as her husband.

"So fools, after aspiring high, fall into their proper place. And now hear in a few words the tale of the foolish king."

Story of the miserly king.

There was a certain foolish king, who was niggardly, though he possessed an abundant treasure, and once on a time his ministers, who desired his prosperity, said to him: “King, charity here averts misery in the next life. So bestow wealth in charity; life and riches are perishable.” When the king heard this, he said, “Then I will bestow wealth, when I am dead, and see myself reduced to a state of misery here.” Then the ministers remained silent, laughing in their sleeves.

“So, you see, a fool never takes leave of his wealth, until his wealth takes leave of him. You have heard, prince, of the foolish king, now hear the story of the two friends, by way of an episode in these tales of fools.”

Story of Dhavalamukha, his trading friend, and his fighting friend.[27]

There was a king in Kányakubja, named Chandrapíḍa. And he had a servant named Dhavalamukha. And he, whenever he came to his house, had eaten and drunk abroad. And one day his wife asked him,—“Where do you always eat and drink before you come home?” And Dhavalamukha answered her, “I always eat and drink with my friends before I come home, for I have two friends in the world. The one is called Kalyáṇavarman, who obliges me with food and other gifts, and the other is Vírabáhu, who would oblige me with the gift of his life.” When his wife heard this, she said to Dhavalamukha, “Then shew me your two friends.”

Then he went with her to the house of Kalyáṇavarman, and Kalyáṇavarman honoured him with a splendid entertainment. The next day he went with his wife to Vírabáhu, and he was gambling at the time, so he welcomed him and dismissed him. Then Dhavalamukha's wife, being full of curiosity, said to him: "Kalyáṇavarman entertained you splendidly, but Vírabáhu only gave you a welcome. So why do you think more highly of Vírabáhu than of the other?" When he heard that, he said, "Go and tell them both in succession this fabrication, that the king has suddenly become displeased with us, and you will find out for yourself." She agreed, and went to Kalyáṇavarman and told him that falsehood, and he answered: "Lady, I am a merchant's son, what can I do against the king?" When he gave her this answer, she went to Vírabáhu, and told him also that the king was angry with her husband; and the moment he heard it, he came running with his shield and his sword. But Dhavalamukha induced him to return home, saying that the king's ministers had pacified his resentment. And he said to his wife: "This, my dear, is the difference between those two friends of mine." And she was quite satisfied.

"So you see that a friend, that shews his friendship by ceremonious entertainment only, is a different thing from a real friend; though oil and ghee both possess the property of oiliness,[28] oil is oil, and ghee is ghee." When Gomukha had told this story, he continued his tales of fools for the benefit of Naraváhanadatta.

Story of the thirsty fool that did not drink.

A certain foolish traveller, tormented by thirst, having with difficulty got through a wood, reached a river; however, he did not drink of it, but kept looking at the water. Some one said to him: "Why do you not drink water, though you are thirsty?" But the blockhead answered, "How could I drink so much water as this?" The other person ridiculed him, saying, "What! will

the king punish you, if you drink it all up?" But still the foolish man did not drink the water.

"So you see that in this world fools will not even do a part of a task to the best of their power, if they are not able to complete it altogether. Now you have heard about the fool and the water, hear the story of the son-slayer."

Story of the fool who killed his son.

There was once a foolish man, who was poor and had many sons. When one of his sons died, he killed another, saying, How could this child go such a long journey alone? So he was banished by the people, as being a fool and a criminal.

"Thus a fool is as void of sense and discernment as an animal. You have heard of the son-killer, now hear the story of the fool and his brother."

Story of the fool and his brother.

A certain stupid fellow was talking in a crowd of men. Seeing a respectable man some way off, he said: "That man there is brother to me, so I shall inherit his property, but I am no relation to him, so I am not liable for his debts." When the fool said this, even the stones laughed at him.

Thus fools shew folly, and people blinded by the thought of their own advantage behave in a very wonderful way. So you have heard the story of the fool and his brother, now hear the story of the man whose father followed a strict vow of chastity."

Story of the Brahmachárin’s son.

A certain fool was engaged in relating his father’s good qualities in the midst of his friends. And describing his father’s superior excellence, he said: “My father has followed a strict vow of chastity from his youth, there is no man who can be compared with him.” When his friends heard that, they said, “How did you come into the world?” He answered “Oh! I am a mind-born son of his;” whereupon the matchless fool was well laughed at by the people.[29]

“Thus foolish people make self-contradictory statements with regard to others. You have heard the story of the son of the man who observed a strict vow of chastity. Hear now the story of the astrologer.”

Story of the astrologer who killed his son.

There was a certain astrologer wanting in discernment. He left his own country with his wife and son, because he could not earn a subsistence, and went to another country. There he made a deceitful display of his skill, in order to gain complimentary presents by a factitious reputation for ability. He embraced his son before the public and shed tears. When the people asked him why he did this, the wicked man said: “I know the past, the present, and the future, and that enables me to foresee that this child of mine will die in seven days from this time: this is why I am weeping.” By these words he excited the wonder of the people, and when the seventh day arrived, he killed his son in the morning, as he lay asleep. When the people saw that his son was dead, they felt confidence in his skill, and honoured

him with presents, and so he acquired wealth and returned leisurely to his own country.

“Thus foolish men, through desire of wealth, go so far as to kill their sons, in order to make a false display of prescience; the wise should not make friends with such. Now hear the story of the foolish man who was addicted to anger.”

Story of the violent man who justified his character.

One day a man was relating to his friends, inside a house, the good qualities of a man, who was listening outside. Then a person present said: “It is true, my friend, that he possesses many good qualities, but he has two faults; he is violent and irascible.” While he was saying this, the man, who was outside, overhearing him, entered hastily, and twisted his garment round his throat, and said: “You fool, what violence have I done, what anger have I been guilty of?” This he said in an abusive way, inflamed with the fire of anger. Then the others who were there laughed, and said to him, “Why should he speak? You have been good enough to give us ocular demonstration of your anger and your violence.”

“So you see that fools do not know their own faults, though they are patent to all men. Now hear about the foolish king who made his daughter grow.”

Story of the foolish king who made his daughter grow.[30]

A certain king had a handsome daughter born to him. On account of his great affection for her, he wished to make her grow, so he quickly summoned physicians, and said politely to them: “Make some preparation of salutary drugs, in order that my daughter may grow up quickly, and be married to a good husband.” When the physicians heard this, they said, in order to get a living out of the silly king: “There is a medicine which will do this, but it can only be procured in a distant country, and while we are sending for it, we must shut up your daughter in concealment, for this is the treatment laid down for such cases.” When they had said this, they placed his daughter in concealment there for many years, saying that they were engaged in bringing that medicine. And when she grew up to be a young woman, they shewed her to that king, telling him that she had been made to grow by the medicine; and he was pleased, and loaded them with heaps of wealth.

“In this way rogues by means of imposture live on foolish sovereigns. Now hear the story of a man who shewed his cleverness by recovering half a *paṇa*.”

Story of the man who recovered half a paṇa from his servant.[31]

There was once on a time a man living in a town, who was vain of his wisdom. And a certain villager, who had served him for a year, being dissatisfied with his salary, left him and went home. And when he had gone, the town-bred gentleman said to his wife,—“My dear, I hope you did not give him anything before he went?” She answered, “Half a *paṇa*.” Then he spent ten *paṇas* in provisions for the journey, and overtook that servant on the bank of a river, and recovered from him that half *paṇa*. And when he related it as a proof of his skill in saving money, he became a public laughing-stock.

“Thus men, whose minds are blinded with wealth, fling away much to gain little. Now hear the story of the man who took notes of the spot.”

Story of the fool who took notes of a certain spot in the sea.[32]

A certain foolish person, while travelling by sea, let a silver vessel fall from his hand into the water. The fool took notes of the spot, observing the eddies and other signs in the water, and said to himself: “I will bring it up from the bottom, when I return.” He reached the other side of the sea, and as he was re-crossing, he saw the eddies and other signs, and thinking he recognized the spot, he plunged into the water again and again to recover his silver vessel. When the others asked him what his object was, he told them, and got well laughed at and abused for his pains.

“Now hear the story of the king who wished to substitute other flesh for what he had taken away.”

Story of the king who replaced the flesh.[33]

A foolish king saw from his palace two men below. And seeing that one of them had taken flesh from the kitchen, he had five *palas* of flesh cut from his body. When the flesh had been cut away, the man groaned and fell on the earth, and the king, seeing him, was moved with compassion, and said to the warder: “His grief cannot be assuaged because five *palas* of flesh were cut from him, so give him more than five *palas* of flesh by way of

compensation." The warder said: "When a man's head is cut off, does he live even if you give him a hundred heads?" Then he went outside and had his laugh out, and comforted the man from whom the flesh had been cut, and handed him over to the physicians.

"So you see, a silly king knows how to punish, but not how to shew favour. Hear this story of the silly woman who wanted another son."

Story of the woman who wanted another son.[34]

One day a woman with only one son, desiring another, applied to a wicked female ascetic belonging to a heretical sect. The ascetic told her that, if she killed her young son and offered him to the divinity, another son would certainly be born to her. When she was preparing to carry out this advice, another and a good old woman said to her in private: "Wicked woman, you are going to kill the son you have already, and wish to get another. Supposing a second is not born to you, what will you do?" So that good old woman dissuaded her from crime.

"So women, who associate with witches, fall into evil courses, but they are restrained and saved by the advice of the old. Now, prince, hear the story of the man who brought the *ámalaka* fruit."

Story of the servant who tasted the fruit.[35]

A certain householder had a stupid servant. As the householder was fond of *ámalakas*, he said to his servant, “Go, and bring me some perfectly sweet *ámalakas* from the garden.” The foolish fellow bit every one, to taste if it was sweet, and then brought them, and said; “Look, master, I tasted these and found them sweet, before bringing them.” And his master, seeing that they were half eaten, sent them away in disgust and his stupid servant too.

“Thus a foolish person ruins his master’s interests and then his own, and here by way of episode hear the story of the two brothers.”

Story of the two brothers Yajnasoma and Kírtisoma.

There were two Bráhmans, brothers, in the city of Páṭaliputra; the elder was called Yajnasoma and the younger Kírtisoma. And those two young Bráhmans had much wealth derived from their father. Kírtisoma increased his share by business, but Yajnasoma exhausted his by enjoying and giving. Then, being reduced to poverty, he said to his wife; “My dear, how can I, who am reduced from riches to poverty, live among my relations? Let us go to some foreign country.” She said,—“How can we go without money for the journey.” Still her husband insisted, so she said to him: “If you really must go, then first go and ask your younger brother Kírtisoma for some money for the journey.” So he went and asked his younger brother for his travelling expenses, but his younger brother’s wife said to him: “How can we give even the smallest sum to this man who has wasted his substance. For every one who falls into poverty will sponge on us.” When Kírtisoma heard this, he no longer felt inclined to give anything to his elder brother, though he loved him. Subjection to bad women is pernicious!

Then Yajnasoma went away silent, and told that to his wife, and set out with her, relying upon the help of Heaven only. When they reached the wood, it happened that, as he was going along, he was swallowed by a monstrous

serpent. And when his wife saw it, she fell on the ground and lamented. And the serpent said with a human voice to the lady: “Why do you lament, my good woman?” The Bráhman lady answered the snake: “How can I help lamenting, mighty sir, when you have deprived me in this remote spot of my only means of obtaining alms?” When the serpent heard that, he brought out of his mouth a great vessel of gold and gave it her, saying, “Take this as a vessel in which to receive alms.”[36] The good Bráhman lady said, “Who will give me alms in this vessel, for I am a woman?” The serpent said: “If any one refuses to give you alms in it, his head shall that moment burst into a hundred pieces. What I say is true.” When the virtuous Bráhman lady heard that, she said to the serpent, “If this is so, then give me my husband in it by way of alms.” The moment the good lady said this, the serpent brought her husband out of his mouth alive and unharmed. As soon as the serpent had done this, he became a man of heavenly appearance, and being pleased, he said to the joyful couple: “I am a king of the Vidyádharas, named Kánchanavega, and by the curse of Gautama I was reduced to the condition of a serpent. And it was appointed that my curse should end when I conversed with a good woman.” When the king of the Vidyádharas had said this, he immediately filled the vessel with jewels, and delighted flew up into the sky. And the couple returned home with abundance of jewels. And there Yajnasoma lived in happiness having obtained inexhaustible wealth.

“Providence gives to every one in accordance with his or her character. Hear the story of the foolish man who asked for the barber.”

Story of the fool who wanted a barber.

A certain inhabitant of Karṇáṭa pleased his king by his daring behaviour in battle. His sovereign was pleased, and promised to give him whatever he asked for, but the spiritless warrior chose the king’s barber.

“Every man chooses what is good or bad according to the measure of his own intellect: now hear the story of the foolish man who asked for nothing at all.”

Story of the man who asked for nothing at all.

A certain foolish man, as he was going along the road, was asked by a carter to do something to make his cart balance evenly. He said, “If I make it right, what will you give me?” The carter answered; “I will give you nothing at all.” Then the fool put the cart even, and said, “Give me the nothing-at-all you promised.” But the carter laughed at him. “So you see, king, fools are for ever becoming the object of the scorn and contempt and reproach of men, and fall into misfortune, while the good on the other hand are thought worthy of honour.”

When the prince surrounded by his ministers, had heard at night these amusing stories from Gomukha, he was enabled to enjoy sleep, which refreshes the whole of the three worlds.

1

This is No. 84 in Stanislas Julien’s translation of the Avadánas.

2

This is No. 67 in Stanislas Julien’s translation of the Avadánas. This story is found in Coelho’s Contos Portuguezes, p. 112. So Ino persuaded the women of the country to roast the wheat before it was sown, Preller Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 312. To this Ovid refers, Fasti, II, 628, and III, 853–54.

3

This is No. 70 in Stanislas Julien’s translation of the Avadánas.

4

Cp. The Two Noble Kinsmen, Act IV, Scene 2, l. 110,

His nose stands high, a character of honour.

5

This is No. 57 in Stanislas Julien's translation of the Avadánas.

6

This is No. 71 in the Avadánas.

7

The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *rájakuládishṭakharjúránayanam*. This is No. 45 in the Avadánas translated by Stanislas Julien.

8

The reading of the Sanskrit College MS. is *ádritánoparenate*, but probably the reading is *ádṛitá no, paṇena te* they were not honoured but on the contrary punished with a fine.

9

I think *tad* should be *tam*. The story is No. 58 in the Avadánas.

10

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *gahvaragrámavásí*, but below *sa gahvaraḥ*. This story is No. 38 in the Avadánas.

11

This story is No. 98 in the Avadánas.

12

Benfey shews that this introduction is probably of Buddhistic origin. He quotes from Upham's Sacred and Historical books of Ceylon a story about some snipe, which escape in the same way, but owing to disunion are afterwards caught again. Cp. also Mahábhárata, V (II, 180) v. 2455 and *ff.*, also Baldo Fab. X, in Edéléstand du Méril, Poésies Inédites, pp. 229, 230, La Fontaine, XII, 15. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 304, and *ff.*) See the first book of the Hitopadeśa, (page 3, Johnson's translation) and the 2nd book of the Panchatantra (page 176, Benfey's translation). It is to be found in Rhys Davids' translation of the Játakas, which has just reached India, pp. 296–298.

13

Cp. Wolff, I, 159, Knatchbull, 201, Symeon Seth, 47, John of Capua, g., 3, b., German translation (Ulm, 1483) M., IV, b., Spanish translation, XXXI, b., Doni, 18, Anvár-i-

Suhaili, 273, Livre des Lumières, 211, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 410, Hitopadeśa (Johnson) Fable V, p. 22. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 316.)

14

For *jata* we must read *játa*. Cp. for the power given by a treasure the 18th chapter of this work, see also Benfey, Vol. I, p. 320.

15

The Sanskrit College MS. has *ullambya*, having hung it upon a peg.

16

Cp. Wolff, I, 160, Knatchbull, 202, Symeon Seth, 48, John of Capua, g., 6, German translation (Ulm) M., IV, b., Anvár-i-Suhaili, 275, Livre des Lumières, 214, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 412. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 318.)

17

Cp. Hitopadeśa, Fable VII, p. 30. Benfey compares Wolff, I, 162, Knatchbull, 203, Symeon Seth, 48, John of Capua, g., 6, German translation (Ulm, 1483) M., V, Spanish translation, XXXII, a, Doni, p. 20, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 275, Livre des Lumières, 216, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 413, Camerarius, Fab. Æsop., 388, Lafontaine, VIII, 27, Lancereau, French translation of the Hitopadeśa, 222, Robert, Fables Inédites, II, 191. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 320). Cp. also Sagas from the Far East, p. 189.

18

Perhaps we should read—*sáyake*.

19

Here Somadeva departs from the Panchatantra, (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 318.)

20

As he does the lion in Babrius, 107.

21

Benfey compares Grimm R. F. CCLXXXIV, Renart, br. 25, Grimm Kinder- und Hausmärchen, 58, (III, 100) Keller, Romans des sept Sages, CLII, Dyocletian, Einleitung, 48, Conde Lucanor, XLIII. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 333). See also Lafontaine's Fables, XII, 15. This is perhaps the story which General Cunningham found represented on a bas-relief of the Bharhut Stúpa. (See General Cunningham's Stúpa of Bharhut, p. 67.) The origin of the story is no doubt the Birth-story of "The Cunning Deer," Rhys Davids' translation of the Játakas, pp. 221–223. The Kurunga Miga Játaka, No. 206 in Fausböll Vol. II, p. 152 is a

still better parallel. In this the tortoise gnaws through the bonds, the crane (*satapatto*) smites the hunter on the mouth as he is leaving his house; he twice returns to it on account of the evil omen; and when the tortoise is put in a bag, the deer leads the hunter far into the forest, returns with the speed of the wind, upsets the bag, and tears it open.

22

Benfey compares with this the fifth story in the 4th book of his Panchatantra, *Wie eine Frau liebe belohnt*. But the very story is found in Taranga 65, which was not published when Benfey wrote his book. For parallel stories see Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 39 and *ff.* where he is treating of a tale in the Nugæ Curialium of Gualterus Mapes. The woman behaves like Erippe in a story related by Parthenius (VIII). In the heading of the tale we are told that Aristodemus of Nysa tells the same tale with different names.

23

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *pallím* for *patním*.

24

Nága in the original—a fabulous serpent demon with a human face. Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 65. "He flies as a fiery snake into his mistress's bower, stamps with his foot on the ground and becomes a youthful gallant."

25

Cp. Arrian's Indika, chapter xvii, McCrindle's translation.

26

This story corresponds to No. XLIII, in the Avadánas.

27

This to a certain extent resembles the 129th story in the Gesta Romanorum, "Of Real Friendship." Douce says that the story is in Alphonsus. A story more closely resembling the story in the Gesta is current in Bengal, with this difference, that a goat does duty for the pig of the Gesta. A son tells his father he has three friends, the father says that he has only half a friend. Of course the half friend turns out worth all the three put together. The Bengali story was told me by Paṇḍit Śyámá Charan Mukhopádhyáya. See also Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 291, and note 371. See also Herrtage's English Gesta, p. 127, Tale 33.

28

A perpetually recurring pun! The word can either mean "oiliness" or "affection."

29

Cp. what Sganarelle says in Le Mariage Forcé:

"*La raison. C'est que je ne me sens point propre pour le mariage, et que je veux imiter mon père et tous ceux de ma race, qui ne se sont jamais voulu marier.*"

30

This story bears a certain resemblance to the European stories of grammarians who undertake to educate asses or monkeys. (See Lévêque, Les Mythes et Légendes de l'Inde et de la Perse, p. 320.) La Fontaine's Charlatan is perhaps the best known. This story is found in Prym und Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 292, where a man undertakes to teach a camel to read.

31

This story is No. LI in the Avadánas.

32

See Felix Liebrecht, Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 135 on the Avadánas translated from the Chinese by Stanislas Julien, Paris, 1859 where this story is found (No. LXIX.) He compares a story of an Irishman who was hired by a Yarmouth Malster to assist in loading his ship. As the vessel was about to set sail, the Irishman cried out from the quay. "Captain, I lost your shovel overboard, but I cut a big notch on the rail-fence, round stern, just where it went down, so you will find it when you come back." Vol. II, p. 544, note. Liebrecht thinks he has read something similar in the Ἀστεῖα of Hierokles. See also Bartsch, Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 349.

33

See Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, pp. 119 and 120, also Benfey's Panchatantra. Vol. I, p. 391, Nachträge II, 543. This is No. CIII. in the Avadánas.

34

This is No. XLIX in the Avadánas.

35

This is No. XXXVII in the Avadánas.

36

In the original the husband is called a "vessel of alms," *i. e.*, "receiver of alms," but the pun cannot be retained in the translation without producing obscurity.

Chapter LXII.

The next morning Naraváhanadatta got up, and went into the presence of the king of Vatsa his loving father. There he found Sinhavarman, the brother of the queen Padmávatí and the son of the king of Magadha, who had come there from his own house. The day passed in expressions of welcome, and friendly conversation, and after Naraváhanadatta had had dinner, he returned home. There the wise Gomukha told this story at night, in order to console him who was longing for the society of Śaktiyaśas.

Story of the war between the crows and the owls.[1]

There was in a certain place a great and shady banyan-tree, which seemed, with the voices of its birds, to summon travellers to repose. There a king of the crows, named Meghavarṇa, had established his home, and he had an enemy named Avamarda, king of the owls. The king of the owls surprised the king of the crows there at night, and after inflicting a defeat on him and killing many crows, departed. The next morning the king of the crows, after the usual compliments, said to his ministers Uḍḍívin, Áḍívin, Saṇḍívin, Praḍívin,[2] and Chirajívin: "That powerful enemy, who has thus defeated us, may get together a hundred thousand soldiers, and make another descent on us. So let some preventive measure be devised for this case." When Uḍḍívin heard this, he said; "King, with a powerful enemy, one must either retire to another country, or adopt conciliation." When Áḍívin heard this, he said, "The danger is not immediate; let us consider the intentions of the adversary and our own power, and do the best we can." Then Saṇḍívin said, "King, death is preferable to submission to the foe, or retiring to another

country. We must go and fight with that feeble enemy; a brave and enterprising king, who possesses allies, conquers his foes." Then Praḍívin said, "He is too powerful to be conquered in battle, but we must make a truce with him, and kill him when we get an opportunity." Then Chirajívin said, "What truce? Who will be ambassador? There is war between the crows and the owls from time immemorial; who will go to them? This must be accomplished by policy; policy is said to be the very foundation of empires." When the king of the crows heard that, he said to Chirajívin, —"You are old; tell me if you know, what was originally the cause of the war between the crows and the owls. You shall state your policy afterwards." When Chirajívin heard this, he answered, "It is all due to an inconsiderate utterance. Have you never heard the story of the donkey?"

Story of the ass in the panther's skin.[3]

A certain washerman had a thin donkey; so, in order to make it fat, he used to cover it with the skin of a panther and let it loose to feed in his neighbour's corn. While it was eating the corn, people were afraid to drive it away, thinking that it was a panther. One day a cultivator, who had a bow in his hand, saw it. He thought it was a panther, and through fear bending down, and making himself humpbacked, he proceeded to creep away, with his body covered with a rug. When the donkey saw him going away in this style, he thought he was another donkey, and being primed with corn, he uttered aloud his own asinine bray. Then the cultivator came to the conclusion that it was a donkey, and returning, killed with an arrow the foolish animal, which had made an enemy with its own voice. "In the same way our feud with the crows is due to an inconsiderate utterance."

How the crow dissuaded the birds from choosing the owl king.[4]

For once upon a time the birds were without a king. They all assembled together, and bringing an umbrella and a chowrie, were proceeding to anoint the owl king of the birds. In the meanwhile a crow, flying in the air above, saw it, and said; “You fools, are there not other birds, cuckoos and so on, that you must make this cruel-eyed unpleasant-looking wicked bird king? Out on the inauspicious owl! You must elect a heroic king whose name will ensure prosperity. Listen now, I will tell you a tale.

Story of the elephants and the hares.[5]

There is a great lake abounding in water, called Chandrasaras. And on its bank there lived a king of the hares, named Śilímukha. Now, once on a time, a leader of a herd of elephants, named Chaturdanta, came there to drink water, because all the other reservoirs of water were dried up in the drought that prevailed. Then many of the hares, who were the subjects of that king, were trampled to death by Chaturdanta’s herd, while entering the lake. When that monarch of the herd had departed, the hare-king Śilímukha, being grieved, said to a hare named Vijaya in the presence of the others; “Now that that lord of elephants has tasted the water of this lake, he will come here again and again, and utterly destroy us all, so think of some expedient in this case. Go to him, and see if you have any artifice which will suit the purpose or not. For you know business and expedients, and are an ingenious orator. And in all cases in which you have been engaged the result has been fortunate.” When despatched with these words, the hare was pleased, and went slowly on his way. And following up the track of the herd, he overtook that elephant-king and saw him, and being determined somehow or other to have an interview with the mighty beast, the wise hare climbed up to the top of a rock, and said to the elephant; “I am the

ambassador of the moon, and this is what the god says to you by my mouth; 'I dwell in a cool lake named Chandrasaras;[6] there dwell hares whose king I am, and I love them well, and thence I am known to men as the cool-rayed and the hare-marked;[7] now thou hast defiled that lake and slain those hares of mine. If thou do that again, thou shalt receive thy due recompense from me.'" When the king of elephants heard this speech of the crafty hare's, he said in his terror; "I will never do so again: I must shew respect to the awful moon-god." The hare said,—"So come, my friend, I pray, and we will shew him to you." After saying this, the hare led the king of elephants to the lake, and shewed him the reflection of the moon in the water. When the lord of the herd saw that, he bowed before it timidly at a distance, oppressed with awe, and never came there again. And Śilímukha, the king of the hares, was present, and witnessed the whole transaction, and after honouring that hare, who went as an ambassador, he lived there in security.

When the crow had told this story, he went on to say to the birds, "This is the right sort of king, whose name alone ensures none of his subjects being injured. So why does this base owl, who cannot see in the day, deserve a throne? And a base creature is never to be trusted, hear this tale in proof of it."

Story of the bird, the hare, and the cat.[8]

Once on a time I lived in a certain tree, and below me in the same tree a bird, named Kapinjala, had made a nest and lived. One day he went away somewhere, and he did not return for many days. In the meanwhile a hare came and took possession of his nest. After some days Kapinjala returned, and an altercation arose between him and the hare, as both laid claim to the nest, exclaiming; "It is mine, not yours." Then they both set out in search of a qualified arbitrator. And I, out of curiosity, followed them unobserved, to see what would turn up. After they had gone a little way they saw on the bank of a lake a cat, who pretended to have taken a vow of abstinence from

injury to all creatures, with his eyes half-closed in meditation. They said to one another; “Why should we not ask this holy cat here to declare what is just?”—Then they approached the cat and said; “Reverend sir, hear our cause, for you are a holy ascetic.” When the cat heard that, he said to them in a low voice,—“I am weak from self-mortification, so I cannot hear at a distance, pray, come near me. For a case wrongly decided brings temporal and eternal death.” With these words the cat encouraged them to come just in front of him, and then the base creature killed at one spring both the hare and Kapinjala.

“So, you see, one cannot confide in villains whose actions are base. Accordingly you must not make this owl king, for he is a great villain.” When the crow said this to the birds, they admitted the force of it, and gave up the idea of anointing the owl king, and dispersed in all directions. And the owl said to the crow; “Remember; from this day forth you and I are enemies. Now I take my leave of you.” And he went away in a rage. But the crow, though he thought that he had spoken what was right, was for a moment despondent. Who is not grieved when he has involved himself in a dangerous quarrel by a mere speech?

“So you see that our feud with the owls arose from an inconsiderate utterance.” Having said this to the king, Chirajívin continued, “The owls are numerous and strong, and you cannot conquer them. Numbers prevail in this world, hear an instance.”

Story of the Bráhman, the goat, and the rogues.[9]

A Bráhman had bought a goat, and was returning from a village with it on his shoulder, when he was seen on the way by many rogues, who wished to deprive him of the goat. And one of them came up to him, and pretending to be in a great state of excitement, said; “Bráhman, how come you to have

this dog on your shoulder? Put it down." When the Bráhman heard that, he paid no attention to it, but went on his way. Then two more came up and said the very same thing to him. Then he began to doubt, and went along examining the goat carefully, when three other rascals came up to him and said: "How comes it that you carry a dog and a sacrificial thread at the same time? Surely you must be a hunter, not a Bráhman, and this is the dog with the help of which you kill game." When the Bráhman heard that, he said: "Surely some demon has smitten my sight and bewildered me. Can all these men be under the influence of an optical delusion?" Thereupon the Bráhman flung down the goat, and after bathing, returned home, and the rogues took the goat and made a satisfactory meal off it.

After Chirajívin had told this tale, he said to the king of the crows: "So you see, king, numerous and powerful foes are hard to conquer. So you had better adopt, in this war with powerful foes, the following expedient, which I suggest. Pluck out some of my feathers,[10] and leave me under this tree, and go to that hill there, until I return, having accomplished my object. The king of the crows agreed, and plucked out some of his feathers, as if in anger, and placed him under the tree, and went off to the mountain with his followers: and Chirajívin remained lying flat under the tree which was his home.

Then the king of the owls, Avamarda, came there at night with his followers, and he did not see a single crow on the tree. At that moment Chirajívin uttered a feeble caw below, and the king of the owls, hearing it, came down, and saw him lying there. In his astonishment he asked him who he was, and why he was in that state. And Chirajívin answered, pretending that his voice was weak from pain; "I am Chirajívin, the minister of that king of the crows. And he wished to make an attack on you in accordance with the advice of his ministers. Then I rebuked those other ministers, and said to him, 'If you ask me for advice, and if I am valued by you, in that case you will not make war with the powerful king of the owls. But you will endeavour to propitiate him, if you have any regard for policy.' When the foolish king of the crows heard that, he exclaimed, 'This fellow is a partisan of my enemies,' and in his wrath, he and his followers pecked me, and reduced me to this state. And he flung me down under the tree, and

went off somewhere or other with his followers." When Chirajívin had said this, he sighed, and turned his face to the ground. And then the king of the owls asked his ministers what they ought to do with Chirajívin. When his minister Díptanayana heard this, he said, "Good people spare even a thief, though ordinarily he ought not to be spared, if they find that he is a benefactor."

Story of the old merchant and his young wife.[11]

For once on a time there was a certain merchant in a certain town, who, though old, managed to marry by the help of his wealth a young girl of the merchant caste. And she was always averse to him on account of his old age, as the bee turns away from the forest-tree when the time of flowers is past.[12] And one night a thief got into his house, while the husband and wife were in bed; and, when the wife saw him, she was afraid, and turned round and embraced her husband. The merchant thought that a wonderful piece of good fortune, and while looking in all directions for the explanation, he saw the thief in a corner. The merchant said; "You have done me a benefit, so I will not have you killed by my servants." And so he spared his life and sent him away.

"So we ought to spare the life of this Chirajívin, as he is our benefactor." When the minister Díptanayana had said this, he remained silent. Then the king of the owls said to another minister, named Vakranása, "What ought we to do? Give me proper advice." Then Vakranása said, "He should be spared, for he knows the secrets of our foes. This quarrel between the enemies' king and his minister is for our advantage. Listen, and I will tell you a story which will illustrate it."

Story of the Bráhman, the thief, and the Rákshasa.[13]

A certain excellent Bráhman received two cows as a donation. A thief happened to see them, and began plotting how to carry them off. At that very time a Rákshasa was longing to eat that Bráhman. It happened that the thief and the Rákshasa, as they were going to his house at night to accomplish their objects, met, and telling one another their errands, went together. When the thief and the Rákshasa entered the Bráhman's dwelling, they began to wrangle. The thief said; "I will carry off the oxen first, for if you lay hold of the Bráhman first, and he wakes up, how can I get the yoke of oxen?" The Rákshasa said; "By no means! I will first carry off the Bráhman, otherwise he will wake up with the noise of the feet of the oxen, and my labour will all be in vain." While this was going on, the Bráhman woke up. Then he took his sword, and began to recite a charm for destroying Rákshasas, and the thief and the Rákshasa both fled.

"So the quarrel between those two, Chirajívin and the king of the crows, will be to our advantage, as the quarrel between the thief and the Rákshasa was to the advantage of the Bráhman." When Vakranása said this, the king of the owls asked his minister Prákárakarṇa for his opinion, and he answered him; "This Chirajívin should be treated with compassion, as he is in distress, and has applied to us for protection: in old time Śivi offered his flesh for the sake of one who sought his protection.[14] When the king of the owls heard this from Prákárakarṇa, he asked the advice of his minister Krúralochana, and he gave him the same answer.

Then the king of the owls asked a minister named Raktáksha, and he, being a discreet minister, said to him; "King, these ministers have done their best to ruin you by impolitic advice. Those, who know policy, place no

confidence in the acts of a hereditary enemy. It is only a fool that, though he sees the fault, is satisfied with insincere flattery."

Story of the carpenter and his wife.[15]

For once on a time there was a carpenter, who had a wife whom he loved dearly; and the carpenter heard from his neighbours that she was in love with another man; so, wishing to test the fidelity of his wife, he said to her one day: "My dear, I am by command of the king going a long journey to-day, in order to do a job, so give me barley-meal and other things as provision for the journey." She obeyed and gave him provisions, and he went out of the house; and then secretly came back into it, and with a pupil of his hid himself under the bed. As for the wife, she summoned her paramour. And while she was sitting with him on the bed, the wicked woman happened to touch her husband with her foot, and found out that he was there. And a moment after, her paramour, being puzzled, asked her which she loved the best, himself or her husband. When she heard this, the artful and treacherous woman said to that lover of hers; "I love my husband best, for his sake I would surrender my life. As for this unfaithfulness of mine, it is natural to women; they would even eat dirt, if they had no noses."

When the carpenter heard this hypocritical speech of the adulteress, he came out from under the bed, and said to his pupil; "You have seen, you are my witness to this; though my wife has betaken herself to this lover, she is still so devoted to me; so I will carry her on my head." When the silly fellow had said this, he immediately took them both up, as they sat on the bed, upon his head, with the help of his pupil, and carried them about.

"So an undiscerning blockhead, though he sees a crime committed before his eyes, is satisfied with hypocritical flattery, and makes himself ridiculous. So you must not spare Chirajívin, who is a follower of your

enemy, for, if not carefully watched, he might slay your Majesty in a moment, like a disease." When the king of the owls heard Raktáksha say this, he answered; "It was in trying to benefit us that the worthy creature was reduced to this state. So how can we do otherwise than spare his life? Besides, what harm can he do us unaided?" So the king of the owls rejected the advice of Raktáksha, and comforted that crow Chirajívin. Then Chirajívin said to the king of the owls, "What is the use to me of life, now that I am in this state? So have logs of wood brought me, in order that I may enter the fire. And I will ask the fire as a boon, that I may be born again as an owl, in order that I may wreak my vengeance upon this king of the crows." When he said this, Raktáksha laughed and said to him; "By the favour of our master you will be well enough off: what need is there of fire? Moreover you will never become an owl, as long as you have the nature of a crow. Every creature is such as he is made by the Creator."

Story of the mouse that was turned into a maiden.[16]

For once on a time a hermit found a young mouse, which had escaped from the claws of a kite, and pitying it, made it by the might of his asceticism into a young maiden. And he brought her up in his hermitage; and, when he saw that she had grown up, wishing to give her to a powerful husband, he summoned the sun. And he said to the sun; "Marry this maiden, whom I wish to give in marriage to some mighty one." Then the sun answered, "The cloud is more powerful than I, he obscures me in a moment." When the hermit heard that, he dismissed the sun, and summoned the cloud, and made the same proposal to him. He replied, "The wind is more powerful than I: he drives me into any quarter of the heaven he pleases." When the hermit got this answer, he summoned the wind and made the same proposal to him. And the wind replied, "The mountains are stronger than I, for I cannot move them." When the great hermit heard this, he summoned the Himálaya,

and made the same proposal to him. That mountain answered him; “The mice are stronger than I am, for they dig holes in me.”

Having thus got these answers in succession from those wise divinities, the great *ṛishi* summoned a forest mouse, and said to him, “Marry this maiden.” Thereupon the mouse said, “Shew me how she is to be got into my hole.” Then the hermit said, “It is better that she should return to her condition as a mouse.” So he made her a mouse again, and gave her to that male mouse.

“So a creature returns to what it was, at the end of a long peregrination, accordingly you, Chirajívin, will never become an owl.” When Raktáksha said this to Chirajívin, the latter reflected; “This king has not acted on the advice of this minister, who is skilled in policy. All these others are fools, so my object is gained.” While he was thus reflecting, the king of the owls took Chirajívin with him to his own fortress, confiding in his own strength, disregarding the advice of Raktáksha. And Chirajívin, being about his person, and fed with pieces of meat and other delicacies by him, soon acquired as splendid a plumage as a peacock.[17] One day, Chirajívin said to the king of the owls; “King, I will go and encourage that king of the crows and bring him back to his dwelling, in order that you may attack him this night and slay him, and that I may make[18] some return for this favour of yours. But do you all fortify your door with grass and other things, and remain in the cave where your nests are, that they may not attack you by day.” When, by saying this, Chirajívin had made the owls retire into their cave, and barricade the door and the approaches to the cave, with grass and leaves, he went back to his own king. And with him he returned, carrying a brand from a pyre, all ablaze, in his beak, and every one of the crows that followed him had a piece of wood hanging down from his beak. And the moment he arrived, he set on fire the door of the cave, in which were those owls, creatures that are blind by day, which had been barricaded with dry grass and other stuff.

And every crow, in the same way, threw down at the same time his piece of wood, and so kindled a fire and burnt the owls, king and all.[19] And the king of the crows, having destroyed his enemies with the help of Chirajívin, was highly delighted, and returned with his tribe of crows to his own banyan-

tree. Then Chirajívin told the story of how he lived among his enemies, to king Meghavarṇa, the king of the crows, and said to him; “Your enemy, king, had one good minister named Raktáksha; it is because he was infatuated by confidence, and did not act on that minister’s advice, that I was allowed to remain uninjured. Because the villain did not act on his advice, thinking it was groundless, I was able to gain the confidence of the impolitic fool, and to deceive him. It was by a feigned semblance of submission that the snake entrapped and killed the frogs.”

Story of the snake and the frogs.[20]

A certain old snake, being unable to catch frogs easily on the bank of a lake, which was frequented by men, remained there motionless. And when he was there, the frogs asked him, keeping at a safe distance; “Tell us, worthy sir, why do you no longer eat frogs as of old?” When the snake was asked this question by the frogs, he answered, “While I was pursuing a frog, I one day bit a Bráhman’s son in the finger by mistake, and he died. And his father by a curse made me a bearer of frogs. So how can I eat you now? On the contrary I will carry you on my back.”

When the king of the frogs heard that, he was desirous of being carried, and putting aside fear, he came out of the water, and joyfully mounted on the back of the snake. Then the snake, having gained his good-will by carrying him about with his ministers, represented himself as exhausted, and said cunningly; “I cannot go a step further without food, so give me something to eat. How can a servant exist without subsistence?” When the frog-king, who was fond of being carried about, heard this, he said to him; “Eat a few of my followers then.” So the snake ate all the frogs in succession, as he pleased, and the king of the frogs put up with it, being blinded with pride at being carried about by the snake.

“Thus a fool is deceived by a wise man who worms himself into his confidence. And in the same way I ingratiated myself with your enemies and brought about their ruin. So a king must be skilled in policy and self-restrained; a fool is plundered by his servants and slain by his foes at will. And this goddess of prosperity, O king, is ever treacherous as gambling, fickle as a wave, intoxicating as wine. But she remains as persistently constant to a king, who is self-contained, well-advised, free from vice, and knows differences of character, as if she were tied with a rope. So you must now remain attentive to the words of the wise, and glad at the slaughter of your enemies, rule a realm free from opponents.” When the minister Chirajívin said this to the crow-king Meghavarṇa, the latter loaded him with honours, and ruled as he recommended.

When Gomukha had said this, he went on to say to the son of the king of Vatsa; “So you see, king, that even animals are able to rule prosperously by means of discretion, but the indiscreet are always ruined and become the laughing-stock of the public.”

Story of the foolish servant.

For instance a certain rich man had a foolish servant. He, while shampooing him, in his extreme folly gave him a slap on his body, (for he fancied in his conceit that he thoroughly understood the business while he really knew nothing about it,) and so broke his skin. Then he was dismissed by that master and sank into utter despair.

“The fact is a man who, while ignorant, thinks himself wise, and rushes impetuously at any business, is ruined; hear another story in proof of it.”

Story of the two brothers who divided all that they had.[21]

In Málava there were two Bráhman brothers, and the wealth they inherited from their father was left jointly between them. And while dividing that wealth, they quarrelled about one having too little and the other having too much, and they made a teacher learned in the Vedas arbitrator, and he said to them; "You must divide every single thing into two halves, in order that you may not quarrel about the inequality of the division." When the two fools heard this, they divided every single thing into two equal parts, house, beds, *et cetera*; in fact all their wealth, even the cattle. They had only one female slave; her also they cut in two. When the king heard of that, he punished them with the confiscation of all their property.

"So fools, following the advice of other fools, lose this world and the next. Accordingly a wise man should not serve fools: he should serve wise men. Discontent also does harm, for listen to this tale."

The story of the mendicants who became emaciated from discontent.

There were some wandering mendicants, who became fat by being satisfied with what they got by way of alms. Some friends saw this and began to remark to one another; "Well! these mendicants are fat enough, though they do live on what they get by begging." Then one of them said,—"I will shew you a strange sight. I will make these men thin, though they eat the same things as before." When he had said this, he proceeded to invite the mendicants for one day to his house, and gave them to eat the best possible food, containing all the six flavours.[22] And those foolish men, remembering the taste of it, no longer felt any appetite for the food they got as alms; so they became thin. So that man who had entertained them, when he saw

these mendicants near, pointed them out to his friends, and said; “Formerly these men were sleek and fat, because they were satisfied with the food which they got as alms, now they have become thin, owing to disgust, being dissatisfied with their alms. Therefore a wise man, who desires happiness, should establish his mind in contentment; for dissatisfaction produces in both worlds intolerable and unceasing grief.” When he had given his friends this lesson, they abandoned discontent, the source of crime; to whom is not association with the good improving? “Now king, hear of the fool and the gold.”

Story of the fool who saw gold in the water.[23]

A certain young man went to a tank to drink water. There the fool saw in the water the reflection of a golden-crested bird, that was sitting on a tree.[24] This reflection was of a golden hue, and, thinking it was real gold, he entered the tank to get it, but he could not lay hold of it, as it kept appearing and disappearing in the moving water. But as often as he ascended the bank, he again saw it in the water, and again and again he entered the tank to lay hold of it, and still he got nothing. Then his father saw him and questioned him, and drove away the bird, and then, when he no longer saw the reflection in the water, explained to him the whole thing, and took the foolish fellow home.

“Thus foolish people, who do not reflect, are deceived by false suppositions, and become the source of laughter to their enemies, and of sorrow to their friends. Now hear another tale of some great fools.”

Story of the servants who kept rain off the trunks.[25]

The camel of a certain merchant gave way under its load on a journey. He said to his servants, “I will go and buy another camel to carry the half of this camel’s load. And you must remain here, and take particular care that, if it clouds over, the rain does not wet the leather of these trunks, which are full of clothes.” With these words the merchant left the servants by the side of the camel, and went off, and suddenly a cloud came up and began to discharge rain. Then the fools said; “Our master told us to take care that the rain did not touch the leather of the trunks;” and after they had made this sage reflection, they dragged the clothes out of the trunks and wrapped them round the leather. The consequence was, that the rain spoiled the clothes. Then the merchant returned, and in a rage said to his servants; “You rascals! Talk of water! Why the whole stock of clothes is spoiled by the rain.” And they answered him; “You told us to keep the rain off the leather of the trunks. What fault have we committed?” He answered; “I told you that, if the leather got wet, the clothes would be spoiled: I told it you in order to save the clothes, not the leather.” Then he placed the load on another camel, and when he returned home, imposed a fine on his servants amounting to the whole of their wealth.

“Thus fools, with undiscerning hearts, turn things upside down, and ruin their own interests and those of other people, and give such absurd answers. Now hear in a few words the story of the fool and the cakes.”

Story of the fool and the cakes.[26]

A certain traveller bought eight cakes for a *paṇa*; and he ate six of them without being satisfied, but his hunger was satisfied by eating the seventh. Then the blockhead exclaimed; “I have been cheated; why did I not eat this cake, which has allayed the pangs of hunger, first of all? Why did I waste

those others, why did I not store them up?" In these words he bewailed the fact that his hunger was only gradually satisfied, and the people laughed at him for his ignorance.

Story of the servant who looked after the door.[27]

A certain merchant said to his foolish servant; "Take care of the door of my shop, I am going home for a moment. After the merchant had said this, he went away, and the servant took the shop-door on his shoulder and went off to see an actor perform. And as he was returning, his master met him and gave him a scolding. And he answered, "I have taken care of this door as you told me."

"So a fool, who attends only to the words of an order and does not understand the meaning, causes detriment. Now hear the wonderful story of the buffalo and the simpletons."

Story of the simpletons who ate the buffalo.

Some villagers took a buffalo belonging to a certain man, and killed it in an enclosure outside the village, under a banyan-tree, and, dividing it, ate it up. The proprietor of the buffalo went and complained to the king, and he had the villagers, who had eaten the buffalo, brought before him. And the proprietor of the buffalo said before the king, in their presence; "These foolish men took my buffalo under a banyan-tree near the tank, and killed it

and ate it before my eyes." Whereupon an old fool among the villagers said, "There is no tank or banyan-tree in our village. He says what is not true: where did we kill his buffalo or eat it?"

When the proprietor of the buffalo heard this, he said; "What! is there not a banyan-tree and a tank on the east side of the village? Moreover, you ate my buffalo on the eighth day of the lunar month." When the proprietor of the buffalo said this, the old fool replied, "There is no east side or eighth day in our village." When the king heard this, he laughed, and said, to encourage the fool; "You are a truthful person, you never say anything false, so tell me the truth, did you eat that buffalo or did you not?" When the fool heard that, he said, "I was born three years after my father died, and he taught me skill in speaking. So I never say what is untrue, my sovereign; it is true that we ate his buffalo, but all the rest that he alleges is false." When the king heard this, he and his courtiers could not restrain their laughter; so the king restored the price of the buffalo to the plaintiff, and fined those villagers.

"So, fools, in the conceit of their folly, while they deny what need not be denied, reveal what it is their interest to suppress, in order to get themselves believed."

Story of the fool who behaved like a Brahmany drake.

A certain foolish man had an angry wife, who said to him; "To-morrow I shall go to my father's house, I am invited to a feast. So if you do not bring me a garland of blue lotuses from somewhere or other, you will cease to be my husband, and I shall cease to be your wife." Accordingly he went at night to the king's tank to fetch them. And when he entered it, the guards saw him, and cried out; "Who are you?" He said, "I am a Brahmany drake," but they took him prisoner; and in the morning he was brought before the king, and when questioned, he uttered in his presence the cry of that bird.

Then the king himself summoned him and questioned him persistently, and when he told his story, being a merciful monarch, he let the wretched man go unpunished.

Story of the physician who tried to cure a hunchback.

And a certain Bráhman said to a foolish physician; “Drive in the hump on the back of my son who is deformed.” When the physician heard that, he said; “Give me ten *paṇas*, I will give you ten times as many, if I do not succeed in this.” Having thus made a bet, and having taken the ten *paṇas* from the Bráhman, the physician only tortured the hunchback with sweating and other remedies. But he was not able to remove the hump; so he paid down the hundred *paṇas*; for who in this world would be able to make straight a hunchbacked man?

“So the boastful fashion of promising to accomplish impossibilities only makes a man ridiculous. Therefore a discreet person should not walk in these ways of fools.” When the wise prince Naraváhanadatta had heard, at night, these tales of fools from his auspicious-mouthed minister, named Gomukha, he was exceedingly pleased with him.

And though he was pining for Śaktiyaśas, yet, owing to the pleasure he derived from the stories that Gomukha told him, he was enabled to get to sleep, when he went to bed, and slept surrounded by his ministers who had grown up with him.

1

See Benfey’s Panchatantra, IIIrd book, page 213, Vol. II. Benfey points out that in the Mahábhárata, Droṇa’s son, one of the few Kauravas that had survived the battle, was lying under a sacred fig-tree, on which crows were sleeping. Then he sees one owl come and kill many of the crows. This suggests to him the idea of attacking the camp of the Páṇḍavas. In

the Arabic text the hostile birds are ravens and owls. So in the Greek and the Hebrew translation. John of Capua has "sturni," misunderstanding the Hebrew. (Benfey, Vol. I, 335). Rhys Davids states in his Buddhist Birth Stories (p. 292 note,) that the story of the lasting feud between the crows and the owls is told at length in Játaka, No. 270.

2

For Praḍívin the Petersburg lexicographers would read Prajívin, as in the Panchatantra.

3

Benfey remarks that this fable was known to Plato; Cratylus, 411, A, (but the passage might refer to some story of Bacchus personating Hercules, as in the Ranæ,) and he concludes that the fable came from Greece to India. He compares Æsop, (Furia, 141, Coraes, 113,) Lucianus, Piscator, 32, Erasmus, "Asinus apud Cumanos," Robert, Fables Inédites, I, 360. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 463.) I cannot find the fable in Phædrus or Babrius. The skin is that of a tiger in Benfey's translation, and also in Johnson's translation of the Hitopadeśa, p. 74 in the original (Johnson's edition). See also Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 119. It is No. 189 in Fausböll's edition of the Játakas, and will be found translated in Rhys Davids' Introduction to his Buddhist Birth Stories, p. v.

4

Benfey compares Grimm's Märchen, Vol. III, 246, where parallels to story No. 171 are given; Thousand and one Nights (Weil, III, 923). In a fable of Æsop's the birds choose a peacock king. (Æsop, Furia, 183, Coraes, 53). (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 347.) See also Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 110, Veckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, p. 424, De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 206. See also p. 246 for an apologue in which the owl prevents the crow's being made king. See also Rhys Davids' Buddhist Birth Stories, p. 292. See also Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, pp. 196, 197. The story of the crow dissuading the birds from making the owl king is Játaka, No. 270. In the Kosiya Játaka, No. 226, an army of crows attacks an owl.

5

Cp. Hitopadeśa, 75, Wolff, I, 192; Knatchbull, 223, Symeon Seth, 58, John of Capua, h., 5, b., German translation (Ulm 1483) O., II, Spanish translation, XXXVI, a.; Doni, 36, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 315, Livre des Lumières, 246; Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 437. This fable is evidently of Indian origin. For the deceiving of the elephant with the reflexion of the moon, Benfey compares Disciplina Clericalis XXIV. (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 348, 349.) See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 76.

6

i. e. moon-lake.

7

Common epithets of the moon. The Hindus find a hare in the moon where we find a "man, his dog, and his bush."

8

This story is found in Wolff, I, 197, Knatchbull, 226, Symeon Seth, 60, John of Capua, h., 6, b, German translation (Ulm 1483) O., IV, 6, Spanish translation, 36, b, Doni, 38, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 322, Livre des Lumières, 251, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 442, Baldo Fab. XX, in Edéléstand du Méril, Poesies Inédites, p. 249. Benfey finds three "moments" in the Fable; the first is, the "hypocritical cat"; this conception he considers to be "allgemein menschlich" and compares Furia, 14, Coraes, 152, Furia, 15, Coraes, 6, Furia, 67, Coraes, 28, Robert, Fables Inédites, I, 216; also Mahábhárata V. (II, 283) 5421 and *ff.*, where the cat manages to get herself taken to the river, to die, by the rats and mice, and there eats them. The second moment is the folly of litigiousness: here he compares a passage in Dubois's Panchatantra. The third is the object of contention, the nest, for which he compares Phædrus, I, 21. (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 350–354). I should compare, for the 1st moment, Phædrus, Lib. II, Fabula, IV, (recognovit Lucianus Mueller) Aquila, Feles et Aper, La Fontaine, VII, 16. See also for the "hypocritical cat" Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 121. The cat's tactics are much the same as those of the fox in Reineke Fuchs (Simrock, Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 138.) See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 54. The story is No. CXXV in the Avadánas. From De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, pp. 227–228 it appears that *kapinjala* means a heath-cock, or a cuckoo. Here the word appears to be used as a proper name. There is a very hypocritical cat in Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. lx. See especially p. 242, and cp. p. 319.

9

This is the 3rd story in Benfey's translation of the third book of the Panchatantra. See Johnson's translation of the Hitopadeśa, p. 110. Wolff, I. 205, Knatchbull, 233. Symeon Seth, 62, John of Capua, i., 1, b., German translation O., VI, 6, Spanish, XXXVII, a., Doni, 42, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 331, Livre des Lumières, 254, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 444. Benfey translates a reference to it in Páṇini. He shews that there is an imitation of this story in the Gesta Romanorum, 132. In Forlini, Novel VIII, a peasant is persuaded that his kids are capons. Cp. also Straparola, I, 3; Loiseleur Deslongchamps, Essai, 47, 2. Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop, note 356, Lancereau on the Hitopadeśa, 252. (Benfey, Vol. I, pp.

355–357.) See also Till Eulenspiegel, c. 66, in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. X, p. 452. In the XXth tale of the English Gesta Romanorum (Ed. Herrtage) three "lechis" persuade Averoys that he is a "lepre;" and he becomes one from "drede," but is cured by a bath of goat's blood. The 69th tale in Coelho's Contos Populares, Os Dois Mentíroses, bears a strong resemblance to this. One brother confirms the other's lies.

10

Benfey compares this with the story of Zopyrus. He thinks that the Indians learned the story from the Greeks. See also Avadánas. No. V, Vol. I, p. 31.

11

Benfey compares Wolff, I, 210, Knatchbull, 237, Symeon Seth, p. 64, John of Capua i., 2, German translation (Ulm., 1483) No. VIII, 6, Spanish translation, XXXVIII, a., Doni, 44, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 336, Livre des Lumières, 259, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 449. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 366.) See also La Fontaine, IX, p. 15.

12

Dr. Kern suggests *vyatíta-pushpa-kálatvád*. The Sanskrit College MS. has the reading of Dr. Brockhaus's text.

13

Cp. Wolff, I, 212, Knatchbull, 238, Symeon Seth, p. 64, John of Capua i., 2, b., German translation (Ulm, 1483) P., I, b., Spanish translation, XXXVIII, a., Doni, 45, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 338, Livre des Lumières, 261, Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 451. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 368.)

14

See Chapter VII of this work.

15

Benfey compares the Arabic version, Wolff, I, 214, Knatchbull, 240, Symeon Seth, 65, John of Capua i., 3, b., German translation (Ulm, 1483), P., II. b., Spanish translation, XXXVIII, b., Doni, 47, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 340, Livre des Lumières, 264; Cabinet des Fées, XVII, 453, cp. also Hitopadeśa, (Johnson's translation, p. 78). (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 371.)

16

This story is found in the Arabic version, Wolff, I, 219, Knatchbull, 243, Symeon Seth, 68, John of Capua, i., 4, b., German translation (Ulm, 1483) P. IV, b., Spanish translation, XXXIX, a., Doni, 50, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 355, Livre des Lumières, 279, Cabinet des Fées,

XVII, 466, La Fontaine, IX, 7, Polier, Mythologie des Indes, II, 571, Hitopadeśa, (similar in some respects) Johnson, p. 108, Mahábhárata, XII, (III, 515) v. 4254 and *ff.* Benfey compares also the story of the cat which was changed into a virgin, Babrius, 32. It is said to be found in Strattis (400 B. C.) (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 373 and *ff.*) See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 65. This bears a strong resemblance to A Formiga e a Neve, No. II, in Coelho's Contos Portuguezes.

17

This reminds one of Babrius, Fabula LXXII.

18

I follow the Sanskrit College MS. which reads *bhajámi* not *bhanjámi*.

19

See Liebrecht's notes on the Avadánas, translated by Stanislas Julien, on page 110 of his "Zur Volkskunde." He adduces an English popular superstition. "The country people to their sorrow know the Cornish chough, called Pyrrhocorax, to be not only a thief, but an incendiary, and privately to set houses on fire as well as rob them of what they find profitable. It is very apt to catch up lighted sticks, so there are instances of houses being set on fire by its means." So a parrot sets a house on fire in a story by Arnauld of Carcassès (Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 203.) Benfey thinks that this idea originally came from Greece (Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 383.) Cp. also Pliny's account of the "*incendiaria avis* in Kuhn's Herabkunft des Feuers, p. 31.

20

This story is found in Wolff, I, 226, Knatchbull, 250, Symeon Seth, 70, John of Capua, i., 6, German translation (Ulm, 1483) Q. I, Spanish translation, XL, b., Anvár-i-Suhaili, 364, Livre des Lumières, 283, Cabinet des Fées, XIII, 467, Hitopadeśa, Johnson's translation, p. 112. Benfey compares the western fable of the sick lion. This fable is told in the Kathá Sarit Ságara, X, 63, śl. 126, and *ff.*, and will be found further on. (Benfey, Vol. I, p. 384.)

21

This is No. XVII in the Avadánas. Cp. Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 35.

22

i. e. sweet, salt, acid, astringent, bitter, and pungent.

23

This is No. XLVI in the Avadánas.

24

Naukaha should be no doubt *'anokaha* on Dr. Brockhaus's system.

25

This is No. CIV in the Avadánas.

26

This is No. LXVI in the Avadánas.

27

Cp. the 37th story in Sicilianische Märchen, part I. p. 249. Giufá's mother wished to go to the mass and she said to him "Giufá, if you go out, draw the door to after you." (*Ziehe die Thür hinter dir zu.*) Instead of shutting the door, Giufá took it off its hinges and carried it to his mother in the church. See Dr. Köhler's notes on the story.

Chapter LXIII.

The next morning Naraváhanadatta woke up, and thinking on his beloved Śaktiyaśas, became distracted. And thinking that the rest of the month, until he married her, was as long as an age, he could not find pleasure in anything, as his mind was longing for a new wife. When the king, his father, heard that from the mouth of Gomukha, out of love for him, he sent him his ministers, and Vasantaka was among them. Then, out of respect for them, the prince of Vatsa managed to recover his composure. And the discreet minister Gomukha said to Vasantaka; “Noble Vasantaka, tell some new and romantic tale to delight the mind of the crown-prince. Then the wise Vasantaka began to tell this tale.

Story of Yaśodhara and Lakshmídhara and the two wives of the water-genius.

There was a famous Bráhman in Málava, named Śrídhara. And twin sons, of like feature, were born to him. The eldest was named Yaśodhara, and his younger brother was Lakshmídhara. And when they grew up, the two brothers set out together for a foreign country to study, with the approval of their father. And as they were travelling along, they reached a great wilderness, without water, without the shade of trees, full of burning sand; and being fatigued with passing through it, and exhausted with heat and thirst, they reached in the evening a shady tree laden with fruit. And they saw, at a little distance from its foot, a lake with cold and clear water, perfumed with the fragrance of lotuses. They bathed in it, and refreshed themselves with drinking the cold water, and sitting down on a slab of rock, rested for a time. And when the sun set, they said their evening prayers, and

through fear of wild beasts they climbed up the tree, to spend the night there. And in the beginning of the night, many men rose out of the water of that tank below them, before their eyes. And one of them swept the ground, another painted it, and another strewed on it flowers of five colours. And another brought a golden couch and placed it there, and another spread on it a mattress with a coverlet. Another brought, and placed in a certain spot, under the tree, delicious food and drink, flowers and unguents. Then there arose from the surface of that lake a man wearing a sword, and adorned with heavenly ornaments, surpassing in beauty the god of Love.[1] When he had sat down on the couch, his attendants threw garlands round his neck, and anointed him with unguents, and then they all plunged again into the lake. Then he brought out of his mouth a lady of noble form and modest appearance, wearing auspicious garlands and ornaments, and a second, rich in celestial beauty, resplendent with magnificent robes and ornaments.[2] These were both his wives, but the second was the favourite. Then the first and good wife placed jewelled plates on the table, and handed food in two plates to her husband and her rival. When they had eaten, she also ate; and then her husband reclined on the couch with the rival wife, and went to sleep. And the first wife shampooed his feet, and the second remained awake on the couch.

When the Bráhman's sons who were in the tree, saw this, they said to one another, "Who can this be? Let us go down and ask the lady who is shampooing his feet, for all these are immortal beings." Then they got down and approached the first wife, and then the second saw Yaśodhara: then she rose up from the couch in her inordinate passion, while her husband was asleep, and approaching that handsome youth, said, "Be my lover." He answered, "Wicked woman, you are to me the wife of another, and I am to you a strange man. Then why do you speak thus?" She answered, "I have had a hundred lovers. Why are you afraid? If you do not believe it, look at these hundred rings,[3] for I have taken one ring from each of them." With these words she took the rings out of the corner of her garment, and shewed them to him. Then Yaśodhara said, "I do not care whether you have a hundred or a hundred thousand lovers, to me you are as a mother; I am not a person of that sort." When the wicked woman was repelled by him in this

way, she woke up her husband in her wrath, and, pointing to Yaśodhara, said with tears, “This scoundrel, while you were asleep, used violence to me.” When her husband heard this, he rose up and drew his sword. Then the first and virtuous wife embraced his feet, and said, “Do not commit a crime on false evidence. Hear what I have to say. This wicked woman, when she saw him, rose up from your side, and eagerly importuned him, and the virtuous man did not consent to her proposal.” When he repelled her, saying, ‘You are to me as a mother,’ being unable to endure that, in her anger she woke you up, to make you kill him. And she has already before my eyes had a hundred lovers here on various nights, travellers who were reposing in this tree, and taken their rings from them. But I never told you, not wishing to give rise to unpleasantness. However, to-day I am necessarily compelled to reveal this secret, lest you should be guilty of a crime. Just look at the rings in the corner of her garment, if you do not believe it. And my wifely virtue is of such a kind that I cannot tell my husband what is untrue. In order that you may be convinced of my faithfulness, see this proof of my power.” After saying this, she reduced that tree to ashes with an angry look, and restored it more magnificent than it was before with a look of kindness. When her husband saw that, he was at last satisfied and embraced her. And he sent that second wife, the adulteress, about her business, after cutting off her nose, and taking the rings from the corner of her garment.

He restrained his anger, when he beheld that student of the scripture, Yaśodhara, with his brother, and he said to him despondingly; “Out of jealousy I always keep these wives of mine in my heart. But still I have not been able to keep safe this wicked woman. Who can arrest the lightning? Who can guard a disloyal woman? As for a chaste woman, she is guarded by her own modesty alone, and being guarded by it, she guards[4] her husband in both worlds, as I have to-day been guarded by this woman, whose patience is more admirable even than her power of cursing. By her kindness I have got rid of an unfaithful wife, and avoided the awful crime of killing a virtuous Bráhman.” When he had said this, he made Yaśodhara sit down, and said to him, “Tell me whence you come and whither you are going.” Then Yaśodhara told him his history, and having gained his confidence, said to him out of curiosity, “Noble sir, if it is not a secret, tell

me now, who you are, and why, though you possess such luxury, you dwell in the water." When the man who lived in the water heard this, he said, "Hear! I will tell you." And he began to tell his history in the following words.

Story of the water-genius in his previous birth.

There is a region in the south of the Himálaya, called Kaśmíra; which Providence seems to have created in order to prevent mortals from hankering after Heaven; where Śiva and Vishṇu, as self-existent deities, inhabit a hundred shrines, forgetting their happy homes in Kailása and Śvetadvípa; which is laved by the waters of the Vitastá, and full of heroes and sages, and proof against treacherous crimes and enemies, though powerful. There I was born in my former life, as an ordinary villager of the Bráhman caste, with two wives, and my name was Bhavaśarman. There I once struck up a friendship with some Buddhist mendicants, and undertook the vow, called the fast *Uposhaṇa*, prescribed in their scriptures. And when this vow was almost completed, one of my wives wickedly came and slept in my bed. And in the fourth watch of the night, bewildered with sleep, I broke my vow. But as it fell only a little short of completion, I have been born as a water-genius, and these two wives of mine have been born as my present wives here. That wicked woman was born as that unfaithful wife, the second as this faithful one. So great was the power of my vow, though it was rendered imperfect, that I remember my former birth, and enjoy such luxuries every night. If I had not rendered my vow imperfect, I should never have been born as what I am.

When he had told his story in these words, he honoured those two brothers as guests, with delicious food and heavenly garments. Then his faithful wife, having heard of her former life, knelt on the ground, and looking at the moon, uttered this prayer, "O guardians of the world, if I am in truth

virtuous and devoted to my husband, may this husband of mine be at once delivered from the necessity of dwelling in the water and go to heaven." The moment she had said this, a chariot descended from heaven, and the husband and wife ascended it and went to heaven. Nothing in the three worlds is unattainable by really chaste women. And the two Bráhmans, when they saw that, were greatly astonished. And Yaśodhara and Lakshmídhara, after spending the rest of the night there, set out in the morning. And in the evening they reached the foot of a tree in a lonely wilderness. And while they were longing to get water, they heard this voice from the tree, "Wait a little, Bráhmans! I will entertain you to-day with a bath and food, for you are come to my house." Then the voice ceased, and there sprang up there a tank of water, and meats and drinks of every kind were provided on its bank. The two Bráhman youths said with astonishment to one another,—"What does this mean?" And after bathing in the tank, they ate and drank. Then they said the evening prayer and remained under the tree, and in the meanwhile a handsome man appeared from it. They saluted him, and he welcomed them, and he sat down. Thereupon the two Bráhman youths asked him who he was. Then the man said—

Story of the Bráhman who became a Yaksha.

Long ago I was a Bráhman in distress, and when I was in this condition, I happened to make friends with some Buddhist ascetics. But while I was performing the vow called *Uposhaṇa*, which they had taught me, a wicked man made me take food in the evening by force. That made my vow incomplete, so I was born as a Guhyaka; if I had only completed it, I should have been born as a god in heaven.

"So I have told you my story, but now do you two tell me, who you are, and why you have come to this desert." When Yaśodhara heard this, he told him their story. Thereupon the Yaksha went on to say; "If this is the case, I will

by my own power bestow on you the sciences. Go home with a knowledge of them. What is the use of roaming about in foreign countries?" When he had said this, he bestowed on them the sciences, and by his power they immediately possessed them. Then the Yaksha said to them, "Now I entreat you to give me a fee as your instructor. You must perform, on my behalf, this *Uposhaṇa* vow, which involves the speaking of the truth, the observing of strict chastity, the circumambulating the images of the gods with the right side turned towards them, the eating only at the time when Buddhist mendicants do, restraint of the mind, and patience. You must perform this for one night, and bestow the fruit of it on me, in order that I may obtain that divinity, which is the proper fruit of my vow, when completely performed." When the Yaksha said this, they bowed before him and granted his request, and he disappeared in that very same tree.

And the two brothers, delighted at having accomplished their object without any toil, after they had passed the night, returned to their own home. There they told their adventures and delighted their parents, and performed that vow of fasting for the benefit of the Yaksha. Then that Yaksha, who taught them, appeared in a sky-chariot, and said to them; "Through your kindness I have ceased to be a Yaksha and have become a god. So now you must perform this vow for your own advantage, in order that at your death you may attain divinity. And in the meanwhile I give you a boon, by which you will have inexhaustible wealth." When the deity, who roamed about at will, had said this, he went to heaven in his chariot. Then the two brothers, Yaśodhara and Lakshmídhara, lived happily, having performed that vow, and having obtained wealth and knowledge.

"So you see that, if men are addicted to righteousness, and do not, even in emergencies, desert their principles, even the gods protect them and cause them to attain their objects." Naraváhanadatta, while longing for his beloved Śaktiyaśas, was much delighted with this marvellous story told by Vasantaka; but having been summoned by his father at the dinner hour, he went to his palace with his ministers. There he took the requisite refreshment, and returned to his palace, with Gomukha and his other ministers. Then Gomukha, in order to amuse him, again said,—"Listen, prince, I will tell you another string of tales."

Story of the monkey and the porpoise.[5]

There lived in a forest of *uḍumbaras*, on the shore of the sea, a king of monkeys, named Valímukha, who had strayed from his troop. While he was eating an *uḍumbara* fruit, it fell from his hand and was devoured by a porpoise that lived in the water of the sea. The porpoise, delighted at the taste of the fruit, uttered a melodious sound, which pleased the monkey so much, that he threw him many more fruits. And so the monkey went on throwing fruits,[6] and the porpoise went on making a melodious sound, until a friendship sprang up between them. So every day the porpoise spent the day in the water near the monkey, who remained on the bank, and in the evening he went home.

Then the wife of the porpoise came to learn the facts, and as she did not approve of the friendship between the monkey and her husband, which caused the latter to be absent all day, she pretended to be ill. Then the porpoise was afflicted, and asked his wife again and again what was the nature of her sickness, and what would cure it. Though he importuned her persistently, she would give no answer, but at last a female confidante of hers said to him: "Although you will not do it, and she does not wish you to do it, still I must speak. How can a wise person conceal sorrow from friends? A violent disease has seized your wife, of such a kind that it cannot be cured without soup made of the lotus-like heart of a monkey."[7] When the porpoise heard this from his wife's confidante, he reflected;—"Alas! how shall I obtain the lotus-like heart of a monkey? Is it right for me to plot treachery against the monkey, who is my friend? On the other hand how else can I cure my wife, whom I love more than my life?" When the porpoise had thus reflected, he said to his wife; "I will bring you a whole monkey, my dear, do not be unhappy." When he had said this, he went to his friend the monkey, and said to him, after he had got into conversation; "Up to this day you have never seen my home and my wife; so come, let us

go and rest there one day. Friendship is but hollow, when friends do not go without ceremony and eat at one another's houses, and introduce their wives to one another." With these words the porpoise beguiled the monkey, and induced him to come down into the water, and took him on his back and set out. And as he was going along, the monkey saw that he was troubled and confused, and said, "My friend, you seem to be altered to-day." And when he went on persistently enquiring the reason, the stupid porpoise, thinking that the ape was in his power, said to him; "The fact is, my wife is ill, and she has been asking me for the heart of a monkey to be used as a remedy; that is why I am in low spirits to-day." When the wise monkey heard this speech of his, he reflected, "Ah! This is why the villain has brought me here! Alas! this fellow is overpowered by infatuation for a female, and is ready to plot treachery against his friend. Will not a person possessed by a demon eat his own flesh with his teeth?" After the monkey had thus reflected, he said to the porpoise; "If this is the case, why did you not inform me of this before, my friend? I will go and get my heart for your wife. For I have at present left it on the *uḍumbara*-tree on which I live.[8] When the silly porpoise heard this, he was sorry and he said; "Then bring it, my friend, from the *uḍumbara*-tree." And thereupon the porpoise took him back to the shore of the sea. When he got there, he bounded up the bank, as if he had just escaped from the grasp of death, and climbing up to the top of the tree, said to that porpoise, "Off with you, you fool! Does any animal keep his heart outside his body? However, by this artifice I have saved my life, and I will not return to you. Have you not heard, my friend, the story of the ass?"

Story of the sick lion, the jackal, and the ass.[9]

There lived in a certain forest a lion, who had a jackal for a minister. A certain king, who had gone to hunt, once found him, and wounded him so sorely with his weapons, that he with difficulty escaped to his den alive.

When the king was gone, the lion still remained in the den, and his minister, the jackal, who lived on his leavings, being exhausted for want of food, said to him; “My lord, why do you not go out and seek for food to the best of your ability, for your own body is being famished as well as your attendants?” When the jackal said this to the lion, he answered; “My friend, I am exhausted with wounds, and I cannot roam about outside my den. If I could get the heart and ears of a donkey to eat, my wounds would heal, and I should recover my former health. So go and bring me a donkey quickly from somewhere or other.” The jackal agreed to do so and sallied out. As he was wandering about, he found a washerman’s ass in a solitary place, and he went up to him, and said in a friendly way; “Why are you so exhausted?” The donkey answered, “I am reduced by perpetually carrying this washerman’s load.” The jackal said, “Why do you endure all this toil? Come with me and I will take you to a forest as delightful as Heaven, where you may grow fat in the society of she-asses.” When the donkey, who was longing for enjoyment, heard this, he went to the forest, in which that lion ranged, in the company of that jackal. And when the lion saw him, being weak from impaired vitality, he only gave him a blow with his paw behind, and the donkey, being wounded by the blow, was terrified and fled immediately, and did not come near the lion again, and the lion fell down confused and bewildered. And then the lion, not having accomplished his object, hastily returned to his den. Then the jackal, his minister, said to him reproachfully; “My lord, if you could not kill this miserable donkey, what chance is there of your killing deer and other animals?” Then the lion said to him, “If you know how, bring that donkey again. I will be ready and kill him.”

When the lion had despatched the jackal with these words, he went to the donkey and said; “Why did you run away, sir? And the donkey answered, “I received a blow from some creature.” Then the jackal laughed and said, “You must have experienced a delusion. There is no such creature there, for I, weak as I am, dwell there, in safety. So come along with me to that forest, where pleasure is without restraint.”[10] When he said this, the donkey was deluded, and returned to the forest. And as soon as the lion saw him, he came out of his den, and springing on him from behind, tore him with his claws and killed him. And the lion, after he had divided the donkey, placed

the jackal to guard it, and being fatigued, went away to bathe. And in the meanwhile the deceitful jackal devoured the heart and ears of that donkey, to gratify his appetite. The lion, after bathing, came back, and perceiving the donkey in this condition, asked the jackal where its ears and heart were. The jackal answered him; “The creature never possessed ears or a heart,—otherwise how could he have returned when he had once escaped?” When the lion heard that, he believed it, and ate his flesh, and the jackal devoured what remained over.

When the ape had told this tale, he said again to the porpoise; “I will not come again, why should I behave like the jackass.” When the porpoise heard this from the monkey, he returned home, grieving that he had through his folly failed to execute his wife’s commission, while he had lost a friend. But his wife recovered her former tranquillity, on account of the termination of her husband’s friendship with the ape. And the ape lived happily on the shore of the sea.

“So a wise person should place no confidence in a wicked person. How can he, who confides in a wicked person or a black cobra, enjoy prosperity?” When Gomukha had told this story, he again said to Naraváhanadatta, to amuse him; “Now hear in succession about the following ridiculous fools. Hear first about the fool who rewarded the minstrel.”

Story of the fool who gave a verbal reward to the musician.[11]

A certain musician once gave great pleasure to a rich man, by singing and playing before him. He thereupon called his treasurer, and said in the hearing of the musician, “Give this man two thousand *paṇas*.” The treasurer said, “I will do so,” and went out. Then the minstrel went and asked him for those *paṇas*. But the treasurer, who had an understanding with his master, refused to give them.

Then the musician came and asked the rich man for the *paṇas*, but he said; “What did you give me, that I should make you a return? You gave a short-lived pleasure to my ears by playing on the lyre, and I gave a short-lived pleasure to your ears by promising you money.” When the musician heard that, he despaired of his payment, laughed, and went home.

“Would not that speech of the miser’s make even a stone laugh? And now, prince, hear the story of the two foolish pupils.”

Story of the teacher and his two jealous pupils.[12]

A certain teacher had two pupils who were jealous of one another. And one of those pupils washed and anointed every day the right foot of his instructor, and the other did the same to the left foot. Now it happened that one day the pupil, whose business it was to anoint the right foot, had been sent to the village, so the teacher said to the second pupil, whose business it was to anoint the left foot,—“To-day you must wash and anoint my right foot also.” When the foolish pupil received this order, he coolly said to his teacher; “I cannot anoint this foot that belongs to my rival.” When he said this, the teacher insisted. Then that pupil, who was the very opposite of a good pupil, took hold of his teacher’s foot in a passion, and exerting great force, broke it. Then the teacher uttered a cry of pain, and the other pupils came in and beat that wicked pupil, but he was rescued from them by that teacher, who felt sorry for him.

The next day, the other pupil came back from the village, and when he saw the injury that had been done to his teacher’s foot, he asked the history of it, and then he was inflamed with rage, and he said, “Why should I not break the foot that belongs to that enemy of mine?” So he laid hold of the teacher’s second leg, and broke it. Then the others began to beat that wicked pupil, but the teacher, both of whose legs were broken, in

compassion begged him off too. Then those two pupils departed, laughed to scorn by the whole country, but their teacher, who deserved so much credit for his patient temper, gradually got well.

Thus foolish attendants, by quarrelling with one another, ruin their master's interests, and do not reap any advantage for themselves. Hear the story of the two-headed serpent.

Story of the snake with two heads.[13]

A certain snake had two heads, one in the usual place and one in his tail. But the head, that he had in his tail, was blind, the head, that was in the usual place, was furnished with eyes. And there was a quarrel between them, each saying that it was the principal head. Now the serpent usually roamed about with his real head foremost. But once on a time the head in the tail caught hold of a piece of wood, and fastening firmly round it, prevented that snake from going on. The consequence was that the snake considered this head very powerful, as it had vanquished the head in front. And so the snake roamed about with his blind head foremost, and in a hole he fell into fire, owing to his not being able to see the way, and so he was burnt.[14]

Story of the fool who was nearly choked with rice.

"So those foolish people, many in number, who are quite at home in a small accomplishment, through their attachment to this unimportant accomplishment, are brought to ruin."

“Hear now about the fool who ate the grains of rice.”

A certain foolish person came for the first time to his father-in-law’s house, and there he saw some white grains of rice, which his mother-in-law had put down to be cooked, and he put a handful of them into his mouth, meaning to eat them. And his mother-in-law came in that very moment. Then the foolish man was so ashamed, that he could not swallow the grains of rice, nor bring them up. And his mother-in law, seeing that his throat was swollen and distended, and that he was speechless, was afraid that he was ill, and summoned her husband. And he, when he saw his state, quickly brought the physician, and the physician, fearing that there was an internal tumour, seized the head of that fool and opened his jaw.[15] Then the grains of rice came out, and all those present laughed.

“Thus a fool does an unseemly act, and does not know how to conceal it.”

Story of the boys that milked the donkey.[16]

Certain foolish boys, having observed the process of milking in the case of cows, got a donkey, and having surrounded it, proceeded to milk it vigorously. One milked and another held the milk-pail, and there was great emulation among them, as to who should first drink the milk. And yet they did not obtain milk, though they laboured hard.

“The fact is, prince, a fool, who spends his labour on a chimera, makes himself ridiculous.”

Story of the foolish boy that went to the village for nothing.

There was a certain foolish son of a Bráhman, and his father said to him one evening, “My son, you must go to the village early to-morrow.” Having heard this, he set out in the morning, without asking his father what he was to do, and went to the village without any object, and came back in the evening fatigued. He said to his father, “I have been to the village.” “Yes, but you have not done any good by it,” answered his father.

“So a fool, who acts without an object, becomes the laughing-stock of people generally; he suffers fatigue, but does not do any good.” When the son of the king of Vatsa had heard from Gomukha, his chief minister, this series of tales, rich in instruction, and had declared that he was longing to obtain Śaktiyaśas, and had perceived that the night was far spent, he closed his eyes in sleep, and reposed surrounded by his ministers.

1

For the superstition of water-spirits see Tylor’s Primitive Culture, p. 191, and *ff.*

2

Does this throw any light upon the expression in Swift’s Polite Conversation, “She is as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth.” (Liebrecht, Volkskunde, p. 495.)

3

The fact of this incident being found in the Arabian Nights is mentioned by Wilson (Collected Works, Vol. IV, p. 146.) See Lane’s Arabian Nights, Vol. I, p. 9. Lévêque (Les Mythes et les Légendes de l’ Inde et de la Perse, p. 543) shews that Ariosto borrowed from the Arabian Nights.

4

I follow the Sanskrit College MS. which reads *rakshatyubhayalokataḥ*.

5

This is the beginning of the fourth book of the Panchatantra. Benfey does not seem to have been aware that it was to be found in Somadeva’s work. It is also found, with the substitution of a boar for the porpoise, in the Sindibad-namah and thence found its way

into the Seven Wise Masters, and other European collections. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 420.) See also Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, pp. 122, 123. For the version of the Seven Wise Masters see Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, p. 139. It is also found in the Mahávastu Avadána, p. 138 of the Buddhist Literature of Nepal by Dr. Rajendra Lál Mitra, Rai Bahadúr. (I have been favoured with a sight of this work, while it is passing through the press.) The wife of the *kumbhíla* in the Varanindajátaka (57 in Fausböll's edition) has a longing for a monkey's heart. The original is, no doubt, the Sumsumára Játaka in Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 158. See also Mélusine, p. 179, where the story is quoted from Thorburn's Bannu or our Afghan Frontier.

6

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *cákshipan* where Brockhaus reads *ca kshipan*.

7

In Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, No. 5, the Lamnissa pretends that she is ill and can only be cured by eating a gold fish into which a bone of her rival had been turned. Perhaps we ought to read *sádyá* for *sádhyá* in śl. 108.

8

For stories of external hearts see Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, pp. 109–115, and the notes to Miss Stokes's XIth Tale.

9

Benfey does not seem to have been aware of the existence of this story in Somadeva's work. It is found in the Sanskrit texts of the Panchatantra (being the 2nd of the fourth book in Benfey's translation) in the Arabic version, (Knatchbull, 264, Wolff I, 242,) Symeon Seth, 75, John of Capua, k., 2, b., German translation (Ulm 1483) Q., VII, Spanish translation, XLIV, a, Doni, 61, Anvár-i-Suhaili, 393, Cabinet des Fées, XVIII, 26; Baldo fab. XIII, in Edéléstand du Méril, p. 333; Benfey considers it to be founded on Babrius, 95. There the fox only eats the heart. Indeed there is no point in the remark that if he had *ears* he would not have come again. The animal is a stag in Babrius. It is deceived by an appeal to its ambition. In the Gesta Romanorum the animal is a boar, which returns to the garden of Trajan, after losing successively its two ears and tail. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 430 and *ff.*) See also Weber's article in Indische Studien, Vol. III, p. 338. He considers that the fable came to India from Greece. Cp. also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, p. 377. An ass is deceived in the same way in Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 279. In Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 92, one of the boys proposes to say that the

Glücksvogel had no heart. Rutherford in the Introduction to his edition of Babrius, p. xxvii, considers that the fable is alluded to by Solon in the following words:

ὑμέως δ’ εἷς μὲν ἕκαστος ἀλώπεκος ἴχνεσι βαίνει
σύμπασιν δ’ ὑμῖν χοῦρος ἔνεστι νόος·
ἐς γὰρ γλῶσσαν ὁρᾶτε καὶ εἰς ἔπος αἰόλον ἀνδρός,
εἰς ἔργον δ’ οὐδὲν γιγνόμενον βλέπετε.

But all turns upon the interpretation of the first line, which Schneidewin renders “*Singuli sapitis, cuncti desipitis*.”

10

I have followed the Sanskrit College MS. in reading *nirbádhasukham̲*.

11

For parallels to this story compare Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 33, where he treats of the Avadánas, and the Japanese story in the Nachträge. In this a gentleman who had much enjoyed the smell of fried eels, pays for them by exhibiting his money to the owner of the cook-shop. See also p 112 of the same work. M. Lévêque shews that Rabelais’ story of Le Facquin et le Rostisseur exactly resembles this as told in the Avadánas. He thinks that La Fontaine in his fable of L’Huître et les Plaideurs is indebted to the story as told in Rabelais: (Les Mythes et les Légendes de l’Inde, pp. 547, 548.) A similar idea is found in the Hermotimus of Lucian, chapters 80 and 81. A philosopher is indignant with his pupil on account of his fees being eleven days in arrear. The uncle of the young man, who is standing by, being a rude and uncultured person, says to the philosopher—“My good man, pray let us hear no more complaints about the great injustice with which you conceive yourself to have been treated, for all it amounts to is, that we have bought words from you, and have up to the present time paid you in the same coin.” See also Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 370 (note). Gosson in his School of Abuse, Arber’s Reprint, pp. 68–69, tells the story of Dionysius.

12

There is a certain resemblance between this story and a joke in Philogelos, p. 16. (Ed. Eberhard, Berlin, 1869.) Scholasticus tells his boots not to creak, or he will break *their* legs.

13

This corresponds to the 14th story in the 5th book of the Panchatantra, Benfey, Vol. II, p. 360. At any rate the leading idea is the same. See Benfey, Vol. I, p. 537. It has a certain

resemblance to the fable of Menenius. There is a snake in Bengal with a knob at the end of his tail. Probably this gave rise to the legend of the double-headed serpent. Sir Thomas Browne devotes to the Amphisbæna Chapter XV of the third book of his Vulgar Errors, and craves leave to "doubt of this double-headed serpent," until he has "the advantage to behold, or iterated ocular testimony." See also Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 120, where he treats of the Avadánas. The story is identical with that in our text. M. Lévêque shews that this story, as found in the Avadánas, forms the basis of one of La Fontaine's fables, VII, 17. La Fontaine took it from Plutarch's life of Agis.

14

This story is No. LIX in Sir G. Cornewall Lewis's edition of the Fables of Babrius, Part II. The only difference is that the tail, when in difficulties, entreats the head to deliver it.

15

I read *hanum*, the conjecture of Dr. Kern.

16

This story appears to have been known to Lucian. In his Demonax (28) he compares two unskilful disputants to a couple, one of whom is milking a goat, the other holding a sieve. So Aristophanes speaks of ὄνου πόκαι and ὀρνίθων γάλα. It must be admitted that some critics doubt Lucian's authorship of the Demonax. Professor Aufrecht in his Beiträge zur Kenntniss Indischer Dichter quotes a Strophe of Amarasinha in which the following line occurs,

Dugdhá seyam achetanena jaratí dugdháśayát súkarí. Professor Aufrecht proposes to read *gardabhí* for *súkarí*.

Chapter LXIV.

Then, the next evening, as Naraváhanadatta was again in his private apartment, longing for union with his beloved, at his request Gomukha told the following series of tales to amuse him.

Story of the Bráhman and the mungoose.[1]

There was in a certain village a Bráhman, named Devaśarman; and he had a wife of equally high birth, named Yajnadattá. And she became pregnant, and in time gave birth to a son, and the Bráhman, though poor, thought he had obtained a treasure in him. And when she had given birth to the child, the Bráhman's wife went to the river to bathe, but Devaśarman remained in the house, taking care of his infant son. In the meanwhile a maid came from the womens' apartments of the palace to summon that Bráhman, who lived on presents received for performing inauguratory ceremonies. Then he, eager for a fee, went off to the palace, leaving a mungoose, which he had brought up from its birth, to guard his child. After he had gone, a snake suddenly came near the child, and the mungoose, seeing it, killed it out of love for his master. Then the mungoose saw Devaśarman returning at a distance, and delighted, ran out to meet him, all stained with the blood of the snake. And Devaśarman, when he saw its appearance, felt certain that it had killed his young child, and, in his agitation killed it with a stone. But when he went into the house, and saw the snake killed by the mungoose, and his boy alive, he repented of what he had done. And when his wife returned and heard what had happened, she reproached him, saying, "Why

did you inconsiderately kill the mungoose, which had done you a good turn?"

"Therefore a wise man, prince, should never do anything rashly. For a person who acts rashly is destroyed in both worlds. And one who does anything contrary to the prescribed method, obtains a result which is the opposite of that desired."

Story of the fool that was his own doctor.

For instance, there was a man suffering from flatulence. And once on a time the doctor gave him a medicine, to be used as a clyster, and said to him, "Go to your house, and bruise this, and wait till I come." The physician, after giving this order, delayed a little, and in the meanwhile the fool, having reduced the drug to powder, mixed it with water and drank it. That made him very ill, and when the doctor came, he had to give him an emetic, and with difficulty brought him round, when he was at the point of death. And he scolded his patient, saying to him, "A clyster is not meant to be drunk, but must be administered in the proper way. Why did you not wait for me?"

"So an action, useful in itself, if done contrary to rule, has bad effects. Therefore a wise man should do nothing contrary to rule. And the man, who acts without consideration, does what is wrong, and immediately incurs reproach."

Story of the fool who mistook hermits for monkeys.

For instance, there was in a certain place a foolish man. He was once going to a foreign country, accompanied by his son, and when the caravan encamped in the forest, the boy entered the wood to amuse himself. There he was scratched by monkeys, and with difficulty escaped with life, and when his father asked him what had happened, the silly boy, not knowing what monkeys were, said; “I was scratched in this wood by some hairy creatures that live on fruits.” When the father heard it, he drew his sword in a rage, and went to that wood. And seeing some ascetics with long matted hair, picking fruits there, he ran towards them, saying to himself, “Those hairy rascals injured my son.” But a certain traveller there prevented him from killing them, by saying; “I saw some monkeys scratch your son; do not kill the hermits.” So by good luck he was saved from committing a crime, and returned to the caravan.

“So a wise man should never act without reflection. What is ever likely to go wrong with a man who reflects? But the thoughtless are always ruined and made the objects of public ridicule.”

Story of the fool who found a purse.

For instance, a certain poor man, going on a journey, found a bag of gold, that had been dropped by the head of a caravan. The fool, the moment he found it, instead of going away, stood still where he was, and began to count the gold. In the meanwhile the merchant, who was on horseback, discovered his loss, and galloping back, he saw the bag of gold in the poor man’s possession, and took it away from him. So he lost his wealth as soon as he got it, and went on his way sorrowful, with his face fixed on the ground.

“Fools lose wealth as soon as they get it.”

Story of the fool who looked for the moon.

A certain foolish man, who wished to see the new moon, was told by a man who saw it, to look in the direction of his finger. He averted his eyes from the sky, and stood staring at his friend's finger, and so did not see the new moon, but saw the people laughing at him.

"Wisdom accomplishes the impossible, hear a story in proof of it."

Story of the woman who escaped from the monkey and the cowherd.

A certain woman set out alone to go to another village. And on the way a monkey suddenly came and tried to lay hold of her, but she avoided it by going to a tree and dodging round it. The foolish monkey threw its arms round the tree, and she laid hold of its arms with her hands, and pressed them against the tree.

The monkey, which was held tight, became furious, but at that moment the woman saw a cowherd coming that way, and said to him; "Sir, hold this ape by the arms a moment, until I can arrange my dress and hair, which are disordered." He said, "I will do so, if you promise to grant me your love," and she consented. And he held the monkey. Then she drew his dagger and killed the monkey, and said to the cowherd, "Come to a lonely spot," and so took him a long distance. At last they fell in with some travellers, so she left

him and went with them to the village that she wished to reach, having avoided outrage by her wisdom.

“So you see that wisdom is in this world the principal support of men; the man who is poor in wealth lives, but the man who is poor in intellect does not live. Now hear, prince, this romantic wonderful tale.”

Story of the two thieves, Ghaṭa and Karpara.[2]

There were in a certain city two thieves, named Ghaṭa and Karpara. One night Karpara left Ghaṭa outside the palace, and breaking through the wall, entered the bedchamber of the princess. And the princess, who could not sleep, saw him there in a corner, and suddenly falling in love with him, called him to her. And she gave him wealth, and said to him; “I will give you much more if you come again.” Then Karpara went out, and told Ghaṭa what had happened, and gave him the wealth, and having thus got hold of the king’s property, sent him home. But he himself again entered the women’s apartments of the palace; who, that is attracted by love and covetousness, thinks of death? There he remained with the princess, and bewildered with love and wine, he fell asleep, and did not observe that the night was at an end. And in the morning the guards of the women’s apartments entered, and made him prisoner, and informed the king, and he in his anger ordered him to be put to death. “While he was being led to the place of execution, his friend Ghaṭa came to look for him, as he had not returned in the course of the night. Then Karpara saw Ghaṭa, and made a sign to him that he was to carry off and take care of the princess. And he answered by a sign that he would do so. Then Karpara was led away by the executioners, and being at their mercy, was quickly hanged up upon a tree, and so executed.

Then Ghaṭa went home, sorrowing for his friend, and as soon as night arrived, he dug a mine and entered the apartment of the princess. Seeing her in fetters there alone, he went up to her and said; “I am the friend of Karpara, who was to-day put to death on account of you. And out of love for him I am come here to carry you off, so come along, before your father does you an injury.” Thereupon she consented joyfully, and he removed her bonds. Then he went out with her, who at once committed herself to his care, by the underground passage he had made, and returned to his own house.

And next morning the king heard that his own daughter had been carried off by some one, who had dug a secret mine, and that king thought to himself, “Undoubtedly that wicked man whom I punished has some audacious friend, who has carried off my daughter in this way.” So he set his servants to watch the body of Karpara, and he said to them, “You must arrest any one who may come here lamenting, to burn the corpse and perform the other rites, and so I shall recover that wicked girl who has disgraced her family.” When those guards had received this order from the king, they said, “We will do so,” and remained continually watching the corpse of Karpara.

Then Ghaṭa made enquiries, and found out what was going on, and said to the princess; “My dear, my comrade Karpara was a very dear friend to me, and by means of him I gained you and all these valuable jewels; so until I have paid to him the debt of friendship, I cannot rest in peace. So I will go and see his corpse, and by a device of mine manage to lament over it, and I will in due course burn the body, and scatter the bones in a holy place. And do not be afraid, I am not reckless like Karpara.” After he had said this to her, he immediately assumed the appearance of a Páśupata ascetic, and taking boiled rice and milk in a pot, he went near the corpse of Karpara, as if he were a person passing that way casually, and when he got near it, he slipped, and let fall from his hand and broke that pot of milk and rice, and began lamenting, “O Karpara full of sweetness,”[3] and so on. And the guards thought that he was grieving for his pot full of food, that he had got by begging. And immediately he went home and told that to the princess. And the next day he made a servant, dressed as a bride, go in front of him, and

he had another behind him, carrying a vessel full of sweetmeats, in which the juice of the Dhattúra had been infused. And he himself assumed the appearance of a drunken villager, and so in the evening he came reeling along past those guards, who were watching the body of Karpara. They said to him, “Who are you, friend, and who is this lady, and where are you going?” Then the cunning fellow answered them with stuttering accents, “I am a villager; this is my wife; I am going to the house of my father-in-law; and I am taking for him this complimentary present of sweetmeats. But you have now become my friends by speaking to me, so I will take only half of the sweetmeats there; take the other half for yourselves.” Saying this, he gave a sweetmeat to each of the guards. And they received them, laughing, and all of them partook of them. Accordingly Ghaṭa, having stupefied the guards with Dhattúra, at night brought fuel[4] and burnt the body of Karpara.

The next morning, after he had departed, the king hearing of it, removed those guards who had been stupefied, and placed others there, and said; “You must guard these bones, and you must arrest whoever attempts to take them away, and you must not accept food from any outsider.” When the guards were thus instructed by the king, they remained on the lookout day and night, and Ghaṭa heard of it. Then he, being acquainted with the operation of a bewildering charm granted him by Durgá, made a wandering mendicant his friend, in order to make them repose confidence in him. And he went there with that wandering mendicant, who was muttering spells, and bewildered those guards, and recovered the bones of Karpara. And after throwing them into the Ganges, he came and related what he had done, and lived happily with the princess, accompanied by the mendicant. But the king, hearing that the bones had been carried off, and the men guarding them stupefied, thought that the whole exploit, beginning with the carrying off of his daughter, was the doing of a magician. And he had the following proclamation made in his city; “If that magician, who carried off my daughter, and performed the other exploits connected with that feat, will reveal himself, I will give him half my kingdom.” When Ghaṭa heard this, he wished to reveal himself, but the princess dissuaded him, saying, “Do not do so, you cannot repose any confidence in this king, who treacherously puts people to death.”[5] Then, for fear that, if he remained there, the truth

might come out, he set out for another country with the princess and the mendicant.

And on the way the princess said secretly to the mendicant, “The other one of these thieves seduced me, and this one made me fall from my high rank. The other thief is dead, as for this, Ghaṭa, I do not love him, you are my darling.” When she had said this, she united herself to the mendicant, and killed Ghaṭa in the dead of night. Then, as she was journeying along with that mendicant, the wicked woman fell in with a merchant on the way, whose name was Dhanadeva. So she said, “Who is this skull-bearer? You are my darling,” and she left that mendicant, while he was asleep, and went off with that merchant. And in the morning the mendicant woke up, and reflected, “There is no love in women, and no courtesy free from fickleness, for, after lulling me into security, the wicked woman has gone off, and robbed me too. However, I ought perhaps to consider myself lucky, that I have not been killed like Ghaṭa.” After these reflections, the mendicant returned to his own country.

Story of Dhanadeva’s wife.

And the princess, travelling on with the merchant, reached his country. And when Dhanadeva arrived there, he said to himself; “Why should I rashly introduce this unchaste woman into my house? So, as it was evening, he went into the house of an old woman in that place, with the princess. And at night he asked that old woman, who did not recognize him, “Mother, do you know any tidings about the family of Dhanadeva?” When the old woman heard that, she said, “What tidings is there except that his wife is always ready to take a new lover. For a basket, covered with leather, is let down every night from the window here, and whoever enters it, is drawn up into the house, and is dismissed in the same way at the end of the night. And the woman is always stupefied with drink, so that she is absolutely void of discernment. And this state of hers has become well-known in the

whole city. And though her husband has been long away, he has not yet returned."

When Dhanadeva heard this speech of the old woman's, he went out that moment on some pretext, and repaired to his own house, being full of inward grief and uncertainty. And seeing a basket let down by the female servants with ropes, he entered it, and they pulled up him into the house. And his wife, who was stupefied with drink, embraced him most affectionately, without knowing who he was. But he was quite cast down at seeing her degradation. And thereupon she fell into a drunken sleep. And at the end of the night, the female servants let him down again quickly from the window, in the basket suspended with ropes. And the merchant reflected in his grief, "Enough of the folly of being a family man, for women in a house are a snare! It is always this story with them, so a life in the forest is much to be preferred." Having formed this resolve, Dhanadeva abandoned the princess into the bargain, and set out for a distant forest. And on the way he met, and struck up a friendship with, a young Bráhman, named Rudrasoma, who had lately returned from a long absence abroad. When he told him his story, the Bráhman became anxious about his own wife; and so he arrived in the company of that merchant at his own village in the evening.

Story of the wife of the Bráhman Rudrasoma.

And when he arrived there, he saw a cowherd, on the bank of the river, near his house, singing with joy, like one beside himself. So he said to him in joke, "Cowherd, is any young woman in love with you, that you sing thus in your rapture, counting the world as stubble?" "When the cowherd heard that, he laughed and said, "I have a great secret.[6] The head of this village, a Bráhman, named Rudrasoma, has been long away, and I visit his wife every night; her maid introduces me into the house dressed as a woman." When

Rudrasoma heard this, he restrained his anger, and wishing to find out the truth, he said to the cowherd; “If such kindness is shewn to guests here, give me this dress of yours, and let me go there to-night: I feel great curiosity about it.” The cowherd said, “Do so, take this black rug of mine, and this stick, and remain here until her maid comes. And she will take you for me, and will give you a female dress, and invite you to come, so go there boldly at night, and I will take repose this night.” When the cowherd said this, the Bráhman Rudrasoma took from him the stick and the rug, and stood there, personating him. And the cowherd stood at a little distance, with that merchant Dhanadeva, and then the maid came. She walked silently up to him in the darkness, and wrapped him up in a woman’s dress, and said to him, “Come along,” and so took him off to his wife, thinking that he was the cowherd. When his wife saw Rudrasoma, she sprang up and embraced him, supposing that he was the cowherd, and then Rudrasoma thought to himself; “Alas! wicked women fall in love with a base man, if only he is near them, for this vicious wife of mine has fallen in love with a cowherd, merely because be is near at hand.” Then he made some excuse with faltering voice, and went, disgusted in mind, to Dhanadeva. And after he had told his adventure in his own house, he said to that merchant; “I too will go with you to the forest; perish my family!” So Rudrasoma and the merchant Dhanadeva set out together for the forest.

Story of the wife of Śaśin.

And on the way a friend of Dhanadeva’s, named Śaśin, joined them. And in the course of conversation they told him their circumstances. And when Śaśin heard that, being a jealous man, and having just returned from a long absence in a foreign land, he became anxious about his wife, though he had locked her up in a cellar. And Śaśin, travelling along with them, came near his own house in the evening, and was desirous of entertaining them. But he saw there a man singing in an amorous mood, who had an evil smell, and whose hands and feet were eaten away with leprosy. And in his

astonishment, he asked him; “Who are you, sir, that you are so cheerful?” And the leper said to him, “I am the god of love.” Śaśin answered, “There can be no mistake about that. The splendour of your beauty is sufficient evidence for your being the god of love.” Thereupon the leper continued, “Listen, I will tell you something. A rogue here, named Śaśin, being jealous of his wife, locked her up in a cellar with one servant to attend on her, and went to a foreign land. But that wife of his happened to see me here, and immediately surrendered herself to me, her heart being drawn towards me by love. And I spend every night with her, for the maid takes me on her back and carries me in. So tell me if I am not the god of love. Who, that was the favoured lover of the beautiful wife of Śaśin, could care for other women?” When Śaśin heard this speech of the leper’s, he suppressed his grief, intolerable as a hurricane, and wishing to discover the truth, he said to the leper, “In truth you are the god of love, so I have a boon to crave of your godship. I feel great curiosity about this lady from your description of her, so I will go there this very night disguised as yourself. Be propitious to your suppliant: you will lose but little, as you can attain this object every day.” When Śaśin made this request, the leper said to him; “So be it! take this dress of mine and give me yours, and remain covering up your hands and feet with your clothes, as you see me do, until her maid comes, which will be as soon as it becomes dark. And she will mistake you for me, and put you on her back, and you must submit to go there in that fashion, for I always have to go in that way, having lost the use of my hands and feet from leprosy.” Thereupon Śaśin put on the leper’s dress and remained there, but the leper and Śaśin’s two companions remained a little way off.

Then Śaśin’s wife’s maid came, and supposing that he was the leper, as he had his dress on, said, “Come along,” and took him up on her back. And so she took him at night into that cellar to his wife, who was expecting her paramour the leper. Then Śaśin made out for certain that it was his wife, who was lamenting there in the darkness, by feeling her limbs, and he became an ascetic on the spot. And when she was asleep, he went out unobserved, and made his way to Dhanadeva and Rudrasoma. And he told them his experiences, and said in his grief, “Alas! women are like torrents that flow in a ravine, they are ever tending downwards, capricious, beautiful at a distance, prone to turbidness, and so they are as difficult to guard as

such rivers are to drink, and thus my wife, though kept in a cellar, has run after a leper. So for me also the forest is the best thing. Out on family life!" And so he spent the night in the company of the merchant and the Bráhman, whose affliction was the same as his. And next morning they all set out together for the forest, and at evening they reached a tree by the roadside, with a tank at its foot. And after they had eaten and drunk, they ascended the tree to sleep, and while they were there, they saw a traveller come and lie down underneath the tree.

Story of the snake-god and his wife.

And soon they saw another man arise from the tank, and he brought out of his mouth a couch and a lady. Then he lay down on the couch beside that wife of his, and went to sleep, and the moment she saw it, she went and embraced the traveller. And he asked her who they were, and she answered; "This is a snake-god, and I am his wife, a daughter of the snake race. Do not fear, I have had ninety-nine lovers among travellers, and you make the hundredth." But, while she was saying this, it happened that the snake-god woke up, and saw them. And he discharged fire from his mouth, and reduced them both to ashes.

When the snake-god had gone, the three friends said to one another, "If it is impossible to guard one's wife by enclosing her in one's own body, what chance is there of keeping her safe in a house? Out on them all!" So they spent the night in contentment, and next morning went on to the forest. There they became completely chastened in mind, with hearts quieted by practising the four meditations,[7] which were not interfered with by their friendship, and they became gentle to all creatures, and attained perfection in contemplation, which produces unequalled absolute beatification; and all three in due course destroyed the inborn darkness of their souls, and became liberated from the necessity of future births. But their wicked wives fell into

a miserable state by the ripening of their own sin, and were soon ruined, losing both this and the next world.

“So attachment to women, the result of infatuation, produces misery to all men. But indifference to them produces in the discerning emancipation from the bonds of existence.”

When the prince, who was longing for union with Śaktiyaśas, had patiently listened to this diverting tale, told by his minister Gomukha, he again went to sleep.

Note on the Story of Ghaṭa and Karpara.

The portion of the story of “the Shifty lad,” which so nearly resembles the story of Ghaṭa and Karpara, runs as follows: The shifty lad remarks to his master the wright, that he might get plenty from the king’s store-house which was near at hand, if only he would break into it. The two eventually rob it together. “But the king’s people missed the butter and cheese and the other things that had been taken out of the store-house, and they told the king how it had happened. The king took the advice of the Seanagal about the best way of catching the thieves, and the counsel that he gave them was, that they should set a hogshead of soft pitch under the hole where they were coming in. That was done, and the next day the shifty lad and his master went to break into the king’s store-house.”

The consequence was that the wright was caught in the pitch. Thereupon the shifty lad cut off his head, which he carried home and buried in the garden. When the king’s people came into the store-house, they found a body, without a head and they could not make out whose it was. By the advice of the Seanagal the king had the trunk carried about from town to town by the soldiers on the points of spears. They were directed to observe if any one cried out on seeing it. When they were going past the house of the wright, the wright’s wife made a tortured scream, and swift the shifty

lad cut himself with an adze, and he kept saying to the wright's wife, "It is not as bad as thou thinkest." He then tells the soldier that she is afraid of blood, and therefore the soldier supposed that he was the wright and she his wife. The king had the body hung up in an open place, and set soldiers to watch if any should attempt to take it away, or show pity or grief for it. The shifty lad drives a horse past with a keg of whisky on each side, and pretends to be hiding it from the soldiers. They pursue him, capture the whisky, get dead drunk, and the shifty lad carries off and buries the wright's body. The king now lets loose a pig to dig up the body. The soldiers follow the pig, but the wright's widow entertains them. Meanwhile the shifty lad kills the pig and buries it. The soldiers are then ordered to live at free quarters among the people, and wherever they get pig's flesh, unless the people could explain how they came by it, to make a report to the king. But the shifty lad kills the soldiers who visit the widow, and persuades the people to kill all the others in their sleep. The Seanagal next advises the king to give a feast to all the people. Whoever dared to dance with the king's daughter would be the culprit. The shifty lad asks her to dance, she makes a black mark on him, but he puts a similar black mark on twenty others. The king now proclaims that, if the author of these clever tricks will reveal himself, he shall marry his daughter. All the men with marks on them contend for the honour. It is agreed that to whomsoever a child shall give an apple, the king is to give his daughter. The shifty lad goes into the room where they are all assembled, with a shaving and a drone, and the child gives him the apple. He marries the princess, but is killed by accident. Köhler (Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 303 and ff.) compares the story of Dolopathos quoted in Loiseleur II, 123, ed. Brunet, p. 183, a story of the Florentine Ser Giovanni, (Pecorone, IX, 1,) an old Netherland story in Haupt's Zeitschrift für Deutsches Alterthum 5, 385–404, called "The thief of Bruges," and a Tyrolese story in Zingerle, Kinder- und Hausmärchen aus Süd-Deutschland, p. 300; also a French Romance of chivalry entitled, "The knight Berinus and his son Aigres of the Magnet mountain." There is also a story in the Seven Wise Masters (Ellis, specimens of early English metrical romances new ed. by Halliwell, London, 1848, p. 423) of a father and his son breaking into the treasure-house of the emperor Octavianus. Köhler also compares the story of Trophonius and his brother or father Agamedes (Scholiast to Aristophanes, Nubes, 508; Pausanias, IX, 37, 3.) This story

will also be found in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, p. 148. The story appears in Melusine, 1878 p. 17 under the title of "Le Voleur Avisé, Conte Breton." See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, pp. xlvii and ff.

1

Benfey does not appear to have been aware that this story was to be found in Somadeva's work. It is found in his Panchatantra, Vol. II, p. 326. He refers to Wolff, II, 1; Knatchbull, 268; Symeon Seth, 76; John of Capua, k., 4; German translation, (Ulm, 1483) R., 2; Spanish translation, XLV. a; Doni, 66; Anvár-i-Suhaili, 404; Cabinet des Fées, XVIII, 22; Baldo fab. XVI, (in Edéléstand du Méril p. 240). Hitopadeśa, IV, 13, (Johnson's translation, page 116.) In Sandabar and Syntipas the animal is a dog. It appears that the word dog was also used in the Hebrew translation. John of Capua has *canis* for ichneumon in another passage, so perhaps he has it here. Benfey traces the story in Calumnia Novercalis C., 1; Historia Septem Sapientum, Bl. n.; Romans des Sept Sages, 1139; Dyocletian, Einleitung, 1212; Grässe, Gesta Romanorum II, 176; Keller, Romans, CLXXVIII; Le Grand d' Aussy, 1779, II, 303; Grimm's Märchen, 48. (Benfey, Vol. I, pp. 479–483.) To Englishmen the story suggests Llewellyn's faithful hound Gelert, from which the parish of Bethgelert in North Wales is named. This legend has been versified by the Hon'ble William Robert Spencer. It is found in the English Gesta, (see Bohn's Gesta Romanorum, introduction, page xliii. It is No. XXVI, in Herrtage's Edition.) The story (as found in the Seven Wise Masters) is admirably told in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, p. 135. See also Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, 1st Series, p. 126.

2

Here, as Wilson remarked, (Collected Works, Vol. IV, p. 149) we have the story of Rhampsinitus, Herodotus, II, 121. Dr. Rost compares Keller, Dyocletianus Leben, p. 55, Keller Li Romans des Sept Sages, p. cxciii, Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, pp. 197 and 264. Cp. also Sagas from the Far East, Tale XII; see also Dr. R. Köhler in Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 303. He gives many parallels to Campbell's Gaelic Story of "the Shifty lad," No. XVIII, d., Vol. I, p. 331, but is apparently not aware of the striking resemblance between the Gaelic story and that in the text. Whisky does in the Highland story the work of Dhattúra. See also Cox's Mythology of the Aryan Nations, I, p. 111 and *ff*. and Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 34. A similar stratagem is described in Grössler's Sagen aus der Grafschaft Mansfeld, p. 219.

3

Of course Karpara is the Sanskrit for pot. In fact the two friends' names might be represented in English by Pitcher and Pott. In modern Hindu funerals boiled rice is given to the dead. So I am informed by my friend Pandit Śyámá Charaṇ Mukhopádhyáya, to whom I am indebted for many kind hints.

4

I read *áhṛitendhanaḥ*. The Sanskrit College MS. seems to me to give *hṛitendhana*.

5

So Frau Claradis in "Die Heimonskinder" advises her husband not to trust her father (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. II, p. 131.)

6

The Sanskrit College MS. has *mama* for the *mayá* of Dr. Brockhaus.

7

Mr. Gough has kindly pointed out to me a passage in the Sarvadarśana Sangraha which explains this. The following is Mr. Gough's translation of the passage; "We must consider this teaching as regards the four points of view. These are that

(1) Everything is momentary and momentary only:
(2) Everything is pain and pain only:
(3) Everything is individual and individual only:
(4) Everything is baseless and baseless only."

Chapter LXV.

The next evening Gomukha told Naraváhanadatta this story to amuse him as before.

Story of the ungrateful Wife.[1]

In a certain city there lived the son of a rich merchant, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva. His mother died, and his father became attached to another wife, so he sent him away; and the son went forth from his father's house with his wife to live in the forest. His younger brother also was banished by his father, and went with him, but as he was not of a chastened disposition, the elder brother parted company with him, and went in another direction. And as he was going along, he at last came to a great desert wilderness, without water, grass, or tree, scorched by the fierce rays of the sun, and his supplies were exhausted. And he travelled through it for seven days, and kept his wife, who was exhausted with hunger and thirst, alive, by giving her his own flesh and blood, and she drank the blood and ate the flesh. And on the eighth day he reached a mountain forest, resounding with the surging waters of a torrent, abounding in shady trees laden with fruit, and in delightful turf. There he refreshed his wife with water and fruits, and went down into the mountain-stream that was wreathed with waves, to take a bath. And there he saw a man with his two feet and his two hands cut off, being carried along by the current, in need of assistance. Though exhausted with his long fast, the brave man entered the river, and rescued this mutilated person. And the compassionate man landed him on the bank, and said; "Who did this to you, my brother?" Then the maimed man answered, "My enemies cut off my hands and feet, and threw me into the river, desiring to inflict on me a painful death. But

you have saved me from the water." When the maimed man told him this, he bandaged his wounds, and gave him food, and then the noble fellow bathed and took food himself. Then this merchant's son, who was an incarnation of a Bodhisattva, remained in that wood with his wife, living on roots and fruits, and engaged in austerities.

One day, when he was away in search of fruits and roots, his wife fell in love with that maimed man, whose wounds were healed. And determining to kill her husband, the wicked woman devised a plot for doing so in concert with that mutilated man, and she pretended to be ill. And she pointed out a plant growing in the ravine, where it was difficult to descend, and the river hard to cross, and said to her husband; "I may live if you bring me that sovereign plant, for I am sure that the god indicated to me its position in a dream." He consented, and descended into the ravine to get the plant, by the help of a rope plaited of grass and fastened to a tree. But when he had got down, she unfastened the rope; so he fell into the river, and was swept away by it, as its current was strong. And he was carried an enormous distance by the river, and flung up on the bank near a certain city, for his merits preserved his life. Then he climbed up on to the firm ground, and rested under a tree, as he was fatigued by his immersion in the water, and thought over the wicked behaviour of his wife. Now it happened that at that time the king of that city had just died, and in that country there was an immemorial custom, that an auspicious elephant was driven about by the citizens, and any man, that he took up with his trunk and placed on his back, was anointed king.[2] The elephant, wandering about, came near the merchant's son, and, as if he were Providence pleased with his self-control, took him up, and put him on his back. Then the merchant's son, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, was immediately taken to the city and anointed king by the people. When he had obtained the crown, he did not associate with charming women of coquettish behaviour, but held converse with the virtues of compassion, cheerfulness and patience.

And his wife wandered about hither and thither, carrying that maimed man, who was her paramour, on her back,[3] without fear of her husband, whom she supposed to have been swept away by the river. And she begged from village to village, and city to city, saying, "This husband of mine has had

his hands and feet cut off by his enemies; I am a devoted wife and support him by begging, so give me alms. At last she reached the town in which that husband of hers was king. She begged there in the same way, and, as she was honoured by the citizens as a devoted wife the fame of her virtue reached the ears of the king. And the king had her summoned, with the maimed man on her back, and, when she came near, he recognized her and said; "Are you that devoted wife?" And the wicked woman, not recognizing her husband, when surrounded by the splendour of the kingly office, said, "I am that devoted wife, your Majesty." Then that incarnation of a Bodhisattva laughed, and said; "I too have had practical experience of your wifely devotion. How comes it that, though I your own husband, who possess hands and feet, could not tame you, even by giving you my own flesh and blood, which you kept feeding on like an ogress in human form, this maimed fellow, though defective in his limbs, has been able to tame you and make you his beast of burden? Did you carry on your back your innocent husband, whom you threw into the river? It is owing to that deed that you have to carry and support this maimed man." When her husband in these words revealed her past conduct, she recognized him, and fainting from fear, became like a painted or dead woman. The ministers in their curiosity said, "Tell us, king, what this means." Then the king told them the whole story. And the ministers, when they heard that she had conspired against her husband's life, cut off her nose and ears, and branded her, and banished her from the country with the maimed man. And in this matter Fate shewed a becoming combination, for it united a woman without nose and ears with a man without hands and feet, and a man who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, with the splendour of royalty.

"Thus the way of woman's heart, which is a thing full of hate, indiscriminating, prone to the base, is difficult to fathom. And thus good fortune comes spontaneous and unexpected, as if pleased with them, to those of noble soul, who do not swerve from virtue and who conquer anger." When the minister Gomukha had told this tale, he proceeded to relate the following story.

Story of the grateful animals and the ungrateful woman.[4]

There was a certain man of noble soul, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, whose heart was melted by compassion only, who had built a hut in a forest and lived there, performing austerities. He, while living there, by his power rescued living beings in distress and Piśáehas, and others he gratified by presents of water and jewels. One day, as he was roaming about in the wood to assist others, he saw a great well and looked into it. And a woman, who was in it, said to him in a loud voice; “Noble sir, here are four of us; myself a woman, a lion, and a golden-crested bird, and a snake, fallen into this well in the night; so take us out; have mercy upon us.” When he heard this, he said, “Granted that you three fell in because the darkness made it impossible for you to see your way, but how did the bird fall in?” The woman answered him, “It fell in by being caught in a fowler’s net.” Then the ascetic tried to lift them out by the supernatural power of his asceticism, but he could not; on the contrary, his power was gone. He reflected, “Surely this woman is a sinner, and owing to my having conversed with her, my power is gone from me. So I will use other means in this case.” Then he plaited a rope of grass, and so drew them all four up out of the well, and they praised him. And in his astonishment he said to the lion, the bird, and the snake; “Tell me, how come you to have articulate voice, and what is your history?” Then the lion said, “We have articulate speech and we remember our former births, and we are mutual enemies; hear our stories in turns.” So the lion began to tell his own story as follows:

The lion’s story.

There is a splendid city on the Himálayas, called Vaidúryaśṛinga; and in it there is a prince of the Vidyádharas named Padmaveśa, and to him a son was born named Vajravega. That Vajravega, while he dwelt in the world of

the Vidyádharas, being a vain-glorious person, quarrelled with any body and every body, confiding in his courage. His father ordered him to desist, but he paid no attention to his command. Then his father cursed him, saying, “Fall into the world of mortals.” Then his arrogance was extinguished, and his knowledge left him, and smitten with the curse he wept, and asked his father to name a time when it should end. Then his father Padmavega thought a little, and said immediately; “You shall become a Bráhman’s son on the earth, and display this arrogance once more, and by your father’s curse you shall become a lion and fall into a well. And a man of noble character, out of compassion, shall draw you out, and when you have recompensed him in his calamity, you shall be delivered from this curse.” This was the termination of the curse which his father appointed for him.

Then Vajravega was born in Málava as Devaghosha, the son of Harighosha a Bráhman. And in that birth also he fought with many, confiding in his heroism, and his father said to him, “Do not go on in this way quarrelling with every body.” But he would not obey his father’s orders, so his father cursed him—“Become immediately a foolish lion, over-confident in its strength.” In consequence of this speech of his father’s, Devaghosha, that incarnation of a Vidyádhara, was again born as a lion in this forest.

“Know that I am that lion. I was wandering about here at night, and as chance would have it, I fell into this well; and you, noble sir, have drawn me up out of it. So now I will depart, and, if you should fall into any difficulty, remember me; I will do you a good turn and so get released from my curse.” After the lion had said this be went away, and the golden-crested bird, being questioned by that Bodhisattva, told his tale.

The golden-crested bird’s story.

There is on the Himálayas a king of the Vidyádharas, named Vajradanshṭra. His queen gave birth to five daughters in succession. And then the king propitiated Śiva with austerities and obtained a son, named Rajatadanshṭra, whom he valued more than life. His father, out of affection, bestowed the knowledge of the sciences upon him when he was still a child, and he grew up, a feast to the eyes of his relations.

One day he saw his eldest sister, by name Somaprabhá, playing upon a *pinjara*. In his childishness he kept begging for the *pinjara*, saying, "Give it me, I too want to play on it." And when she would not give it him, in his flightiness he seized the *pinjara*, and flew up to heaven with it in the form of a bird. Then his sister cursed him, saying;—"Since you have taken my *pinjara* from me by force, and flown away with it, you shall become a bird with a golden crest." When Rajatadanshṭra heard this, he fell at his sister's feet, and entreated her to fix a time for his curse to end, and she said, "When, foolish boy, you fall, in your bird-form, into a blind well, and a certain merciful person draws you out, and you do him a service in return, then you shall be released from this curse." When she had said this to her brother, he was born as a bird with a golden crest.

"I am that same golden-crested bird, that fell into this pit in the night, and have now been drawn out by you, so now I will depart. Remember me when you fall into calamity, for by doing you a service in return I shall be released from my curse." When the bird had said this, he departed. Then the snake, being questioned by that Bodhisattva, told his story to that great-souled one.

The snake's story.

Formerly I was the son of a hermit in the hermitage of Kaśyapa. And I had a companion there who was also the son of a hermit. And one day my friend went down into the lake to bathe, and I remained on the bank. And while I

was there, I saw a serpent come with three heads. And, in order to terrify that friend of mine in fun, I fixed the serpent immoveable on the bank, opposite to where he was, by the power of a spell. My friend got through his bathing in a moment, and came to the bank, and unexpectedly seeing that great serpent there, he was terrified and fainted. After some time I brought my friend round again, but he, finding out by meditation that I had terrified him in this way, became angry, and cursed me, saying, "Go and become a similar great snake with three crests." Then I entreated him to fix an end to my curse, and he said,—"When, in your serpent condition, you fall into a well, and at a critical moment do a service to the man who pulls you out, then you shall be freed from your curse."

"After he had said this, he departed, and I became a serpent, and now you have drawn me out of the well; so now I will depart. And when you think of me I will come; and by doing you a service I shall be released from my curse."

When the snake had said this, he departed, and the woman told her story.

The woman's story.

I am the wife of a young Kshatriya in the king's employ, a man in the bloom of youth, brave, generous, handsome, and high-minded. Nevertheless I was wicked enough to enter into an intrigue with another man. When my husband found it out, he determined to punish me. And I heard of this from my confidante, and that moment I fled, and entered this wood at night, and fell into this well, and was dragged out by you.

"And thanks to your kindness I will now go and maintain myself somewhere. May a day come when I shall be able to requite your goodness."

When the sinful woman had said this to the Bodhisattva, she went to the town of a king named Gotravardhana. She obtained an interview, with him, and remained among his attendants, in the capacity of maid to the king's principal queen. But because that Bodhisattva talked with that woman, he lost his power, and could not procure fruits and roots and things of that kind. Then, being exhausted with hunger and thirst, he first thought of the lion. And, when he thought of him, he came and fed him with the flesh of deer,[5] and in a short time he restored him to his former health with their flesh; and then the lion said, "My curse is at an end, I will depart." When he had said this, the Bodhisattva gave him leave to depart, and the lion became a Vidyádhara and went to his own place.

Then that incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, being again exhausted by want of food, thought upon that golden-crested bird, and he came, when thought of by him. And when he told the bird of his sufferings, the bird went and brought a casket full of jewels[6] and gave it him, and said, "This wealth will support you for ever, and so my curse has come to an end, now I depart; may you enjoy happiness!" When he had said this, he became a young Vidyádhara prince, and went through the air to his own world, and received the kingdom from his father. And the Bodhisattva, as he was wandering about to sell the jewels, reached that city, where the woman was living whom he had rescued from the well. And he deposited those jewels in an out-of-the-way house belonging to an old Bráhman woman, and went to the market, and on the way he saw coming towards him the very woman whom he had saved from the well, and the woman saw him. And the two fell into a conversation, and in the course of it the woman told him of her position about the person of the queen. And she asked him about his own adventures: so the confiding man told her how the golden-crested bird had given him the jewels. And he took her and shewed her the jewels in the house of the old woman, and the wicked woman went and told her mistress the queen of it. Now it happened that the golden-crested bird had managed artfully to steal this casket of jewels from the interior of the queen's palace, before her eyes. And when the queen heard from the mouth of that woman, who knew the facts, that the casket had arrived in the city, she informed the king. And the king had the Bodhisattva pointed out by that wicked woman,

and brought by his servants as a prisoner from that house with the ornaments. And after he had asked him the circumstances, though he believed his account, he not only took the ornaments from him, but he put him in prison.

Then the Bodhisattva, terrified at being put in prison, thought upon the snake, who was an incarnation of the hermit's son, and the snake came to him. And when the snake had seen him, and enquired what his need was, he said to the good man, "I will go and coil round the king from his head to his feet.[7] And I will not let him go until I am told to do so by you. And you must say here, in the prison, 'I will deliver the king from the serpent.' And when you come and give me the order, I will let the king go. And when I let him go, he will give you half his kingdom." After he had said this, the snake went and coiled round the king, and placed his three hoods on his head. And the people began to cry out, "Alas! the king is bitten by a snake." Then the Bodhisattva said, "I will deliver the king from this snake." And the king's servants, having heard this, informed him. Thereupon the king, who was in the grasp of the snake, had the Bodhisattva summoned, and said to him, "If you deliver me from this snake, I will give you half my kingdom, and these my ministers are your guarantees that I will keep my promise." When his ministers heard this, they said,—"Certainly," and then the Bodhisattva said to that snake, "Let the king go at once." Then the snake let the king go, and the king gave half his kingdom to that Bodhisattva, and thus he became prosperous in a moment. And the serpent, as its curse was at an end, became a young hermit, and he told his story in the presence of the court and went back to his hermitage.

"Thus you see that good fortune certainly befalls those of good dispositions. And transgression brings suffering even upon the great. And the mind of women cannot be relied upon, it is not touched even by such a service as rescue from death; so what other benefit can move them?" When Gomukha had told this tale, he said to the king of Vatsa, "Listen, I will tell you some more stories of fools."

Story of the Buddhist monk who was bitten by a dog.

There was in a certain Buddhist monastery a Buddhist monk of dull intellect. One day, as he was walking in the high road, he was bitten by a dog on the knee. And when he had been thus bitten, he returned to his monastery, and thus reflected,—"Every body, one after another, will ask me, 'What has happened to your knee?' And what a time it will take me to inform them all one by one! So I will make use of an artifice to let them all know at once." Having thus reflected, he quickly went to the top of the monastery, and taking the stick with which the gong was struck, he sounded the gong. And the mendicant monks, hearing it, came together in astonishment, and said to him, "Why do you without cause sound the gong at the wrong time?" He answered the mendicants, at the same time shewing them his knee, "The fact is, a dog has bitten my knee, so I called you together, thinking that it would take a long time for me to tell each of you separately such a long story: so hear it all of you now, and look at my knee." Then all the mendicants laughed till their sides ached, and said, "What a great fuss he has made about a very small matter!"

"You have heard of the foolish Buddhist monk, now hear of the foolish *Ṭakka*."

Story of the man who submitted to be burnt alive sooner than share his food with a guest.

There lived somewhere a rich but foolish *Ṭakka*,[8] who was a miser. And he and his wife were always eating barley-meal without salt. And he never learned to know the taste of any other food. Once Providence instigated him to say to his wife, "I have conceived a desire for a milk-pudding: cook me

one to-day." His wife said, "I will," and set about cooking the pudding, and the *Ṭakka* remained in doors concealed, taking to his bed, for fear some one should see him and drop in on him as a guest.

In the meanwhile a friend of his, a *Ṭakka* who was fond of mischief, came there, and asked his wife where her husband was. And she, without giving an answer, went in to her husband, and told him of the arrival of his friend. And he, lying on the bed, said to her; "Sit down here, and remain weeping and clinging to my feet, and say to my friend, 'My husband is dead.'[9] When he is gone, we will eat this pudding happily together." When he gave her this order, she began to weep, and the friend came in, and said to her, "What is the matter?" She said to him "Look, my husband is dead." But he reflected, "I saw her a moment ago happy enough cooking a pudding. How comes it that her husband is now dead, though he has had no illness? The two things are incompatible. No doubt the two have invented this fiction because they saw I had come as a guest. So I will not go." Thereupon the mischievous fellow sat down, and began crying out, "Alas my friend! Alas, my friend!" Then his relations, hearing the lamentation, came in and prepared to take that silly *Ṭakka* to the burning-place, for he still continued to counterfeit death. But his wife came to him and whispered in his ear, "Jump up, before these relations take you off to the pyre and burn you." But the foolish man answered his wife in a whisper, "No! that will never do, for this cunning *Ṭakka* wishes to eat my pudding. I cannot get up, for it was on his arrival that I died. For to people like me the contemplation of one's possessions is dearer than life." Then that wicked friend and his relations carried him out, but he remained immoveable, even while he was being burned, and kept silence till he died. So the foolish man sacrificed his life but saved his pudding, and others enjoyed at ease the wealth he had acquired with much toil.

"You have heard the story of the miser, now hear the story of the foolish pupils and the cat."

Story of the foolish teacher, the foolish pupils, and the cat.

In Ujjayiní there lived in a convent a foolish teacher. And he could not sleep, because mice troubled him at night. And wearied with this infliction, he told the whole story to a friend. The friend, who was a Bráhman, said to that teacher, “You must set up a cat, it will eat the mice.” The teacher said, “What sort of creature is a cat? Where can one be found? I never came across one.” When the teacher said this, the friend replied, “Its eyes are like glass, its colour is a brownish grey, it has a hairy skin on its back, and it wanders about in roads. So, my friend, you must quickly discover a cat by these signs and have one brought.” After his friend had said this, he went home. Then that foolish teacher said to his pupils, “You have been present and heard all the distinguishing marks of a cat. So look about for a cat, such as you have heard described, in the roads here.” Accordingly the pupils went and searched hither and thither, but they did not find a cat anywhere.

Then at last they saw a Bráhman boy coming from the opening of a road, his eyes were like glass, his colour brownish grey, and he wore on his back a hairy antelope-skin. And when they saw him they said, “Here we have got the cat according to the description.” So they seized him, and took him to their teacher. Their teacher also observed that he had got the characteristics mentioned by his friend; so he placed him in the convent at night. And the silly boy himself believed that he was a cat, when he heard the description that those fools gave of the animal. Now it happened that the silly boy was a pupil of that Bráhman, who out of friendship gave that teacher the description of the cat. And that Bráhman came in the morning, and, seeing the boy in the convent, said to those fools, “Who brought this fellow here?” The teacher and his foolish pupils answered, “We brought him here as a cat, according to the description which we heard from you.” Then the Bráhman laughed and said, “There is considerable difference between a stupid human being, and a cat, which is an animal with four feet and a tail.” When the foolish fellows heard this, they let the boy go and said, “So let us go and search again for a cat such as has been now described to us.” And the people laughed at those fools.

“Ignorance makes every one ridiculous. You have heard of the fools and their cat, now hear the story of another set of fools.”

Story of the fools and the bull of Śiva.

There was in a certain convent, full of fools, a man who was the greatest fool of the lot. He once heard in a treatise on law, which was being read out, that a man, who has a tank made, gains a great reward in the next world. Then, as he had a large fortune, he had made a large tank full of water, at no great distance from his own convent. One day this prince of fools went to take a look at that tank of his, and perceived that the sand had been scratched up by some creature. The next day too he came, and saw that the bank had been torn up in another part of that tank, and being quite astonished, he said to himself, “I will watch here to-morrow the whole day, beginning in the early morning, and I will find out what creature it is that does this.” After he had formed this resolution, he came there early next morning, and watched, until at last he saw a bull descend from heaven and plough up the bank with its horns. He thought, “This is a heavenly bull, so why should I not go to heaven with it?” And he went up to the bull, and with both his hands laid hold of the tail behind. Then the holy bull lifted up with the utmost force the foolish man, who was clinging to its tail, and carried him in a moment to its home in Kailása. There the foolish man lived for some time in great comfort, feasting on heavenly dainties, sweetmeats, and other things which he obtained. And seeing that the bull kept going and returning, that king of fools, bewildered by destiny, thought, “I will go down clinging to the tail of the bull and see my friends, and after I have told them this wonderful tale, I will return in the same way.” Having formed this resolution, the fool went and clung to the tail of the bull one day when it was setting out, and so returned to the surface of the earth.

When he returned to the convent, the other blockheads, who were there, embraced him, and asked him where he had been, and he told them. Then

all those foolish men, having heard the tale of his adventures, made this petition to him; “Be kind and take us also there, enable us also to feast on sweetmeats.” He consented, and told them his plan for doing it, and the next day he led them to the border of the tank and the bull came there. And the principal fool seized the tail of the bull with his two hands, and another took hold of his feet, and a third in turn took hold of his. So, when they had formed a chain by clinging on to one another’s feet, the bull flew rapidly up into the air. And while the bull was going along, with all the fools clinging to his tail, it happened that one of the fools said to the principal fool; “Tell us now, to satisfy our curiosity; how large were those sweetmeats which you ate, of which a never-failing supply can be obtained in heaven?” Then the leader had his attention diverted from the business in hand, and quickly joined his hands together like the cup of a lotus, and exclaimed in answer, “So big.” But in so doing he let go the tail of the bull. And accordingly he and all those others fell from heaven, and were killed, and the bull returned to Kailása; but the people, who saw it, were much amused.[10]

“Fools do themselves an injury by asking questions and giving answers without reflection. You have heard about the fools who flew through the air; hear about this other fool.”

Story of the fool who asked his way to the village.

A certain fool, while going to another village, forgot the way. And when he asked his way, the people said to him; “Take the path that goes up by the tree on the bank of the river.”

Then the fool went and got on the trunk of that tree, and said to himself, “The men told me that my way lay up the trunk of this tree.” And as he went on climbing up it, the bough at the end bent with his weight, and it was all he could do to avoid falling by clinging to it.

While he was clinging to it, there came that way an elephant, that had been drinking water, with his driver on his back. When the fool, who was clinging to the tree, saw him, he said with humble voice to that elephant-driver, “Great Sir, take me down.” And the elephant-driver let go the elephant-hook, and laid hold of the man by the feet with both his hands, to take him down from the tree. In the meanwhile the elephant went on, and the elephant-driver found himself clinging to the feet of that fool, who was clinging to the end of the tree. Then the fool said urgently to the elephant-driver, “Sing something quickly, if you know anything, in order that the people may hear, and come here at once to take us down. Otherwise we shall fall, and the river will carry us away.” When the elephant-driver had been thus appealed to by him, he sang so sweetly that the fool was much pleased. And in his desire to applaud him properly, he forgot what he was about, and let go his hold of the tree, and prepared to clap him with both his hands. Immediately he and the elephant-driver fell into the river and were drowned, for association with fools brings prosperity to no man.

After Gomukha had told this story, he went on to tell that of Hiraṇyáksha.

Story of Hiraṇyáksha and Mṛigánkalekhá.

There is in the lap of the Himálayas a country called Kaśmíra, which is the very crest-jewel of the earth, the home of sciences and virtue. In it there was a town, named Hiraṇyapura, and there reigned in it a king, named Kanakáksha. And there was born to that king, owing to his having propitiated Śiva, a son, named Hiraṇyáksha, by his wife Ratnaprabhá. The prince was one day playing at ball, and he purposely managed to strike with the ball a female ascetic who came that way. That female ascetic possessing supernatural powers, who had overcome the passion of anger, laughed and said to Hiraṇyáksha, without altering the expression of her face,[11] “If your youth and other qualities make you so insolent, what will you become if you obtain Mṛigánkalekhá for a wife.”[12] When the prince heard that, he

propitiated the female ascetic and said to her; “Who is this Mṛigánkalekhá? tell me, reverend madam.” Then she said to him, “There is a glorious king of the Vidyádharas on the Himálayas, named Śaśitejas. He has a beautiful daughter, named Mṛigánkalekhá, whose loveliness keeps the princes of the Vidyádharas awake at night. And she will be a fitting wife for you, and you will be a suitable husband for her.” When the female ascetic, who possessed supernatural power, said this to Hiraṇyáksha, he replied, “Tell me, reverend mother, how she is to be obtained.” Thereupon she said, “I will go and find out how she is affected towards you, by talking about you. And then I will come and take you there. And you will find me to-morrow in the temple of the god here, named Amareśa, for I come here every day to worship him.” After the female ascetic had said this, she went through the air by her supernatural power to the Himálayas, to visit that Mṛigánkalekhá. Then she praised to her so artfully the good qualities of Hiraṇyáksha, that the celestial maiden became very much in love with him, and said to her, “If, reverend mother, I cannot manage to obtain a husband of this kind, of what use to me is this my purposeless life?” So the emotion of love was produced in Mṛigánkalekhá, and she spent the day in talking about him, and passed the night with that female ascetic. In the meanwhile Hiraṇyáksha spent the day in thinking of her, and with difficulty slept at night, but towards the end of the night Párvatí said to him in a dream, “Thou art a Vidyádhara, become a mortal by the curse of a hermit, and thou shalt be delivered from it by the touch of the hand of this female ascetic, and then thou shalt quickly marry this Mṛigánkalekhá. Do not be anxious about it, for she was thy wife in a former state.” Having said this, the goddess disappeared from his sight. And in the morning the prince woke and rose up, and performed the auspicious ceremonies of bathing and so on. Then he went and adored Amareśa and stood in his presence, since it was there that the female ascetic had appointed him a rendezvous.

In the meanwhile Mṛigánkalekhá fell asleep with difficulty in her own palace, and Párvatí said to her in a dream, “Do not grieve, the curse of Hiraṇyáksha is at an end, and he will again become a Vidyádhara by the touch of the hand of the female ascetic, and thou shalt have him once more for a husband.” When the goddess had said this, she disappeared, and in the morning Mṛigánkalekhá woke up and told the female ascetic her dream.

And the holy ascetic returned to the earth, and said to Hiraṇyáksha, who was in the *temenos* of Amareśa, “Come to the world of Vidyádharas.” When she said this, he bent before her, and she took him up in her arms, and flew up with him to heaven. Then Hiraṇyáksha’s curse came to an end, and he became a prince of the Vidyádharas, and he remembered his former birth, and said to the female ascetic, “Know that I was a king of the Vidyádharas named Amṛitatejas in a city named Vajrakúṭa. And long ago I was cursed by a hermit, angry because I had treated him with neglect, and I was doomed to live in the world of mortals until touched by your hand. And my wife, who then abandoned the body because I had been cursed, has now been born again as Mṛigánkalekhá, and so has before been loved by me. And now I will go with you and obtain her once more, for I have been purified by the touch of your hand, and my curse is at an end.” So said Amṛitatejas, the Vidyádhara prince, as he travelled through the air with that female ascetic to the Himálayas. There he saw Mṛigánkalekhá in a garden, and she saw him coming, as he had been described by the female ascetic. Wonderful to say, these lovers first entered one another’s minds by the ears, and now they entered them by the eyes, without ever having gone out again.

Then that outspoken female ascetic said to Mṛigánkalekhá, “Tell this to your father with a view to your marriage.” She instantly went, with a face downcast from modesty, and informed her father of all through her confidante. And it happened that her father also had been told how to act by Párvatí in a dream, so he received Amṛitatejas into his palace with all due honour. And he bestowed Mṛigánkalekhá on him with the prescribed ceremonies, and after he was married, he went to the city of Vajrakúṭa. There he got back his kingdom as well as his wife, and he had his father Kanakáksha brought there, by means of the holy female ascetic, as he was a mortal, and he gratified him with heavenly enjoyments and sent him back again to earth, and long enjoyed his prosperity with Mṛigánkalekhá.

“So you see that the destiny fixed for any creature in this world, by works in a former birth, falls as it were before his feet, and he attains it with ease, though apparently unattainable.” When Naraváhanadatta heard this tale of Gomukha’s, he was enabled to sleep that night, though pining for Śaktiyaśas.

1

This story is identical with the 5th in the 4th book of the Panchatantra in Benfey's translation, which he considers Buddhistic, and with which he compares the story of the Bhilla in chapter 61 of this work. He compares the story of Dhúminí in the Daśakumára Charita, page 150, Wilson's edition, which resembles this story more nearly even than the form in the Panchatantra. Also a story in Ardschi Bordschi, translated by himself in Ausland 1858, No. 36, pages 845, 846. (It will be found on page 305 of Sagas from the Far East.) He quotes a saying of Buddha from Spence Hardy's Eastern Monachism, page 166, cp. Köppen, Religion des Buddha, p. 374. This story is also found in the Forty Vazírs, a collection of Persian tales, (Behrnauer's translation, Leipzig, 1851, page 325.) It is also found in the Gesta Romanorum, c. 56. (But the resemblance is not very striking.) Cp. also Grimm's Kinder- und Hausmärchen, No. 16. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, pp. 436 and ff.) This story is simply the Cullapadumajátaka, No. 193 in Fausböll's edition. See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, pp. lxi–lxiii.

2

In La Fontaine's Fables X, 14, a man gains a kingdom by carrying an elephant.

3

In the story of Satyamanjarí, a tale extracted by Professor Nilmani Mookerjee from the Kathá Kośa, a collection of Jaina stories, the heroine carries her leprous husband on her back.

4

This story is found, with the substitution of a man for a woman, on p. 128 of Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. 11; he tells us that it is also found in the 17th chapter of Silvestre de Sacy's Kalila o Dimna (Wolff's Translation II, 99; Knatchbull, 346,) in the 11th section of Symeon Seth's Greek version, 14th chapter of John of Capua; German translation Ulm, 1483 Y., 5; Anvár-i-Suhaili, p. 596 Cabinet des Fées, XVIII, 189. It is imitated by Baldo, 18th fable, (Poesics Inédites du Moyen Age by Edéléstand du Méril, p. 244.) Benfey pronounces it Buddhistic in origin, though apparently not acquainted with its form in the Kathá Sarit Ságara. Cp. Rasaváhini, chap. 3. (Spiegel's Anecdota Paliea). It is also found in the Karma Śataka. Cp. also Matthæus Paris, Hist. Maj. London, 1571, pp. 240–242, where it is told of Richard Cœur de Lion; Gesta Romanorum, c. 119; Gower, Confessio Amantis, Book V; E. Meier Schwäbische Volksmärchen. (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 192 and ff.) Cp. also for the gratitude of the animals the IVth story in Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands. The animals are a dog, an otter and a falcon, p. 74 and ff. The Mongolian form

of the story is to be found in Sagas from the Far East, Tale XIII. See also the XIIth and XXIInd of Miss Stokes's Indian Fairy Tales. There is a striking illustration of the gratitude of animals in Grimm's No. 62, and in Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 483. De Gubernatis in a note to p. 129 of Vol. II, of his Zoological Mythology, mentions a story of grateful animals in Afanassief. The hero finds some wolves fighting for a bone, some bees fighting for honey, and some shrimps fighting for a carcase; he makes a just division, and the grateful wolves, bees, and shrimps help him in need. See also p. 157 of the same volume. No. 25 in the Pentamerone of Basile belongs to the same cycle.

See Die dankbaren Thiere in Gaal's Märchen der Magyaren, p. 175, and Der Rothe Hund, p. 339. In the Saccamkirajatátaka No. 73, Fausböll, Vol. I, 323, a hermit saves a prince, a rat, a parrot and a snake. The rat and snake are willing to give treasures, the parrot rice, but the prince orders his benefactor's execution, and is then killed by his own subjects. See Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 3, note. See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, pp. lxiii–lxv.

5

In Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, a tiger, who has killed the son of an old woman, feeds her henceforth, and appears as a mourner at her funeral. The story in the text bears a faint resemblance to that of Androclus, (Aulus Gellius. V, 14). See also Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 111, with the note at the end of the Volume.

6

Cp. Gijjhajátaka, Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 51.

7

Cp. the 46th story in Sicilianische Märchen gesammelt von Laura von Gonzenbach, where a snake coils round the throat of a king, and will not let him go, till he promises to marry a girl, whom he had violated. See also Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 523.

8

The Petersburg lexicographers explain *ṭakka* as *Geizhals*, *Filz*; but say that the word *ṭhaka* in Marathi means a rogue, cheat. The word *kadarya* also means niggardly, miserly. General Cunningham (Ancient Geography of India, p. 152) says that the Ṭakkas were once the undisputed lords of the Panjáb, and still subsist as a numerous agricultural race in the lower hills between the Jhelum and the Rávi.

9

So in the Russian story of “The Miser,” (Ralston’s Russian Folk-tales, p. 47.) Marko the Rich says to his wife, in order to avoid the payment of a copeck; “Harkye wife! I’ll strip myself naked, and lie down under the holy pictures. Cover me up with a cloth, and sit down and cry, just as you would over a corpse. When the moujik comes for his money, tell him I died this morning.” Ralston conjectures that the story came originally from the East.

10

This resembles the conclusion of the story of the turtle Kambugríva and the swans Vikaṭa and Sankaṭa, Book X, chap. 60, śl. 169, see also Ralston’s Russian Folk-Tales, p. 292. A similar story is told in Bartsch’s Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 349, of the people of Teterow. They adopted the same manœuvre to get a stone out of a well. The man at the top then let go, in order to spit on his hands.

11

I follow Dr. Kern’s conjecture *avikṛitânanâ*.

12

In the Sicilianische Märchen, No. 14, a prince throws a stone at an old woman’s pitcher and breaks it. She exclaims in her anger, “May you wander through the world until you find the beautiful Nzentola!” Nos. 12 and 13 begin in a similar way. A parallel will be found in Dr. Köhler’s notes to No. 12. He compares the commencement of the Pentamerone of Basile.

Chapter LXVI.

The next night Gomukha told the following story to Naraváhanadatta to amuse him.

In the holy place of Śiva, called Dhaneśvara, there lived long ago a great hermit, who was waited upon by many pupils. He once said to his pupils, "If any one of you has seen or heard in his life a strange occurrence of any kind, let him relate it." When the hermit said this, a pupil said to him, "Listen, I will tell a strange story which I once heard."

Story of the mendicant who travelled from Kaśmíra to Páṭaliputra.

There is in Kaśmíra a famous holy place, sacred to Śiva, called Vijaya. In it there lived a certain mendicant, who was proud of his knowledge. He worshipped Śiva, and prayed—"May I be always victorious in controversy,"—and thereupon he set out for Páṭaliputra to exhibit his skill in dispute. And on the way he passed forests, rivers, and mountains, and having reached a certain forest, he became tired, and rested under a tree. And immediately he saw, as he was refreshing himself in the cool breeze of the tank, a student of religion, who had come there dusty with a long journey, with his staff and water-pot in his hand. When he sat down, the wandering mendicant asked him whence he came and whither he was going. The student of religion answered, "I come from that seat of learning Páṭaliputra, and I am going to Kaśmíra to conquer the Paṇḍits there in discussion. When the mendicant heard this speech of the religious student's, he thought, "If I cannot conquer this one man who has left Páṭaliputra, how shall I manage to go and overcome the many who remain there?"

So reflecting, he began to reproach that religious student, “Tell me, religious student, what is the meaning of this inconsistent conduct on your part? How comes it that you are at the same time a religious student, eager for liberation, and a man afflicted with the madness of disputatiousness? Do you seek to be delivered from the world by binding yourself with the conceit of controversy? You are quenching heat with fire, and removing the feeling of cold with snow; you are trying to cross the sea on a boat of stone; you are striving to put out a fire by fanning it. The virtue of Bráhmans is patience, that of Kshatriyas is the rescue of the distressed; the characteristic quality of one who desires liberation is quietism; disputatiousness is said to be the characteristic of Rákshasas. Therefore a man who desires liberation must be of a quiet temperament, putting away the pain arising from alternations of opposites, fearing the hindrances of the world. So cut down with the axe of quietism this tree of mundane existence, and do not water it with the water of controversial conceit.” When he said this to the religious student, he was pleased, and bowed humbly before him, and saying, “Be you my spiritual guide,”—he departed by the way that he came. And the mendicant remained, laughing, where he was, at the foot of the tree, and then he heard from within it the conversation of a Yaksha, who was joking with his wife.[1] And while the mendicant was listening, the Yaksha in sport struck his wife with a garland of flowers, and she, like a cunning female, pretended that she was dead, and immediately her attendants raised a cry of grief. And after a long time she opened her eyes, as if her life had returned to her. Then the Yaksha her husband said to her; “What have you seen?” Then she told the following invented story; “When you struck me with the garland, I saw a black man come, with a noose in his hand, with flaming eyes, tall, with upstanding hair, terrible, darkening the whole horizon with his shadow. The ruffian took me to the abode of Yama, but his officers there turned him back, and made him let me go.” When the Yakshiṇí said this, the Yaksha laughed, and said to her, “O dear! women cannot be free from deception in any thing that they do. Who ever died from being struck with flowers? Who ever returned from the house of Yama? You silly woman, you have imitated the tricks of the women of Páṭaliputra.”

Story of the wife of king Sinháksha, and the wives of his principal courtiers.

For in that city there is a king named Sinháksha: and his wife, taking with her the wives of his minister, commander-in-chief, chaplain, and physician, went once on the thirteenth day of the white fortnight to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Sarasvatí, the protecting deity of that land. There they, queen and all, met on the way sick persons, humpbacked, blind, and lame, and were thus implored by them, "Give medicine to us wretched diseased men, in order that we may be delivered from our infirmity; have mercy upon the distressed. For this world is wavering as a wave of the sea, transient as a flash of lightning, and its beauty is short-lived like that of a religious festival. So in this unreal world the only real thing is mercy to the wretched, and charity to the poor; it is only the virtuous person that can be said truly to live. What is the use of giving to the rich or the comfortable?[2] What does the cold moon profit a shivering man, or what is the use of a cloud when winter has arrived? So rescue us miserable creatures from the affliction of sickness."

When the queen and the other ladies had been thus supplicated by these diseased persons, they said to one another; "These poor afflicted men say what is true, and to the point, so we must endeavour to restore them to health even at the cost of all our substance." Then they worshipped the goddess, and each took one of those sick people to her own house, and, urging on their husbands, they had them treated with the potent drugs of Mahádeví, and they never left off watching them. And from being always with them, they fell in love with them, and became so attached to them that they thought of nothing else in the world. And their minds, bewildered with love, never reflected what a difference there was between these wretched sick men and their own husbands, the king and his chief courtiers.

Then their husbands remarked that they had on them the marks of scratches and bites, due to their surprising intimacy with these invalids. And the king, the commander-in-chief, the minister, the chaplain, and the physician talked of this to one another without reserve, but not without anxiety. Then the king said to the others, “You keep quiet at present; I will question my wife dexterously.” So he dismissed them, and went to his private apartments, and assuming an expression of affectionate anxiety, he said to his wife, “Who bit you on the lower lip? Who scratched you on the breast? If you tell me the truth, it will be well with you, but not otherwise.” When the queen was thus questioned by the king, she told him a fictitious tale, saying, “Ill-fated that I am, I must tell this wonder, though it ought not to be revealed. Every night a man, with a discus and club, comes out of the painted wall, and does this to me, and disappears into it in the morning. And though you, my husband, are alive, he reduces to this state my body, which not even the sun or moon has ever beheld.” When the foolish king heard this story of hers, told with much semblance of grief, he believed it, and thought that it was all a trick played by Vishṇu. And he told it to the minister and his other servants, and they, like blockheads, also believed that their wives had been visited by Vishṇu, and held their tongues.

“In this way wicked and cunning females, of bad character, by concurring in one impossible story, deceive silly people, but I am not such a fool as to be taken in.” The Yaksha by saying this covered his wife with confusion. And the mendicant at the foot of the tree heard it all. Then the mendicant folded his hands, and said to that Yaksha, “Reverend sir, I have arrived at your hermitage, and now I throw myself on your protection. So pardon my sin in overhearing what you have been saying.” By thus speaking the truth he gained the good will of the Yaksha. And the Yaksha said to him, “I am a Yaksha, Sarvasthánagaváta by name, and I am pleased with you. So choose a boon.” Then the mendicant said to the Yaksha; “Let this be my boon that you will not be angry with this wife of yours.” Then the Yaksha said, “I am exceedingly pleased with you. This boon is already granted, so choose another.” Then the mendicant said, “Then this is my second petition, that from this day forward you and your wife will look upon me as a son.” When the Yaksha heard this, he immediately became visible to him with his wife, and said, “I consent, my son, we regard you as our own child. And

owing to our favour you shall never suffer calamity. And you shall be invincible in disputation, altercation, and gambling." When the Yaksha had said this, he disappeared, and the mendicant worshipped him, and after spending the night there, he went on to Páṭaliputra. Then he announced to king Sinháksha, by the mouth of the doorkeeper, that he was a disputant come from Kaśmíra. And the king permitted him to enter the hall of assembly, and there he tauntingly challenged the learned men to dispute with him. And after he had conquered them all by virtue of the boon of the Yaksha, he again taunted them in the presence of the king in these words: "I ask you to explain this. What is the meaning of this statement, 'A man with a discus and mace comes out of the painted wall, and bites my lower lip, and scratches my chest, and then disappears in the wall again.' Give me an answer."[3] When the learned men heard his riddle, as they did not know the real reference, they gave no answer, but looked at one another's faces. Then the king Sinháksha himself said to him, "Explain to us yourself the meaning of what you said." Thereupon the mendicant told the king of the deceitful behaviour of his wife, which he had heard about from the Yaksha. And he said to the king, "So a man should never become attached to women, which will only result in his knowing wickedness." The king was delighted with the mendicant, and wished to give him his kingdom. But the mendicant, who was ardently attached to his own native land, would not take it. Then the king honoured him with a rich present of jewels. The mendicant took the jewels and returned to his native land of Kaśmíra, and there by the favour of the Yaksha he lived in great comfort.

When Gomukha had said this, he remarked, "So strange are these actions of bad women, and the dispensations of Providence, and the conduct of mankind. Now hear this story of another woman who killed eleven.[4]

Story of the woman who had eleven husbands.

There was in Málava a certain householder, who lived in a village. He had born to him a daughter, who had two or three elder brothers. Now, as soon as she was born her mother died, and a few days after one of the man's sons died. And then his brother was gored by an ox and died of it. So the householder named his daughter, "Three-slayer," because owing to the birth of this ill-omened girl three had met their death.

In course of time she grew up, and then the son of a rich man, who lived in that village, asked her in marriage, and her father gave her to him with the usual rejoicings. She lived for some time with that husband, but he soon died. In a few days the fickle woman took another husband. And the second husband met his death in a short time. Then, led astray by her youthful feelings, she took a third husband. And the third husband of this husband-slayer died like the others. In this way she lost ten husbands in succession. So she got affixed to her by way of ridicule the name of "Ten-slayer." Then her father was ashamed and would not let her take another husband, and she remained in her father's house avoided by people. But one day a handsome young traveller entered it, and was allowed by her father to stop as his guest for a night. When Ten-slayer saw him, she fell in love with him, and when he looked at that charming young woman, he too was captivated. Then Love robbed her of her modesty, and she said to her father, "I choose this traveller as one husband more; if he dies I will then take a vow." She said this in the hearing of the traveller, but her father answered her, "Do not think of such a thing, it is too disgraceful; you have lost ten husbands, and if this one dies too, people will laugh consumedly. When the traveller heard this, he abandoned all reserve, and said, "No chance of my dying, I have lost ten wives one after another. So we are on a par; I swear that it is so by the touch of the feet of Śiva." When the traveller said this, every body was astonished. And the villagers assembled, and with one consent gave permission to Ten-slayer to marry the traveller, and she took him for her husband. And she lived some time with him, but at last he was seized with an ague and died. Then she was called "Eleven-slayer," and even the stones could not help laughing at her: so she betook herself in despondency to the bank of the Ganges and lived the life of an ascetic.

The story of the man, who, thanks to Durgá, had always one ox.

When Gomukha had told this amusing story, he went on to say—"Hear also the story of the man who subsisted on one ox."

There was a certain poor householder in a certain village; and the only wealth he had in his house was one ox. He was so mean-spirited that, though his family was on the point of perishing for want of food, and he himself had to fast, he could not make up his mind to part with that ox. But he went to the shrine of Durgá in the Vindhya hills, and throwing himself down on a bed of *darbha*-grass, he performed asceticism without taking food, in order that he might obtain wealth. The goddess said to him in a dream, "Rise up; your wealth shall always consist of one ox, and by selling it you shall live in perpetual comfort." So the next morning he woke, and got up, took some food, and returned to his house. But even then he had not strength of mind to sell that ox, for he thought that, if he sold it, he would have nothing left in the world, and be unable to live. Then, as, thin with fasting, he told his dream with reference to the command of the goddess, a certain intelligent friend said to him, "The goddess told you that you should always have one ox, and that you should live by selling it, so why did you not, foolish man, obey the command of the goddess? So, sell this ox, and support your family. When you have sold this one, you will get another, and then another." The villager, on receiving this suggestion from his friend, did so. And he received ox after ox, and lived in perpetual comfort by selling them.

"So you see, Destiny produces fruit for every man according to his resolution. So a man should be resolute; good fortune does not select for favour a man wanting in resolution. Hear now this story of the cunning rogue who passed himself off as a minister."

Story of the rogue who managed to acquire wealth by speaking to the king.[5]

There was a certain king in a city in the Dekkan. In that city there was a rogue who lived by imposing upon others. And one day he said to himself, being too ambitious to be satisfied with small gains; “Of what use to me is this petty rascality, which only provides me with subsistence? Why should I not do a stroke of business which would bring me great prosperity?” Having thus reflected, he dressed himself splendidly as a merchant, and went to the palace-gate and accosted the warder. And he introduced him into the king’s presence, and he offered a complimentary gift, and said to the king, “I wish to speak with your Majesty in private.” The king was imposed upon by his dress, and much influenced in his favour by the present, so he granted him a private interview, and then the rogue said to him, “Will your Majesty have the goodness every day, in the hall of assembly, to take me aside for a moment in the sight of all, and speak to me in private? And as an acknowledgment of that favour I will give your Majesty every day five hundred *dínárs*, and I do not ask for any gift in return.” When the king heard that, he thought to himself, “What harm can it do? What does he take away from me? On the contrary he is to give me *dínárs* every day. What disgrace is there in carrying on a conversation with a great merchant?” So the king consented, and did as he requested, and the rogue gave the king the *dínárs* as he had promised, and the people thought that he had obtained the position of a Cabinet Minister.

Now one day the rogue, while he was talking with the king, kept looking again and again at the face of one official with a significant expression. And after he came out, that official asked him why he had looked at his face so, and the rogue was ready with this fiction; “The king is angry because he supposes that you have been plundering his realm. This is why I looked at your face, but I will appease his anger.” When the sham minister said this,

the official went home in a state of anxiety, and sent him a thousand gold pieces. And the next day the rogue talked in the same way with the king, and then he came out and said to the official, who came towards him; “I appeased the king’s anger against you with some judicious words. Cheer up; I will now stand by you in all emergencies.” Thus he artfully made him his friend, and then dismissed him, and then the official waited upon him with all kinds of presents.

Thus gradually this dexterous rogue, by means of his continual conversations with the king, and by many artifices, extracted from the officials, the subordinate monarchs, the Rájpúts, and the servants, so much wealth, that he amassed altogether fifty millions of gold pieces. Then the scoundrelly sham minister said in secret to the king, “Though I have given you every day five hundred *dínárs*, nevertheless, by the favour of your Highness, I have amassed fifty millions of gold pieces. So have the goodness to accept of this gold. What have I to do with it?” Then he told the king his whole stratagem. But it was with difficulty that the king could be induced to take half the money. Then he gave him the post of a Cabinet Minister, and the rogue, having obtained riches and position, kept complimenting the people with entertainments.

“Thus a wise man obtains great wealth without committing a very great crime, and when he has gained the advantage, he atones for his fault in the same way as a man who digs a well.” Then Gomukha went on to say to the prince; “Listen now to this one story, though you are excited about your approaching marriage.”

Story of Ratnarekhá and Lakshmísena.

There lived in a city, named Ratnákara, a king, named Buddhiprabha, who was a very lion to the infuriated elephant-herd of his enemies, and there was born to him by his queen, named Ratnarekhá, a daughter, named

Hemaprabhá, the most beautiful woman in the whole world. And since she was a Vidyádharí, that had fallen to earth by a curse, she was fond of amusing herself by swinging, on account of the pleasure that she felt in recalling the impressions of her roaming through the air in her former existence. Her father forbade her, being afraid that she would fall, but she did not desist, so her father was angry and gave her a slap. The princess was angry at receiving so great an indignity, and wishing to retire to the forest, she went to a garden outside the city, on the pretence of amusing herself. She made her servants drunk with wine, and roaming on, she entered a dense tree-jungle, and got out of their sight. And she went alone to a distant forest, and there she built herself a hut, and remained feeding on roots and fruits, engaged in the adoration of Śiva. As for her father, he found out that she had fled to some place or other, and made search for her, but did not find her. Then he fell into great grief. And after some time the king's grief abated a little, so he went out hunting to distract his mind. And, as it happened, that king Buddhiprabha went to that distant forest, in which his daughter Hemaprabhá was engaged in ascetic practices. There the king saw her hut, and he went into it, and unexpectedly beheld there his own daughter emaciated with ascetic practices. And she, when she saw him, rose up at once and embraced his feet, and her father embraced her with tears and seated her on his lap. And seeing one another again after so long a separation, they wept so that even the eyes of the deer in the forest gushed with tears. Then the king at last comforted his daughter, and said to her, "Why did you abandon, my daughter, the happiness of a palace, and act thus? So come back to your mother, and give up this forest." When her father said this to her, Hemaprabhá answered him, "I have been commanded by the god to act thus. What choice have I in the matter? So I will not return to the palace to indulge in pleasure, and I will not abandon the joys of asceticism." When the king discovered from this speech of hers that she would not abandon her intention, he had a palace made for her in that very forest. And when he returned to his capital, he sent her every day cooked food and wealth, for the entertainment of her guests. And Hemaprabhá remained in the forest, honouring her guests with wealth and jewels, while she lived herself on roots and fruits.

Now one day there came to the hermitage of that princess a female mendicant, who was roaming about, having observed a vow of chastity from her earliest youth. This lady, who had been a mendicant from her childhood, was honoured by Hemaprabhá, and when asked by her the reason why she took the vow, she answered, "Once, when I was a girl, I was shampooing my father's feet, and my eyes closed in sleep, and I let my hands drop. Then my father gave me a kick, and said, 'Why do you go to sleep?' And I was so angry at that that I left his house and became a mendicant." Then Hemaprabhá was so delighted with the female mendicant, on account of the resemblance of her character to her own, that she made her share her forest life. And one morning she said to that friend; "My friend, I remember that I crossed in my dreams a broad river, then I mounted a white elephant, after that I ascended a mountain, and there I saw in a hermitage the holy god Śiva. And having obtained a lyre, I sang and played on it before him, and then I saw a man of celestial appearance approach. When I saw him, I flew up into the sky with you, and when I had seen so much, I awoke, and lo! the night was at an end." When the friend heard this, she said to Hemaprabhá, "Undoubtedly, auspicious girl, you must be some heavenly being born on earth in consequence of a curse; and this dream means that your curse is nearly at an end." When the princess heard this speech of her friend's, she received it with joy.

And when the sun, the lamp of the world, had mounted high in the heaven, there came there a certain prince on horseback. When he saw Hemaprabhá dressed as an ascetic, he dismounted from his horse, and conceiving admiration for her, he went and saluted her respectfully. She, for her part, entertained him, and made him take a seat, and feeling love for him, said, "Who are you, noble sir?" Then the prince said, "Noble lady, there is a king of auspicious name, called Pratápasena. He was once going through a course of asceticism to propitiate Śiva, with the view of obtaining a son. And that merciful god appeared to him, and said, 'Thou shalt obtain one son, who shall be an incarnation of a Vidyádhara, and he, when his curse is at an end, shall return to his own world. And thou shalt have a second son, who shall continue thy race and uphold thy realm.' When Śiva said this to him, he rose up in high spirits, and took food. Then he had one son born to him, named Lakshmísena, and in course of time a second, named Śúrasena.

Know, lovely one, that I am that same Lakshmísena, and that to-day when I went out to hunt, my horse, swift as the wind, ran away with me and brought me here." Then he asked her history, and she told it him, and thereupon she remembered her former birth, and was very much elated, and said to him, "Now that I have seen you, I have remembered my birth and the sciences which I knew as a Vidyádharí,[6] for I and this friend of mine here are both Vidyádharís, that have been sent down to earth by a curse. And you were my husband, and your minister was the husband of this friend of mine. And now that curse of me and of my friend has lost its power. We shall all meet again in the world of Vidyádharas." Then she and her friend assumed divine forms and flew up to heaven, and went to their own world. But Lakshmísena stood for a moment lost in wonder, and then his minister arrived tracking his course. While the prince was telling the whole story to him, king Buddhiprabha arrived, anxious to see his daughter. When he could not see his daughter, but found Lakshmísena there, he asked for news of her, and Lakshmísena told him what had happened. Then Buddhiprabha was cast down, but Lakshmísena and his minister remembered their former existence, their curse having spent its force, and they went to their own world through the air. He recovered his wife Hemaprabhá and returned with her, and then taking leave of Buddhiprabha, he went to his own town. And he went with his minister, who had recovered his wife, and told their adventures to his father Pratápasena, who bestowed on him his kingdom as his successor by right of birth. But he gave it to his younger brother Śúrasena, and returned to his own city in the country of the Vidyádharas. There Lakshmísena, united with his consort Hemaprabhá, and assisted by his minister, long enjoyed the delights of sovereignty over the Vidyádharas.

By hearing these stories told one after another by Gomukha, Naraváhanadatta, though he was excited about his approaching marriage with his new wife Śaktiyaśas, spent that night as if it were a moment. In this way the prince whiled away the days, until the day of his marriage arrived, when, as he was in the presence of his father the king of Vatsa, he suddenly saw the army of the Vidyádharas descend from heaven, gleaming like gold. And he saw, in the midst of them, Sphaṭikayaśas the king of the Vidyádharas, who had come out of love, holding the hand of his dear

daughter, whom he wished to bestow on the prince, and he joyfully went towards him, and saluted him by the title of father-in-law, after his father had first entertained him with the *arghya* and other usual ceremonies. And the king of the Vidyádharas stated the object of his coming, and immediately created a display of heavenly magnificence becoming his high position, and by the might of his supernatural power loaded the prince with jewels, and then bestowed on him in due form his daughter previously promised to him. And Naraváhanadatta, having obtained that Śaktiyaśas, the daughter of the king of the Vidyádharas, was resplendent as the lotus after collecting the rays of the sun. Then Sphaṭikayaśas departed, and the son of the king of Vatsa remained in the city of Kauśámbí, with his eyes fixed on the face of Śaktiyaśas, as the bee clings to the lotus.

1

Cp. the Yaksha to whom Phalabhúti prays in Ch. XX. The belief in tree-spirits is shewn by Tylor in his Primitive Culture to exist in many parts of the world. (See the Index in his second volume.) Grimm in his Teutonic Mythology (p. 70 and ff) gives an account of the tree-worship which prevailed amongst the ancient Germans. See also an interesting article by Mr. Wallhouse in the Indian Antiquary for June 1880.

2

The Sanskrit College reads *anena* for *aśanena*. Dr. Kern wishes to read *suhitasyápy aśanena kim*. This would still leave a superfluity of syllables in the line.

3

This part of the story may be compared with the story of As tres Lebres in Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 90, or that of the Blind Man and the Cripple in Ralston's Russian Folk Tales.

4

In the notice of the first ten fasciculi of this translation which appeared in the *Saturday Review* for May 1882, the following interesting remark is made on this story:

"And the story of the woman, who had eleven husbands, bears a curious but no doubt accidental likeness to an anecdote related by St. Jerome about a contest between a man and his wife as to which would outlive the other, she having previously conducted to the grave scores of husbands and he scores of wives."

5

So in the Novellæ Morlini, No. 4, a merchant, who is deeply involved, gives a large sum of money to the king for the privilege of riding by his side through the town. Henceforth his creditors cease their importunities. (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 494.)

6

I follow the Sanskrit College MS. which reads *vidyábhiḥ saha saṃsmṛitá*.

Book XI.

Chapter LXVII.

Honour to the elephant-headed god who averts all hindrances, who is the cause of every success, who ferries us over the sea of difficulties.

Thus Naraváhanadatta obtained Śaktiyaśas, and besides he had those wives he married before, Ratnaprabhá and others, and his consort the head wife Madanamanchuká, and with them and his friends he led a happy life at the court of his father in Kauśámbí.

Story of the race between the elephant and the horses.

And one day, when he was in the garden, two brothers, who were princes, and who had come from a foreign land, suddenly paid him a visit. He received them cordially, and they bowed before him, and one of them said to him; “We are the sons by different mothers of a king in the city of Vaiśákha. My name is Ruchiradeva and the name of this brother of mine is Potraka. I have a swift female elephant, and he has two horses. And a dispute has arisen between us about them; I say that the elephant is the fleetest, he maintains that his horses are both fleeter. I have agreed that if I lose the race, I am to surrender the elephant, but if he loses, he is to give me both his horses. Now no one but you is fit to be a judge of their relative speed, so come to my house, my lord, and preside over this trial. Accede to our request. For you are the wishing-tree that grants all petitions, and we have come from afar to petition you about this matter.”

When the prince received this invitation from Ruchiradeva, he consented out of good nature, and out of the interest he took in the elephant and the

horses. He set out in a chariot drawn by swift horses, which the brothers had brought, and he reached with them that city of Vaiśákha. When he entered that splendid city, the ladies, bewildered and excited, beheld him with eyes the lashes of which were turned up, and made these comments on him; “Who can this be! Can it be the god of Love new-created from his ashes without Rati? Or a second moon roaming through the heaven without a spot on its surface? Or an arrow of desire made by the Creator, in the form of a man, for the sudden complete overthrow of the female heart.” Then the king beheld the all-lovely temple of the god of Love, whose worship had been established there by men of old time. He entered and worshipped that god, the source of supreme felicity, and rested for a moment, and shook off the fatigue of the journey. Then he entered as a friend the house of Ruchiradeva, which was near that temple, and was honoured by being made to walk in front of him. He was delighted at the sight of that magnificent palace, full of splendid horses and elephants, which was in a state of rejoicing on account of his visit. There he was entertained with various hospitalities by Ruchiradeva, and there he beheld his sister of splendid beauty. His mind and his eyes were so captivated by her glorious beauty, that he forgot all about his absence from home and his separation from his family. She too threw lovingly upon him her expanded eye, which resembled a garland of full blown blue lotuses, and so chose him as her husband.[1] Her name was Jayendrasená, and he thought so much upon her that the goddess of sleep did not take possession of him at night, much less did other females.[2]

The next day Potraka brought that pair of horses equal to the wind in swiftness; but Ruchiradeva, who was skilled in all the secrets of the art of driving, himself mounted the female elephant, and partly by the animal’s natural speed, partly by his dexterity in urging it on, beat them in the race. When Ruchiradeva had beaten those two splendid horses, the son of the king of Vatsa entered the palace, and at that very moment arrived a messenger from his father. The messenger, when he saw the prince, fell at his feet, and said; “The king, hearing from your retinue that you have come here, has sent me to you with this message. ‘How comes it that you have gone so far from the garden without letting me know? I am impatient for

your return, so abandon the diversion that occupies your attention, and return quickly.'" When he heard this message from his father's messenger, Naraváhanadatta, who was also intent on obtaining the object of his flame, was in a state of perplexity.

And at that very moment a merchant, in a great state of delight, came, bowing at a distance, and praised that prince, saying, "Victory to thee, O thou god of love without the flowery bow! Victory to thee, O Lord, the future emperor of the Vidyádharas! Wast thou not seen to be charming as a boy, and when growing up, the terror of thy foes? So surely the gods shall behold thee like Vishṇu, striding victorious over the heaven, conquering Bali." With these and other praises the great merchant magnified the prince; then having been honoured by him, he proceeded at his request to tell the story of his life.

Story of the merchant and his wife Velá.

There is a city called Lampá, the crown of the earth; in it there was a rich merchant named Kusumasára. I, prince of Vatsa, am the son of that merchant, who lives and moves in religion, and I was gained by the propitiation of Śiva. Once on a time I went with my friends to witness a procession of idols, and I saw other rich men giving to beggars. Then I formed the design of acquiring wealth to give away, as I was not satisfied with the vast fortune accumulated by my father. So I embarked in a ship, laden with many jewels, to go across the sea to another country. And my ship, impelled by a favorable wind, as if by fate, reached that island in a few days. There the king found out that I was an unknown man dealing in valuable jewels, and out of avarice he threw me into prison. While I was remaining in that prison, which resembled hell, on account of its being full of howling criminals, suffering from hunger and thirst, like wicked ghosts, a merchant, named Mahídhara, a resident in that town, who knew my family, went and interceded with the king on my behalf, and said; "King, this is the

son of a great merchant, who lives in the city of Lampá, and, as he is innocent, it is not creditable to your majesty to keep him in prison." On his making representations of this kind, the king ordered me to be released from prison, and summoned me into his presence, and honoured me with a courteous reception. So, by the favour of the king and the support of that merchant, I remained there doing a splendid business.

One day I saw, at a spring festival in a garden, a handsome girl, the daughter of a merchant named Śikhara. I was quite carried off my feet by her, who was like a wave of the sea of Love's insolence, and when I found out who she was, I demanded her in marriage from her father. Her father reflected for a moment, and at last said to me; "I cannot give her to you myself, there is a reason for my not doing so. But I will send her to her grandfather by the mother's side, in the island of Ceylon; go there and ask for her again, and marry her. And I will send her there with such instructions that your suit will certainly be accepted." When Śikhara had said this, and had paid me the usual courtesies, he dismissed me to my own house. And the next day he put the maiden on board ship, with her attendants, and sent her to the island of Ceylon, across the sea.

I was preparing with the utmost eagerness to go there, when this rumour, which was terrible as a lightning-stroke, was spread abroad where I was; "The ship, in which the daughter of Śikhara started, has gone to pieces in the open sea, and not a soul has been saved out of it." That report altogether broke down my self-command, and being anxious about the ship, I suddenly fell into a hopeless sea of despondency. So I, though comforted by my elders, made up my mind to throw away my property and prospects, and I determined to go to that island to ascertain the truth. Then, though patronized by the king and loaded with all manner of wealth, I embarked in a ship on the sea and set out. Then a terrible pirate, in the form of a cloud, suddenly arose against me as I was pursuing my course, and discharged at me pattering drops of rain, like showers of arrows. The contrary wind, which it brought with it, tossed my ship to and fro like powerful destiny, and at last broke it up. My attendants and my wealth were whelmed in the sea, but I myself, when I fell into the water, laid hold of a large spar.[3] By the help of this, which seemed like an arm suddenly extended to me by the

Creator, I managed to reach the shore of the sea, being slowly drifted there by the wind. I climbed up upon it in great affliction, exclaiming against destiny, and suddenly I found a little gold which had been left by accident in an out-of-the-way part of the shore. I sold it in a neighbouring village, and bought with it food and other necessaries, and after purchasing a couple of garments, I gradually began to get over to a certain extent the fatigue produced by my immersion in the sea.

Then I wandered about, not knowing my way, separated from my beloved, and I saw the ground full of *lingas* of Śiva formed of sand. And daughters of hermits were wandering about among them. And in one place I saw a maiden engaged in worshipping a *linga*, who was beautiful, although dressed in the garb of a dweller in the forest. I began to think, "This girl is wonderfully like my beloved. Can she be my beloved herself? But how comes it, that I am so lucky as to find her here?" And while these thoughts were passing in my mind, my right eye throbbed frequently, as if with joy,[4] and told me that it was no other than she. And I said to her, "Fair one, you are fitted to dwell in a palace, how comes it that you are here in the forest?" But she gave me no answer. Then, through fear of being cursed by a hermit, I stood concealed by a bower of creepers, looking at her with an eye that could not have enough. And after she had performed her worship, she went slowly away from the spot, as if thinking over something, and frequently turned round to look at me with loving eye. When she had gone out of sight, the whole horizon seemed to be obscured with darkness as I looked at it, and I was in a strange state of perturbation like the Brahmany drake at night.

And immediately I beheld the daughter of the hermit Mátanga, who appeared unexpectedly. She was in brightness like the sun, subject to a vow of chastity from her earliest youth, with body emaciated by penance, she possessed divine insight, and was of auspicious countenance like Resignation incarnate. She said to me, "Chandrasára, call up all your patience and listen. There is a great merchant in another island named Śikhara. When a lovely girl was born to him, he was told by a mendicant, his friend, who possessed supernatural insight, and whose name was Jinarakshita,[5] 'You must not give away this maiden yourself, for she has

another mother. You would commit a crime in giving her away yourself, such is the righteous prescription of the law.' Since the mendicant had told him this, the merchant wished to give his daughter, when she was of marriageable age, and you asked her hand, to you, by the agency of her maternal grandfather. Then she was sent off on a voyage to her maternal grandfather in the island of Ceylon, but the vessel was wrecked, and she fell into the sea. And as she was fated not to die, a great wave brought her here like destiny, and flung her up upon the shore. Just at that time my father, the hermit Mátanga, came to the sea to bathe with his disciples, and saw her almost dead. He, being of compassionate nature, brought her round, and took her to his hermitage, and entrusted her to me saying—'Yamuná, you must cherish this girl.' And because he found her on the shore (*velá*) of the sea, he called the girl, who was beloved by all the hermits, Velá. And though I have renounced the world by a vow of perpetual chastity, it still impedes my soul, on account of my affection for her, in the form of love and tenderness for offspring. And my mind is grieved, Chandrasára, as often as I look upon her, unmarried, though in the bloom of youth and beauty. Moreover she was your wife in a former life. So knowing, my son, by the power of my meditation that you had come here, I have come to meet you. Now follow me and marry that Velá, whom I will bestow on you. Let the sufferings, which you have both endured, produce fruits of happiness."

Speaking thus, the saintly woman refreshed me with her voice as with cloudless rain, and then she took me to the hermitage of her father, the great hermit Mátanga. And at her request the hermit bestowed on me that Velá, like the happiness of the kingdom of the imagination incarnate in bodily form. But one day, as I was living happily with Velá, I commenced a splashing match with her in the water of a tank. And I and Velá, not seeing the hermit Mátanga, who had come there to bathe, sprinkled him inopportunely with some of the water which we threw. That annoyed him, and he denounced a curse on me and my wife, saying, "You shall be separated, you wicked couple." Then Velá clung to his knees, and asked him with plaintive voice to appoint a period for the duration of our curse, and he, after thinking, fixed its end as follows, "When thou shalt behold at a distance Naraváhanadatta the future mighty emperor of the Vidyádharas, who shall beat with a swift elephant a pair of fleet horses, then thy curse

shall be at an end, and thou shalt be re-united with thy wife." When the *ṛishi* Mátanga had said this, he performed the ceremony of bathing and other ceremonies, and went to Śvetadvípa through the air, to visit the shrine of Vishṇu. And Yamuná said to me and my wife—"I give you now that shoe covered with valuable jewels, which a Vidyádhara long ago obtained, when it had slipped off from Śiva's foot, and which I seized in childish sport." Thereupon Yamuná also went to Śvetadvípa. Then I having obtained my beloved, and being disgusted with dwelling in the forest, through fear of being separated from my wife, felt a desire to return to my own country. And setting out for my native land, I reached the shore of the sea; and finding a trading vessel, I put my wife on board, and was preparing to go on board myself, when the wind, conspiring with the hermit's curse, carried off that ship to a distance. When the ship carried off my wife before my eyes, my whole nature was stunned by the shock, and distraction seemed to have found an opening in me, and broke into me and robbed me of consciousness. Then an ascetic came that way, and seeing me insensible, he compassionately brought me round and took me to his hermitage. There he asked me the whole story, and when he found out that it was the consequence of a curse, and that the curse was to end, he animated me with resolution to bear up. Then I found an excellent friend, a merchant, who had escaped from his ship that had foundered in the sea, and I set out with him in search of my beloved. And supported by the hope of the termination of the curse, I wandered through many lands and lasted out many days, until I finally reached this city of Vaiśákha, and heard that you, the jewel of the noble family of the king of Vatsa, had come here. Then I saw you from a distance beat that pair of swift horses with the female elephant, and the weight of the curse fell from me, and I felt my heart lightened.[6] And immediately I saw that dear Velá coming to meet me, whom the good merchants had brought in their ship. Then I was re-united with my wife, who had with her the jewels bestowed by Yamuná, and having by your favour crossed the ocean of separation, I came here, prince of Vatsa, to pay you my respects, and I will now set out cheerfully for my native land with my wife.

When that excellent merchant Chandrasára, who had accomplished his object, had gone, after prostrating himself before the prince, and telling his

story, Ruchiradeva, pleased at beholding the greatness of his guest, was still more obsequious to him. And in addition to the elephant and the pair of horses, he gave his sister, making the duty of hospitality an excuse for doing so, to the prince who was captivated by her beauty. She was a good match for the prince, and her brother had long desired to bestow her upon him in marriage. Naraváhanadatta then took leave of Ruchiradeva, and with his new wife, the elephant, and the two horses, returned to the city of Kauśámbí. And he remained there, gladdening his father with his presence, living happily with her and his other wives, of whom Madanamanchuká was the chief.

1

An allusion to the custom of choosing a husband in the Svayamvara ceremony, by throwing a garland on the neck of the favoured suitor.

2

Dr. Kern would read *ásata*.

3

Compare Book III of the novel of Achilles Tatius, c. 5.

4

Cp. Enmathius' novel of Hysminias and Hysmine, Book IX, ch. 4.

Ἐπὶ δὴ τούτοις πᾶσιν ὀφθαλμὸς ἥλατό μου ὁ δεξιὸς, καὶ ἦν μοι τὸ σημεῖον ἀγαθὸν, καὶ τὸ προμάντευμα δεξιώτατον

See also Theocritus III, 37.

ἄλλεται ὀφθαλμός μευ ὁ δεξιός· ἦ ῥά γ' ἰδησῶ
αὐτάν;

Where Fritsche quotes Plant. Pseudol. 1.1.105. Brand in his Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, p. 172, quotes the above passage from Theocritus, and a very apposite one from Dr. Nathaniel Home's Demonologie—"If their ears tingle, they say they have some enemies abroad that doe or are about to speake evill of them: so, *if their right eye itcheth*, then it betokens joyful laughter."

Bartsch in his Sagen, Märchen, und Gebraüche aus Mecklenburg, says, "Throbbing in the right eye betokens joy, in the left, tears." In Norway throbbing in the right ear is a good

sign, in the left a bad sign (Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 327.) Forcellini s. v. Salisatores quotes from Isidor. VIII, 9. Salisatores vocati sunt, qui dum eis membrorum quæcunque partes salierint, aliquid sibi exinde prosperum, seu triste significare prædicunt.

5

i. e., under the protection of a Buddha.

6

So Malegis in Die Heimonskinder represents that his blind brother will be freed from his affliction when he comes to a place where the horse Bayard is being ridden. (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. II, p. 96.)

Book XII.

Chapter LXVIII.

May Gaṇeśa protect you, who, when he sports, throws up his trunk, round which plays a continual swarm of bees, like a triumphal pillar covered with letters, erected on account of the overthrow of obstacles!

We worship Śiva, who, though free from the hue of passion, abounds in colours, the skilful painter who is ever producing new and wonderful creations. Victorious are the arrows of the god of love, for, when they descend, though they are made of flowers, the thunderbolt and other weapons are blunted in the hands of those who bear them.

So the son of the king of Vatsa remained in Kauśámbí, having obtained wife after wife. But though he had so many wives, he ever cherished the head queen Madanamanchuká more than his own life, as Kṛishṇa cherishes Rukmiṇí. But one night he saw in a dream that a heavenly maiden came and carried him off. And when he awoke, he found himself on a slab of the *tárkshya* gem, on the plateau of a great hill, a place full of shady trees. And he saw that maiden near him, illuminating the wood, though it was night,[1] like a herb used by the god of love for bewildering the world. He thought that she had brought him there, and he perceived that modesty made her conceal her real feelings; so the cunning prince pretended to be asleep, and in order to test her, he said, as if talking in his sleep, “Where are you, my dear Madanamanchuká? Come and embrace me.” When she heard it, she profited by his suggestion, and assumed the form of his wife, and embraced him without the restraint of modesty. Then he opened his eyes, and beholding her in the form of his wife, he said, “O how intelligent you are!” and smiling threw his arms round her neck. Then she dismissed all shame, and exhibiting herself in her real shape, she said—“Receive, my husband, this maiden, who chooses you for her own.” And when she said that, he married her by the Gándharva form of marriage.

But next morning he said to her, by way of an artifice to discover her lineage, about which he felt curious; “Listen, my dear, I will tell you a wonderful story.”

Story of the jackal that was turned into an elephant.

There lived in a certain wood of ascetics a hermit, named Brahmasiddhi, who possessed by meditation supernatural power, and near his hermitage there was an old female jackal dwelling in a cave. One day it was going out to find food, having been unable to find any for some time on account of bad weather, when a male elephant, furious on account of its separation from its female, rushed towards it to kill it. When the hermit saw that, being compassionate as well as endowed with magical power, he turned the female jackal into a female elephant, by way of a kindness, to please both. Then the male elephant, beholding a female, ceased to be furious, and became attached to her, and so she escaped death. Then, as he was roaming about with the jackal transformed into a female elephant, he entered a tank full of the mud produced by the autumn rains, to crop a lotus. He sank in the mud there, and could not move, but remained motionless, like a mountain that has fallen owing to its wings having been cut off by the thunderbolt. When the female elephant, that was before a jackal, saw the male in this distress, she went off that moment and followed another male elephant. Then it happened that the elephant’s own mate, that he had lost, came that way in search of her spouse. The noble creature, seeing her husband sinking in the mud, entered the mud of the tank in order to join him. At that moment the hermit Brahmasiddhi came that way with his disciples, and was moved with pity when he saw that pair. And he bestowed by his power great strength on his disciples, and made them extricate the male and female from the mud. Then the hermit went away, and that couple

of elephants, having been delivered both from separation and death, roamed where they would.

“So you see, my dear, that even animals, if they are of a noble strain, do not desert a lord or friend in calamity, but rescue him from it. But as for those which are of low origin, they are of fickle nature, and their hearts are never moved by noble feelings or affection.” When the prince of Vatsa said this, the heavenly maiden said to him—“It is so, there can be no doubt about this. But I know what your real object is in telling me this tale; so in return, my husband, hear this tale from me.”

Story of Vámadatta and his wicked wife.

There was an excellent Bráhman in Kányakubja, named Śúradatta, possessor of a hundred villages, respected by the king Báhuśakti. And he had a devoted wife, named Vasumatí, and by her he begot a handsome son, named Vámadatta. Vámadatta, the darling of his father, was instructed in all the sciences, and soon married a wife, of the name of Śaśiprabhá. In course of time his father went to heaven, and his wife followed him,[2] and the son undertook with his wife the duties of a householder. But without his knowledge his wife was addicted to following her lusts, and by some chance or other she became a witch possessed of magical powers.[3]

One day, when the Bráhman was in the king’s camp, engaged in his service, his paternal uncle came and said to him in secret, “Nephew, our family is disgraced, for I have seen your wife in the company of your cowherd.” When Vámadatta heard this, he left his uncle in the camp in his stead, and went, with his sword for his only companion, back to his own house. He went into the flower-garden and remained there in concealment, and in the night the cowherd came there. And immediately his wife came eagerly to meet her paramour, with all kinds of food in her hand. After he had eaten, she went off to bed with him, and then Vámadatta rushed upon them with

uplifted sword, exclaiming, “Wretches, where are you going?” When he said that, his wife rose up and said, “Away fool,” and threw some dust in his face. Then Vámadatta was immediately changed from a man into a buffalo, but in his new condition he still retained his memory. Then his wicked wife put him among the buffaloes, and made the herdsman beat him with sticks.[4]

And the cruel woman immediately sold him in his helpless bestial condition to a trader, who required a buffalo. The trader put a load upon the man, who found his transformation to a buffalo a sore trial, and took him to a village near the Ganges. He reflected, “A wife of very bad character that enters unsuspected the house of a confiding man, is never likely to bring him prosperity, any more than a snake which gets into the female apartments.” While full of these thoughts, he was sorrowful, with tears gushing from his eyes, moreover he was reduced to skin and bone by the fatigue of carrying burdens, and in this state he was beheld by a certain white witch. She knew by her magic power the whole transaction, and sprinkling him with some charmed water, she released him from his buffalo condition. And when he had returned to human form, she took him to her own house, and gave him her virgin daughter named Kántimatí. And she gave him some charmed mustard-seeds, and said to him; “Sprinkle your wicked former wife with these, and turn her into a mare.” Then Vámadatta, taking with him his new wife, went with the charmed mustard-seeds to his own house. Then he killed the herdsman, and with the mustard-seeds he turned[5] his former wife into a mare, and tied her up in the stable. And in order to revenge himself, he made it a rule to give her every day seven blows with a stick, before he took any food.[6]

One day, while he was living there in this way with Kántimatí, a guest came to his house. The guest had just sat down to his meal, when suddenly Vámadatta got up and rushed quickly out of the room without eating anything, because he recollected that he had not beaten his wicked wife with a stick that day. And after he had given his wife, in the form of a mare, the appointed number of blows, he came in with his mind easy, and took his food. Then the guest, being astonished, asked him, out of curiosity, where he had gone in such a hurry, leaving his food. Thereupon Vámadatta told him his whole story from the beginning, and his guest said to him, “What is

the use of this persistent revenge? Petition that mother-in-law of yours, who first released you from your animal condition, and gain some advantage for yourself." When the guest gave this advice to Vámadatta, he approved it, and the next morning dismissed him with the usual attentions.

Then that witch, his mother-in-law, suddenly paid him a visit, and he supplicated her persistently to grant him a boon. The powerful witch instructed him and his wife in the method of gaining the life-prolonging charm, with the proper initiatory rites.[7] So he went to the mountain of Śrí and set about obtaining that charm, and the charm, when obtained, appeared to him in visible shape, and gave him a splendid sword. And when the successful Vámadatta had obtained the sword, he and his wife Kántimatí became glorious Vidyádharas. Then he built by his magic power a splendid city on a peak of the Malaya mountain, named Rajatakúṭa. There, in time, that prince among the Vidyádharas had born to him by his queen an auspicious daughter, named Lalitalochaná. And the moment she was born, she was declared by a voice, that came from heaven, to be destined to be the wife of the future emperor of the Vidyádharas.

"Know, my husband, that I am that very Lalitalochaná, and that knowing the facts by my science and being in love with you, I have brought you to this very Malaya mountain, which is my own home." When she had in these words told him her story, Naraváhanadatta was much pleased, and entertained great respect for his new wife. And he remained there with her, and immediately the king of Vatsa and his *entourage* learnt the truth, by means of the supernatural knowledge of Ratnaprabhá, and the other wives of Naraváhanadatta that possessed the same powers.

1

See note in Vol. I, p. 121. So Balder is said to be so fair of countenance and bright that he shines of himself. (Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, translated by Stallybrass, p. 222.) In Tennyson's Vivien we find

"A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
They said a light came from her when she moved."

2

This probably means that she was burnt with his corpse.

3

Böhtlingk and Roth read *sákinísiddhisaṃvará*.

4

We have had many transformations of this kind and shall have many more. A very amusing story of a transformation is found in Campbell's Highland Tales, Vol. II, p. 60 which may be compared with this. The biter is bit as in our text, and in the story of Sidi Noman in the Arabian Nights, which closely resembles this.

5

I read *kṛitvá* for *kírtvá*.

6

Cp. the story of the Porter and the Ladies of Baghdad in the Arabian Nights. (Lane's translation, Vol. I, page 129.) The bitches are solemnly beaten in the same way as the mare in our story. They are the sisters of the lady who beats them.

7

Professor Cowell informs me that there is a passage in the Śankara Dig Vijaya which explains this. A seer by means of this *vidyá* gains a life equivalent to 11 years of Brahmá. It seems to be a life-prolonging charm.

Chapter LXIX.

Then Naraváhanadatta, having obtained that new bride Lalitalochaná, sported with her on that very Malaya mountain, delightful on account of the first burst of spring, in various forest purlieus adorned with flowering trees.

And in one grove his beloved, in the course of gathering flowers, disappeared out of his sight into a dense thicket, and while he was wandering on, he saw a great tank with clear water, that, on account of the flowers fallen from the trees on its bank, resembled the heaven studded with stars.[1]

And he thought—"I will wait until my beloved, who is gathering flowers, returns to me; and in the meanwhile I will bathe in this lake and rest for a little upon its bank." So he bathed and worshipped the gods, and then he sat down on a slab of rock in the shade of a sandal-wood tree. While sitting there he thought of his beloved Madanamanchuká, who was so far off, beholding the gait of the female swans that rivalled hers, and hearing the singing of the female cuckoos in the mango-creepers that equalled hers, and seeing the eyes of the does that recalled hers to his mind. And as soon as he recollected her, the fire of love sprang up in his breast, and tortured him so that he fainted; and at that moment a glorious hermit came there to bathe, whose name was Piśangajaṭa. He, seeing the prince in such a state, sprinkled him with sandal-water, refreshing as the touch of his beloved. Then he recovered consciousness and bowed before the hermit. But the hermit said to him, "My son, in order that you may obtain your wish, acquire endurance. For by means of that quality every thing is acquired, and in order that you may understand this, come to my hermitage and hear the story of Mṛigánkadatta, if you have not already heard it. When the hermit had said this, he bathed and took the prince to his hermitage, and quickly performed his daily prayers. And Piśangajaṭa entertained him there with fruits, and ate fruits himself, and then he began to tell him this tale of Mṛigánkadatta.

Story of Mṛigánkadatta.[2]

There is a city of the name of Ayodhyá famous in the three worlds. In it there lived in old time a king named Amaradatta. He was of resplendent brightness, and he had a wife named Surataprabhá, who was as closely knit to him as the oblation to the fire.[3] By her there was born to him a son named Mṛigánkadatta, who was adored for his ten million virtues, as his bow was bent by the string reaching the notches.[4]

And that young prince had ten ministers of his own, Prachaṇḍaśakti and Sthúlabáhu, and Vikramakeśarin, Dṛiḍhamushṭi, and Meghabala and Bhímaparákrama, and Vimalabuddhi, and Vyághrasena and Guṇákara, and the tenth Vichitrakatha. They were all of good birth, young, brave, and wise, and devoted to their master's interests. And Mṛigánkadatta led a happy life with them in his father's house, but he did not obtain a suitable wife.

And one day his minister Bhímaparákrama said to him in secret,—"Hear, prince, what happened to me in the night. I went to sleep last night on the roof of the palace, and I saw in a dream a lion, with claws terrible as the thunderbolt, rushing upon me. I rose up, sword in hand, and then the lion began to flee, and I pursued him at my utmost speed. He crossed a river, and stuck out his long tongue[5] at me, and I cut it off with my sword. And I made use of it to cross that river, for it was as broad as a bridge. And thereupon the lion became a deformed giant. I asked him who he was and the giant said, 'I am a Vetála, and I am delighted with your courage, my brave fellow.' Then I said to him, 'If this is the case, then tell me who is to be the wife of my master Mṛigánkadatta.' When I said this to the Vetála, he answered,—'There is in Ujjayiní a king named Karmasena. He has a daughter, who in beauty surpasses the Apsarases, being, as it were, the receptacle of the Creator's handiwork in the form of loveliness. Her name is Śaśánkavatí, and she shall be his wife, and by gaining her, he shall become

king of the whole earth.' When the Vetála had said this, he disappeared, and I came home; this is what happened to me in the night, my sovereign."

When Mṛigánkadatta heard this from Bhímaparákrama, he summoned all his ministers, and had it told to them, and then he said, "Hear, what I too saw in a dream; I thought we all entered a certain wood; and in it, being thirsty with travelling, we reached with difficulty some water; and when we wished to drink it, five armed men rose up and tried to prevent us. We killed them, and then in the torments of our thirst we again turned to drink the water, but lo! neither the men nor the water were to be seen. Then we were in a miserable state; but on a sudden we saw the god Śiva come there, mounted on his bull, resplendent with the moon on his forehead; we bent before him in prayer and he dropped from his right eye a tear-drop on the ground. That became a sea, and I drew from it a splendid pearl-necklace and fastened it round my neck. And I drank up that sea in a human skull stained with blood. And immediately I awoke, and lo! the night was at an end."

When Mṛigánkadatta had described this wonderful sight that he had seen in his dream, the other ministers rejoiced, but Vimalabuddhi said; "You are fortunate, prince, in that Śiva has shewn you this favour. As you obtained the necklace and drank up the sea, you shall without fail obtain Śaśánkavatí and rule the whole earth. But the rest of the dream indicates some slight amount of misfortune." When Vimalabuddhi had said this, Mṛigánkadatta again said to his ministers, "Although the fulfilment of my dream will no doubt come to pass in the way which my friend Bhímaparákrama heard predicted by the Vetála, still I must win from that Karmasena, who confides in his army and his forts, his daughter Śaśánkavatí by force of policy. And the force of policy is the best instrument in all undertakings. Now listen, I will tell you a story to prove this."

Story of king Bhadrabáhu and his clever minister.

There was a king in Magadha, named Bhadrabáhu. He had a minister named Mantragupta, most sagacious of men. That king once said of his own accord to that minister; “The king of Váráṇasí, named Dharmagopa, has a daughter named Anangalílá, the chief beauty of the three worlds. I have often asked for her in marriage, but out of hostility that king will not give her to me. And he is a formidable foe, on account of his possessing an elephant named Bhadradanta. Still I cannot bear to live any longer without that daughter of his. So I have no measure which I can adopt in this business. Tell me, my friend, what I am to do.” When the king said this, his minister answered him; “Why, king, do you suppose that courage and not policy ensures success? Dismiss your anxiety; I will manage the matter for you by my own ingenuity.”

So, the next day, the minister set out for Váráṇasí, disguised as a Páśupata ascetic, and he took six or seven companions with him, who were disguised as his pupils, and they told all the people, who came together from all quarters to adore him, that he possessed supernatural powers. Then, as he was roaming about one night to find out some means of accomplishing his object, he saw in the distance the wife of the keeper of the elephants leave her house, going along quickly through fear, escorted in some direction or other by three or four armed men. He at once said to himself, “Surely this lady is eloping somewhere, so I will see where she is going.” So he followed her with his attendants. And he observed from a distance the house into which she went, and then he returned to his own lodging. And the next day, as the elephant-keeper was wandering about in search of his wife, who had gone off with his wealth, the minister contrived to send his own followers to meet him. They found that he had just swallowed poison because he could not find his wife, and they counteracted by their knowledge the effect of the poison, pretending that they did it out of pure compassion. And they said to him; “Come to our teacher, for he is a seer and knows every thing:” and so they brought him to the minister. And the elephant-keeper fell at the feet of the minister, who was rendered more

majestic by the insignia of his vow, and asked him for news of his wife. The minister pretended to meditate, and after a time told him the place where she was taken by the strange men at night, with all the signs by which he might recognise it. Then the elephant-keeper bowed again before him, and went with a host of policemen and surrounded that place. And he killed those wicked men who had carried off his wife, and recovered her, together with her ornaments and his wealth.

And the next day he went and bowed before, and praised that supposed seer, and invited him to an entertainment. And as the minister did not wish to enter a house, and said that he must eat at night, he made an entertainment for him at nightfall in the elephant-stables. So the minister went there and feasted with his followers, taking with him a concealed serpent, that he had by means of a charm got to enter the hollow of a bamboo. Then the elephant-keeper went away, and while the others were asleep, the minister introduced, by means of the bamboo, the serpent into the ear of the elephant Bhadradanta, while it was asleep, and he spent the night there, and in the morning went back to Magadha his native land; but the elephant died from the bite of the snake.

When the clever minister returned, having smitten down the elephant as if it were the pride of that king Dharmagopa, the king Bhadrabáhu was in ecstasies. Then he sent off an ambassador to Váráṇasí to ask for the hand of Anangalílá. The king, who was helpless from the loss of his elephant, gave her to him; for kings, who know times and seasons, bend like canes, if it is expedient to do so.

“So, by the sagacity of that minister Mantragupta, the king Bhadrabáhu obtained Anangalílá. And in the same way I must obtain that wife by wisdom.” When Mṛigánkadatta said this, his minister Vichitrakatha said to him—“You will succeed in all by the favour of Śiva which was promised you in a dream. What will not the effective favour of the gods accomplish? Hear in proof of it the story I am now going to tell.”

Story of Pushkaráksha and Vinayavatí.

There was in the city of Takshaśilá a king of the name of Bhadráksha. He, desiring a son, was worshipping Lakshmí every day with one hundred and eight white lotuses upon a sword. One day, as the king was worshipping her without breaking silence, he happened to count the lotuses mentally, and found that there was one missing. He then gave the goddess the lotus of his heart spitted on the sword, and she was pleased and granted him a boon that would ensure his having a son that would rule the whole earth. And she healed the wound of the king and disappeared. Then there was born a son to the king by his queen, and he possessed all the auspicious marks. And the king called him Pushkaráksha, because he obtained him by the gift of the lotus of his heart. And when the son, in course of time, grew up to manhood, Bhadráksha anointed him king, as he possessed great virtues, and himself repaired to the forest.

Pushkaráksha, for his part, having obtained the kingdom, kept worshipping Śiva every day, and one day at the end of his worship, he asked him to bestow on him a wife. Then he heard a voice come from heaven, saying, “My son, thou shalt obtain all thy desire.” Then he remained in a happy state, as he had now a good hope of success. And it happened that one day he went to a wood inhabited by wild beasts, to amuse himself with hunting. There he saw a camel about to eat two snakes entwined together, and in his grief he killed the camel. The camel immediately became a Vidyádhara, abandoning its camel body, and being pleased said to Pushkaráksha “You have done me a benefit. So hear what I have to tell you.”

Story of the birth of Vinayavatí.

There is, king, a mighty Vidyádhara named Rankumálin. And a beautiful maiden of the Vidyádhara race, named Tárávalí, who admired good looks, saw him and fell in love with him, and chose him for her husband. And then

her father, angry because they had married without consulting anything but their own inclination, laid on them a curse that would separate them for some time. Then the couple, Tárávalí and Rankumálin, sported, with ever-growing love, in various regions belonging to them.

But one day, in consequence of that curse, they lost sight of one another in a wood, and were separated. Then Tárávalí, in her search for her husband, at last reached a forest on the other side of the western sea, inhabited by a hermit of supernatural powers. There she saw a large *jambu*-tree in flower, which seemed compassionately to console her with the sweet buzzing of its bees. And she took the form of a bee, and sat down on it to rest, and began to drink the honey of a flower. And immediately she saw her husband, from whom she had been so long separated, come there, and she bedewed that flower with a tear of joy. And she abandoned the body of a bee, and went and united herself to her husband Rankumálin, who had come there in search of her, as the moonlight is united to the moon.

Then she went with him to his home: but from the *jambu*-flower bedewed with her tear a fruit was produced.[6] And in course of time a maiden was produced inside the fruit. Now once on a time the hermit, who was named Vijitásu, was wandering about in search of fruits and roots, and came there, and that fruit, being ripe, fell from the *jambu*-tree and broke, and a heavenly maiden came out of it, and respectfully bowing, saluted the feet of that hermit. That hermit, who possessed divine insight, when he beheld her, at once knew her true history, and being astonished, took her to his hermitage, and gave her the name of Vinayavatí. Then in course of time she grew up to womanhood in his hermitage, and I, as I was roaming in the air, saw her, and being infatuated by pride in my own good looks and by love, I went to her, and tried to carry her off by force against her will. At that moment the hermit Vijitásu, who heard her cries, came in, and denounced this curse upon me, “O thou whose whole body is full of pride in thy beauty, become an ugly camel. But when thou shalt be slain by king Pushkaráksha, thou shalt be released from thy curse. And he shall be the husband of this Vinayavatí.”

“When cursed in these words by the hermit I became a camel on this earth, and now, thanks to you, my curse is at an end; so go to that forest on the other side of the western sea, named Surabhimáruta, and obtain for a wife that heavenly creature, who would make Śrí herself lose all pride in her own beauty.” When the heavenly Vidyádhara had said this to Pushkaráksha, he flew up to the sky. Then Pushkaráksha returned to his city, and entrusted his kingdom to his ministers, and mounting his horse, went off alone at night. And at last he reached the shore of the western sea, and there he reflected, “How shall I cross over this sea?” Then he saw there an empty temple of Durgá, and he entered it, and bathed, and worshipped the goddess. And he found there a lyre, which had been deposited there by some one, and he devoutly sang to it in honour of the goddess songs composed by himself. And then he lay down to sleep there. And the goddess was so pleased with his lyric worship, that in the night she had him conveyed across the sea by her attendant demons, while he was asleep.

Then he woke up in the morning on the other side of the sea, and saw himself no longer in the temple of Durgá, but in a wood. And he rose up in astonishment, and wandered about, and beheld a hermitage, which seemed to bow before him hospitably by means of its trees weighed down with fruit, and to utter a welcome with the music of its birds. So he entered it, and saw a hermit surrounded by his pupils. And the king approached the hermit, and bowed at his feet. The hermit, who possessed supernatural insight, received him hospitably and said to him; “King Pushkaráksha, Vinayavatí, for whom you have come, has gone out for a moment to fetch firewood, so wait a little: you shall to-day marry her who was your wife in a former life.” Then Pushkaráksha said to himself—“Bravo! this is that very hermit Vijitásu, and this is that very wood, no doubt the goddess has had me carried across the ocean. But this that the hermit tells me is strange, that she was my wife in a previous state of existence.” Then he asked the hermit in his joy the following question, “Tell me, reverend sir, how was she my wife before?” Then the hermit said, “Listen, if you feel curious on the point.”

The adventures of Pushkaráksha and Vinayavatí in a former life.

There was in old time a merchant in Támraliptí, named Dharmasena, and he had a beautiful wife named Vidyullekhá. As it happened, he was robbed by bandits and wounded with weapons by them, and longing for death, he went out with his wife to enter the fire. And the two saw suddenly a beautiful couple of swans coming through the air. Then they entered the fire, and died with their minds fixed on those swans, and so the husband and wife were born in the next birth as swans.

Now, one day in the rains, as they were in their nest in a date-palm-tree, a storm uprooted the tree and separated them. The next day the storm was at an end, and the male swan went to look for his female, but he could not find her in the lakes or in any quarter of the sky. At last he went, distracted with love, to the Mánasa lake, the proper place for swans at that season of the year, and another female swan, that he met on the way, gave him hopes that he would find her there. There he found his female, and he spent the rainy season there, and then he went to a mountain-peak to enjoy himself with her. There his female was shot by a fowler; when he saw that, he flew away distracted with fear and grief. The fowler went off, taking with him the dead female swan, and on the way he saw many armed men at a distance, coming towards him, and he thought that they would perhaps take the bird from him, so he cut some grass with his knife, and covering up the bird with that, left her on the ground. After the men had gone, the fowler returned to take the female swan. But it happened that among the grass which he had cut was a herb, which possessed the power of raising the dead to life. By means of the juice of this herb the female swan was restored to life,[7] and before his eyes she flung off the grass, and flew up into the sky, and disappeared.

But in the meanwhile the male swan went and settled on the shore of a lake among a flock of swans, distracted with grief at seeing his mate in this state.[8] Immediately a certain fisherman threw a net, and caught all those birds, and thereupon sat down to take his food. Then the female swan came there in search of her husband, and found him caught in the net, and in her

grief she cast her eyes in every direction. Then she saw on the bank of the lake a necklace of gems, which a certain person, who had gone into the water to bathe, had laid on top of his clothes. She went and carried off the necklace without that person seeing her do it, and she flew gently through the air past the fisherman, to shew him the necklace. The fisherman, when he saw the female swan with the necklace in her beak, left the net full of birds, and ran after her, stick in hand. But the female swan deposited the necklace upon the top of a distant rock, and the fisherman proceeded to climb up the rock to get the necklace. When the female swan saw that, she went and struck in the eye with her beak a monkey that was asleep on a tree, near where her husband lay caught in the net. The monkey, being terrified by the blow, fell on the net and tore it, and so all the swans escaped from it. Then the couple of swans were re-united, and they told one another their adventures, and in their joy amused themselves as they would. The fisherman, after getting the necklace, came back to fetch the birds, and the man whose necklace had been taken away, met him as he was looking for it, and as the fact of the fisherman's being in possession of the necklace was revealed by his fear, he recovered it from him and cut off his right hand with his sword. And the two swans, sheltering themselves under one lotus by way of umbrella, rose up in the middle of the day from the lake and roamed in the sky.

And soon the two birds reached the bank of a river haunted by a certain hermit, who was employed in worshipping Śiva. Then the couple of swans were shot through with one arrow by a fowler, as they were flying along, and fell together to the earth. And the lotus, which they had used as an umbrella, fell on the top of a *linga* of Śiva, while the hermit was engaged in worship. Then the fowler, seeing them, took the male swan for himself, and gave the female swan to the hermit, who offered it to Śiva.[9]

"Now you, Pushkaráksha, were that very male swan; and by the virtue of that lotus, which fell on the top of the *linga*, you have been now born in a royal family. And that female swan has been born in a family of Vidyádharas as Vinayavatí, for Śiva was abundantly worshipped with her flesh. Thus Vinayavatí was your wife in a former birth." When the hermit Vijitásu said this to Pushkaráksha, the king asked him another question;

How comes it, hermit, that the entering the fire, which atones for a multitude of sins, produced in our case the fruit of birth in the nature of a bird? Thereupon the hermit replied, “A creature receives the form of that which it was contemplating at the moment of death.”

Story of Lávaṇyamanjarí.

For there was in the city of Ujjayiní a holy Bráhman virgin of the name of Lávaṇyamanjarí, who observed a vow of perpetual chastity; she once saw a Bráhman youth of the name of Kamalodaya, and her mind was suddenly attracted to him, and she was consumed with the fire of love but she did not abandon her vow. She went to the shore of the Gandhavatí, and abandoned her life in a holy place, with her thoughts intently fixed on his love.

But on account of that intent meditation she was born in the next birth as a *hetæra*, of the name of Rúpavatí, in a town named Ekalavyá. However, owing to the virtue of her vow and of the holy bathing-place, she remembered her former birth, and in conversation she related that secret of her former birth to a Bráhman named Choḍakarṇa, who was always engaged in muttering prayers, in order to cure him of his exclusive devotion to muttering, and at last, though she was a *hetæra*, as her will was purified she attained blessedness.

“So, king, you see that a person attains similarity to that which he thinks of. Having said this to the king, the hermit dismissed him to bathe, and he himself performed his midday ablutions.”

But the king Pushkaráksha went to the bank of the river, that flowed through the forest, and saw Vinayavatí there gathering flowers. Her body gleamed as if she were the light of the sun, come to visit the wood out of curiosity, as it had never been able to penetrate its thickets. He thought to himself, “Who can this be?” And she, as she was sitting in conversation with her maid, said to her; “My friend, the Vidyádhara, who wished long

ago to carry me off, came here to-day released from his curse, and announced the arrival of my husband." When the friend heard that, she answered the hermit-maiden; "It is true, for this morning the hermit Vijitásu said to his pupil Munjakeśa; 'Go and bring here quickly Tárávalí and Rankumálin, for to-day will certainly take place the marriage of their daughter Vinayavatí to king Pushkaráksha.' When Munjakeśa received this order from his teacher, he said, 'I obey,' and started on his journey. So come, my friend, let us now go to the hermitage."

When she said this, Vinayavatí departed, and Pushkaráksha heard the whole conversation from a distance without being seen. And the king returned quickly to the hermitage of Vijitásu, after he had plunged in the river, as if to cool the burning heat of love. There Tárávalí and Rankumálin, who had arrived, honoured him when he bent before them, and the hermits gathered round him. Then, on an altar-platform illuminated by the great hermit Vijitásu with his austerities, as if by a second fire in human form, Rankumálin gave that Vinayavatí to the king, and he bestowed on him at the same time a heavenly chariot, that would travel in the sky. And the great hermit Vijitásu conferred on him this boon; "Rule, together with her, the earth with its four seas."

Then, with the permission of the hermit, the king Pushkaráksha took his new wife with him, and mounted that heavenly chariot that travelled through the air, and, crossing the sea, went quickly to his own city, being like the rising of the moon to the eyes of his subjects.

And then he conquered the earth and became emperor of it by virtue of his chariot, and lived a long time in enjoyment with Vinayavatí in his own capital.

"So a task, which is very difficult in itself, succeeds in this world, if the gods are propitious, and so, king, you may be certain that your enterprise also will succeed soon by the favour of the god Śiva, promised you in a dream."

When Mṛigánkadatta had heard this romantic story from his minister, being very eager to obtain Śaśánkavatí, he made up his mind to go to Ujjayiní with his ministers.

1

So “one who dwelt by the castled Rhine” called the flowers, “the stars that in earth’s firmament do shine.”

2

This story extends to the end of the book.

3

The word *tejas* also means “courage.”

4

An elaborate pun, only intelligible in Sanskrit.

5

Cp. the long black tongue which the horrible black man protrudes in Wirt Sikes’s British Goblins, p. 177. In Birlinger’s Aus Schwaben, Vol. I, p. 341, the *fahrende schüler* puts out his tongue in a very uncanny manner.

6

Cp. Ralston’s Russian Folk-Tales, p. 15, Giles’s Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, p. 294, and the classical legend of the birth of Adonis. A similar story will be found in Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 306. In Bernhard E. Schmidt’s Griechische Märchen, No. 5, three maidens come out of a citron, and one of them again out of a rosebush. For other parallels see the Notes to No. XXI, in Miss Stokes’s Indian Fairy Tales. Cp. also Das Rosmarinsträuchlein in Kaden’s Unter den Olivenbäumen, (Stories from the South of Italy), p. 10. In the 49th Story of the Pentamerone of Basile a fairy comes out of a citron. The word I have translated “tear” is in the original *vírya*. See Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 195, and Ralston’s Tibetan Tales, Introduction, p. lii.

7

See the story of Polyidos, in Preller, Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 478. Preller refers to Nonnus, XXV, 451 and ff. The story terminates ψυχὴ δ’ εἰς δέμας ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον. See also Baring Gould’s Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, New Edition, 1869, pp. 399–402, and Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, pp. 112 and 126.

8

Dr. Kern conjectures *evam*.

9

In Bengal no animal sacrifices are offered to Śiva at the present day.

Chapter LXX.

Accordingly Mṛigánkadatta, being desirous to obtain Śaśánkavatí the daughter of king Karmasena, who had been described by the Vetála, planned with his ministers to leave his city secretly, disguised as a Páśupata ascetic, in order to travel to Ujjayiní. And the prince himself directed his minister Bhímaparákrama to bring the necessary staves like bed-posts, the skulls, and so on. And the head minister of the king his father found out, by means of a spy, that Bhímaparákrama had collected all these things in his house. And at that time it happened that Mṛigánkadatta, while walking about on the top of his palace, spit down some betel-juice. And as ill-luck would have it, it fell on the head of his father's minister, who happened to be walking below, unseen by the prince.[1] But the minister, knowing that Mṛigánkadatta had spit down that betel-juice, bathed, and laid up in his heart a grudge against Mṛigánkadatta on account of the insult.

Now it happened that the next day king Amaradatta, the father of Mṛigánkadatta, had an attack of cholera, and then the minister saw his chance, and, after imploring an assurance of safety, he said in secret to the king, who was tortured with his sudden attack of disease, "The fact is, my sovereign, your son Mṛigánkadatta has begun incantations against you in the house of Bhímaparákrama, that is why you are suffering. I found it out by means of a spy, and the thing is obvious for all to see, so banish your son from your realm and your disease from your body at the same time." When the king heard that, he was terrified, and sent his own general to the house of Bhímaparákrama, to investigate the matter. And he found the hair, and the skulls, and other articles,[2] and immediately brought those very things and shewed them to the king. And the king in his anger said to the general, "That son of mine is conspiring against me, because he wishes to reign himself, so expel him from the kingdom this very moment without delay, together with his ministers." For a confiding[3] king never sees through the wicked practices of his ministers. So the general went and communicated

that order of the king's, and expelled Mṛigánkadatta from the city, together with his ministers.[4]

Then Mṛigánkadatta was delighted at having obtained his object, and he worshipped Gaṇeśa, and mentally took a humble leave of his parents, and started off. And after they had gone a great distance from the town of Ayodhyá, the prince said to Prachaṇḍaśakti and the other nine ministers who were travelling with him, "There is here a great king of the Kirátas, named Śaktirakshita; he is a student in the sciences, observing a vow of chastity, and he is a friend of mine from childhood. For, when his father was long ago captured in battle, he sent him here to be imprisoned as a substitute for himself, in order to obtain his own release. And when his father died, his relations by the father's side rose against him, and at my instigation my father established him on the throne of his father with a military force. So let us go to him, my friends, and then we will travel on to Ujjayiní, to find that Śaśánkavatí."

When he said this, all the ministers exclaimed, "So be it," and he set out with them and reached in the evening a great wilderness. It was devoid of trees and water, and it was with difficulty that at last he found a tank, with one withered tree growing upon its banks. There he performed the evening ceremonies, and drank water, and being fatigued, he went to sleep with his ministers under that dry tree. And in the night, which was illuminated by the moon, he woke up, and saw that the tree first put forth abundance of leaves, then of flowers, then of fruit. And when he saw its ripe fruit falling, he immediately woke up his ministers, and pointed out that marvel to them. Then they were astonished, and as they were hungry, he and they ate the delicious fruits of that tree together, and after they had eaten them, the dry tree suddenly became a young Bráhman, before the eyes of them all. And when Mṛigánkadatta questioned him, he told his tale in the following words.

Story of Śrutadhi.

There was an excellent Bráhman in Ayodhyá named Dámadhi. I am his son, and my name is Śrutadhi. And once in a time of famine he was wandering about with me, and he reached this place almost dead. Here he got five fruits which some one gave him, and though he was exhausted with hunger, he gave three to me, and set aside two for himself. Then he went into the water of the lake to bathe, and in the meanwhile I ate all the five fruits, and pretended to be asleep. He returned after bathing, and beholding me cunningly lying here as motionless as a log, he cursed me, saving, "Become a dry tree here on the bank of the lake. And on moonlight nights flowers and fruit shall spring from you, and when once on a time you shall have refreshed guests with fruits, you shall be delivered from your curse."[5] As soon as my father had pronounced this curse on me, I became a dry tree, but now that you have tasted my fruit, I have been delivered from the curse, after enduring it for a long time.

After Śrutadhi had related his own history, he asked Mṛigánkadatta for his, and he told it him. Then Śrutadhi, who had no relations, and was well-read in policy, asked Mṛigánkadatta to permit him, as a favour, to attach himself to his service. So, after he had spent the night in this way, Mṛigánkadatta set out next morning with his ministers. And in the course of his journey he came to a forest named Karimaṇḍita. There he saw five wild looking men with long hair, who aroused his wonder. Then the five men came and respectfully addressed him as follows:

"We were born in the city of Káśí as Bráhmans who lived by keeping cows. And during a famine we came from that country, where the grass was scorched by drought, with our cows, to this wood which abounds in grass. And here we found an elixir in the form of the water of a tank, continually flavoured with the three kinds of fruits[6] that drop from the trees growing on its bank. And five hundred years have passed over our heads in this uninhabited wood, while we have been drinking this water and the milk of cows. It is thus, prince, that we have become such as you see, and now destiny has sent you to us as guests, so come to our hermitage."

When thus invited by them, Mṛigánkadatta went with them to their hermitage, taking his companions with him, and spent the day there living on milk. And he set out from it in the morning, and in course of time he reached the country of the Kirátas, seeing other wonderful sights on the way. And he sent on Śrutadhi to inform his friend Śaktirakshita, the king of the Kirátas, of his arrival. When the sovereign of the Kirátas heard of it, he went to meet Mṛigánkadatta with great courtesy, and conducted him with his ministers into his city. Mṛigánkadatta told him the cause of his arrival, and remained there for some days, being entertained by him. And the prince arranged that Śaktirakshita should be ready to assist him in his undertaking when the proper time came, and then he set out, on an auspicious day, for Ujjayiní, with his eleven companions, having been captivated by Śaśánkavatí.

And as he went along, he reached an uninhabited forest and saw standing under a tree an ascetic, with ashes on his body, a deer-skin, and matted hair. So he went up to him, with his followers, and said to him; “Reverend sir, why do you live alone in this forest in which there is no hermitage?” Then the hermit answered him, “I am a pupil of the great sage named Śuddhakírti and I know innumerable spells. Once on a time I got hold of a certain Kshatriya boy with auspicious marks, and I exerted all my diligence to cause him to be possessed, while alive, by a spirit, and, when the boy was possessed, I questioned him, and he told me of many places for potent drugs and liquors, and then said this; ‘There is in this Vindhya forest in the northern quarter a solitary *aśoka*-tree, and under it there is a great palace of a snake-king.[7] In the middle of the day its water is concealed with moistened dust, but it can be discovered by the couples of swans sporting there together with the water-cranes.[8] There dwells a mighty chief of the snakes, named Párávatáksha, and he obtained a matchless sword from the war of the gods and Asuras, named Vaidúryakánti; whatever man obtains that sword will become a chief of the Siddhas and roam about unconquered, and that sword can only be obtained by the aid of heroes.’ When the possessed boy had said this, I dismissed him. So I have wandered about over the earth desirous to obtain that sword, and caring for nothing else, but, as I have not been able to find men to help me, in disgust I have come

here to die." When Mṛigánkadatta heard the ascetic say this, he said to him, "I and my ministers will help you." The ascetic gladly accepted his offer, and went with him and his followers, by the help of an ointment rubbed on the feet, to the dwelling-place of that snake. There he found the sign by which it could be recognised, and he placed there at night Mṛigánkadatta and his companions, duly initiated, fixed with spells; and throwing enchanted mustard-seed he cleared the water from dust, and began to offer an oblation with snake-subduing spells. And he conquered by the power of his spells the impediments, such as earthquakes, clouds, and so on. Then there came out from that *aśoka*-tree a heavenly nymph, as it were, murmuring spells with the tinkling of her jewelled ornaments, and approaching the ascetic she pierced his soul with a sidelong glance of love. And then the ascetic lost his self-command and forgot his spells; and the shapely fair one, embracing him, flung from his hand the vessel of oblation. And then the snake Párávatáksha had gained his opportunity, and he came out from that palace like the dense cloud of the day of doom. Then the heavenly nymph vanished, and the ascetic beholding the snake terrible with flaming eyes, roaring horribly, died of a broken heart.

When he was destroyed, the snake laid aside his awful form, and cursed Mṛigánkadatta and his followers, for helping the ascetic, in the following words, "Since you did what was quite unnecessary after all coming here with this man, you shall be for a certain time separated from one another." Then the snake disappeared, and all of them at the same time had their eyes dimmed with darkness, and were deprived of the power of hearing sounds. And they immediately went in different directions, separated from one another by the power of the curse, though they kept looking for one another and calling to one another. And when the delusion of the night was at an end, Mṛigánkadatta found himself roaming about in the wood without his ministers.

And, after two or three months had passed, the Bráhman Śrutadhi, who was looking for him, suddenly fell in with him. Mṛigánkadatta received him kindly, and asked for news of his ministers, whereupon Śrutadhi fell at his feet weeping, and consoled him, and said to him, "I have not seen them, prince, but I know they will go to Ujjayiní, for that is the place we all have

to go to." With these and similar speeches he urged the prince to go there, so Mṛigánkadatta set out with him slowly for Ujjayiní.

And after he had journeyed a few days, he found his own minister Vimalabuddhi who suddenly came that way. When the minister saw him, he bowed before him with eyes filled with tears at seeing him, and the prince embraced him, and making him sit down, he asked him for tidings of the other ministers. Then Vimalabuddhi said to that prince, who was so beloved by his servants, "I do not know, king, where each of them has gone in consequence of the curse of the snake. But hear how I know that you will find them again."

The adventures of Vimalabuddhi after he was separated from the prince.

When the snake cursed me, I was carried far away by the curse, and wandered in the eastern part of the forest. And being fatigued, I was taken by a certain kind person to the hermitage of a certain hermit, named Brahmadaṇḍin. There my fatigue was removed by the fruits and water which the sage gave me, and, roaming away far from the hermitage, I saw a vast cave. I entered it out of curiosity, and I saw inside it a palace made of jewels, and I began to look into the palace through the lattice-windows. And lo! there was in it a woman causing to revolve a wheel with bees, and those bees made some of them for a bull, and others for a donkey, both which creatures were standing there. And some drank the foam of milk sent forth by the bull, and others the foam of blood sent forth by the donkey, and became white and black, according to the colour of the two objects on which they settled; and then they all turned into spiders. And the spiders, which were of two different colours, made two different-coloured webs with their excrements. And one set of webs was hung on wholesome flowers, and the other on poisonous flowers. And the spiders, that were clinging to those webs as they pleased, were bitten by a great snake which

came there, having two mouths, one white, and the other black. Then the woman put them in various pitchers, but they got out again, and began to occupy the same webs again respectively. Then those, that were on the webs attached to the poisonous flowers, began to cry out, owing to the violence of the poison. And thereupon the others, that were on the other webs, began to cry out also. But the noise interrupted the meditation of a certain merciful ascetic who was there, who discharged fire at the webs. Then the webs, in which the spiders were entangled, were burnt up, and the spiders entered a hollow coral rod, and disappeared in a gleaming light at the top of it. In the meanwhile the woman disappeared with her wheel, her bull, and her donkey.

When I had seen this, I continued to roam about there in a state of astonishment; and then I saw a charming lake, which seemed by means of its lotuses, round which bees hummed, to summon me thither to look at it. And while I sat on the bank and looked at it, I beheld a great wood inside the water, and in the wood was a hunter, and the hunter had got hold of a lion's cub with ten arms which he brought up, and then banished from the wood in anger, on the ground that it was disobedient.[9] The lion then heard the voice of a lioness in a neighbouring wood, and was going in the direction of the sound, when his ten arms were scattered by a whirlwind. Then a man with a protuberant belly came and restored his arms as they were before, and he went to that forest in search of the lioness. He endured for her sake much hardship in that other forest, and at last obtained her whom he had had for a wife in a former state, and with her returned to his own forest. And when the hunter saw that lion return with his mate to the forest, which was his hereditary abode,[10] he resigned it to him and departed.

When I had seen this, I returned to the hermitage and described both those very wonderful spectacles to Brahmadaṇḍin. And that hermit, who knows the past, present, and future, kindly said to me, "You are fortunate; Śiva has shewn you all this by way of favour. That woman, whom you saw, is Illusion, and the wheel which she caused to revolve, is the wheel of mundane existence, and the bees are living creatures. And the bull and the donkey are respectively symbols of Righteousness and Unrighteousness,

and the foam of milk and the foam of blood discharged by them, to which the bees repaired, are typical of good and evil actions. And they acquired properties arising from the things on which they respectively settled, and became spiders of two kinds, white and foul respectively; and then with their energy, which was symbolized by excrement, they produced entangling nets of two kinds, such as offspring and so on, which were attached to wholesome and poisonous flowers, which signify happiness and misery. And while clinging each to its own web, they were bitten by a snake, typical of Death, with its two mouths, the white set with the white mouth symbolical of good fortune, the other with the black mouth symbolical of evil fortune.

Then that female, typifying Illusion[11] plunged them into various wombs typified by the jars, and they again emerged from them, and assuming forms white and black, corresponding to what they had before, they fell into entangling webs, which are symbolical of sons and other worldly connexions, resulting in happiness and misery. Then the black spiders, entangled in their webs, being tortured by the poison, symbolical of pain, began in their affliction to invoke the supreme lord as their help. When the white spiders, who were in their own webs, perceived that, they also became averse to their state, and began to invoke that same lord. Then the god, who was present in the form of an ascetic, awoke from his trance, and consumed all their entangling webs with the fire of knowledge. Accordingly they ascended into the bright coral tube, typical of the orb of the sun, and reached the highest home, which lies above it. And then Illusion vanished, with the revolving wheel of births, and with her ox, and her ass, typical of Righteousness and Unrighteousness.

Even thus in the circle of existence revolve creatures, fair and foul according to their actions, and they are liberated by propitiating Śiva; and this spectacle has been shown to you by Śiva to teach you this lesson, and to put an end to your delusion. As for that sight which you saw in the water of the tank, this is the explanation of it. The holy god produced this apparent reflection in the water, in order to teach you what was destined to befall Mṛigánkadatta. For he may be compared to a young lion-whelp, and he was brought up with ten ministers round him resembling ten arms, and

he was banished in anger by his father, (typified by the hunter) from his native land, typified by the forest: and on hearing the report of Śaśánkavatí, (who may be compared to a lioness,) coming from the land of Avanti, (symbolized by the other wood,[12]) he made towards her, and the wind which stripped him of his arms is the curse of the snake, which separated him from his ministers. Then Vináyaka[13] appeared as a man with a pendulous belly, and restored to him his arms, (that is to say, his ministers,) and so he recovered his former condition. Then he went and after enduring great hardship, obtained from another place the lioness, (that is Śaśánkavatí,) and returned. And when the hunter, (that is his father,) saw him coming near with his wife, having swept away the obstacles which his foes put in his way,[14] he resigned to him the whole of his forest, (that is his kingdom,) and retired to a grove of ascetics. Thus has Śiva shewn you the future as if it had already taken place. So you may be sure, your master will recover you, his ministers, and obtain his wife and his kingdom." When the excellent hermit had thus instructed me, I recovered hope and left that hermitage, and travelling along slowly I have met you here, prince, to-day. So you may rest assured, prince, that you will recover Prachaṇḍaśakti, and your other ministers, and gain your object; you certainly gained the favour of Gaṇeśa by worshipping him before you set out.

When Mṛigánkadatta had listened for a while to this strange story of Vimalabuddhi's, he was much pleased, and after he had again deliberated with him, he set out for the city of Avanti, with the double object of accomplishing his enterprise and recovering his other ministers.

1

Cp. "The Story of the First Royal Mendicant," Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. I, p. 136.

2

I follow the Sanskrit College MS. which reads *keśakapáládi*; perhaps for *keśa* we should read *veśa*. The skulls have been mentioned before.

3

For *áśvasto* I read *viśvasto*. Perhaps we ought to read *asvastho*, *i. e.*, sick, ill.

4

The wanderings of Herzog Ernst are brought about in a very similar manner. (See Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III, p. 278).

5

Compare the myths of Attis and Cyparissus. In the story called "Der rothe Hund," Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 362, the queen becomes a dry mulberry tree. See also Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 116. In Ovid's Metamorphoses, XIV, 517 an abusive *pastor* is turned into an *oleaster*.

6

Triphalá according to Professor Monier Williams means the three myrobalans, *i. e.*, the fruits of Terminalia Chebula, T. Bellerica, and Phyllanthus Emblica; also the three fragrant fruits, nutmeg, areca-nut, and cloves; also the three sweet fruits, grape, pomegranate and date. The first interpretation seems to be the one usually accepted by the Paṇḍits of Bengal.

7

i. e., Nága a kind of snake demon. See Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, page 65, Veckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, pp. 400–409, Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, pp. 100, 101. The sword with a name may remind the reader of Balmung, Excalibur, Durandal &c.

8

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *sámpusáraiḥ* perhaps for *sámbusârasaiḥ i. e.*, with the water-cranes.

9

Anáyata is a misprint for *anáyatta*.

10

I read *kulamandiram* with the MS. in the Sanskrit College.

11

i. e., Máyá.

12

For *vanopamám* I conjecture *vanopamát*.

13

i. q., *Gaṇeśa*.

14

Or “the elephants of his enemies.” Here there is probably a pun.

Chapter LXXI.

Then, as Mṛigánkadatta was journeying to Ujjayiní, with Śrutadhi and Vimalabuddhi, to find Śaśánkavatí, he reached the Narmadá which lay in his path. The fickle stream, when she beheld him, shook her waves like twining arms, and gleamed white with laughing foam, as if she were dancing and smiling because he had so fortunately been reunited with his ministers. And when he had gone down into the bed of the river to bathe, it happened that a king of the Śavaras, named Máyávaṭu, came there for the same purpose. When he had bathed, three water-genii[1] rose up at the same time and seized the Bhilla, whose retinue fled in terror. When Mṛigánkadatta saw that, he went into the water with his sword drawn, and killed those water-genii, and delivered that king of the Bhillas. When the king of the Bhillas was delivered from the danger of those monsters, he came up out of the water and fell at the feet of the prince, and said to him, —"Who are you, that Providence has brought here to save my life on the present occasion? Of what virtuous father do you adorn the family? And what is that country favoured by fortune to which you are going?" When he said this, Śrutadhi told him the prince's whole story from the beginning, and then the Śavara king shewed him exceeding respect, and said to him; "Then I will be your ally in this undertaking which you have in view, as you were directed by the god, and with me will come my friend Durgapiśácha the king of Mátangas. So do me the favour, my lord, of coming to my palace, since I am your slave."

Thus he entreated Mṛigánkadatta with various humble speeches, and then took him to his own village. And there he entertained the prince fittingly with all the luxuries he could command, and all the people of the village shewed him respect. And the king of the Mátangas came and honoured him as the saviour of his friend's life, and placed his head on the ground to shew that he was his slave. Then Mṛigánkadatta remained there some days, to please that Máyávaṭu, the king of the Bhillas.

And one day, while he was staying there, that king of the Śavaras began to gamble with Chaṇḍaketu his own warder. And while he was playing, the clouds began to roar, and the domestic peacocks lifted up their heads and began to dance, and king Máyávaṭu rose up to look at them. Then the warder, who was an enthusiastic gambler, said to his sovereign, “What is the use, my master, of looking at these peacocks which are not skilled in dancing? I have a peacock in my house, to which you would not find an equal in the world. I will show it you to-morrow, if you take pleasure in such things.” When the king heard that, he said to the warder, “You must certainly shew it to me,” and then he set about the duties of the day. And Mṛigánkadatta, when he heard all that, rose up with his companions, and performed his duties such as bathing and eating.

The adventures of Mṛigánkadatta and the warder.

And when the night came, and thick darkness was diffused over the face of things, the prince went out alone and self-impelled from the chamber in which his companions were sleeping, in search of adventures, with his body smeared with musk, wearing dark-blue garments and with his sword in his hand. And as he was roaming about, a certain man, who was coming along the road and did not see him on account of the darkness, jostled against him, and struck his shoulder against his. Then he rushed at him angrily and challenged him to fight. But the person challenged, being a man not easily abashed, made an appropriate reply, “Why are you perplexed by want of reflection? If you reflect, you will see that you ought to blame the moon for not lighting up this night, or the Governor of the world for not appointing that it should rule with full sway here,[2] since in such darkness causeless quarrels take place.”

Mṛigánkadatta was pleased with this clever answer and he said to him, “You are right. Who are you?” The man answered, “I am a thief.” Whereupon the prince said falsely, “Give me your hand, you are of the same profession as myself.” And the prince made an alliance with him, and went along with him out of curiosity, and at last reached an old well covered with grass. And there the man entered a tunnel, and Mṛigánkadatta went along it with him, and reached the harem of that king Máyávaṭu. And when he got there, he recognized the man by the light of the lamp, and lo! it was the warder Chaṇḍaketu, and not a robber. But the warder, who was the secret paramour of the king’s wife, did not recognize the prince, because he had other garments on than those he usually wore,[3] and kept in a corner where there was not much light.

But the moment the warder arrived, the king’s wife, who was named Manjumatí, and was desperately in love with him, rose up and threw her arms round his neck. And she made him sit down on a sofa, and said to him, “Who is this man that you have brought here to-day?” Then he said to her, “Make your mind easy, it is a friend of mine.” But Manjumatí said excitedly, “How can I, ill-starred woman that I am, feel at ease, now that this king has been saved by Mṛigánkadatta, after entering the very jaws of death?” When the warder heard her say that, he answered, “Do not grieve, my dear! I will soon kill the king and Mṛigánkadatta too.” When he said this, she answered, as fate would have it, “Why do you boast? When the king was seized that day by monsters in the water of the Narmadá, Mṛigánkadatta alone was ready to rescue him; why did you not kill him then? The fact is, you fled in fear. So be silent, lest some one hear this speech of yours, and then you would certainly meet with calamity at the hands of Mṛigánkadatta, who is a brave man.” When she said this, her paramour the warder lost his temper with her. He said, “Wretched woman, you are certainly in love with Mṛigánkadatta, so receive now from me the just recompense of that taunt.” And he rose up to kill her, dagger in hand. Then a maid, who was her confidante, ran and laid hold of the dagger with her hand and held it. In the meanwhile Manjumatí escaped into another room. And the warder dragged the dagger out of the maid’s hand, cutting her fingers in the process; and returned home by the way which he came, somewhat confused, with Mṛigánkadatta, who was much astonished.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, who could not be recognized in the darkness, said to the warder, “You have reached your own house, so I will leave you.” But the warder said to the prince, “Sleep here to-night, without going further, for you are very tired.” Then the prince consented, as he wished to learn something of his goings on; and the warder called one of his servants and said to him, “Take this man to the room where the peacock is, and let him rest there and give him a bed.” The servant said—“I will do as you command,” and took the prince to the room and placed a light in it, and gave him a bed. He then departed, fastening the outer door with a chain, and Mṛigánkadatta saw the peacock there in a cage. He said to himself, “This is the very peacock, that the warder was speaking of,” and out of curiosity he opened its cage. And the peacock came out and, after looking intently at Mṛigánkadatta, it fell down and rolled at his feet again and again. And as it was rolling, the prince saw a string tied round its neck and at once untied it, thinking that it gave the bird pain. The peacock, the moment that the thread was loosed from its neck, became before his eyes his minister Bhímaparákrama. Then Mṛigánkadatta embraced the affectionate minister, who bowed before him, and in his astonishment said to him, “Tell me, friend, what is the meaning of this?” Then Bhímaparákrama said to him in his delight, “Listen, prince, I will tell you my story from the beginning.”

The adventures of Bhímaparákrama after his separation from the prince.

When I was separated from you by the curse of the Nága, I wandered about in the wood until I reached a *śalmali* tree.[4] And I saw an image representing Gaṇeśa carved in the tree, which I worshipped, and then I sat down at the foot of the tree being tired, and I said to myself, “All this mischief has been brought about by me, by telling my master that time the incident of the Vetála which took place at night. So I will abandon here this my sinful body.” In this frame of mind I remained there, fasting, in front of the god. And after some days an old traveller came that way, and sat in the shade of

that tree. And the good man, seeing me, questioned me with much persistence, saying, “Why do you remain in this solitary place, my son, with such a downcast face?” Then I told him my story, exactly as it took place, and the old traveller kindly said to me, to encourage me; “Why, being a man, are you killing yourself like a woman? Moreover, even women do not lose their courage in calamity; hear the following tale in proof of it.”

Story of Kamalákara and Hansávalí.

In the city of Kośala there was a king, named Vimalákara, and he had a son named Kamalákara, who was made by the Creator admirable in respect of the qualities of courage, beauty and generosity, as if to outdo Skanda, Kandarpa, and the wishing-tree of heaven. Then one day a bard, whom he had known before, came and recited a certain stanza in the presence of that prince, who deserved to be praised by bards in all the regions of the world. “Where can the row of swans[5] obtain satisfaction, until it reaches the lotus-bed,[6] round which sings a host of many noisy birds[7] delighted at obtaining the lotus-flower[8]?” When the bard, named Manorathasiddhi, had frequently recited this stanza, prince Kamalákara questioned him, and he said to him: “Prince, as I was roaming about, I reached the city of king Meghamálin, named Vidiśá, the pleasure-ground of the goddess of prosperity. There I was staying in the house of a professor of singing, named Dardura, and one day he happened to say to me, ‘To-morrow the daughter of the king, named Hansávalí, will exhibit in his presence her skill in dancing, which she has lately been taught.’ When I heard that, I was filled with curiosity, and managed to enter the king’s palace with him the following day, and went into the dancing-hall. There I saw the slender-waisted princess Hansávalí dancing before her father, to the music of a great tabor, looking like a creeper of the tree of Love agitated by the wind of youth, shaking her ornaments like flowers, curving her hand like a shoot. Then I thought, ‘There is no one fitted to be the husband of this fawn-eyed one, except the prince Kamalákara; so, if she, being such, is not joined to him, why has the

god of love taken the trouble of stringing his bow of flowers thus fruitlessly? So I will adopt some expedient in this matter.' Thus minded I went, after I had seen the spectacle, to the door of the king's court, and I put up a notice with this inscription on it; 'If there is any painter here, who is a match for me, let him paint a picture.' When no one else dared to tear it down, the king coming to hear of it, appointed me to paint his daughter's bower. Then I painted you and your servants, prince Kamalákara, on the wall of the bower of that Hansávalí.

"I thought to myself, 'If I declare the matter openly, she will know that I am scheming, so I will let the princess know it by means of an artifice.' So I persuaded a handsome fellow, who was an intimate friend of mine, to come near the palace, and pretend to be mad, and I arranged with him beforehand how he was to behave. Now he was seen a long way off by the princes, as he was roaming about singing and dancing, and they had him brought into their presence to make game of him. Then Hansávalí saw him, and had him brought by way of a joke into her bower, and, when he saw the picture of you, which I had painted there, he began to praise you, saying, 'I am fortunate in beholding this Kamalákara, who is, like Vishṇu, an endless store of virtues, with his hand marked with the lotus and conch, the object of the favour of the goddess of Fortune.' When the princess heard him singing such songs, as he danced, she said to me, 'What does this fellow mean? Who is it that you have painted here?' When she asked me this persistently, I said, 'This mad fellow must have previously seen this prince, whom I have painted here out of regard for his beauty.' And then I told her your name, and described to her your good qualities. Then the young tree of passion grew up in the heart of Hansávalí, which was irrigated by the overflowing streams of gushing love for you. Then the king her father came and saw what was going on, and in wrath had the pretended madman, who was dancing, and myself, both turned out of doors. After that she pined away day by day with longing, and was reduced to such a state that, like a streak of the moon during the wane, she had only her beauty left. And on the pretence of illness she went to a temple of Vishṇu that dispels calamity, and so managed to live a solitary life by the permission of her father. And being unable to sleep, owing to thinking on you, she could not endure the cruel moonlight, and remained there ignorant of the changes of day and

night. Then she saw me one day from a window, as I was entering there, and she summoned me, and honoured me respectfully with dresses and ornaments.[9] And then I went out, and saw this stanza which I have repeated to you written on the border of a garment that she had given me: hear it again; 'Where can the row of swans obtain satisfaction, until it reaches the lotus-bed, round which sings a host of many noisy birds delighted at obtaining the lotus-flower.' And when I read it, I knew for certain how she felt towards you, and I came here to inform you and recited the stanza in your presence, and here is the garment on which she wrote the stanza." When Kamalákara heard the speech of the bard, and saw the stanza, he joyed exceedingly, thinking on Hansávalí, who had entered his heart, he knew not whether by eye or ear.

Now it happened that, while he was thinking with eager longing about the best means of obtaining this princess, his father summoned him and said to him; "My son, unenterprising kings perish like snakes arrested by a charm, and how can kings rise up again when they have once perished? But you have been addicted to pleasures, and up to the present time you have not been visited by any longing for conquest; so arouse yourself, and fling off sloth; advance and conquer that enemy of mine the king of Anga, who has left his own country on an enterprise against me, and I will remain at home. When the brave Kamalákara heard this, he agreed to undertake the enterprise, being desirous of marching towards the country of his beloved. Then he set out with the forces which his father assigned him, making the earth and the hearts of his enemies tremble. And he reached in a few marches the army of the king of Anga, and when that prince turned round to make a counter-attack, he fought with him. And the brave hero drank up his army, as Agastya did the water of the sea, and being victorious, captured the king alive. And he sent that enemy in chains to his father, committing him to the care of the principal warder in accordance with a letter, which he sent with him. But he commissioned the warder to give the following message by word of mouth to the king, "I now leave this place, my father, to conquer other enemies." So he went on conquering other enemies, and with his army augmented by their forces, he at last arrived in the vicinity of the city of Vidiśá.

And encamping there he sent an ambassador to Meghamálin the father of Hansávalí, to ask for her in marriage. When that king learnt from the ambassador that he had come, not as an enemy, but for the sake of his daughter, he paid a friendly visit to him in person. The prince welcomed him; and Meghamálin, after he had complimented the prince, said to him, "Why did you take the trouble of coming in person about a business which might have been negotiated by an ambassador? For I desire this marriage; hear the reason. Seeing that this Hansávalí was even in her childhood devoted to the worship of Vishṇu, and that she had a frame delicate as a *śirísha*, I became anxious about her, and kept saying to myself, 'Who will be a fitting husband for this girl.' And, as I could not think of a suitable husband for her, I was deprived of sleep by my anxiety about the matter, and contracted a violent fever. And in order to allay it, I worshipped and petitioned Vishṇu, and one night, when I was only able to sleep a little on account of pain, Vishṇu said to me in a dream, 'Let that Hansávalí, on account of whom you have contracted this fever, touch you with her hand, my son, then your fever will be allayed. For her hand is so holy from worshipping me, that whenever she touches any one with it, his fever, even though incurable, will certainly pass away. And you need have no more anxiety about her marriage, since prince Kamalákara is destined to be her husband. But she will endure some misery for a short time.' When I had been thus instructed by Vishṇu in a dream, I woke up at the end of the night. Then my fever was removed by the touch of Hansávalí's hand. And so the union of you two is appointed by the god. Accordingly I bestow on you Hansávalí." When he had said this, he had an auspicious moment fixed for the marriage and returned to his capital.

There he told all that he had done, and when Hansávalí had heard it, she said in secret to her confidante, named Kanakamanjarí, "Go and see with your own eyes whether that prince, to whom I am to be given, is the same as he, who, when painted here by the artist, captivated my heart. For it is just possible that my father may wish, out of fear, to bestow me as a gift on some prince of the same name, that has come here with an army." With these words she sent off Kanakamanjarí, acting in accordance with her own will only.

And the confidante, having assumed the complete disguise of an ascetic, with rosary of Aksha beads, deer-skin, and matted hair, went to the camp of that prince, and entered introduced by his attendants, and beheld him looking like the god that presides over the weapon with which the god of love conquers the world. And her heart was fascinated by his beauty, and she remained a moment looking as if she were in profound meditation. And full of longing she said to herself, "If I am not united with this charming prince, I shall have been born in vain. So I will take the necessary steps to ensure that, whatever comes of it." Then she went up to him, and gave him her blessing, and bestowed on him a jewel, and he received the gem politely and sat down; then she said to him, "This is an excellent jewel of which I have often seen the properties tested. By holding it in your hand you can render ineffectual the best weapon of your enemy. And I give it you out of regard for your excellence, for it is not of so much use to me, prince, as it is to you." When she said this, the prince began to speak to her, but she forbade him, on the ground that she had vowed an exclusive devotion to the life of a beggar, and departed thence.

Then she laid aside the dress of a female ascetic, and assumed a downcast expression of face, and went into the presence of Hansávalí, and when questioned by her, made the following false statement; "I must out of love for you reveal the king's secret, although it is a matter which ought to be concealed. When I went from here to the camp of the prince dressed as a female ascetic, a man came up to me of his own accord and said in a low voice, 'Reverend madam, do you know the rites for exorcising demons?' When I heard that, I said to him, looking upon him as the warder, 'I know them very well. This is a trifling matter for me.' Then I was immediately introduced into the presence of that prince Kamalákara. And I saw him crouching, possessed by a demon, having horns on his head, and his attendants were trying to restrain him; besides he had herbs and a talismanic jewel on him. I performed certain pretended ceremonies to avert evil, and went out immediately, saying, 'To-morrow I will come and take away his affliction.' Accordingly, being exceedingly grieved with the sight of such an unexpected calamity, I have come here to tell you; it is for you to decide what you will do next."

When the unsuspecting Hansávalí heard this trumped-up tale of her maid's, terrible as a thunderstroke, she was distracted and said to her, "Out on the spite of destiny! she brings trouble on her handiwork, even when full of excellences; indeed the spot on the moon is a disgrace to him who created it. As for this prince, I chose him as my husband, but I cannot see him, so it is best for me to die or to retire into some forest. So tell me what I had better do in this matter." When the guileless lady said this, the treacherous Kanakamanjarí answered, "Have some maid of yours, dressed in your clothes, married to him, and we will escape to some place of refuge; for the people of the palace will be all in a state of excitement at that time." When the princess heard that, she said to her wicked confidante, "Then do you put on my clothes, and marry that prince; who else is as faithful to me as you?" The wicked Kanakamanjarí answered, "Cheer up, I will manage to effect this by a stratagem, happen to me what may. But when the time comes, you must do as I direct you." When she had consoled her with these words, she went and told an intimate friend of hers, named Aśokakarí, her secret object. And with her she waited during three days on the desponding Hansávalí, who agreed with them on the measures to he taken.

And when the wedding-day came, the bridegroom Kamalákara arrived at night, with a train of elephants, horses, and footmen. While all the people of the palace were occupied with festal rejoicing, Kanakamanjarí, keeping by an artifice the other maids out of the way, quickly took Hansávalí into her chamber, ostensibly for the purpose of decking her, and put the princess's dress on herself, and clothed her in the dress of Aśokakarí, and put her own dress on her accomplice Aśokakarí, and when night came, said to Hansávalí, "If you go out only the distance of a *cos* from the western gate of this city, you will find an old hollow *Śalmali*-tree. Go and hide inside it, and await my arrival. And after the business is accomplished, I will certainly come there to you." When Hansávalí heard these words of her treacherous friend, she agreed, and went out from the female apartments at night clad in her garments, and she passed out unperceived by the western gate of the city, which was crowded with the bridegroom's attendants, and reached the foot of that *Śalmali*-tree. But when she saw that the hollow of it was black with thick darkness, she was afraid to go into it, so she climbed up a *banyan*-tree near it. There she remained hidden by the leaves, watching

for the arrival of her treacherous friend, for she did not see through her villainy, being herself of a guileless nature.[10]

In the palace meanwhile, the auspicious moment having arrived, the king brought Kanakamanjarí, who was dressed as Hansávalí, and placed her on the sacrificial platform, and Kamalákara married that fair-hued maid, and on account of its being night nobody detected her. And the moment the marriage was over, the prince set out for his own camp at full speed by that same western gate of the city, in order to gain the benefit of propitious constellations, and he took with him the supposed Hansávalí, together with Aśokakarí, who was personating Kanakamanjarí. And as he went along, he came near that *Śalmali*-tree, in the *banyan*-tree near which was concealed Hansávalí, who had been so cruelly deceived. And when he arrived there, the supposed Hansávalí, who was on the back of the elephant, which the king had mounted, embraced him, as if she were terrified. And he asked her eagerly the reason of that terror, whereupon she artfully replied with gushing tears; "My husband, I remember that, last night, in a dream, a woman like a Rákshasí rushed out from this tree, and seized me to eat me. Then a certain Bráhman ran forward and delivered me, and after he had consoled me, he said, 'My daughter, you should have this tree burnt, and if this woman should come out of it, she must be thrown back into it. So all will turn out well.' When the Bráhman had said this, he disappeared. And I woke up. Now that I have seen this tree I remember it. That is why I am frightened." When she said this, Kamalákara immediately ordered his servants to burn the tree and the woman too. So they burned the tree; and the pretended Hansávalí thought that her mistress was burned in it, as she did not come out of it. Then she was satisfied, and Kamalákara returned with her to the camp, thinking that he had got the real Hansávalí. And the next morning he returned rapidly from that place to his city of Kośala, and he was anointed king by his father, who was pleased at his success. And after his father had gone to the forest, he ruled the earth, having for his wife Kanakamanjarí the pretended Hansávalí. But the bard Manorathasiddhi kept at a distance from the palace, because he feared for his own safety in case she were to find out who he was.

But when Hansávalí, who remained that night in the *banyan*-tree, heard and saw all that, she perceived that she had been tricked. And she said to herself, as soon as Kamalákara had departed; "Alas! my wicked confidante has robbed me of my lover by treachery. Alas! she even desires to have me burned in order to ensure her own peace of mind. But to whom is reliance upon treacherous people not a source of calamity? So I will throw my unlucky self into the glowing ashes of the *Śalmali*-tree, that was burnt for me, and so pay my debt to the tree." After these reflections she descended from the tree, determined to destroy herself, but as fate would have it, she returned to her sober reason, and thought thus within herself; "Why should I destroy myself without reason? If I live, I shall soon be revenged on that betrayer of her friend. For when my father was seized with that fever, Vishṇu appeared to him in a dream, and after saying that he was to be healed by the touch of my hand, said this to him, 'Hansávalí shall obtain Kamalákara, who will be a suitable husband for her, but she shall endure calamity for a short time.' So I will go somewhere and wait a little." When she had formed this resolution, she set out for an uninhabited forest.

And after she had gone a long distance, and was weary, and her steps began to falter, the night disappeared, as if out of pity, in order to let her see her way. And the heaven being, as it were, moved with compassion at beholding her, let fall a flood of tears in the form of drops of dew. And the sun, the friend of the virtuous, rose up so as to comfort her, by revealing to her both hopes and the face of the country, and stretched out the fingers of his rays to wipe away her tears. Then the princess, being a little consoled, went on slowly by by-paths, avoiding the sight of men; and wounded by the spikes of *kuśa* grass, she at last reached with difficulty a certain forest, full of birds which seemed to be singing, "Come here, come here!" She entered the wood fatigued, and was, as it were, courteously fanned by the trees with their creepers waving in the wind. So she, full of longing for her beloved, beheld that wood in all the pomp of spring, where the cuckoos cooed sweetly on fragrant mango-trees in full blossom. And in her despondency she said to herself; "Although this breeze from the Malaya mountain, red with the pollen of flowers, scorches me like a fire, and these showers of flowers falling from the trees, while the bees hum, strike me like showers of the arrows of Love, still I will remain here worshipping with these flowers

the husband of Ramá,[11] and by so doing purge away my sin." Having formed this resolution, she remained bathing in tanks and living on fruit, devoted to the worship of Vishṇu, in order to gain Kamalákara.

In the meanwhile it happened that Kamalákara was seized with a chronic quartan fever. Then the wicked Kanakamanjarí, who personated Hansávalí, was terrified, and thought thus in her heart, "I have always one fear in my heart, lest Aśokakarí should reveal my secret, and now a second has come on the top of it. For the father of Hansávalí said to my husband, in the presence of a large number of persons, that the touch of his daughter's hand removed fever; and as soon as in his present attack he shall call that to mind, I shall be exposed, as not having that power, and ruined. So I will perform on his behalf with all due rites an incantation for obtaining control over an imp of the fever-demon, who has the power of removing fever, and who was mentioned to me long ago by a certain witch. And I will by a stratagem kill this Aśokakarí, in front of the imp, in order that the offering to him may be made with human flesh, and so he may be enlisted in my service and bring about the desired result. So the king's fever will be cured and Aśokakarí removed at the same time, and both my fears will be ended; I do not see any chance of a prosperous issue in any other way."

Having formed this resolution, she told Aśokakarí all the harmless points of her plan, taking care to omit the necessity of slaying a human being. Then Aśokakarí consented, and brought the necessary utensils, and Kanakamanjarí by an artifice dismissed her attendants, and, accompanied by Aśokakarí only, went out from the women's apartments secretly at night by a postern-door, and sword in hand,[12] made for a deserted temple of Śiva in which there was one *linga*. There she killed with the sword a goat, and anointed the *linga* with its blood, and made an offering to it of its flesh, and threw the animal's entrails round it by way of a garland, and honoured it by placing on its summit the goat's lotus-like heart, and fumigated it with the smoke of its eyes, and lastly presented to it the animal's head by way of oblation. Then she smeared the front of the sacrificial platform with blood and sandalwood, and painted on it with yellow paint a lotus, having eight leaves, and on its pericarp she traced with crushed mango a representation of the demon of fever, with three feet and three mouths, and with a handful

of ashes by way of weapon; and she represented on the leaves the fever's attendant imps in proper form, and summoned them with a spell which she knew.[13] And then she wished to make an offering to them, preparatory to bathing, with human flesh, as I said before, so she said to Aśokakarí, "Now, my friend, prostrate yourself flat on the earth before the god, for thus you will obtain prosperous fortune." Then she consented, and flung herself flat on the earth, and the wicked Kanakamanjarí gave her a cut with the sword. As it happened, the sword only wounded her slightly on the shoulder, and she rose up terrified, and ran away, and seeing Kanakamanjarí pursuing her, she exclaimed again and again, "Help, help!" And thereupon some policemen, who happened to be near, ran to her assistance. When they saw Kanakamanjarí pursuing her, sword in hand, with a ferocious expression of countenance, they thought she was a Rákshasí, and slashed her with their swords till she was almost dead. But when they heard from the lips of Aśokakarí the real state of the case, they took both the women to the king's court, with the governor of the town at their head. When king Kamalákara heard their story, he had that wicked wife and her confidante brought into his presence. And when they were brought, what with fear and the severe pain of her wounds, Kanakamanjarí died on the spot.

Then the king, in great despondency, said to Aśokakarí, who was wounded, "What is the meaning of this? Tell me without fear." Then Aśokakarí related from the very beginning the history of the daring treachery accomplished by Kanakamanjarí. Then king Kamalákara, having found out the truth, thus bewailed his lot on that occasion, "Alas! I have been deceived by this supposed Hansávalí into burning the real Hansávalí with my own hand, fool that I was! Well! this wicked woman has met the just reward of her actions, in that, after becoming the wife of a king, she has been thus put to death. But how came I to permit cruel Destiny to deceive me with mere outward appearances, like a child, and so to rob me by taking away my jewel and giving me glass instead. Moreover, I did not remember that touch of the hand of Hansávalí, of which Vishṇu spoke to her father, which has given evidence of its power to remove fever." While Kamalákara was thus lamenting, he suddenly recollected the words of Vishṇu and said to himself, "Her father Meghamálin told me that Vishṇu said that she should obtain a husband, but that she should suffer some little affliction, and that word of

the god, made known to men, will not have been spoken in vain. So it is quite possible that she may have gone somewhere else, and be still alive, for who knows the mysterious ways of a woman's heart, any more than those of destiny? So in this matter the bard Manorathasiddhi must once more be my refuge."

Thus reflecting, the king sent for that excellent bard, and said to him, "How is it, my good friend, that you are never seen in the palace?" But how can those obtain their wishes, who are deceived by rogues? When the bard heard that, he said, "My excuse is that this Aśokakarí was well nigh slain, out of fear that she would reveal the secret. But you must not be despondent about Hansávalí, for Vishṇu revealed that she would suffer calamity for a short time. And he certainly protects her, because she is ever intent on worshipping him; for virtue prevails; has it not been seen in the present instance? So I will go, king, to obtain tidings of her." When the bard said this to the king, he answered him, "I myself will go in search of her with you. For otherwise my mind cannot be at rest even for a moment."

When the king had said this, he resolved on the course to be taken, and next day he entrusted his kingdom to the care of his minister Prajnáḍhya. And though the minister did all he could to dissuade him, the king left the town unobserved with Manorathasiddhi. And he went round to many holy places, hermitages, and forests in search of her, disregarding physical suffering, for weighty is the command of Love. And it happened that he and Manorathasiddhi at last reached the wood, where Hansávalí was performing austerities. There he saw her at the foot of a red *Aśoka*-tree, thin and pale, but yet charming, like the last digit of the gleaming moon. And he said to the bard; "Who is this silent and motionless, engaged in meditation? Can she be a goddess, for her beauty is more than human?" When the bard heard that, he looked and said, "You are fortunate, my sovereign, in finding Hansávalí; for it is she herself that is standing there." When Hansávalí heard that, she looked at them, and recognising that bard, she cried out with renewed grief; "Alas! my father, I am ruined! alas my husband, Kamalákara! alas Manorathasiddhi! alas, Destiny, source of untoward events!" Thus lamenting, she fell on the ground in a faint, and when Kamalákara heard and saw her, he too fell on the earth overpowered with

grief. Then they were both brought round by Manorathasiddhi; and when they had recognised one another for certain, they were much delighted, and, having crossed the ocean of separation, they experienced indescribable joy, and they told one another in due course all their adventures. Then Kamalákara returned with Hansávalí and that bard to the city of Kośala. There he received in marriage her hand that had the power of removing disease, after summoning her father the famous Meghamálin. Then Kamalákara shone exceedingly bright, being united with Hansávalí, both whose wings were pure.[14] And having attained his object in life, he lived happily with her whose endurance had borne fruit, ruling the earth, inseparable from Manorathasiddhi.

“So you see those who do not lose heart, even in calamity, obtain all they desire, and on the same principle you should abstain from suicide, for, if you live, you will be reunited to that lord.” With these words the old traveller closed his tale, and after dissuading me from death, departed whither he would.

After Bhímaparákrama had told all this to Mṛigánkadatta at night in the house of Chaṇḍaketu, he went on to say:

Continuation of the adventures of Bhímaparákrama.

So, having received useful admonition, I left that forest and went to the city of Ujjayiní, for which I knew you were making, to find you. When I did not find you there, I entered the house of a certain woman to lodge, as I was worn out, and gave her money for food. She gave me a bed, and being tired I slept for some time, but then I woke up, and out of curiosity I remained quiet, and watched her, and while I was watching, the woman took a handful of barley, and sowed it all about inside the house, her lip trembling all the time with muttering spells. Those grains of barley immediately

sprang up, and produced ears, and ripened, and she cut them down, and parched them, and ground them, and made them into barley-meal. And she sprinkled the barley-meal with water, and put it in a brass pot, and, after arranging her house as it was before, she went out quickly to bathe.

Then, as I saw that she was a witch, I took the liberty of rising up quickly; and taking that meal out of the brass pot, I transferred it to the meal-bin, and I took as much barley-meal out of the meal-bin, and placed it in the brass vessel, taking care not to mix the two kinds. Then I went back again to bed, and the woman came in, and roused me up, and gave me that meal from the brass pot to eat, and she ate some herself, taking what she ate from the meal-bin, and so she ate the charmed meal, not knowing that I had exchanged the two kinds. The moment she had eaten that barley-meal, she became a she-goat; then I took her and sold her by way of revenge to a butcher.[15]

Then the butcher's wife came up to me and said angrily, "You have deceived this friend of mine—you shall reap the fruit of this." When I had been thus threatened by her, I went secretly out of the town, and being weary I lay down under a *banyan*-tree, and went to sleep. And while I was in that state, that wicked witch, the butcher's wife, came and fastened a thread on my neck. Then the wicked woman departed, and immediately I woke up, and when I began to examine myself, lo! I had turned into a peacock, though I still retained my intelligence.[16]

Then I wandered about for some days much distressed, and one day I was caught alive by a certain fowler. He brought me here and gave me to this Chaṇḍaketu, the principal warder of the king of the Bhillas, by way of a complimentary present. The warder, for his part, immediately made me over to his wife, and she put me in this house as a pet bird. And to-day, my prince, you have been guided here by fate, and have loosened the thread round my neck, and so I have recovered my human shape.

"So let us leave this place quickly, for this warder always murders next morning[17] the companions of his midnight rambles, for fear his secrets should be disclosed. And to-day he has brought you here, after you have

been a witness of his nightly adventures, so fasten, my prince, on your neck this thread prepared by the witch, and turn yourself into a peacock, and go out by this small window; then I will stretch out my hand and loosen the thread from your neck, which you must put up to me, and I will fasten it on my own neck and go out quickly in the same way. Then you must loosen the thread round my neck, and we shall both recover our former condition. But it is impossible to go out by the door which is fastened from outside."

When the sagacious Bhímaparákrama had said this, Mṛigánkadatta agreed to his proposal and so escaped from the house with him; and he returned to his lodging where his other two friends were; there he and his friends all spent the night pleasantly in describing to one another all their adventures.

And in the morning Máyávaṭu, the Bhilla king, the head of that town, came to Mṛigánkadatta, and after asking him whether he had spent the night pleasantly, he said to amuse him, "Come, let us play dice." Then Mṛigánkadatta's friend Śrutadhi, observing that the Bhilla had come with his warder, said to him, "Why should you play dice? Have you forgotten? To-day we are to see the dance of the warder's peacock, which was talked about yesterday." When the Śavara king heard that, he remembered, and out of curiosity sent the warder to fetch the peacock. And the warder remembered the wounds he had inflicted, and thought to himself, "Why did I in my carelessness forget to put to death that thief, who witnessed my secret nightly expedition, though I placed him in the peacock's house? So I will go quickly, and do both the businesses." And thereupon he went quickly home.

But when he reached his own palace and looked into the house where the peacock was, he could not find either the thief or the peacock. Then terrified and despondent he returned and said to his sovereign; "My lord, that peacock has been taken away in the night by a thief." Then Śrutadhi said smiling, "The man who took away your peacock is renowned as a clever thief." And when Máyávaṭu saw them all smiling, and looking at one another, he asked with the utmost eagerness what it all meant. Then Mṛigánkadatta told the Śavara king all his adventures with the warder; how he met him in the night, and how the warder entered the queen's apartment

as a paramour, and how he drew his knife in a quarrel; how he himself went to the house of the warder, and how he set Bhímaparákrama free from his peacock transformation, and how he escaped thence.

Then Máyávaṭu, after hearing that, and seeing that the maid in the harem had a knife-wound in the hand, and that when that thread was replaced for a moment on the neck of Bhímaparákrama, he again became a peacock, put his warder to death at once as a violator of his harem. But he spared the life of that unchaste queen, on the intercession of Mṛigánkadatta, and renouncing her society, banished her to a distance from his court. And Mṛigánkadatta, though eager to win Śaśánkavatí, remained some more days in the Pulinda's town, treated with great consideration by him, looking for the arrival of the rest of his friends and his re-union with them.

1

Literally, "water-men." Perhaps they were of the same race as Grendel the terrible *nicor*. See also Veckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, p. 185 and *ff.*, Grimm's Irische Märchen, p. cv, Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 35, Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 187 and *ff.*, and the 6th and 20th Játakas. See also Grohmann's account of the "Wassermann," Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 148.

2

The MS. in the Sanskrit College seems to me to read *púrṇośya*.

3

I read *'nyuveśustham*, which is the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

4

The silk-cotton tree.

5

Or Hansávalí.

6

Or Kamalákara.

7

It may also mean a host of Bráhmans or many birds and bees. It is an elaborate pun.

8

Another pun! It may mean “by obtaining good fortune in the form of wealth.”

9

For *vátáyanoddeśát* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *cháyatanoddeśát*; perhaps it means “entering to visit the temple.”

10

Cp. Die Gänsemagd, Grimm’s Kinder- und Hausmärchen, No. 89. See also Indian Fairy Tales, by Miss Stokes, No. 1; and Bernhard Schmidt’s Griechische Märchen, p. 100. In the 1st Tale of Basile’s Pentamerone, Liebrecht’s translation, a Moorish slave-girl supplants the princess Zoza. See also the 49th tale of the same collection. In Gonzenbach’s Sicilianische Märchen, Nos. 33 and 34, we have tales of “A substituted Bride;” see Dr. Köhler’s notes.

11

i. e., Vishṇu.

12

The sword seems to be essential in these rites: compare the VIth book of the Æthiopica of Heliodorus, where the witch Cybele raises her son to life, in order that he may prophesy; see also the story of Kálarátri, Chapter 20 of this work.

13

The debased form of Buddhism found throughout this work is no doubt the Tantra system introduced by Asanga in the sixth century of our era (Rhys Davids’ Manual of Buddhism, pp. 207, 208, 209.) To borrow Dr. Rajendralála Mitra’s words, who is speaking of even worse corruptions, (Introduction to the Lalita Vistara, p. 12) it is a wonder “that a system of religion so pure and lofty in its aspirations as Buddhism could be made to ally itself with such pestilent dogmas and practices.” The whole incantation closely resembles similar practices in the West. See Brand’s Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, pp. 56 and *ff.* especially the extract from Mason’s Anatomie of Sorcerie, 1612, p. 86—“Inchanters and charmers, they which by using of certaine conceited words, characters, circles, amulets, and such like wicked trumpery (by God’s permission) doo worke great marvailes: as namely in causing of sicknesse, *as also in curing diseases in men’s bodies*.

14

Here there is a pun, as Kamalákara means a bed of lotuses, the word *paksha* meaning wing and also “side.” She was of good lineage by her father’s and mother’s side. Manorathasiddhi means “the attainment of desire.”

15

Compare the Soldier's Midnight Watch in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 274.

16

In the Golden Ass of Apuleius, Pamphile turns herself into an owl; when Apuleius asks to be turned into an owl, in order to follow her, Fotis turns him by mistake into an ass. See also the Ass of Lucian. The story of Circe will occur to every one in connection with these transformations. See also Baring Gould's Myths of the Middle Ages, 1st Series, p. 143.

17

I read *prátaḥ* for *práyaḥ*.

Chapter LXXII.

While Mṛigánkadatta was thus residing in the palace of Máyávaṭu, the king of the Bhillas, accompanied by Vimalabuddhi and his other friends, one day the general of the Bhilla sovereign came to him in a state of great excitement, and said to him in the presence of Mṛigánkadatta; “As by your Majesty’s orders I was searching for a man to offer as a victim to Durgá, I found one so valiant that he destroyed five hundred of your best warriors, and I have brought him here disabled by many wounds.” When the Pulinda chief heard that, he said to the general, “Bring him quickly in here, and shew him to me.” Then he was brought in, and all beheld him smeared with the blood that flowed from his wounds, begrimed with the dust of battle, bound with cords, and reeling, like a mad elephant tied up that is stained with the fluid that flows from his temples mixed with the vermilion painting on his cheek. Then Mṛigánkadatta recognised him as his minister Guṇákara, and ran and threw his arms round his neck, weeping. Then the king of the Bhillas, hearing from Mṛigánkadatta’s friends that it was Guṇákara, bowed before him, and comforted him as he was clinging to the feet of his master, and brought him into his palace, and gave him a bath, and bandaged his wounds, and supplied him attentively with wholesome food and drink, such as was recommended by the physicians. Then Mṛigánkadatta, after his minister had been somewhat restored, said to him; “Tell me, my friend, what adventures have you had?” Then Guṇákara said in the hearing of all, “Hear, prince, I will tell you my story.”

The adventures of Guṇákara after his separation from the prince.

At that time when I was separated from you by the curse of the Nága, I was so bewildered that I was conscious of nothing, but went on roaming through that far-extending wilderness. At last I recovered consciousness and thought in my grief, “Alas! this is a terrible dispensation of unruly destiny. How will Mṛigánkadatta, who would suffer even in a palace, exist in this desert of burning sand? And how will his companions exist? Thus reflecting frequently in my mind, I happened, as I was roaming about, to come upon the abode of Durgá. And I entered her temple, in which were offered day and night many and various living creatures, and which therefore resembled the palace of the god of Death. After I had worshipped the goddess there, I saw the corpse of a man who had offered himself, and who held in his hand a sword that had pierced his throat. When I saw that, I also, on account of my grief at being separated from you, determined to propitiate the goddess by the sacrifice of myself. So I ran and seized his sword. But at that moment some compassionate female ascetic, after forbidding me from a distance by a prohibitive shake of the head, came up to me, and dissuaded me from death, and after asking me my story said to me; “Do not act so, the re-union even of the dead has been seen in this world, much more of the living. Hear this story in illustration of it.”

Story of king Vinítamati who became a holy man.

There is a celebrated city on the earth, of the name of Ahichchhatrá,[1] in it there dwelt of old time a mighty king, of the name of Udayatunga. And he had a noble warder named Kamalamati. This warder had a matchless son named Vinítamati. The lotus, in spite of its threads, and the bow, in spite of its string, could not be compared to that youth who possessed a string of good qualities, for the first was hollow and the second crooked. One day, as he was on a platform on the top of a palace white with plaster, he saw the moon rising in the beginning of the night, like a splendid ear-ornament on the darkness of the eastern quarter, made of a shoot from the wishing-tree of

love. And Vinítamati, seeing the world gradually illuminated with its numerous rays, felt his heart leap within him, and said to himself, “Ha! the ways are seen to be lighted up by the moonlight, as if whitened with plaster, so why should I not go there and roam about? Accordingly he went out with his bow and arrows, and roamed about, and after he had gone only a *cos*, he suddenly heard a noise of weeping. He went in the direction of the sound and saw a certain maiden of heavenly appearance weeping, as she reclined at the foot of a tree. And he said to her, “Fair one, who are you? And why do you make the moon of your countenance like the moon when flecked with spots, by staining it with tears?” When he said this to her, she answered, “Great-souled one, I am the daughter of a king of the snakes named Gandhamálin, and my name is Vijayavatí. Once on a time my father fled from battle, and was thus cursed by Vásuki—‘Wicked one, you shall be conquered and become the slave of your enemy.’ In consequence of that curse, my father was conquered by his enemy, a Yaksha named Kálajihva, and made his servant, and forced to carry a load of flowers for him. Grieved thereat, I tried for his sake to propitiate Gaurí with asceticism, and the holy goddess appeared to me in visible form, and said this to me, ‘Listen, my child; there is in the Mánasa lake a great and heavenly lotus of crystal expanded into a thousand leaves. Its rays are scattered abroad when it is touched by the sun-beams, and it gleams like the many-crested head of Śesha, yellow with the rays of jewels. Once on a time Kuvera beheld it, and conceived a desire for that lotus, and after he had bathed in the Mánasa lake, he began to worship Vishṇu in order to obtain it. And at that time the Yakshas, his followers, were playing in the water, in the shapes of Brahmany ducks and geese, and other aquatic creatures. And it happened that the elder brother of your enemy Kálajihva, a Yaksha named Vidyujjíva, was playing with his beloved in the form of a Brahmany drake, and while flapping his wings, he struck and upset the *argha* vessel held in the extremity of Kuvera’s hand. Then the god of wealth was enraged, and by a curse made Vidyujjíva and his wife Brahmany ducks[2] on this very Mánasa lake. And Kálajihva, now that his elder brother is so transformed and is unhappy at night on account of the absence of his beloved, assumes out of affection her form every night to console him, and remains there in the day in his own natural form, accompanied by your father Gandhamálin, whom

he has made a slave. So send there, my daughter, the brave and enterprising Vinítamati, of the town of Ahichchhatrá, the son of the warder, and take this sword[3] and this horse, for with these that hero will conquer that Yaksha, and will set your father at liberty. And whatever man becomes the possessor of this excellent sword, will conquer all his enemies and become a king on the earth.' After saying this, the goddess gave me the sword and horse, and disappeared. So I have come here to-day in due course to excite you to the enterprise, and seeing you going out at night with the favour of the goddess, I brought you here by an artifice, having caused you to hear a sound of weeping. So accomplish for me that desire of mine, noble sir!" When Vinítamati was thus entreated by her, he immediately consented.

Then the snake-maiden went at once and brought that swift white horse, that looked like the concentrated rays of the moon, rushing forth into the extreme points of the earth to slay the darkness, and that splendid sword, equal in brightness to the starlight sky, appearing like a glance of the goddess of Fortune in search of a hero, and gave them both to Vinítamati. And he set out with the sword, after mounting that horse with the maiden, and thanks to its speed he reached that very lake Mánasa. The lotus-clumps of the lake were shaken by the wind, and it seemed by the plaintive cries of its Brahmany ducks to forbid his approach out of pity for Kálajihva. And seeing Gandhamálin there in the custody of some Yakshas, he wounded those miserable creatures with his sword and dispersed them, in order to set him at liberty. When Kálajihva saw that, he abandoned the form of a Brahmany duck and rose from the middle of the lake, roaring like a cloud of the rainy season. In the course of the fight Kálajihva soared up into the air, and Vinítamati, with his horse, soared up after him, and seized him by the hair. And when he was on the point of cutting off his head with his sword, the Yaksha, speaking in a plaintive voice, implored his protection. And being spared, he gave him his own ring, that possessed the power of averting all the calamities called *íti*,[4] and with all marks of deference he released Gandhamálin from slavery, and Gandhamálin, in his delight, gave Vinítamati his daughter Vijayavatí, and returned home. Then Vinítamati, being the possessor of a splendid sword, ring, horse, and maiden, returned home as soon as the day broke. There his father welcomed him and

questioned him, and was delighted at the account of his exploits, and so was his sovereign, and then he married that Nága maiden.[5]

And one day his father Kamalamati said in secret to the youth, who was happy in the possession of these four priceless things, and of many accomplishments; “The king Udayatunga here has a daughter named Udayavatí, well taught in all the sciences, and he has publicly announced that he will give her to the first Bráhman or Kshatriya who conquers her in argument. And by her wonderful skill in argument she has silenced all other disputants, as by her beauty, which is the theme of the world’s wonder, she has put to shame the nymphs of heaven. You are a distinguished hero, you are a disputant of the Kshatriya caste; why do you remain silent? Conquer her in argument, and marry her.”[6] When Vinítamati’s father said this to him, he answered,—“My father, how can men like me contend with weak women? Nevertheless, I will obey this order of yours.” When the bold youth said this, his father went to the king, and said to him,—“Vinítamati will dispute with the princess to-morrow.” And the king approved the proposal, and Kamalamati returned home, and informed his son Vinítamati of his consent.

The next morning the king, like a swan, took up his position in the midst of the lotus-bed of the assembly of learned men, and the disputant Vinítamati entered the hall, resplendent like the sun, and being gazed on by the eyes of all the accomplished men who were assembled there, that were turned towards him, he, as it were, animated the lotus-bed with circling bees. And soon after the princess Udayavatí came there slowly, like the bow of the god of love bent with the string of excellence; adorned with splendid sweetly-tinkling ornaments, that seemed, as it were, to intimate her first objection before it was uttered.[7] A pure streak of the moon in a clear heaven would give some idea of her appearance when she was seated on her emerald throne. Then she made her first objection, stringing on the threads of her glittering teeth a chain of elegant words like jewels. But Vinítamati proved that her objection was based upon premisses logically untenable, and he soon silenced the fair one, refuting her point by point. Then the learned audience commended him, and the princess, though beaten in argument, considered that she had triumphed, as she had gained an

excellent husband. And Udayatunga bestowed on Vinítamati his daughter, whom he had won in the arguing match. And the king loaded Vinítamati with jewels, and he lived united to the daughter of a snake and the daughter of a king.

Once on a time, when he was engaged in gambling, and was being beaten by other gamblers, and much distressed in mind thereat, a Bráhman came and asked him for food with great importunity.

He was annoyed at that, and whispered in the ear of his servant, and caused to be presented to the Bráhman a vessel full of sand wrapped up in a cloth. The simple-minded Bráhman thought, on account of its weight, that it must be full of gold, and went to a solitary place and opened[8] it. And seeing that it was full of sand, he flung it down on the earth, and saying to himself, "The man has deceived me," he went home despondent. But Vinítamati thought no more of the matter, and left the gambling, and remained at home with his wives in great comfort.

And in course of time, the king Udayatunga became unable to bear the burden of the empire, as his vigour in negotiations and military operations was relaxed by old age.[9] Then, as he had no son, he appointed his son-in-law Vinítamati his successor, and went to the Ganges to lay down his body. And as soon as Vinítamati obtained the government, he conquered the ten cardinal points by the virtue of his horse and his sword. And, by the might of his calamity-averting ring, his kingdom was free from sickness and famine, like that of Ráma.

Now, once on a time, there came to that king from a foreign country a mendicant, named Ratnachandrámati, who was among other disputants like the lion among elephants. The king, who was fond of accomplished men, entertained him, and the mendicant challenged him to dispute on the following terms, which he uttered in the form of a verse; "If thou art vanquished, O king, thou must adopt the law of Buddha; if I am vanquished, I will abandon the rags of a Buddhist mendicant, and listen to the teaching of the Bráhmans." The king accepted this challenge, and argued with the mendicant for seven days, and on the eighth day the

mendicant conquered that king, who in the dispute with Udayavatí had conquered the “Hammer of Shavelings.” Then faith arose in the breast of the king, and he adopted the Bauddha law taught by that mendicant, which is rich in the merit of benefiting all creatures; and becoming devoted to the worship of Jina, he built monasteries and alms-houses for Buddhist mendicants, Bráhmans, and other sectaries, and all men generally.

And being subdued in spirit by the practice of that law, he asked that mendicant to teach him the rule for the discipline leading to the rank of a Bodhisattva, a rule which involves benefits to all. And the mendicant said to him; “King, the great discipline of a Bodhisattva is to be performed by those who are free from sin, and by no others. Now you are not tainted with any sin which is palpable, and therefore visible to men like myself, but find out by the following method, if you have any minute sin, and so destroy it.” With these words the mendicant taught him a charm[10] for producing dreams, and the king, after having had a dream, said to the mendicant in the morning, “Teacher, I fancied in my dream last night that I went to the other world, and being hungry I asked for some food. And then some men with maces in their hands said to me, ‘Eat, O king, these numerous grains of hot sand earned by you, which you gave long ago to the hungry Bráhman, when he came to beg of you. If you give away ten crores of gold, you will be liberated from this guilt.’ When the men with maces had said this to me, I woke up, and lo! the night had come to an end.”

When the king had related his dream, he gave away, by order of the mendicant, ten crores of gold as an atonement for his sin, and again employed the charm for producing dreams. And again he had that dream, and in the morning when he got up, he related it, and said; “Last night also those mace-bearers in the other world gave me sand to eat, when I was hungry, and then I said to them,—‘Why should I eat this sand, though I have bestowed alms?’ Then they said to me—‘Your gift was of no avail, for among the gold coins was one belonging to a Bráhman;’ when I heard this I woke up.” Having told his dream in these words, the king gave away another ten crores of gold to beggars.

And again, when the night came, he used that charm for producing dreams, and again he had a dream, and next morning when he got up, he related it in the following words; “Last night too those men in the other world gave me sand to eat in my dream, and when I questioned them, they said this to me, ‘King, that gift of yours also is of no avail, for to-day a Bráhman has been robbed and murdered in a forest in your country by bandits, and you did not protect him, so your gift is of no avail on account of your not protecting your subjects; so give to-day double the gift of yesterday.’ When I heard this I woke up.” After the king had related his dream to his spiritual guide in these words, he gave double his former gift.

Then he said to the mendicant, “Teacher, how can men like myself obey in this world a law which admits of so many infractions.”

When the mendicant heard that, he said, “Wise men should not allow such a little thing to damp their ardour in the keeping of the law of righteousness. The gods themselves protect firm men, endowed with perseverance, that swerve not from their duty, and they bring their wishes to fulfilment. Have you not heard the story of the adorable Bodhisattva in his former birth as a boar? Listen, I will tell it you.”

Story of the Holy Boar.

Long ago there dwelt in a cavern in the Vindhya mountains a wise boar, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Buddha, together with his friend a monkey. He was a benefactor of all creatures, and he remained always in the society of that friend, honouring guests, and so he spent the time in occupations suited to him. But once on a time there came on a storm lasting for five days, which was terrible, in that it hindered with its unintermitting rainfall the movements of all living creatures. On the fifth day, as the boar was lying asleep with the monkey at night, there came to the door of the cave a lion with his mate and his cub. Then the lion said to his mate,

“During this long period of bad weather we shall certainly die of hunger from not obtaining any animal to eat.” The lioness answered, “It is clear that hunger will prevent all of us from surviving, so you two had better eat me and so save your lives. For you are my lord and master, and this son of ours is our very life; you will easily get another mate like me, so ensure the welfare of you two by devouring me.”

Now, as chance would have it, that noble boar woke up and heard the conversation of the lion and his mate. And he was delighted, and thought to himself, “The idea of my receiving such guests on such a night in such a storm! Ah! to-day my merit in a former state of existence has brought forth fruit. So let me satiate these guests with this body that perishes in a moment, while I have a chance of doing so.” Having thus reflected, the boar rose up, and went out, and said to the lion with an affectionate voice; “My good friend, do not despond. For here I am ready to be eaten by you and your mate and your cub: so eat me.” When the boar said this, the lion was delighted and said to his mate, “Let this cub eat first, then I will eat, and you shall eat after me.” She agreed, and first the cub ate some of the flesh of the boar, and then the lion himself began to eat. And while he was eating, the noble boar said to him, “Drink my blood quickly, before it sinks into the ground, and satisfy your hunger with my flesh, and let your mate eat the rest.” While the boar was saying this, the lion gradually devoured his flesh until nothing but bones was left, but still the virtuous boar did not die, for his life remained in him, as if to see what would be the end of his endurance. And in the meanwhile the lioness, exhausted with hunger, died in the cave, and the lion went off somewhere or other with his cub, and the night came to an end. At this juncture his friend the monkey woke up, and went out, and seeing the boar reduced to such a condition, said to him in the utmost excitement, “Who reduced you to such a state? Tell me, my friend, if you can.” Thereupon the heroic boar told him the whole story. Then the monkey prostrated himself at his feet, and said to him with tears,—“You must be a portion of some divinity, since you have thus rescued yourself from this animal nature: so tell me any wish that you may have, and I will endeavour to fulfil it for you.” When the monkey said this to the boar, the boar answered; “Friend, the only wish that I have is one difficult for even Destiny to fulfil. For my heart longs that I may recover my body as before,

and that this unfortunate lioness that died of hunger before my eyes, may return to life, and satiate her hunger by devouring me."

While the boar was saying this, the god of Justice appeared in bodily form, and stroking him with his hand, turned him into a chief of sages possessing a celestial body. And he said to him; "It was I that assumed the form of this lion, and lioness, and cub, and produced this whole illusion, because I wished to conquer thee who art exclusively intent on benefiting thy fellow-creatures; but thou, possessing perfect goodness, gavest thy life for others, and so hast triumphed over me the god of Justice, and gained this rank of a chief of sages." The sage, hearing this, and seeing the god of Justice standing in front of him, said, "Holy lord, this rank of chief of sages, even though attained, gives me no pleasure, since my friend this monkey has not as yet thrown off his animal nature." When the god of Justice heard this, he turned the monkey also into a sage. Of a truth association with the great produces great benefit. Then the god of Justice and the dead lioness disappeared.

"So you see, king, that it is easy for those, who in the strength of goodness do not relax their efforts after virtue, and are aided by gods, to attain the ends which they desire." When the generous king Vinítamati had heard this tale from the Buddhist mendicant, he again used, when the night came, that charm for obtaining a dream. And after he had had a dream, he told it the next morning to the mendicant: "I remember, a certain divine hermit said to me in my dream 'Son, you are now free from sin, enter on the discipline for obtaining the rank of a Bodhisattva.' And having heard that speech I woke up this morning with a mind at ease." When the king had said this to the mendicant, who was his spiritual guide, he took upon himself, with his permission, that difficult vow on an auspicious day; and then he remained continually showering favours on suitors, and yet his wealth proved inexhaustible, for prosperity is the result of virtue.

One day a Bráhman suitor came and said to him: "King, I am a Bráhman, an inhabitant of the city of Páṭaliputra. There a Bráhman-Rákshasa has occupied my sacrificial fire-chamber and seized my son, and no expedient, which I can make use of, is of any avail against him. So I have come here to

petition you, who are the wishing-tree of suppliants; give me that ring of yours that removes all noxious things, in order that I may have success." When the Bráhman made this request to the king, he gave him without reluctance the ring he had obtained from Kálajihva. And when the Bráhman departed with it, the fame of the king's Bodhisattva-vow was spread abroad throughout the world.

Afterwards there came to him one day another guest, a prince named Indukalaśa, from the northern region. The self-denying king, who knew that the prince was of high lineage, shewed him respect, and asked him what he desired. The prince answered, "You are celebrated on earth as the wishing-stone of all suitors, you would not send away disappointed a man who even asked you for your life. Now I have come to you as a suppliant, because I have been conquered and turned out of my father's kingdom by my brother, whose name is Kanakakalaśa. So give me, hero, your excellent sword and horse, in order that by their virtue I may conquer the pretender and obtain my kingdom." When king Vinítamati heard that, be gave that prince his horse, and his sword, though they were the two talismanic jewels that protected his kingdom, and so unshaken was his self-denial that he never hesitated for a moment, though his ministers heaved sighs with downcast faces. So the prince, having obtained the horse and sword, went and conquered his brother by their aid, and got possession of his kingdom.

But his brother Kanakakalaśa, who was deprived of the kingdom he had seized, came to the capital of that king Vinítamati; and there he was preparing in his grief to enter the fire, but Vinítamati, hearing of it, said to his ministers; "This good man has been reduced to this state by my fault, so I will do him the justice, which I owe him, by giving him my kingdom. Of what use is this kingdom to me, unless it is employed to benefit my fellow-creatures? As I have no children, let this man be my son and inherit my kingdom." After saying this, the king summoned Kanakakalaśa, and in spite of the opposition of his ministers gave him the kingdom.

And after he had given away the kingdom, he immediately left the city with unwavering mind, accompanied by his two wives. And his subjects, when they saw it, followed him distracted, bedewing the ground with their tears,

and uttering such laments as these, “Alas! the nectar-rayed moon had become full so as to refresh the world, and now a cloud has suddenly descended and hid it from our eyes. Our king, the wishing-tree of his subjects, had begun to satisfy the desires of all living creatures, when lo! he is removed somewhere or other by fate.” Then Vinítamati at last prevailed on them to return, and with unshaken resolution went on his way, with his wives, to the forest, without a carriage.

And in course of time he reached a desert without water or tree, with sands heated by the sun, which appeared as if created by Destiny to test his firmness. Being thirsty and exhausted with the fatigue of the long journey, he reclined for a moment in a spot in this desert, and both he and his two wives were overtaken by sleep. When he woke up and looked about him, he beheld there a great and wonderful garden produced by the surpassing excellence of his own virtue. It had in it tanks full of cool pure water adorned with blooming lotuses, it was carpeted with dark green grass, its trees bent with the weight of their fruit, it had broad, high, smooth slabs of rock in shady places, in fact it seemed like Nandana drawn down from heaven by the power of the king’s generosity. The king looked again and again, and was wondering whether it could be a dream, or a delusion, or a favour bestowed on him by the gods, when suddenly he heard a speech uttered in the air by two Siddhas, who were roaming through the sky in the shape of a pair of swans, “King, why should you wonder thus at the efficacy of your own virtue? So dwell at your ease in this garden of perennial fruits and flowers.” When king Vinítamati heard this speech of the Siddhas, he remained in that garden with mind at ease, practising austerities, together with his wives.

And one day, when he was on a slab of rock, he beheld near him a certain man about to commit suicide by hanging himself. He went to him immediately, and with kindly words talked him over, and prevailed on him not to destroy himself, and asked him the reason of his wishing to do so. Then the man said, “Listen, I will tell you the whole story from the beginning. I am the son of Nágaśúra, Somaśúra by name, of the race of Soma. It was said by those versed in the study of astrology, that my nativity prognosticated that I should be a thief, so my father, afraid that that would

come to pass, instructed me diligently in the law. Though I studied the law, I was led by association with bad companions to take to a career of thieving. For who is able to alter the actions of a man in his previous births?

“Then I was one day caught among some thieves by the police, and taken to the place of impalement, in order to be put to death. At that moment a great elephant belonging to the king, which had gone mad, and broken its fastening, and was killing people in all directions, came to that very place. The executioners, alarmed at the elephant, left me and fled somewhere or other, and I escaped in that confusion and made off. But I heard from people that my father had died on hearing that I was being led off to execution, and that my mother had followed him. Then I was distracted with sorrow, and as I was wandering about despondent, intent on self-destruction, I happened to reach in course of time this great uninhabited wood. No sooner had I entered it, than a celestial nymph suddenly revealed herself to me, and approached me, and consoling me said to me; ‘My son, this retreat, which you have come to, belongs to the royal sage Vinítamati, so your sin is destroyed, and from him you shall learn wisdom.’ After saying this, she disappeared; and I wandered about in search of that royal sage, but not being able to find him, I was on the point of abandoning the body, out of disappointment, when I was seen by you.”

When Somaśúra had said this, that royal sage took him to his own hut, and made himself known to him, and honoured him as a guest; and after he had taken food, the kingly hermit, among many pious discourses, told him, as he listened submissively, the following tale, with the object of dissuading him from ignorance.

Story of Devabhúti.

Ignorance, my son, is to be avoided, for it brings harm in both worlds upon men of bewildered intellects: listen to this legend of sacred story. There

lived in Panchála, of old time, a Bráhman named Devabhúti, and that Bráhman, who was learned in the Vedas, had a chaste wife named Bhogadattá. One day when he had gone to bathe, his wife went into the kitchen-garden to get vegetables, and saw a donkey belonging to a washerman eating them. So she took up a stick and ran after the donkey, and the animal fell into a pit, as it was trying to escape, and broke its hoof. When its master heard of that, he came in a passion, and beat with a stick, and kicked the Bráhman woman. Accordingly she, being pregnant, had a miscarriage; but the washerman returned home with his donkey.

Then her husband, hearing of it, came home after bathing, and after seeing his wife, went, in his distress, and complained to the chief magistrate of the town. The foolish man immediately had the washerman, whose name was Balásura, brought before him, and, after hearing the pleadings of both parties, delivered this judgment, “Since the donkey’s hoof is broken, let the Bráhman carry the donkey’s load for the washerman, until the donkey is again fit for work. And let the washerman make the Bráhman’s wife pregnant again, since he made her miscarry. Let this be the punishment of the two parties respectively.” When the Bráhman heard this, he and his wife, in their despair, took poison and died. And when the king heard of it, he put to death that inconsiderate judge, who had caused the death of a Bráhman, and he had to be born for a long time in the bodies of animals.

“So people, who are obscured by the darkness of ignorance, stray into the evil paths of their vices, and not setting in front of them the lamp of sound treatises, of a surety stumble. When the royal sage had said this, Somaśúra begged him to instruct him further, and Vinítamati, in order to train him aright, said, “Listen, my son, I will teach you in due order the doctrine of perfections.”

Story of the generous Induprabha.

There lived a long time ago in Kurukshetra a king of the name of Malayaprabha. One day the king was about to give money to his subjects in a time of famine. But his ministers dissuaded him from doing so, out of avarice; thereupon his son Induprabha said to him; “Father, why do you neglect your subjects at the bidding of wicked ministers? For you are their wishing-tree, and they are your cows of plenty.” When his son persisted in saying this, the king, who was under the influence of his ministers, got annoyed, and said to him—“What, my son, do I possess inexhaustible wealth? If, without inexhaustible wealth, I am to be a wishing-tree to my subjects, why do you not take upon yourself that office.” When the son heard that speech of his father’s, he made a vow that he would attain by austerities the condition of a wishing-tree, or die in the attempt.

Having formed this determination, the heroic prince went off to a forest where austerities were practised, and as soon as he entered it, the famine ceased. And when Indra was pleased with his severe austerities, he craved a boon from him, and became a wishing-tree in his own city. And he seemed to attract the distant, and to summon suitors with his boughs stretched out in all directions, and with the songs of his birds. And every day he granted the most difficult boons to his petitioners. And he made his father’s subjects as happy as if they were in Paradise, since they had nothing left to wish for. One day Indra came to him and said to him, tempting him; “You have fulfilled the duty of benefiting others; come to Paradise.” Then that prince, who had become a wishing-tree, answered him, “When these other trees with their pleasing flowers and fruits are for ever engaged in benefiting others, regardless of their own interests, how can I, who am a wishing-tree, disappoint so many men, by going to heaven for the sake of my own happiness?” When Indra heard this noble answer of his, he said, “Then let all these subjects come to heaven also.” Then the prince, who had become a wishing-tree, replied, “If you are pleased with me, take all these subjects to heaven; I do not care for it: I will perform a great penance for the sole object of benefiting others.” When Indra heard this, he praised him as an incarnation of Buddha, and being pleased, granted his petition, and returned to heaven, taking those subjects with him. And Induprabha left the shape of a tree, and living in the forest, obtained by austerities the rank of a Bodhisattva.

“So those, who are devoted to charity, attain success, and now I have told you the doctrine of the perfection of charity; hear that of the perfection of chastity.”

Story of the parrot, who was taught virtue by the king of the parrots.

A long time ago there lived on the Vindhya mountain a continent king of parrots, named Hemaprabha, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Buddha, and was rich in chastity that he had practised during a former birth. He remembered his former state and was a teacher of virtue. He had for warder a parrot named Chárumati, who was a fool enslaved to his passions. Once on a time, a female parrot, his mate, was killed by a fowler, who was laying snares, and he was so much grieved at being separated from her, that he was reduced to a miserable condition. Then Hemaprabha, the wise king of the parrots, in order by an artifice to rescue him from his grief, told him this false tale for his good; “Your wife is not dead, she has escaped from the snare of the fowler, for I saw her alive a moment ago. Come, I will shew her to you.” Having said this, the king took Chárumati through the air to a lake. There he shewed him his own reflection in the water, and said to him; “Look! here is your wife!” When the foolish parrot heard that, and saw his own reflection in the water, he went into it joyfully, and tried to embrace and kiss his wife. But not being embraced in return by his beloved, and not hearing her voice, he said to himself: “Why does not my beloved embrace me and speak to me.” Supposing therefore that she was angry with him, he went and brought an *ámalaka* fruit, and dropped it on his own reflection, thinking that it was his beloved, in order to coax her. The *ámalaka* fruit sank into the water, and rose again to the surface, and the parrot, supposing that his gift had been rejected by his beloved, went full of grief to king Hemaprabha and said to him, “King, that wife of mine will not touch me or speak to me. Moreover she rejected the *ámalaka* fruit which I gave her.” When the king heard that, he said to him slowly, as if he were reluctant to

tell it, “I ought not to tell you this, but nevertheless I will tell you, because I love you so much. Your wife is at present in love with another, so how can she shew you affection? And I will furnish you with ocular proof of it in this very tank.” After saying this, he took him there, and shewed him their two reflections close together in the tank. When the foolish parrot saw it, he thought his wife was in the embrace of another male parrot, and turning round disgusted, he said to the king, “Your Majesty, this is the result of my folly in not listening to your advice: So tell me, now, what I ought to do.” When the warder said this, king Hemaprabha, thinking that he had now an opportunity of instructing him, thus addressed him; “It is better to take Hálâhala poison, it is better to wreathe a serpent round one’s neck, than to repose confidence in females, a calamity against which neither charms nor talismanic jewels avail. Females, being, like the winds, very changeful, and enveloped with a thick cloud of passion,[11] defile those who are walking in the right path, and disgrace them altogether. So wise men, of firm nature, should not cleave to them, but should practise chastity, in order to obtain the rank of sages who have subdued their passions.” Chárumati, having been thus instructed by the king, renounced the society of females, and gradually became continent like Buddha.

“So you see, those that are rich in chastity deliver others; and, now that I have instructed you in the perfection of chastity, listen to the perfection of patience.”

Story of the patient hermit Śubhanaya.

There lived on the Kedára mountain a great hermit, named Śubhanaya, who was for ever bathing in the waters of the Mandákiní, and was gentle and emaciated with penance. One night, some robbers came there to look for some gold, which they had previously buried there, but they could not find it anywhere. Accordingly, thinking that in that uninhabited place it could only have been carried off by the hermit, they entered his cell and said to

him: “Ah! you hypocritical hermit, give up our gold, which you have taken from the earth, for you have succeeded in robbing us, who are robbers by profession.” When the hermit, who had not taken the treasure, was falsely reproached in these words by the robbers, he said, “I did not take away your gold, and I have never seen any gold.” Then the good hermit was beaten with sticks by those robbers, and yet the truthful man continued to tell the same story; and then the robbers cut off, one after another, his hands and his feet, thinking that he was obstinate, and finally gouged out his eyes. But when they found that, in spite of all this, he continued to tell the same tale without flinching, they came to the conclusion that some one else had stolen their gold, and they returned by the way that they came.

The next morning a king, named Śekharajyoti, a pupil of that hermit’s, who had come to have an interview with him, saw him in that state. Then, being tortured with sorrow for his spiritual guide,[12] he questioned him, and found out the state of the case, and had a search made for those robbers, and had them brought to that very spot. And he was about to have them put to death, when the hermit said to him; “King, if you put them to death, I will kill myself. If the sword did this work on me, how are they in fault? And if they put the sword in motion, anger put them in motion, and their anger was excited by the loss of their gold, and that was due to my sins in a previous state of existence, and that was due to my ignorance, so my ignorance is the only thing that has injured me. So my ignorance should be slain by me. Moreover, even if these men deserved to be put to death for doing me an injury, ought not their lives to be saved on account of their having done me a benefit? For if they had not done to me what they have done, there would have been no one with regard to whom I could have practised patience, of which the fruit is emancipation? So they have done me a thorough benefit.” With many speeches of this kind did the patient hermit instruct the king, and so he delivered the robbers from punishment. And on account of the excellence of his asceticism his body immediately became unmutilated as before, and that moment he attained emancipation.

“Thus patient men escape from the world of births. I have now explained to you the perfection of patience; listen to the perfection of perseverance.”

Story of the persevering young Bráhman.

Once on a time there was a young Bráhman of the name of Máládhara: he beheld one day a prince of the Siddhas flying through the air. Wishing to rival him, he fastened to his sides wings of grass, and continually leaping up, he tried to learn the art of flying in the air. And as he continued to make this useless attempt every day, he was at last seen by the prince while he was roaming though the air. And the prince thought, "I ought to take pity on this boy who shews spirit in struggling earnestly to attain an impossible object, for it is my business to patronize such." Thereupon, being pleased, he took the Bráhman boy, by his magic power, upon his shoulder, and made him one of his followers. "Thus you see that even gods are pleased with perseverance; I have now set before you the perfection of perseverance; hear the perfection of meditation."

Story of Malayamálin.

Of old time there dwelt in the Carnatic a rich merchant, named Vijayamálin, and he had a son named Malayamálin. One day Malayamálin, when he was grown up, went with his father to the king's court, and there he saw the daughter of the king Indukeśarin, Induyaśas by name. That maiden, like a bewildering creeper of love,[13] entered the heart of the young merchant, as soon as he saw her. Then he returned home, and remained in a state of pallor, sleepless at night, and during the day cowering with contracted limbs, having taken upon himself the *kumuda*-vow.[14] And thinking continually of her, he was averse to food and all other things of the kind,

and even when questioned by his relations, he gave no more answer than if he had been dumb.

Then, one day, the king's painter, whose name was Mantharaka, an intimate friend of his, said to him in private, when in this state owing to the sorrow of separation: "Friend, why do you remain leaning against the wall like a man in a picture? Like a lifeless image, you neither eat, nor hear, nor see." When his friend the painter asked him this question persistently, the merchant's son at last told him his desire. The painter said to him; "It is not fitting that you, a merchant's son, should fall in love with a princess. Let the swan desire the beautiful face of the lotuses of all ordinary lakes, but what has he to do with the delight of enjoying the lotus of that lake, which is the navel of Vishṇu?" Still the painter could not prevent him from nursing his passion; so he painted the princess on a piece of canvas, and gave her picture to him to solace his longing, and to enable him to while away the time. And the young merchant spent his time in gazing on, coaxing, and touching, and adorning her picture, and he fancied that it was the real princess Induyaśas, and gradually became absorbed in her, and did all that he did under that belief.[15] And in course of time he was so engrossed by that fancy, that he seemed to see her, though she was only a painted figure, talking to him and kissing him. Then he was happy, because he had obtained in imagination union with his beloved, and he was contented, because the whole world was for him contained in that piece of painted canvas.

One night, when the moon was rising, he took the picture and went out of his house with it to a garden, to amuse himself with his beloved. And there he put down the picture at the foot of a tree, and went to a distance, to pick flowers for his darling. At that moment he was seen by a hermit, named Vinayajyoti, who came down from heaven out of compassion, to rescue him from his delusion. He by his supernatural power painted in one part of the picture a live black cobra, and stood near invisible. In the meanwhile Malayamálin returned there, after gathering those flowers, and seeing the black serpent on the canvas, he reflected, "Where does this serpent come from now? Has it been created by fate to protect this fair one, the treasure-house of beauty." Thus reflecting, he adorned with flowers the fair one on

the canvas, and fancying that she surrendered herself to him, he embraced her, and asked her the above question, and at that very moment the hermit threw an illusion over him, which made him see her bitten by the black snake and unconscious. Then he forgot that it was only canvas, and exclaiming, alas! alas! he fell distracted on the earth, like a Vidyádhara brought down by the canvas acting as a talisman. But soon he recovered consciousness, and rose up weeping and determined on suicide, and climbed up a lofty tree, and threw himself from its top. But, as he was falling, the great hermit appeared to him, and bore him up in his hands, and consoled him, and said to him, "Foolish boy, do you not know that the real princess is in her palace, and that this princess on the canvas is a painted figure devoid of life? So who is it that you embrace, or who has been bitten by the serpent? Or what is this delusion of attributing reality to the creation of your own desire, that has taken possession of your passionate heart? Why do you not investigate the truth with equal intensity of contemplation, in order that you may not again become the victim of such sorrows?"

When the hermit had said this to the young merchant, the night of his delusion was dispersed, and he recovered his senses, and, bowing before the hermit, he said to him; "Holy one, by your favour I have been rescued from this calamity; do me the favour of rescuing me also from this changeful world." When Malayamálin made this request to the hermit, who was a Bodhisattva, he instructed him in his own knowledge and disappeared. Then Malayamálin went to the forest, and by the power of his asceticism he came to know the real truth about that which is to be rejected and that which is to be chosen, with the reasons, and attained the rank of an Arhat. And the compassionate man returned, and by teaching them knowledge, he made king Indukeśarin and his citizens obtain salvation.

"So even untruth, in the ease of those mighty in contemplation, becomes true. I have now explained the perfection of contemplation; listen to the perfection of wisdom."

Story of the robber who won over Yama's secretary.

Long ago there lived in Sinhaladvípa a robber, of the name of Sinhavikrama, who since his birth had nourished his body with other men's wealth stolen from every quarter. In time he grew old, and desisting from his occupation, he reflected; "What resources have I in the other world? Whom shall I betake myself to for protection there? If I betake myself to Śiva or Vishṇu, what value will they attach to me, when they have gods, hermits, and others to worship them? So I will worship Chitragupta[16] who alone records the good and evil deeds of men. He may deliver me by his power. For he, being a secretary, does alone the work of Brahmá and Śiva: he writes down or erases in a moment the whole world, which is in his hand." Having thus reflected, he began to devote himself to Chitragupta; he honoured him specially, and in order to please him, kept continually feeding Bráhmans.

While he was carrying on this system of conduct, one day Chitragupta came to the house of that robber, in the form of a guest, to examine into his real feelings. The robber received him courteously, entertained him, and gave him a present, and then said to him, "Say this, 'May Chitragupta be propitious to you'." Then Chitragupta, who was disguised as a Bráhman, said, "Why do you neglect Śiva, and Vishṇu, and the other gods, and devote yourself to Chitragupta?" When the robber Sinhavikrama heard that, he said to him, "What business is that of yours. I do not need any other gods but him." Then Chitragupta, wearing the form of a Bráhman, went on to say to him, "Well, if you will give me your wife, I will say it." When Sinhavikrama heard that, he was pleased, and said to him: "I hereby give you my wife, in order to please the god whom I have specially chosen for my own." When Chitragupta heard that, he revealed himself to him and said, "I am Chitragupta himself, and I am pleased with you, so tell me what I am to do for you."

Then Sinhavikrama was exceedingly pleased and said to him, "Holy one, take such order as that I shall not die." Then Chitragupta said, "Death is one

from whom it is impossible to guard people; but still I will devise a plan to save you: listen to it. Ever since Death was consumed by Śiva, being angry on account of Śveta, and was created again in this world because he was required,[17] wherever Śveta lives, he abstains from injuring other people, as well as Śveta himself, for he is restrained by the command of the god. And at present the hermit Śveta is on the other side of the eastern ocean, in a grove of ascetics beyond the river Taranginí. That grove cannot be invaded by Death, so I will take you and place you there. But you must not return to this side of the Taranginí. However, if you do return out of carelessness, and Death seizes you, I will devise some way of escape for you, when you have come to the other world."

When Chitragupta had said this, he took the delighted Sinhavikrama, and placed him in that grove of asceticism belonging to Śveta, and then disappeared. And after some time Death went to the hither bank of the river Taranginí, to carry off Sinhavikrama. While there, he created by his delusive power a heavenly nymph, and sent her to him, as he saw no other means of getting hold of him. The fair one went and approached Sinhavikrama, and artfully enslaved him, fascinating him with her wealth of beauty. After some days had passed, she entered the Taranginí, which was disturbed with waves, giving out that she wished to see her relations. And while Sinhavikrama, who had followed her, was looking at her from the bank, she slipped in the middle of the river. And there she uttered a piercing cry, as if she was being carried away by the stream, exclaiming, "My husband, can you see me carried away by the stream without saving me? Are you a jackal in courage, and not a lion as your name denotes?" When Sinhavikrama heard that, he rushed into the river, and the nymph pretended to be swept away by the current, and when he followed her to save her, she soon led him to the other bank. When he reached it, Death threw his noose over his neck, and captured him; for destruction is ever impending over those whose minds are captivated by objects of sense.

Then the careless Sinhavikrama was led off by Death to the hall of Yama, and there Chitragupta, whose favour he had long ago won, saw him, and said to him in private;[18] "If you are asked here, whether you will stay in hell first or in heaven, ask to be allowed to take your period in heaven first.

And while you live in heaven, acquire merit, in order to ensure the permanence of your stay there. And then perform severe asceticism, in order to expiate your sin." When Chitragupta said this to Sinhavikrama, who was standing there abashed, with face fixed on the ground, he readily consented to do it.

And a moment afterwards Yama said to Chitragupta, "Has this robber any amount of merit to his credit or not?" Then Chitragupta said, "Indeed he is hospitable, and he bestowed his own wife on a suitor, in order to please his favourite deity; so he has to go to heaven for a day of the gods." When Yama heard this, he said to Sinhavikrama; "Tell me, which will you take first, your happiness or your misery?" Then Sinhavikrama entreated that he might have his happiness first. So Yama ordered his chariot to be brought, and Sinhavikrama mounted it, and went off to heaven, remembering the words of Chitragupta.

There he rigidly observed a vow of bathing in the Ganges of heaven, and of muttering prayers, and remained indifferent to the enjoyments of the place, and so he obtained the privilege of dwelling there for another year of the gods. Thus in course of time he obtained a right to perpetual residence in heaven, by virtue of his severe asceticism, and by propitiating Śiva his sin was burnt up, and he obtained knowledge. Then the messengers of hell were not able to look him in the face, and Chitragupta blotted out the record of his sin on his birch-bark register, and Yama was silent.

"Thus Sinhavikrama, though a robber, obtained emancipation by virtue of true discernment; and now I have explained to you the perfection of discernment. And thus, my son, the wise embark on these six perfections taught by Buddha, as on a ship, and so cross the ocean of temporal existence."

While Somaśúra was being thus instructed in the forest by king Vinítamati, who had attained the rank of a Bodhisattva, the sun heard these religious lessons, and became subdued, and assuming the hue of sunset as the red robe of a Buddhist, entered the cavern of the western mountain. Then king Vinítamati and Somaśúra performed their evening rites, according to pious

usage, and spent the night there. And the next day, Vinítamati went on to teach Somaśúra the law of Buddha with all its secrets.[19] Then Somaśúra built a hut at the foot of a tree, and remained there in the wood, sitting at the feet of that instructor, absorbed in contemplation. And in course of time those two, the teacher and the pupil, attained supernatural powers, the result of abstraction, and gained the highest illumination.

And in the meanwhile, Indukalaśa came, out of jealousy, and by the might of his sword and horse ejected his brother Kanakakalaśa from the kingdom of Ahichchhatra also, which Vinítamati gave him, when he was afflicted at losing his first kingdom. He, having been deposed from his throne, wandered about with two or three of his ministers, and, as chance would have it, reached the grove, which was the retreat of Vinítamati. And while he was looking for fruits and water, as he suffered from severe hunger and thirst, Indra burnt up the wood by his magic power, and made it as it was before, wishing to entrap Vinítamati by making it impossible for him to shew such hospitality to every wayfarer.[20] And Vinítamati, beholding the grove, which was his retreat, suddenly turned into a desert, roamed about hither and thither for a short time, in a state of bewilderment. And then he saw Kanakalaśa, who in the course of his wanderings had come there with his followers, and was now his guest, and he and his train were all on the point of death from hunger. And the hospitable Bodhisattva approached the king, when he was in this state, and asked him his story, and then he exerted his discernment, and said to him, “Though this wood has become a desert, and affords no hospitable entertainment, still I can tell you an expedient for saving your lives in your present state of hunger. Only half a *kos* from here there is a deer, which has been killed by falling into a hole, go and save your lives by eating its flesh.” His guest, who was suffering from hunger, took his advice, and set out for that place with his followers, but the Bodhisattva Vinítamati got there before him. He reached that hole, and by his supernatural power assumed the form of a deer, and then he threw himself into it, and sacrificed his life for the sake of his petitioner. Then Kanakakalaśa and his followers slowly reached that hole, and found the deer lying dead in it. So they pulled it out, and made a fire with grass and thorns, and roasted its flesh, and devoured it all. In the meanwhile the

Bodhisattva's two wives, the daughter of the Nága and the princess, seeing that the wood of their retreat had been destroyed, and not seeing their husband, were much distressed, and went and told what had happened, to Somaśúra, whom they roused from deep meditation. He soon discerned by contemplation what his spiritual teacher had done, and he told the news to his wives, distressing as it was to them. And he quickly went with them to that hole, in which his spiritual guide had sacrificed himself for his guests. There the princess and the Nága's daughter, seeing that only the bones and horns of the deer, into which their husband had turned himself, remained, mourned for him. And the two ladies, who were devoted to their husband, took his horns and bones, and brought a heap of wood from their hermitage, and entered the fire. And then Kanakakalaśa and his companions, who were there, being grieved when they heard the story, entered the fire also."

When all this had taken place, Somaśúra, unable to endure the grief, which he felt for the loss of his spiritual teacher, took to a bed of *darbha*-grass with the intention of yielding up his breath. And then Indra appeared to him in person and said to him, "Do not do so, for I did all this to try your spiritual teacher. And I have now sprinkled with *amṛita* the ashes and bones, which were all that remained of him, and his wives, and his guests, and restored them all to life."[21] When Somaśúra heard Indra say this, he worshipped him, and rose up delighted, and went and looked, and lo! his spiritual guide the Bodhisattva Vinítamati had risen up again alive, with his wives, and Kanakakalaśa, and his attendants. Then he honoured with an inclination of the head, and worshipped with gifts of flowers and respectful speeches, his spiritual father, who had returned from the other world with his wives, and feasted his eyes upon him. And while Kanakakalaśa and his followers were respectfully testifying their devotion to him, all the gods came there, headed by Brahmá and Vishṇu. And pleased with the goodness of Vinítamati, they all gave him by their divine power boons earned by his disinterestedness, and then disappeared. And Somaśúra and the others told their history, and then Vinítamati went with them to another and a heavenly wood of ascetics.

"So you see that in this world even those who are reduced to ashes meet again, much more men who are alive and can go where they will. So, my

son, no more of abandoning the body! Go, for you are a brave man, and you shall certainly be re-united with Mṛigánkadatta." When I had heard this tale from the old female ascetic, I bowed before her, and set out, sword in hand, with renewed hope, and in course of time I reached this forest, and was, as fate would have it, captured by these Śavaras, who were seeking a victim for Durgá. And after wounding me in fight, they bound me, and brought me as a prisoner to this king of the Śavaras Máyávaṭu. Here I have found you, my sovereign, accompanied by two or three of your ministers, and by your favour I am as happy as if I were in my own house.

When Mṛigánkadatta, who was in the palace of the Śavara prince, had heard this history of the adventures of his friend Guṇákara told by himself, he was much pleased, and after he had seen the proper remedies applied to the body of that minister who had been wounded in fight, as the day was advancing, he rose up with his other friends, and performed the duties of the day.

And he remained there for some days engaged in restoring Guṇákara to health, though eager to go to Ujjayiní, in order to be re-united with his other friends and to obtain Śaśánkavatí.[22]

1

This city is identified by General Cunningham with Adikot near Ramnagar in Rohilcund. (Ancient Geography of India, p. 359 and *ff.*)

2

The male and female of this bird are represented by Hindu poets as separated at night.

3

The sword may be compared with that of Chaṇḍamahásena in the eleventh chapter, and with Morglay, Excalibur, Durandal, Gram, Balmung, Chrysaor &c. (See Sir G. Cox's Mythology of the Aryan nations, Vol. I, p. 308.) The same author has some remarks upon Pegasus and other magic horses in his IInd Vol. p. 287 and *ff.* See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 256 and *ff.*

4

Excessive rain, drought, rats, locusts, birds, and foreign invasion.

5

I have before referred to Ralston's remarks on snakes in his Russian Folk-Tales, p. 65. Melusina is a clear instance of a snake-maiden in European Folk-lore. See her story in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. VI. There is a similar marriage in Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 246.

6

Compare the commencement of the story of the Blind Man and the Cripple in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, and Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 445. This tale appears to belong to the Atalanta cycle.

7

The passage is full of puns, which it is impossible to translate: the "ornaments" may be rhetorical ornaments, there is also a reference to the *guṇas* of rhetorical writers. "Sweetly-tinkling" might mean "elegant words." *Guṇákṛishṭá* in śloka 76 b, may also mean that the princess was attracted by the good qualities of her opponent.

8

Dr. Kern conjectures *udaghátayat*, which is as far as I can make out, the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

9

There is probably a pun here. It may mean that his joints and body were relaxed by old age.

10

This seems to be the meaning of *máṇava* here. See Böhtlingk and Roth s. v.

11

The word also means "dust."

12

Or "by great sorrow."

13

Mára, the god of Love, is the Buddhist devil.

14

The Kumuda remains with its petals closed during the day.

15

I follow the Sanskrit College MS. reading *dhṛityá*.

16

A being recording the vices and virtues of mankind in Yama's world. Kuhn, in his Westfälische Sagen, p. 71, speaks of "a devil who records the evil deeds of men." Böhtlingk and Roth say that *utpunsayati* in śl. 323 should be *utpánsayati*.

17

Compare the story in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 242, *Gut dass es den Tod auf Erden gibt!*

18

Cp. the speech of Chi, the scribe of the realms below, in Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, p. 366.

19

I substitute *Bauddham* for *bodhum*.

20

I follow the Sanskrit College MS. which reads *lopataḥ* for *lobhataḥ*.

21

This idea is found in the story of Jímútaváhana in the 21st Taranga of this work, where see note. Cp. also "Das Wasser des Lebens," Grimm. 97, and the notes in his 3rd volume. See also note on page 499 of Vol. I; and Herrtage's edition of the English Gesta, page 344.

22

I read *ullághayan*, which is found in the Sanskrit College MS.

Chapter LXXIII.

Then Guṇákara's wounds healed, and he recovered his health, so Mṛigánkadatta took leave of his friend the king of the Śavaras, and set out from his town on a lucky day for Ujjayiní, to find Śaśánkavatí.

But his friend followed him a long way with his retinue, accompanied by his ally Durgapiśácha king of the Mátangas, and made a promise to come to his assistance. And as he was going along with his friends Śrutadhi, and Vimalabuddhi, and Guṇákara, and Bhímaparákrama, and searching for his other friends in that Vindhya forest, it happened that he slept one day on the road with his ministers at the foot of a certain tree. And he suddenly awoke, and got up, and looked about him, and beheld there another man asleep. And when he uncovered his face, he recognised him as his own minister Vichitrakatha, who had arrived there. And Vichitrakatha too woke up, and saw his master Mṛigánkadatta, and joyfully embraced his feet. And the prince embraced him, with eyes wide open with delight at seeing him so unexpectedly, and all his ministers woke up and welcomed him. Then all in turn told him their adventures, and asked him to tell his, and Vichitrakatha began to relate his story as follows:

Story of Vichitrakatha's adventures after his separation from the prince.

At that time, when you were dispersed in all directions by the curse of Párávatáksha, I too in my bewilderment wandered about alone for a long time. And after I had roamed far, still unconscious, I suddenly reached in the course of the next day, when I was tired out, a great and heavenly town on the outskirts of the forest. There a godlike being, accompanied by two

consorts, beheld me, and had me bathed with cool water, and restored my strength. And he made me enter his city, and carefully fed me with heavenly food, then he ate himself, and those two wives of his ate after him. And after the meal,[1] being refreshed, I said to him, "Who are you, sir, and why have you thus saved the life of me who am resolved on death? For I must certainly abandon the body, as I have lost my master." When I had said this, I told him my whole story. Then that noble and kind being said to me, "I am a Yaksha, these are my wives, and you have come here to-day as my guest, and you know that it is the duty of householders to honour guests to the utmost of their power. I have accordingly welcomed you. But why do you wish to abandon the body? For this separation of yours is due to the curse of a Nága, and will last only a short time. And you will certainly be all re-united, when the curse pronounced on you has spent its force. And reflect, my good man; who is born free from sorrow in this world? Hear what sorrow I have gone through, though I am a Yaksha."

Story of Śrídarśana.

There is a city named Trigartá, the garland that adorns the head of this bride the earth, strung with virtues as with flowers.[2] In it there lived a young Bráhman named Pavitradhara, who was himself poor in worldly wealth, but rich in relations, high birth, and other advantages. That high-spirited Bráhman, living in the midst of rich people, reflected,—"Though I live up to the rules of my caste, I do not cut a good figure in the midst of these rich people, like a word without meaning[3] among the words of some splendid poem; and being a man of honour, I cannot have recourse to service or donations. So I will go into some out-of-the-way place and get into my power a Yakshiṇí,[4] for my spiritual teacher taught me a charm for accomplishing this." Having formed this resolution, the Bráhman Pavitradhara went to the forest, and according to the prescribed method he won for himself a Yakshiṇí, named Saudáminí. And when he had won her, he lived united with her, like a *banyan*-tree, that has tided through a severe

winter, united to the glory of spring. One day the Yakshiṇí, seeing her husband Pavitradhara in a state of despondency, because no son had been born to him, thus addressed him, “Do not be despondent, my husband, for a son shall be born to us. And now hear this story which I am about to tell you.”

Story of Saudáminí.

There is on the confines of the southern region a range of *tamála* forests, dark with clouds that obscure the sun, looking like the home of the monsoon. In it dwells a famous Yaksha of the name of Pṛithúdara, and I am his only daughter, Saudáminí by name. My loving father led me from one mighty mountain to another, and I was for ever amusing myself in heavenly gardens.

And one day, as I was sporting on mount Kailása with my friend Kapiśabhrú, I saw a young Yaksha named Aṭṭahása. He too, as he stood among his companions, beheld me; and immediately our eyes were mutually attracted by one another’s beauty. When my father saw that, and ascertained that the match would be no *mésalliance*, he summoned Aṭṭahása, and arranged our marriage. And after he had fixed an auspicious day, he took me home, but Aṭṭahása returned to his home with his friends in high spirits. But the next day my friend Kapiśabhrú came to me with a downcast air, and when I questioned her, she was at length induced to say this; “Friend, I must tell you this bad news, though it is a thing which should not be told. As I was coming to-day, I saw your betrothed Aṭṭahása in a garden named Chitrasthala, on a plateau of the Himálayas, full of longing for you. And his friends, in order to amuse him, made him in sport king of the Yakshas, and they made his brother Díptaśikha personate Naḍakúvara his son, and they themselves became his ministers. While your beloved was being solaced in this way by his friends, Naḍakúvara, who was roaming at will through the air, saw him. And the son of the king of wealth,

being enraged at what he saw, summoned him, and cursed him in the following words; ‘Since, though a servant, you desire to pose as a lord, become a mortal, you villain! As you wish to mount, fall!’ When he laid this curse on Aṭṭahása, he answered despondingly, ‘Prince, I foolishly did this to dispel my longing, not through aspiring to any lofty rank, so have mercy upon me.’ When Naḍakúvara heard this sorrowful speech of his, he ascertained by meditation that the case was so, and said to him by way of fixing an end for the curse, ‘You shall become a man, and beget on that Yakshiṇí, with whom you are in love, your younger brother Díptaśikha by way of son,[5] and so you shall be delivered from your curse, and obtain your own rank once more, together with your wife, and this brother of yours shall be born as your son, and after he has reigned on earth, he shall be released from his curse.’ When the son of the god of wealth had said this, Aṭṭahása disappeared somewhere or other by virtue of the curse. And when I saw that, my friend, I came here to you grieved.” When my friend said this to me, I was reduced to a terrible state by grief, and after I had bewailed my lot, I went and told it to my parents, and I spent that time in hope of a re-union with my beloved.

“You are Aṭṭahása born again as a Bráhman, and I am that Yakshiṇí, and we have been thus united here, so we shall soon have a son born to us. When the Bráhman Pavitradhara’s wise wife Saudáminí said this to him, he conceived the hope that he would have a son, and was much delighted. And in course of time a son was born to him by that Yakshiṇí, whose birth cheered up their house and his mind. And when Pavitradhara saw the face of that son, he immediately assumed a celestial shape and became again the Yaksha Aṭṭahása. And he said to that Yakshiṇí, “My dear, our curse is at an end. I have become Aṭṭahása as before, come let us return to our own place.”

When he said this, his wife said to him, “Think what is to become of the child your brother, who through a curse has been born as your son.” When Aṭṭahása heard that, he saw what was to be done by means of his powers of contemplation, and said to her; “My dear, there is in this town a Bráhman of the name of Devadarśana. He is poor in children and in wealth, and, though he keeps up five fires, hunger makes two others burn more fiercely, namely,

the fire of digestion in his own stomach and in that of his wife. And one day, as he was engaged in asceticism to obtain wealth and a son, the holy god of fire, whom he was propitiating, said to him in a dream, 'You have not a son of your own, but you shall have an adopted son, and by means of him, Bráhman, your poverty shall come to an end.' On account of this revelation of the god of fire, the Bráhman is at the present moment expecting that son, so we must give him this child of ours, for this is the decree of fate." After Aṭṭahása had said this to his beloved, he placed the child on the top of a pitcher full of gold, and fastened round its neck a garland of heavenly jewels, and deposited it in the house of that Bráhman at night when he and his wife were asleep, and then went with his beloved to his own place.

Then the Bráhman Devadarśana and his wife woke up, and beheld that young moon of a child glittering with resplendent jewels, and the Bráhman thought in his astonishment, "What can be the meaning of this?" but when he saw the pot of gold, he remembered what the god of fire had told him in his dream, and rejoiced. And he took that young son given him by fate, and that wealth, and in the morning he made a great feast. And on the eleventh day he gave the child the appropriate name of Śrídarśana.[6] Then the Bráhman Devadarśana, having become very rich, remained performing his sacrificial and other ceremonies, and enjoying the good things of this world at the same time.

The brave Śrídarśana grew up in his father's house, and acquired great skill in the Vedas and other branches of learning, and in the use of weapons. But in course of time, when he had grown up, his father Devadarśana, who had gone on a pilgrimage to sacred bathing-places, died at Prayága. His mother, hearing of that, entered the fire, and then Śrídarśana mourned for them, and performed on their behalf the ceremonies enjoined in the sacred treatises. But in course of time his grief diminished, and as he was not married, and had no relations, he became, though well educated, devoted to gambling. And in a short time his wealth was consumed by means of that vice, and he had difficulty in obtaining even food.

One day, after he had remained in the gambling-hall without food for three days, being unable to go out for shame, as he had not got a decent garment to wear, and refusing to eat the food which others gave him, a certain gambler, named Mukharaka, who was a friend of his, said to him, “Why are you so utterly overwhelmed? Do you not know that such is the nature of the sinful vice of gambling? Do you not know that the dice are the sidelong loving looks of the goddess of Ill Luck? Has not Providence ordained for you the usual lot of the gambler? His arms are his only clothing, the dust is his bed, the cross-roads are his house, ruin is his wife.[7] So why do you refuse to take food? Why do you neglect your health, though you are a wise man? For what object of desire is there that a resolute man cannot obtain, as long as he continues alive? Hear in illustration of this truth the following wonderful story of Bhúnandana.”

Story of Bhúnandana.

There is here a region named Kaśmíra, the ornament of the earth, which the Creator made as a second heaven, after creating the first heaven, for men who have done righteous deeds. The difference between the two is that in heaven delights can only be seen, in Kaśmíra they can be actually enjoyed. The two glorious goddesses Śrí and Sarasvatí both frequent it, as if they vied with one another, saying—“I have the preëminence here”—“No, it is I.”—The Himálaya encircles it with its embrace, as if to prevent Kali, the adversary of virtue, from entering it. The Vitastá adorns it, and repels sin with its waves, as if they were hands, and seems to say, “Depart far from this land which is full of waters sacred to the gods.” In it the long lines of lofty palaces, whitened with silvery plaster, imitate the cliffs at the foot of the neighbouring Himálaya. In this land there lived a king, named Bhúnandana, who upheld as a spiritual guide the system of the castes and the prescribed stages of life, learned in science and traditional lore, the moon that delighted his subjects. His valour was displayed in the kingdoms of his foes, on which he left the impress of his nails. He was a politic

governor, and his people were ever free from calamity; he was exclusively devoted to Kṛishṇa, and the minds of his people took no pleasure in vicious deeds.[8]

Once on a time, on the twelfth day of the month, the king, after duly worshipping Vishṇu, saw in a dream a Daitya maiden approach him. When he woke up, he could not see her, and in his astonishment he said to himself, "This is no mere dream; I suspect she is some celestial nymph by whom I have been cajoled." Under this impression he remained thinking of her, and so grieved at being deprived of her society, that gradually he neglected all his duties as a king. Then that king, not seeing any way of recovering her, said to himself; "My brief union with her was due to the favour of Vishṇu, so I will go into a solitary place and propitiate Vishṇu with a view to recovering her, and I will abandon this clog of a kingdom, which without her is distasteful." After saying this, king Bhúnandana informed his subjects of his resolution, and gave the kingdom to his younger brother named Sunandana.

But after he had resigned the kingdom, he went to a holy bathing-place named Kramasaras; which arose from the footfall of Vishṇu, for it was made by him long ago in his Dwarf incarnation. It is attended by the three gods Brahmá, Vishṇu, and Śiva, who have settled on the top of the neighbouring mountains in the form of peaks. And the foot of Vishṇu created here in Kaśmíra another Ganges, named Ikshuvatí, as if in emulation of the Vitastá. There the king remained, performing austerities, and pining, without desire for any other enjoyment, like the *chátaka* in the hot season longing for fresh rainwater.

And after twelve years had passed over his head, while he remained engaged in ascetic practices, a certain ascetic came that way who was a chief of sages: he had yellow matted hair, wore tattered garments, and was surrounded by a band of pupils; and he appeared like Śiva himself come down from the top of the hills that overhang that holy bathing-place. As soon as he saw the king, he was filled with love for him, and went up to him, and bowing before him, asked him his history, and then reflected for a moment and said; "King, that Daitya maiden that you love lives in Pátála,

so be of good cheer, I will take you to her. For I am a Bráhman named Bhúrivasu, the son of a sacrificing Bráhman of the Dekkan, named Yajuḥ, and I am a chief among magicians. My father communicated his knowledge to me, and I learnt from a treatise on Pátála the proper charms and ceremonies for propitiating Háṭakeśána.[9] And I went to Śríparvata and performed a course of asceticism there for propitiating Śiva, and Śiva, being pleased with it, appeared to me and said to me,

'Go; after you have married a Daitya maiden and enjoyed pleasures in the regions below the earth, you shall return to me; and listen; I will tell you an expedient for obtaining those delights. There are on this earth many openings leading to the lower regions; but there is one great and famous one in Kaśmíra made by Maya, by which Ushá the daughter of Báṇa introduced her lover Aniruddha into the secret pleasure-grounds of the Dánavas, and made him happy there. And Pradyumna, in order to deliver his son, laid it open, making a door in one place with the peak of a mountain, and he placed Durgá there, under the name of Śáriká, to guard that door, after propitiating her with hundreds of praises. Consequently even now the place is called by the two names of Peak of Pradyumna and Hill of Śáriká. So go and enter Pátála with your followers by that famous opening, and by my favour you shall succeed there.'

"When the god had said this, he disappeared, and by his favour I acquired all knowledge at once, and now I have come to this land of Kaśmíra. So come with us, king, to that seat of Śáriká, in order that I may conduct you to Pátála, to the maid that you love." When the ascetic had said this to king Bhúnandana, the latter consented and went with him to that seat of Śáriká. There he bathed in the Vitastá, and worshipped Gaṇeśa, and honoured the goddess Śáriká, and performed the ceremony of averting evil spirits from all quarters by waving the hand round the head,[10] and other ceremonies. And then the great ascetic, triumphing by the favour of the boon of Śiva, revealed the opening by scattering mustard-seeds in the prescribed manner, and the king entered with him and his pupils, and marched along the road to Pátála for five days and five nights.[11] And on the sixth day they all crossed the Ganges of the lower regions, and they beheld a heavenly grove on a silver plain. It had splendid coral, camphor, sandal, and aloes trees, and was

perfumed with the fragrance of large full-blown golden lotuses. And in the middle of it they saw a lofty temple of Śiva. It was of vast extent, adorned with stairs of jewels; its walls were of gold, it glittered with many pillars of precious stone; and the spacious translucent body of the edifice was built of blocks of the moon-gem.

Then king Bhúnandana and the pupils of that ascetic, who possessed supernatural insight, were cheered, and he said to them, "This is the dwelling of the god Śiva, who inhabits the lower regions in the form of Hátakeśvara, and whose praises are sung in the three worlds, so worship him." Then they all bathed in the Ganges of the lower regions, and worshipped Śiva with various flowers, the growth of Pátála. And after the brief refreshment of worshipping Śiva, they went on and reached a splendid lofty *jambu*-tree, the fruits of which were ripe and falling on the ground. And when the ascetic saw it, he said to them; "You must not eat the fruits of this tree, for, if eaten, they will impede the success of what you have in hand." In spite of his prohibition one of his pupils, impelled by hunger, ate a fruit of the tree, and, as soon as he had eaten it, he became rigid and motionless.[12]

Then the other pupils, seeing that, were terrified, and no longer felt any desire to eat the fruit; and that ascetic, accompanied by them and king Bhúnandana, went on only a *cos* further, and beheld a lofty golden wall rising before them, with a gate composed of a precious gem. On the two sides of the gate they saw two rams with bodies of iron, ready to strike with their horns, put there to prevent any one from entering. But the ascetic suddenly struck them a blow on their heads with a charmed wand, and drove them off somewhere, as if they had been struck by a thunderbolt. Then he and his pupils and that king entered by that gate, and beheld splendid palaces of gold and gems. And at the door of every one they beheld warders terrible with many teeth and tusks,[13] with iron maces in their hands. And then they all sat down there under a tree, while the ascetic entered into a mystic contemplation to avert evil. And by means of that contemplation all those terrible warders were compelled to flee from all the doors, and disappeared.

And immediately there issued from those doors lovely women with heavenly ornaments and dresses, who were the attendants of those Daitya maidens. They approached separately all there present, the ascetic among them, and invited them in the name of their mistresses into their respective palaces. And the ascetic, having now succeeded in his enterprise, said to all the others,—"You must none of you disobey the command of your beloved after entering her palace." Then he entered with a few of those attendants a splendid palace, and obtained a lovely Daitya maiden and the happiness he desired. And the others singly were introduced into magnificent palaces by other of the attendants, and were blessed with the love of Daitya maidens.

And the king Bhúnandana was then conducted by one of the attendants, who bowed respectfully to him, to a palace built of gems outside the wall. Its walls of precious stone were, so to speak, adorned all round with living pictures, on account of the reflections on them of the lovely waiting-women. It was built on a platform of smooth sapphire, and so it appeared as if it had ascended to the vault of heaven, in order to outdo a sky-going chariot.[14] It seemed like the house of the Vrishṇis,[15] made rich by means of the power of Vishṇu. In it sported fair ones wild with intoxication, and it was full of the charming grace of Cupid. Even a flower, that cannot bear the wind and the heat, would in vain attempt to rival the delicacy of the bodies of the ladies in that palace. It resounded with heavenly music, and when the king entered it, he beheld once more that beautiful Asura maiden, whom he had seen in a dream. Her beauty illuminated the lower world which has not the light of the sun or the stars, and made the creation of sparkling jewels and other lustrous things, an unnecessary proceeding on the part of the Creator.[16]

The king gazed with tears of joy on that indescribably beautiful lady, and, so to speak, washed off from his eyes the pollution, which they had contracted by looking at others. And that girl, named Kumudiní, who was being praised by the songs of female attendants,[17] felt indescribable joy when she saw the prince. She rose up, and took him by the hand and said to him, "I have caused you much suffering," and then with all politeness she conducted him to a seat. And after he had rested a little while, he bathed, and the Asura maiden had him adorned with robes and jewels, and led him

out to the garden to drink. Then she sat down with him on the brink of a tank filled with wine, and with the blood and fat of corpses, that hung from trees on its banks, and she offered that king a goblet, full of that fat and wine, to drink, but he would not accept the loathsome compound. And she kept earnestly saying to the king: "You will not prosper if you reject my beverage." But he answered, "I certainly will not drink that undrinkable compound, whatever may happen." Then she emptied the goblet on his head and departed; and the king's eyes and mouth were suddenly closed, and her maids took him and flung him into the water of another tank.

And the moment he was thrown into the water, he found himself once more in the grove of ascetics, near the holy bathing-place of Kramasaras, where he was before.[18] And when he saw the mountain there, as it were, laughing at him with its snows,[19] the disappointed king, despondent, astonished, and bewildered, reflected as follows: "What a difference there is between the garden of the Daitya maiden and this mountain of Kramasaras. Ah! what is this strange event? Is it an illusion or a wandering of the mind? But what other explanation can there be than this, that undoubtedly this has befallen me, because, though I heard the warning of the ascetic, I disobeyed the injunction of that fair one. And after all the beverage was not loathsome; she was only making trial of me; for the liquor, which fell upon my head, has bestowed on it heavenly fragrance. So it is indubitable that, in the case of the unfortunate, even great hardships endured bring no reward, for Destiny is opposed to them." While king Bhúnandana was engaged in these reflections, bees came and surrounded him on account of the fragrant perfume of his body, that had been sprinkled with the liquor offered by the Asura maiden. When those bees stung the king, he thought to himself, "Alas! so far from my toils having produced the desired fruit, they have produced disagreeable results, as the raising of a Vetála does to a man of little courage."[20] Then he became so distracted that he resolved on suicide.

And it happened that, at that very time, there came a young hermit that way, who, finding the king in this state, and being of a merciful disposition, went up to him and quickly drove away the bees, and after asking him his story, said to him—"King, as long as we retain this body, how can woes come to an end? So the wise should always pursue without distraction the great

object of human existence. And until you perceive that Vishṇu, Śiva, and Brahmá are really one, you will always find the successes, that are gained by worshipping them separately, short-lived and uncertain. So meditate on Brahmá, Vishṇu, and Śiva, in the light of their unity, and patiently perform asceticism here for another twelve years. Then you shall obtain that beloved, and eventually everlasting salvation; and observe, you have already attained a body possessing heavenly fragrance. Now receive from me this skin of a black antelope, to which a charm is attached, and if you wrap yourself up in it, you will not be annoyed here by bees." When the hermit had said this, he gave him the deer-skin and the charm, and departed; and the king accepted his advice, and taking to himself patience, so lived in that place. And after the king had lived there twelve years, and propitiated Śiva by penance, that Daitya maiden, named Kumudiní, came to him of her own accord. And the king went with that beloved to Pátála, and after he had lived with her a long time in happiness, he attained salvation.

"So those fortunate ones, whose characters are free from perturbation, and who betake themselves to patient endurance, obtain again their own rank, though they may have fallen far from it.[21] And since you, Śrídarśana, are a man fated to be prosperous, being covered with auspicious marks, why do you, out of perturbation, allow yourself to go without food?" When Śrídarśana, who was fasting, was thus addressed in the gambling-hall by his friend Mukharaka, he said to him, "What you say, is true, but being a man of good family, I cannot for shame go out into this town, as I am reduced so low by gambling. So if you will permit me, my friend, to go to some other country this very night, I will take food." When Mukharaka heard that, he consented, and brought food and gave it to him, and he ate it. And after Śrídarśana had eaten it, he set out for another country with that friend of his, who followed him out of affection.

And as he was going along the road at night, it happened that the two Yakshas, Aṭṭahása and Saudáminí, his father and mother, who had deposited him, as soon as he was born, in the house of the Bráhman, saw him while they were roaming through the air. When they saw him in distress, impoverished by the vice of gambling, and on his way to a foreign country, affection made them say to him, while still remaining invisible, the

following words; “Śrídarśana, your mother, the wife of Devadarśana, buried in her house some jewels. Take those, and do not omit to go with them to Málava, for there is a magnificent prince there of the name of Śrísena. And since he was much afflicted in his youth by miseries arising from gambling, he has made a large and glorious asylum for gamblers. There gamblers live, and are fed with whatever food they desire. So go there, darling, and you shall be prosperous.”

When Śrídarśana heard this speech from heaven, he went back to his house with his friend, and found those ornaments in it, in a hole in the ground. Then he set out delighted for Málava, with his friend, thinking that the gods had shewn him favour. So in that night and the succeeding day he went a long distance, and the next evening he reached with his friend a village named Bahusasya. And being weary, he sat down with his friend on the bank of a translucent lake, not far from that village. While he remained for a brief period on the bank of that lake, after washing his feet and drinking water, there came there a certain maiden, matchless in beauty, to fetch water. Her body resembled a blue lotus in colour, and she seemed like Rati left alone, and blackened by the smoke from the body of the god of Love, when he had just been consumed by Śiva. Śrídarśana was delighted to behold her, and she went up to him, and looked at him with an eye full of love, and said to him and his friend, “Worthy sirs, why have you come hither to your death? Why, through ignorance, have you fallen like moths into burning fire?” When Mukharaka heard this, he said to the maiden, without the least trepidation, “Who are you? And what is the meaning of what you say? Tell us.” Then she said, “Listen both of you! I will tell you the whole story in few words.

“There is a large and famous royal grant to Bráhmans, named Sughosha. In it there dwelt a Bráhman named Padmagarbha, who possessed a thorough knowledge of the Vedas. He had a wife of very good family, named Śasikalá. And the Bráhman had two children by that wife, a son of the name of Mukharakha, and myself a daughter of the name of Padmishṭhá. My brother Mukharaka was ruined by the vice of gambling in early youth, and left his home and went off to some other country. My mother died of grief on that account, and my father, afflicted with two sorrows, abandoned the

state of a householder. And he roamed about from place to place, with no other companion than myself, to look for that son, and, as it happened, he reached this village. Now in this village there lives a great bandit, the chief of a gang of robbers, called Vasubhúti, a Bráhman only by name. When my father arrived here, that ruffian, with the help of his servants, killed him, and took away the gold that he had about his person. And he made me a prisoner and carried me off to his house, and he has made arrangements to give me in marriage to his son Subhúti. But his son has gone off somewhere to plunder a caravan, and, owing to my good fortune, the result of good deeds in a former birth, he has not yet returned; now it remains for Destiny to dispose of me. But, if this bandit were to see you, he would certainly do you some violence: so think of some artifice by which you may escape him."

When the maiden said this, Mukharaka recognized her, and at once clasping her round the neck, said to her, "Alas, my sister Padmishṭhá! I am that very brother of yours Mukharaka, the murderer of his relations. Alas! wretched that I am, I am ruined." When Padmishṭhá heard this, and saw her elder brother, pity caused her to be, as it were, suddenly encircled with all sorrows. Then Śrídarśana comforted the brother and sister, who were lamenting their parents, and addressed a timely admonition and encouragement to them. He said, "This is not the time for lamentation, we must now save our lives even at the cost of our wealth, and by means of it we must protect ourselves against this bandit." When Śrídarśana said this, they checked their grief with self-control, and all three agreed together what each was to do.

Then Śrídarśana, being thin by reason of his former fasts, flung himself down on the bank of that tank, and pretended to be ill. And Mukharaka remained holding his feet and weeping: but Padmishṭhá immediately repaired to that bandit chief, and said, "A traveller has arrived, and is lying ill on the border of the tank, and there is another there who is his servant." When the bandit chief heard that, he sent some of his followers there. They went, and seeing the two men as had been described, asked Mukharaka why he wept so much for his companion. When Mukharaka heard this, he said with affected sorrow, "This Bráhman, who is my elder brother, left his

native land to visit holy bathing-places, but was attacked by disease, and slowly travelling along he has arrived here, accompanied by me. And the moment he got here, he became incapable of movement, and he said to me, 'Rise up, my dear brother, and quickly prepare for me a bed of *darbha*-grass. And fetch me some virtuous Bráhman from this village. On him I will bestow all my wealth, for I cannot live through this night.' When he said this to me in this foreign country after sunset, I felt quite puzzled as to what I ought to do, and, being afflicted, I had recourse to weeping. So bring here some Bráhman while he is alive, in order that he may bestow on him with his own hand whatever wealth we possess. For he will certainly not live through the night, and I shall not be able to survive the sorrow of his loss, so to-morrow I shall enter the fire. So do for us this which we ask, since we have met with you here as compassionate men and friends without any cause."

When the bandits heard that, pity arose in their minds, and they went and told the story, exactly as they had heard it, to their master Vasubhúti, and went on to say, "So come and receive, as a pious gift, from this Bráhman, who is eager to bestow it on you, the wealth which ordinarily is to be obtained only by killing its possessor." When they said this to Vasubhúti, he said, "What course is this which you suggest? It is highly impolitic for us to take wealth without killing its possessor, for, if he is deprived of his wealth, without being killed, he will certainly do us an injury." When the villain said this, those servants answered him, "What is there to fear in this? There is some difference between taking wealth by force, and receiving it as a pious gift from a dying man. Besides, to-morrow morning we will kill those two Bráhmans, if they are still alive. Otherwise, what is the use of incurring needlessly the guilt of killing a Bráhman?" When Vasubhúti heard this, he consented, and in the night he came to Śrídarśana to receive his pious gift, and Śrídarśana concealed a part of his mother's ornaments, and gave him the rest, assuming a faltering voice. Then the bandit, having got what he wanted, returned home with his followers.

Then Padmishṭhá came at night to Śrídarśana and Mukharaka, while the bandits were asleep. Then they quickly deliberated together, and set off at once from that place for Málava by a path not frequented by the robbers.

And during that night they went a long distance, and reached a wood that seemed to be afraid of the roaring lions, tigers, and other wild beasts within it. It seemed by its thorns to be in a state of perpetual horripilation, and by its roaming black antelopes to be rolling its eyes. The dry creepers shewed that its body was dried up from fear, and the shrill whistling of the loose bark was its screams of terror. And while they were journeying through that forest, the sun, that had observed their sufferings all day, withdrew its light, as if in compassion, and set. Then they sat down weary and hungry at the foot of a tree, and in the early part of the night they saw in the distance a light, as of fire. And Śrídarśana said, "Can there possibly be a village here? I will go and look." So he went in the direction of the light. And when he reached it, and looked at it, lo! it was a great palace built of jewels, and its splendour produced that light as of fire.[22] And he saw inside it a Yakshiṇí of heavenly beauty, surrounded by many Yakshas, with feet turned the wrong way and squinting eyes. And the brave man, seeing that they had brought there all kinds of meat and drink, went up to the Yakshiṇí, and asked her to give him his share as a guest. And she was pleased with his courage and gave him what he asked for, enough food and water to satisfy himself and his two companions. The refreshment was placed on the back of a Yaksha ordered off by her for that duty, and Śrídarśana returned with it to his friend and Padmishṭhá. And then he dismissed the Yaksha, and partook there with them of all that splendid food of various kinds, and drank pure cold water. Then Mukharaka was pleased, perceiving that he must be an incarnation of a divinity, as he was so rich in courage and might, and, desiring his own prosperity, he said to him, "You are some incarnation of a divinity, and this sister of mine Padmishṭhá is the greatest beauty in the world, so I now give her to you as a wife meet for you." When Śrídarśana heard that, he was delighted, and said to his friend, "I accept with joy this offer of yours which I have long desired. But when I reach my goal I will marry her in proper form." This he said to those two, and then passed the night in a joyful state of mind. And the next morning they all set out from that place, and reached in due course the city of that king Śrísena, the sovereign of Málava. And arriving tired, they immediately entered the house of an old Bráhman woman to rest. And in the course of conversation they told her their story

and their names, and then they saw that the old woman was much disturbed, and when they questioned her, she said to them:

“I am the well-born wife of a Bráhman here, named Satyavrata, who was a servant of the king’s, and my name is Yaśasvatí. And after my husband died, the compassionate king gave me the fourth part of his salary to live upon, as I had not a son to support me. But now this moon of kings, though his virtues are great, and though he is generous enough to give away the whole world, has been seized by a consumption[23] which the physicians cannot cure. And the drugs and charms of those skilled in such things do not prevail against it; but a certain enchanter made this promise in his presence, ‘If I could only get a hero, equal to the task, to help me, I would certainly put an end to this illness by getting a Vetála into my power.’ Then proclamation was made by beat of drum, but no such hero was found. Then the king gave the following order to his ministers; ‘You must look out for some daring gambler, who comes to reside in the great and well-known asylum, which I built for such. For gamblers are reckless, abandoning wife and relations, fearless, sleeping at the foot of trees and in other exposed places, like ascetics.’ When the king gave this order to his ministers, they instructed to this effect the superintendent of the asylum, and he is now on the lookout for some brave man who may come there to reside awhile. Now you are gamblers, and if you, Śrídarśana, feel able to accomplish the undertaking, I will take you to-day to that asylum. And you will be well treated by the king, and you will confer a benefit on me, for grief is killing me.”

When the old lady said this, Śrídarśana answered her, “Agreed! I am able to accomplish this, so lead me quickly to that asylum.” When she heard this, she took him, and Padmishṭhá, and Mukharaka, to that asylum, and there said to the superintendent, “Here is a Bráhman gambler arrived from a foreign land, a hero who is able to assist that enchanter in performing incantations for the good of the king.” When the superintendent heard this, he questioned Śrídarśana, and when he confirmed the words of the old lady, he treated him with great respect, and led him quickly into the presence of the king.

And Śrídarśana, being introduced by him, beheld the king, who was thin and pale as the new moon. And the king Śrísena observed that Śrídarśana, who bowed before him and sat down, was of a taking appearance, and pleased with his look, he felt comforted, and said to him, "I know that your exertions will certainly put an end to my disease; my body tells me this, for the mere sight of you has quieted its sufferings. So aid the enchanter in this matter." When the king said this, Śrídarśana said to him "The enterprise is a mere trifle." Then the king summoned the enchanter and said to him, "This hero will aid you; do what you said." When that enchanter heard that, he said to Śrídarśana,

"My good sir, if you are able to assist me in raising a Vetála, come to me in the cemetery at night-fall this very day, the fourteenth of the black fortnight." When the ascetic, who practised magic, had said this, he went away, and Śrídarśana took leave of the king and returned to that asylum.

There he took food with Padmishṭhá and Mukharaka, and at night he went alone, sword in hand, to the cemetery. It was full of many ghosts, empty of men, inauspicious, full of roaring jackals, covered with impenetrable darkness, but shewed in some places a faint gleam where the funeral pyres were.[24] The hero Śrídarśana wandered about in that place of horrors and saw the enchanter in the middle of it. His whole body was smeared with ashes, he had a Bráhmanical thread of hair, he wore a turban made of the clothes of the dead, and he was clad in a black garment. Śrídarśana approached him, and made himself known to him, and then girding up his loins, he said, "Tell me, what shall I do for you?" The enchanter answered in high spirits, "Half a *cos* only to the west of this place there is an Aśoka tree, the leaves of which are burnt with the hot flame of funeral pyres. At the foot of it there is a corpse, go and bring it here unharmed."

Then Śrídarśana said, "I will," and going quickly to the place he saw some one else taking away the corpse. So he ran and tried to drag it from the shoulder of that person, who would not let it go, and said to him,—"Let go this corpse: where are you taking my friend whom I have to burn?" Then that second person said to Śrídarśana, "I will not let the dead man go; I am his friend; what have you to do with him?" While they were dragging the

corpse from one another's shoulders, and making these mutual recriminations, the corpse itself, which was animated by a Vetála, uttered a terrible shriek. That terrified the second person so that his heart broke, and he fell down dead, and then Śrídarśana went off with that corpse in his arms. Then the second man, though dead, rose up, being possessed by a Vetála, and tried to stop Śrídarśana, and said to him, "Halt! do not go off with my friend on your shoulder." Then Śrídarśana, knowing that his rival was possessed by a Vetála, said to him, "What proof is there that you are his friend? He is my friend." The rival then said, "The corpse itself shall decide between us." Then Śrídarśana, said, "Well! let him declare who is his friend." Then the corpse, that was on his back, being possessed by a Vetála, said, "I am hungry, so I decide that whoever gives me food is my friend; let him take me where he likes." When the second corpse, that was also possessed by a Vetála, heard this, he answered,—"I have no food; if he has any, let him give you some." Śrídarśana, hearing this, said, "I will give him food," and proceeded to strike with his sword at the second corpse, in order to procure food for the Vetála that was on his shoulder.[25] But that second corpse, which was also possessed by a Vetála, the moment he began to strike it, disappeared by its supernatural power.

Then the Vetála, that was on Śrídarśana's shoulder, said to him, "Now give me the food that you promised me." So Śrídarśana, not being able to obtain any other flesh to give him to eat, cut off with his sword some of his own flesh, and gave it to him. This pleased the Vetála, and he said to him, "I am satisfied with you, brave man, let your body be restored whole as before. Now take me off; this enterprise of yours shall succeed, but that ascetic enchanter shall be destroyed, for he is a great coward." When Śrídarśana was thus addressed by the Vetála, he immediately became whole as before, and taking the corpse he handed it to that magician. And he received it joyfully, and honoured it with unguents and garlands of blood, and he placed the corpse, possessed by the Vetála, on its back in a great circle marked out with powdered human bones, in the corners of which were placed pitchers of blood, and which was lighted up with lamps fed by oil from the human body. And he sat on the breast of the corpse, and holding in his hand a ladle and spoon of human bone, he began to make an oblation of clarified butter in its mouth. Immediately such a flame issued from the

mouth of that corpse possessed by the Vetála, that the sorcerer rose up in terror and fled. When he thus lost his presence of mind, and dropped his spoon and ladle; the Vetála pursued him, and opening his mouth swallowed him whole.[26]

When Śrídarśana saw that, he lifted up his sword and attacked the Vetála, but the Vetála said to him, "Śrídarśana, I am pleased with this courage of yours, so take these mustard-seeds produced in my mouth. If you place these on the head and hands of the king, the malady of consumption will immediately leave him, and you in a short time will become the king of the whole earth." When Śrídarśana heard this, he said, "How can I leave this place without that sorcerer? The king is sure to say that I killed him out of a selfish regard to my own interests." When Śrídarśana said this to the Vetála, he answered, "I will tell you a convincing proof, which will clear you. Cut open the body of this corpse, and shew inside it this sorcerer dead, whom I have swallowed." When the Vetála had said this, he gave him the mustard-seeds, and went off somewhere or other, leaving that corpse, and the corpse fell on the ground.

Then Śrídarśana went off, taking with him the mustard-seeds, and he spent that night in the asylum in which his friend was. And the next morning he went to the king, and told him what had happened in the night, and took and shewed to the ministers that sorcerer in the stomach of the corpse. Then he placed the mustard-seeds on the head and the hand of the king, and that made the king quite well, as all his sickness at once left him. Then the king was pleased, and, as he had no son, he adopted as his son Śrídarśana, who had saved his life. And he immediately anointed that hero crown-prince; for the seed of benefits, sown in good soil, produces abundant fruit. Then the fortunate Śrídarśana married there that Padmishṭhá, who seemed like the goddess of Fortune that had come to him in reward for his former courting of her, and the hero remained there in the company of her brother Mukharaka, enjoying pleasures and ruling the earth.

One day a great merchant, named Upendraśakti, found an image of Gaṇeśa, carved out of a jewel, on the border of a tank, and brought it and gave it to that prince. The prince, seeing that it was of priceless value, out of his

fervent piety, set it up in a very splendid manner in a temple. And he appointed a thousand villages there for the permanent support of the temple, and he ordained in honour of the idol a festive procession, at which all Málava assembled. And Gaṇeśa, being pleased with the numerous dances, songs, and instrumental performances in his honour, said to the Gaṇas at night, "By my favour this Śrídarśana shall be a universal emperor on the earth. Now there is an island named Hansadvípa in the western sea; and in it is a king named Anangodaya, and he has a lovely daughter named Anangamanjarí. And that daughter of his, being devoted to me, always offers to me this petition after she has worshipped me, "Holy one, give me a husband who shall be the lord of the whole earth." So I will marry her to this Śrídarśana, and thus I shall have bestowed on both the meet reward of their devotion to me. So you must take Śrídarśana there, and after you have contrived that they should see one another, bring him back quickly; and in course of time they shall be united in due form; but it cannot be done immediately, for such is the will of destiny. Moreover I have determined by these means to recompense Upendraśakti, the merchant, who brought my image to the prince."

The Gaṇas, having received this order from Gaṇeśa, took Śrídarśana that very night, while he was asleep, and carried him to Hansadvípa by their supernatural power. And there they introduced him into the chamber of Anangamanjarí, and placed him on the bed on which that princess was lying asleep. Śrídarśana immediately woke up, and saw Anangamanjarí. She was reclining on a bed covered with a coverlet of pure white woven silk, in a splendid chamber in which flashed jewel-lamps, and which was illuminated by the numerous priceless gems of the canopy and other furniture, and the floor of which was dark with the *rájávarta* stone. As she lay there pouring forth rays of beauty like the lovely effluence of a stream of nectar, she seemed like the orb of the autumn moon lapped in a fragment of a white cloud, in a sky adorned with a host of bright twinkling stars, gladdening the eyes. Immediately he was delighted, astonished, and bewildered, and he said to himself, "I went to sleep at home and I have woke up in a very different place. What does all this mean? Who is this woman? Surely it is a dream! Very well, let it be so. But I will wake up this lady and find out." After these reflections he gently nudged Anangamanjarí on the shoulder

with his hand. And the touch of his hand made her immediately awake and roll her eyes, as the *kumudvatí* opens under the rays of the moon, and the bees begin to circle in its cup. When she saw him, she reflected for a moment, “Who can this being of celestial appearance be? Surely he must be some god that has penetrated into this well-guarded room?” So she rose up, and asked him earnestly and respectfully who he was, and how and why he had entered there. Then he told his story, and the fair one, when questioned by him, told him in turn her country, name, and descent. Then they both fell in love with one another, and each ceased to believe that the other was an object seen in a dream, and in order to make certain, they exchanged ornaments.

Then they both became eager for the Gándharva form of marriage, but the Gaṇas stupefied them, and laid them to sleep. And, as soon as Śrídarśana fell asleep, they took him and carried him back to his own palace, cheated by Destiny of his desire. Then Śrídarśana woke up in his own palace, and seeing himself decked with the ornaments of a lady, he thought, “What does this mean? At one moment I am in that heavenly palace with the daughter of the king of Hansadvípa, at another moment I am here. It cannot be a dream, for here are these ornaments of hers on my wrist, so it must be some strange freak of Destiny.” While he was engaged in these speculations, his wife Padmishṭhá woke up, and questioned him, and the kind woman comforted him, and so he passed the night. And the next morning he told the whole story to Śrísena, before whom he appeared wearing the ornaments marked with the name of Anangamanjarí. And the king, wishing to please him, had a proclamation made by beat of drum, to find out where Hansadvípa was, but could not find out from any one the road to that country. Then Śrídarśana, separated from Anangamanjarí, remained overpowered by the fever of love, averse to all enjoyment. He could not like his food while he gazed on her ornaments, necklace and all, and he abandoned sleep, having ceased to behold within reach the lotus of her face.[27]

In the meanwhile the princess Anangamanjarí, in Hansadvípa, was awakened in the morning by the sound of music. When she remembered what had taken place in the night, and saw her body adorned with

Śrídarśana's ornaments, longing love made her melancholy. And she reflected, "Alas I am brought into a state, in which my life is in danger, by these ornaments, which prove that I cannot have been deluded by a dream, and fill me with love for an unattainable object." While she was engaged in these reflections, her father Anangodaya suddenly entered, and saw her wearing the ornaments of a man. The king, who was very fond of her, when he saw her covering her body with her clothes, and downcast with shame, took her on his lap and said to her, "My daughter, what is the meaning of these masculine decorations, and why this shame? Tell me. Do not shew a want of confidence in me, for my life hangs on you." These and other kind speeches of her father's allayed her feeling of shame, and she told him at last the whole story.

Then her father, thinking that it was a piece of supernatural enchantment, felt great doubt as to what steps he ought to take. So he went and asked an ascetic of the name of Brahmasoma, who possessed superhuman powers, and observed the rule of the Páśupatas, and who was a great friend of his, for his advice. The ascetic by his powers of contemplation penetrated the mystery, and said to the king; "The truth is that the Gaṇas brought here prince Śrídarśana from Málava, for Gaṇeśa is favourably disposed both to him and your daughter, and by his favour he shall become a universal monarch. So he is a capital match for your daughter." When that gifted seer said this, the king bowed and said to him,—"Holy seer, Málava is far away from this great land of Hansadvípa. The road is a difficult one, and this matter does not admit of delay. So in this matter your ever propitious self is my only stay."

When the ascetic, who was so kind to his admirers, had been thus entreated by the king, he said, "I myself will accomplish this," and he immediately disappeared. And he reached in a moment the city of king Śrísena in Málava. There he entered the very temple built by Śrídarśana, and after bowing before Gaṇeśa, he sat down and began to praise him, saying "Hail to thee of auspicious form, whose head is crowned with a garland of stars, so that thou art like the peak of mount Meru! I adore thy trunk flung up straight in the joy of the dance, so as to sweep the clouds, like a column supporting the edifice of the three worlds. Destroyer of obstacles, I worship

thy snake-adorned body, swelling out into a broad pitcher-like belly, the treasure-house of all success." While the ascetic was engaged in offering these praises to Gaṇeśa in the temple, it happened that the son of the merchant-prince Upendraśakti, who brought his image, entered the temple as he was roaming about. His name was Mahendraśakti, and he had been rendered uncontrollable by long and violent madness, so he rushed forward to seize the ascetic. Then the ascetic struck him with his hand. The merchant's son, as soon as he was struck by the charm-bearing hand of that ascetic, was freed from madness and recovered his reason. And, as he was naked, he felt shame, and left the temple immediately, and covering himself with his hand, he made for his home. Immediately his father Upendraśakti, hearing of it from the people, met him full of joy and led him to his house. There he had him bathed, and properly clothed and adorned, and then he went with him to the ascetic Brahmasoma. And he offered him much wealth as the restorer of his son, but the ascetic, as he possessed godlike power, would not receive it.

In the meanwhile king Śrísena himself, having heard what had taken place, reverently approached the ascetic, accompanied by Śrídarśana. And the king bowed before him, and praised him, and said, "Owing to your coming, this merchant has received a benefit, by having his son restored to health, so do me a benefit also by ensuring the welfare of this son of mine Śrídarśana." When the king craved this boon of the ascetic, he smiled and said, "King, why should I do anything to please this thief, who stole at night the heart and the ornaments of the princess Anangamanjarí in Hansadvípa, and returned here with them? Nevertheless I must obey your orders." With these words the ascetic seized Śrídarśana by the fore-arm, and disappeared with him. He took him to Hansadvípa, and introduced him into the palace of king Anangodaya, with his daughter's ornaments on him. When Śrídarśana arrived, the king welcomed him gladly, but first he threw himself at the feet of the ascetic and blessed him. And on an auspicious day he gave Śrídarśana his daughter Anangamanjarí, as if she were the earth garlanded with countless jewels. And then by the power of that ascetic he sent his son-in-law, with his wife, to Málava. And when Śrídarśana arrived there, the king welcomed him gladly, and he lived there in happiness with his two wives.

In course of time king Śrísena went to the next world, and that hero took his kingdom and conquered the whole earth. And when he had attained universal dominion, he had two sons by his two wives Padmishṭhá and Anangamanjarí. And to one of them the king gave the name of Padmasena, and to the other of Anangasena, and he reared them up to manhood.

And in course of time king Śrídarśana, as he was sitting inside the palace with his two queens, heard a Bráhman lamenting outside. So he had the Bráhman brought inside, and asked him why he lamented. Then the Bráhman shewed great perturbation and said to him; "The fire that had points of burning flame (*Díptaśikhu*) has been now destroyed by a dark cloud of calamity, discharging a loud laugh (*Aṭṭahása*), together with its line of brightness and line of smoke (*Jyotirlekhá* and *Dhúmalekhá*)."[28] The moment the Bráhman had said this, he disappeared. And while the king was saying in his astonishment, "What did he say, and where has he gone," the two queens, weeping copiously, suddenly fell dead.

When the king saw that sudden calamity, terrible as the stroke of a thunderbolt, he exclaimed in his grief, "Alas! Alas! what means this?" and fell on the ground wailing. And when he fell, his attendants picked him up, and carried him to another place, and Mukharaka took the bodies of the queens, and performed the ceremony of burning them. At last the king came to his senses, and after mourning long for the queens, he completed out of affection their funeral ceremonies. And after he had spent a day darkened by a storm of tears, he divided the empire of the earth between his two sons. Then, having conceived the design of renouncing the world, he left his city, and turning back his subjects who followed him, he went to the forest to perform austerities.

There he lived on roots and fruits, and one day, as he was wandering about at will, he came near a banyan-tree. As soon as he came near it, two women of celestial appearance suddenly issued from it with roots and fruits in their hands, and they said to him, "King, take these roots and fruits which we offer." When he heard that, he said, "Tell me now who you are." Then those women of heavenly appearance said to him, "Well come into our house and we will tell you the truth." When he heard that, he consented, and entering

with them, he saw inside the tree a splendid golden city. There he rested and ate heavenly fruits, and then those women said to him, “Now, king, hear.”

“Long ago there dwelt in Pratishṭhána a Bráhman, of the name of Kamalagarbha, and he had two wives, the name of the one was Pathyá, and the name of the other Abalá. Now in course of time all three, the husband and the wives, were worn out with old age, and at last they entered the fire together, being attached to one another. And at that time they put up a petition to Śiva from the fire, ‘May we be connected together as husband and wives in all our future lives!’ Then Kamalagarbha, owing to the power of his severe penances, was born in the Yaksha race as Díptaśikha, the son of the Yaksha Pradíptáksha, and the younger brother of Aṭṭahása. His wives too, Pathyá and Abalá, were born as Yaksha maidens, that is to say, as the two daughters of the king of the Yakshas named Dhúmaketu, and the name of the one was Jyotirlekhá, and the name of the other Dhúmalekhá.

“Now in course of time those two sisters grew up, and they went to the forest to perform asceticism, and they propitiated Śiva with the view of obtaining husbands. The god was pleased and he appeared to them and said to them, ‘That man with whom you entered the fire in a former birth, and who you asked might be your husband in all subsequent births, was born again as a Yaksha named Díptaśikha, the brother of Aṭṭahása, but he has become a mortal owing to the curse of his master, and has been born as a man named Śrídarśana, so you too must go to the world of men and be his wives there, but as soon as the curse terminates, you shall all become Yakshas, husband and wives together.’ When Śiva said this, those two Yaksha maidens were born on the earth as Padmishṭhá and Anangamanjarí. They became the wives of Śrídarśana, and after they had been his wives for some time, that Aṭṭahása, as fate would have it, came there in the form of a Bráhman, and by the device of employing an ambiguous speech, he managed to utter their names and remind them of their former existence, and this made them abandon that body and become Yakshiṇís. “Know that we are those wives of yours, and you are that Díptaśikha.” When Śrídarśana had been thus addressed by them, he remembered his former birth, and immediately became the Yaksha Díptaśikha, and was again duly united to those two wives of his.

“Know therefore, Vichitrakatha, that I am that Yaksha, and that these wives of mine are Jyotirlekhá and Dhúmalekhá. So, if creatures of godlike descent, like myself, have to endure such alternations of joy and sorrow, much more then must mortals. But do not be despondent, my son, for in a short time you shall be reunited to your master Mṛigánkadatta. And I remained here to entertain you, for this is my earthly dwelling, so stay here, I will accomplish your desire. Then I will go to my own home in Kailása.” When the Yaksha had in these words told me his story, he entertained me for some time. And the kind being, knowing that you had arrived here at night, brought me and laid me asleep in the midst of you who were asleep. So I was seen by you, and you have been found by me. This, king, is the history of my adventures during my separation from you.”

When prince Mṛigánkadatta had heard at night this tale from his minister Vichitrakatha, who was rightly named,[29] he was much delighted, and so were his other ministers.

So, after he had spent that night on the turf of the forest, he went on with those companions of his towards Ujjayiní, having his mind fixed on obtaining Śaśánkavatí, and he kept searching for those other companions of his, who were separated by the curse of the Nága, and whom he had not yet found.

1

I read with the MS. in the Sanskrit College *bhuktottaram*.

2

It also means “the virtues of good or learned men.”

3

It also means “without wealth;” *vritta* also means “metre.”

4

i.e. female Yaksha.

5

The notion which Lucretius ridicules in his famous lines, (Book III, 776 and *ff*,)

Denique conubia ad Veneris partusque ferarum
Esse animas præsto deridiculum esse videtur,
Expectare immortales mortalia membra &c.

would, it is clear, present no difficulty to the mind of a Hindu. Nor would he be much influenced by the argument in lines 670–674 of the same book,

Præterea si immortalis natura animai
Constat, et in corpus nascentibus insinuetur,
Cur super anteactam ætatem meminisse nequimus,
Nec vestigia gestarum rerum ulla tenemus?

6

i.e. vision of the goddess of Fortune: something like Fortunatus.

7

I read *báhú* and *vidhvastatá*: *kim tad* in śl. 78 should probably be *tat kim*.

8

In the original there is a most elaborate pun: "free from calamity" may mean also "impolitic" or "lawless."

9

A name of Śiva.

10

My native friends tell me that the hand is waved round the head, and the fingers are snapped four or ten times.

11

Possibly this story is the same as that of Tannhäuser, for which see Baring-Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, pp. 196–208. He remarks that the story of Tannhäuser is a very ancient myth christianized.

12

For the consequences entailed in European Stories by eating fruit in the under-world, see Kuhn, Westfälische Märchen, Vol. 1, p. 127; Grimm, Irische Märchen, p. ciii.

13

The Sanskrit College MS. has *dantadṛíshtádharotkaṭán*. Perhaps *dṛishta* should be *dashṭa*. It would then mean terrible because they were biting their lips.

14

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vimánavijigíshayá*.

15

Descendants of Vrishṇi and relatives of Kṛishṇa. In Achyuta there is a pun: the word may mean "Vishṇu" and also "permanent": *rámam* may also refer to Balaráma, who is represented us a drunkard.

16

Pátála, like Milton's lower world, "wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold."

17

Kumudiní means an assemblage of white water-lilies: female attendants may also mean bees, as the Sandhi will admit of *ali* or *áli*: *rajendram* should probably be *rájendum*, moon of kings, as the *kumudiní* loves the moon.

18

Cp. the story of Śaktideva in Chapter 26.

19

By the laws of Hindu rhetoric a smile is regarded as white.

20

We have an instance of this a little further on.

21

I read *dúrabhrashṭá*. The reading of the Sanskrit College MS. is *dúram bhrashṭá*.

22

See Vol. I. pp. 327 and 577, also Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 36, and Southey's Thalaba the Destroyer, Book I, 30, with the notes.

23

The moon suffers from consumption in consequence of the curse of Daksha, who was angry at his exclusive preference for Rohiṇí.

24

Here there is a pun: *upachitam* means also "concentrated."

25

Cp. a story in the Nugæ Curialium of Gualterus Mapes, in which a corpse, tenanted by a demon, is prevented from doing further mischief by a sword-stroke, which cleaves its head

to the chin. (Liebrecht's Zur Volkskunde, p. 34 and *ff.*) Liebrecht traces the belief in vampires through many countries and quotes a passage from François Lenormant's work, La Magie chez les Chaldéens, which shews that the belief in vampires existed in Chaldæa and Babylonia.—See Vol. I, p. 574.

26

Cp. the Vampire stories in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, especially that of the soldier and the Vampire, p. 314. It seems to me that these stories of Vetálas disprove the assertion of Herz quoted by Ralston, (p. 318) that among races which burn their dead, little is known of regular corpse-spectres, and of Ralston, that vampirism has made those lands peculiarly its own which have been tenanted or greatly influenced by Slavonians. Vetálas seem to be as troublesome in China as in Russia, see Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, Vol. II, p. 195. In Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 139, there is an interesting story of a Vampire, who begins by swallowing fowls, goats and sheep, and threatens to swallow men, but his career is promptly arrested by a man born on a Saturday. A great number of Vampire stories will be found in the notes to Southey's Thalaba the Destroyer, Book VIII, 10. See also his poem of Roprecht the Robber, Part III. For the lamps fed with human oil see Addendum to Fasciculus IV, and Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. I, p. 312, Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 360, and Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, p. 146.

27

A series of elaborate puns.

28

The significance of those names will appear further on.

29

The word may mean "man of romantic anecdote."

Chapter LXXIV.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, as he gradually travelled along in the Vindhya forest, accompanied by those ministers, Śrutadhi and the four others, reached a wood, which was refreshing with the shade of its goodly fruit-laden trees, and in which there was a tank of very pure sweet cold water. He bathed in it with his ministers and ate many fruits, and lo! he suddenly thought that he heard conversation in a place shut in with creepers. So he went and looked into that bower of creepers, and he saw inside it a great elephant, which was refreshing a blind way-worn man by throwing over him showers of water from his trunk, by giving him fruits, and fanning him with his ears. And like a kind man, the elephant said to him lovingly, over and over again, with articulate voice, "Do you feel at all better?" When the prince saw that, he was astonished, and he said to his companions, "Look! how comes it that a wild elephant conducts itself like a man? So you may be sure that this is some higher being translated into this form for some reason. And this man is very like my friend Prachaṇḍaśakti. But he is blind. So let us keep a sharp lookout." When Mṛigánkadatta had said this to his friends, he remained there concealed, and listened attentively. In the meanwhile the blind man recovered a little, and the elephant said to him, "Tell me; who are you, and how did you come here, being blind?" Then the blind man said to that mighty elephant, "There is in this land a king of the name of Amaradatta, lord of the city of Ayodhyá, he has a son of excellent qualities, named Mṛigánkadatta, of auspicious birth, and I am that prince's servant. For some reason or other his father banished him from his native land, with us his ten companions. We had set out for Ujjayiní to obtain Śaśánkavatí, when we were separated in the forest by the curse of a Nága. And I was blinded by his curse, and wandering about I have arrived here, living on the fruits, and roots, and water I could get on the way. And to me death by falling into a chasm, or in some other way, would be most desirable, but alas! Providence has not bestowed it on me, but makes me endure calamity. However I feel convinced that, as my pangs of hunger have been to-day assuaged by your favour, so my blindness also will be somewhat alleviated, for you are a

divinity.” When he said this, Mṛigánkadatta felt certain who he was, and with a mind wavering between joy and grief he said to those ministers, “It is our friend Prachaṇḍaśakti that is reduced to this melancholy state, but it will not do for us to be in a hurry to greet him immediately. Perhaps this elephant will cure his blindness. But if he were to see us, he would flee away; so we must stop here and look at him.” When the prince had said this, he remained listening with his followers. Then Prachaṇḍaśakti said to that elephant, “Now great-souled one, tell me your history; who are you? How comes it that, though you are an elephant, and are subject to the fury of elephants, you speak in this gentle way?” When the great elephant heard this, he sighed, and said to him, “Listen! I will tell you my story from the beginning.”

Story of Bhímabhaṭa.

Long ago, in the city of Ekalavyá, there was a king named Śrutadhara, and he had two sons by two wives. When the king went to heaven, his younger son, named Satyadhara, expelled the elder son, named Śíladhara, from the throne. Śíladhara was angry on that account, so he went and propitiated Śiva, and craved the following boon from the god, who was pleased with his asceticism, “May I become a Gandharva, in order that I may be able to move through the air, and so slay with ease that kinsman of mine, Satyadhara!” When the holy god Śiva heard this, he said to him, “This boon shall be granted to thee, but that enemy of thine has to-day died a natural death. And he shall be again born in the city of Ráḍhá, as Samarabhaṭa, the favourite son of king Ugrabhaṭa. But thou shalt be born as Bhímabhaṭa, his elder brother, by a different mother, and thou shalt kill him and rule the kingdom. But because thou didst perform these ascetic penances under the influence of anger, thou shalt be hurled from thy rank by the curse of a hermit, and become a wild elephant, that remembers its birth and possesses articulate speech, and when thou shalt comfort a guest in distress and tell

him thy history, then thou shalt be freed from thy elephant-nature and become a Gandharva, and at the same time a great benefit will be conferred upon that guest." When Śiva had said this, he disappeared, and Śíladhara, seeing that his body was emaciated by long penance, flung himself into the Ganges.

At this point of my tale it happened that, while that king named Ugrabhaṭa, whom I have before mentioned, was living happily in the city of Ráḍhá with his wife Manoramá who was equal to him in birth, there came to his court from a foreign country an actor named Lásaka. And he exhibited before the king that dramatic piece in which Vishṇu, in the form of a woman, carries off the *amṛita* from the Daityas. And in that piece the king saw the actor's daughter Lásavatí dancing in the character of Amṛitiká. When he saw her beauty, that was like that of the real *Amṛitá*, with which Vishṇu bewildered the Dánavas, he fell in love with her. And at the end of the dance he gave her father much wealth, and immediately introduced her into his harem. And then he married that dancer Lásavatí, and lived with her, having his eyes riveted upon her face. One day he said to his chaplain named Yajuḥsvámin, "I have no son, so perform a sacrifice in order to procure me a son." The chaplain obeyed, and performed duly, with the help of learned Bráhmans, a sacrifice for that king's benefit. And, as he had been previously gained over by Manoramá, he gave her to eat, as being the eldest queen, the first half of the oblation purified with holy texts.[1] And he gave the rest to the second queen Lásavatí. Then those two, Śíladhara and Satyadhara, whom I have before mentioned, were conceived in those two queens. And when the time came, Manoramá, the consort of that king, brought forth a son with auspicious marks. And at that moment a distinct utterance was heard from heaven, "This child who is born shall be a famous king under the name of Bhímabhaṭa." On the next day Lásavatí also brought forth a son, and the king his father gave him the name of Samarabhaṭa. And the usual sacraments were performed for them, and the two boys gradually grew up. But the eldest Bhímabhaṭa surpassed the youngest in all accomplishments, and rivalry in these increased the natural ill-feeling between them.

One day, as they were engaged in wrestling, Samarabhaṭa, being jealous, struck Bhímabhaṭa with his arm with great force on the neck. Then Bhímabhaṭa was enraged, and immediately throwing his arms round Samarabhaṭa, he lifted him up and flung him on the ground. The fall gave him a severe shock, and his servants took him up and carried him to his mother, discharging blood from all the apertures in his body. When she saw him, and found out what had taken place, she was alarmed on account of her love for him, and she placed her face close to his and wept bitterly. At that moment the king entered, and when he saw this sight, he was much troubled in mind, and asked Lásavatí what it meant, and she gave the following answer: "This son of mine has been reduced to this state by Bhímabhaṭa. And he is always ill-treating him, but I have never told you, king; however now, that I have seen this, I must say, I cannot[2] understand how your majesty can be safe with such a son as this, but let your majesty decide." When king Ugrabhaṭa was thus appealed to by his favourite wife, he was angry, and banished Bhímabhaṭa from his court. And he took away from him his allowance, and appointed a hundred Rájpúts with their retainers to guard that Samarabhaṭa. And he put his treasury at the disposal of the younger son, but he drove the elder son from his presence, and took away all that he possessed.

Then his mother Manoramá sent for him and said, "Your father has thrown you over, because he is in love with a dancer. So go to the palace of my father in Páṭaliputra, and when you arrive there, your grandfather will give you his kingdom, for he has no son. But, if you remain here, your enemy, this Samarabhaṭa, will kill you, for he is powerful." When Bhímabhaṭa heard this speech of his mother's, he said, "I am a Kshatriya, and I will not sneak away from my native land, like a coward. Be of good cheer, mother! what wretch is able to injure me?" When he said this, his mother answered him, "Then procure a numerous body of companions to guard you, by means of my wealth." When Bhímabhaṭa heard this proposal, he said, "Mother, this is not becoming; for if I did this, I should be really opposing my father. You may be quite at your ease, for your blessing alone will procure me good fortune." When Bhímabhaṭa had encouraged her with these words, he left her. In the meanwhile all the citizens came to hear of it, and they thought, "Alas! a great injustice has been done to Bhímabhaṭa by

the king. Surely Samarabhaṭa does not think he is going to rob him of the kingdom. Well it is an opportunity for us to do him a service, before he comes to the throne." Having formed this resolution, the citizens secretly supplied Bhímabhaṭa with such abundance of wealth, that he lived in great comfort with his servants. But the younger brother was ever on the look out to kill his elder brother, supposing that this was his father's object in furnishing him with a guard.

In the meanwhile a heroic and wealthy young Bráhman, of the name of Śankhadatta, who was a friend of both brothers, came and said to Samarabhaṭa, "You ought not to carry on hostility with your elder brother; it is not right, and you cannot do him an injury; on the contrary the result of a quarrel would be disgraceful to you." When he said this, Samarabhaṭa abused and threatened him; good advice given to a fool does not calm but rather enrages him. Then the resolute Śankhadatta went away indignant at this treatment, and made a strict friendship with Bhímabhaṭa, in order to have the opportunity of conquering Samarabhaṭa.

Then a merchant, of the name of Maṇidatta, came there from a foreign country, bringing with him an excellent horse; it was as white as the moon; the sound of its neighing was as musical as that of a clear conch or other sweet-sounding instrument; it looked like the waves of the sea of milk surging on high; it was marked with curls on the neck; and adorned with the crest-jewel, the bracelet, and other signs, which it seemed as if it had acquired by being born in the race of the Gandharvas. When Bhímabhaṭa heard of that splendid horse, which was mentioned to him by Śankhadatta, he went and bought it for a high price from that merchant-prince. At that moment Samarabhaṭa, hearing of it, came and tried to buy the horse from the merchant for double the price. But he refused to give it him, as it had already been sold to another; then Samarabhaṭa, out of envy, proceeded to carry it off by force. Then there took place a fierce combat between those two princes, as the adherents of both came running up with weapons in their hands. Then the mighty arm of Bhímabhaṭa laid low the attendants of Samarabhaṭa, and he himself abandoned the horse, and began to retire through fear of his brother. But as he was retiring, Śankhadatta, full of overpowering anger, pursued him, and laying hold of his hair behind, was

on the point of killing him, when Bhímabhaṭa rushed up and prevented him, saying, “Let be for the present, it would be a grief to my father.” Then Śankhadatta let Samarabhaṭa go, and he fled in fear, discharging blood from his wounds, and repaired to his father.

Then the brave Bhímabhaṭa took possession of the horse, and immediately a Bráhman came up to him, and taking him aside, said to him, “Your mother the queen Manoramá, and the chaplain Yajuḥsvámin, and Sumati, the minister of your father, send you the following advice at this juncture. “You know,[3] dear boy, how the king is always affected towards you, and he is especially angry with you at present, now that this misfortune has happened. So if you feel disposed to save your own life, and to preserve glory, and justice inviolate, if you have any regard for the future, if you consider us well disposed towards you; leave this place unobserved this very evening, as soon as the sun has set, and make for the palace of your maternal grandfather, and may good fortune attend you. This is the message they gave me for you, and they sent you this casket full of precious jewels and gold; receive it from my hand.” When the wise Bhímabhaṭa heard this message, he accepted it, saying, “I consent to act thus,” and he took that casket of gold and valuable jewels. And he gave him an appropriate message to take back, and then dismissed him, and mounted that horse, sword in hand. And Śankhadatta took some gold and jewels, and mounted another horse. And then prince Bhímabhaṭa set out with him, and after he had gone a long distance, he reached at dead of night a great thicket of reeds that lay in his way. As he and his companion pursued their course through it without stopping, a couple of lions, roused by the noise, which the reeds made when trampled by the horses’ hoofs, rushed out roaring, with their cubs, and began to rip up the bellies of the horses with their claws. And immediately the hero and his companion cut off the limbs of the lions with their swords, and killed them. Then he got down with his friend to look at the state of the two horses, but as their entrails were torn out, they immediately fell down dead. When Bhímabhaṭa saw that, he felt despondent, and he said to Śankhadatta, “Friend, by a great effort we have escaped from our hostile relatives. Tell me, where, even by a hundred efforts, shall we find an escape from Fate, who has now smitten us even here, not allowing us even to retain our horses. The very horse, for which I

abandoned my native land, is dead; so how can we travel on foot through this forest at night?" When he said this, his friend Śankhadatta answered him, "It is no new thing for hostile Fate to conquer courage. This is its nature, but it is conquered by firm endurance. What can Fate do against a firm unshaken man, any more than the wind against a mountain? So come, let us mount upon the horse of endurance and so plod on here." When Śankhadatta said this, Bhímabhaṭa set out with him. Then they slowly crossed that thicket, wounding their feet with the canes, and at last the night came to an end. And the sun, the lamp of the world, arose, dispelling the darkness of night, and the lotus-flowers in the lotus-clumps, by the side of their path, with their expanding cups and the sweet murmur of their bees, seemed to be looking at one another and saying, "It is a happy thing that this Bhímabhaṭa has crossed this thicket full of lions and other dangerous animals." So travelling on, he at last reached with his friend the sandy shore of the Ganges, dotted with the huts of hermits. There he drank its sweet waters, which seemed to be impregnated with the nectar of the moon, from dwelling on the head of Śiva, and he bathed in them, and felt refreshed. And he ate, by way of sustenance, some venison, which they had bought from a hunter whom they happened to meet, and which Śankhadatta brought to him roasted. And seeing that the Ganges was full and difficult to cross, for with its waves uplifted like hands it seemed again and again to warn him back, he proceeded to roam along the bank of the river. And there he saw a young Bráhman in the court of an out-of-the-way hut, engaged in the study of the Vedas. So he went up to him and said, "Who are you, and what are you doing in this solitary place?" Then the young Bráhman answered him:

"I am Nílakaṇṭha, the son of a Bráhman named Śríkaṇṭha, who lived at Váráṇasí, and after all the ceremonies had been performed for me, and I had learnt knowledge in the family of my spiritual preceptor, I returned home and found all my relations dead. That left me helpless and poor, and as I was not in a position to carry on the duties of a householder, I became despondent, and repaired to this place, and had recourse to severe asceticism. Then the goddess Gangá gave me some fruits in a dream, and said to me, 'Remain here living on these fruits, until you obtain your desire.' Then I woke up and went and bathed, and when the morning came, I found in the water some fruits, that had been washed here by the stream of

the Ganges. I brought those fruits, delicious as nectar, into my hut, and ate them there, and so I remain here engaged in asceticism, receiving these fruits day by day."

When he said this, Bhímabhaṭa said to Śankhadatta, "I will give this virtuous youth enough wealth to enable him to enter the householder-state." Śankhadatta approved his speech; whereupon the prince gave the Bráhman the wealth that his mother gave him. For what is the use of the greatness of great ones, who have abundant courage and wealth, if they do not put a stop to the sufferings of their neighbour as soon as they hear of them?

And after he had made the fortune of the Bráhman, Bhímabhaṭa searched in every direction for some means of crossing the Ganges, but could not find any. Then he tied his ornaments and sword on his head, and plunged in with Śankhadatta to swim across it.

And in the middle of the river the current carried his friend to a distance from him, and he himself was swept away by the waves, and reached the bank with difficulty. When he reached the other side, he could not see his friend Śankhadatta, and while he was looking for him along the bank, the sun set. Then he began to despair, and he exclaimed in bitter grief, "Alas my friend!" and it being now the beginning of the night, he prepared to drown himself in the waters of the Ganges. He said, "Goddess Jáhnaví, you have taken from me my life in the form of my friend, so now receive also this empty vessel of my body," and he was on the point of plunging in, when Gangá appeared to him from the middle of the flood. And pleased with his violent agitation she said to him then and there, "Do not act rashly, my son! your friend is alive, and in a short time you shall be reunited with him. Now receive from me this charm called, 'Forwards and Backwards.' If a man repeats it forwards, he will become invisible to his neighbour, but if he repeats it backwards, he will assume whatever shape he desires.[4] Such is the force of this charm only seven syllables long, and by its help you shall become a king on this earth." When the goddess Gangá had said this, and given him the charm, she disappeared from his eyes, and he gave up the idea of suicide, now that he had got a hope of regaining his friend and of other successes. And being anxious to regain his friend, he passed the night

in impatience, like the lotus-flower, and the next morning he set out in search of him.

Then, as he was travelling about in search of Śankhadatta, he one day reached alone the district of Láṭa, where, though the colours of the castes are not mixed, the people lead a diversified and richly coloured life, which though a seat of fine arts, is not reputed a home of crimes.[5] In this city he wandered about, looking at the temples and the dwelling-houses, and at last he reached a hall of gamblers. He entered it and saw a number of fraudulent dice-players, who though they were clothed in a loin-rag only, shewed by their handsome, well-shaped, stout limbs, which indicated good living and plenty of exercise, that they were men of rank though they concealed it, and that they had resorted to that occupation for the sake of making money. They began to talk to him, so he sat down to play with them, and they fancied that they would make a fine thing out of him and his ornaments. Then he beat them at the dice-play, and won from the rogues all the wealth which they had acquired by cheating others.

Then those gamblers, having lost their wealth, were preparing to go home, when Bhímabhaṭa set his arms against the door and stopped them, and said to them, "Where are you going? Take back this wealth; I do not want it. I must give it away to my friends, and are not you my friends? Where can I find[6] such dear friends as you?" When he said this, and they declined to take the money out of shame, a gambler there, of the name of Akshakshapaṇaka, said, "Undoubtedly it is the definition of gambling that what is won is not returned, but if this gentleman becomes our friend, and gives us of his own accord wealth which he has fairly won, why should we not take it?" The others, when they heard this, exclaimed, "It is fitting, if he makes such an eternal friendship with us." When they said this, he came to the conclusion that they were men of spirit, and he at once consented to swear eternal friendship to them, and gave them back their wealth. And at their request he went into a garden with them and their families, and refreshed himself with food, and wine, and other luxuries, supplied by them. Then, at the request of Akshakshapaṇaka and the others, he told his name, race, and history, and asked them also for theirs. Then Akshakshapaṇaka told him the story of his life.

Story of Akshakshapaṇaka.

There lived in Hastinápura a Bráhman named Śivadatta, a very rich man, and I am his son, and my real name is Vasudatta. And in my youth I learnt skill in arms as well as in the Vedas. Then my father made me marry a wife from a family equal in rank to my own. But my mother was a great scold, implacable, and very passionate. And she worried my father so intolerably, that as soon as he saw me married, he left his home, and went away somewhere where he could not be traced. When I saw that, I was afraid, and I earnestly enjoined on my wife to study carefully my mother's disposition, and she, being terrified, did so. But my mother was bent on quarrelling, and it was impossible for my wife to please her in any way. The ill-natured woman interpreted her silence as contempt, her plaintive lamentation as hypocrisy, and her attempts at explanation as wrangling. For who can deprive the fire of its tendency to burn? Then her disagreeable behaviour in a short time worried my wife also so much, that she left the house and fled I know not where.

Then I was so despondent that I made up my mind to abandon family life, but my wretched relations assembled together and forced me to take another wife. That second wife of mine also was so worried by my mother, that she committed suicide by hanging herself. Then I was exceedingly vexed, and I determined to go to a foreign country. And when my relations tried to prevent me, I told them of the wickedness of my mother. They assigned another reason for my father's leaving the country, and would not believe my story; so I adopted the following artifice. I had a wooden doll made, and pretended to marry it privately as a third wife, and I brought it and placed it in another secluded house which I locked up. And I made another female puppet to guard her, dressed like a servant. And I said to my mother, "I have put this wife of mine in a separate house. So you and I must for the present remain apart from her in our own house; you must not go there and she

must not come here. For she is timid as yet, and does not know how to win your affection." To this arrangement my mother gave her consent.

After some days had elapsed, my mother, finding that she could not manage anyhow to get at that supposed daughter-in-law of hers, who was in a private house kept always locked, took a stone one day and struck herself on the head, and remained in the courtyard in front of her own house, streaming with blood, and lamenting with loud cries. Then I and all my relations came in, hearing the cries, and when we saw her, we said, "Tell us, what is the matter?" When we asked her this question, she said spitefully, "My daughter-in-law came without any reason and reduced me to this state; so now my only remedy is death." When my relations heard this, they were furious, and they took her and me with them to the house where I kept the wooden doll. They removed the fastening, and opened the door, and went in, and lo! they saw nothing there but a wooden doll. Then they laughed at my mother, who was covered with shame, having imposed on no one but herself, and they began to repose confidence in what I had said, and so they went away again.

And I left that country, and travelled about till I came to this region, and here I happened to enter a gambling-hall. And there I saw these five men playing, this man named Chaṇḍabhujanga, and that Páśupata, and this Śmaśánavetála, and that Kálavaráṭaka, and this Śáriprastara, heroes equal in valour. And I gambled with them on this mutual understanding, that whoever was conquered should be the slave of the conqueror. Then they became my slaves by being beaten by me in gambling, but I have become their slave by being won over by their good qualities. And dwelling with them I have forgotten my woes.

So know that here I bear the name of Akshakshapaṇa,[7] a name suited to my condition. Here I have lived with these excellent men of good family, who conceal their real position, and now you have joined us. So now you are our chief, and it was with this view that we took that money of yours originally, being charmed with your virtues.

When Akshakshapaṇa had told his story in these words, all the others in succession also told their adventures. And prince Bhímabhaṭa perceived that his friends were heroes, who had disguised their real character by taking up gambling practices for the sake of gaining wealth, so he had much more pleasant chat with them, and spent the day in amusement, and then seeing that the eastern quarter had adorned its face with the rising moon, as with an ornamental patch, he went from that garden with Akshakshapaṇaka and the other six to their dwelling. And while he was there with them, the rainy season arrived, seeming to announce with the roarings of its joyous clouds his recovery of his friend. And then the impetuous river there, named Vipáśá, that flowed into the sea, was filled with an influx of sea-water and began to flow backwards, and it deluged that shore with a great inundation, and then owing to the cessation of that influx,[8] it seemed to flow on again to the sea. Now at that time the sudden influx of sea-water brought in a great fish, and on account of its unwieldy size it was stranded on the bank of the river. And the inhabitants, when they saw the fish stranded, ran forward with all kinds of weapons to kill it, and ripped open its stomach. And when its stomach was cut open, there came out of it alive a young Bráhman; and the people, astonished at that strange sight, raised a shout.[9] When Bhímabhaṭa heard that, he went there with his friends, and saw his friend Śankhadatta, who had just issued from the inside of the fish. So he ran and embraced him, and bedewed him with copious tears, as if he wished to wash off the evil smell he had contracted by living in the gulf of the fish's maw.[10] Śankhadatta, for his part, having escaped that calamity, and having found and embraced his friend, went from joy to joy. Then being questioned out of curiosity by Bhímabhaṭa, he gave this brief account of his adventures.

"On that occasion, when I was swept out of your sight by the force of the waves of the Ganges, I was suddenly swallowed by a very large fish. Then I remained for a long time inside the capacious habitation of his stomach, eating in my hunger his flesh, which I cut off with a knife. To-day Providence somehow or other brought this fish here, and threw it up upon the bank, so that it was killed by these men and I was taken out of its stomach. I have seen again you and the light of the sun, the horizon has

been once more illuminated for me. This, my friend, is the story of my adventures, I know no more than this."

When Śankhadatta said this, Bhímabhaṭa and all that were present exclaimed in astonishment, "To think that he should have been swallowed in the Ganges by a fish, and that that fish should have got into the sea, and then that from the sea it should have been brought into the Vipáśá, and that it should have been killed, and then that Śankhadatta should have come out of it alive. Ah! the way of fate is inscrutable, and wonderful are its works!" While uttering such remarks with Akshakshapaṇaka and the others, Bhímabhaṭa took Śankhadatta to his own dwelling. And there in high delight he entertained with a bath, clothes, and other needful things, his friend, who had, as it were, been born a second time with the same body from the belly of a fish.

And while Bhímabhaṭa was living with him in that country, there came on there a festive procession in honour of Vásuki the king of the snakes. In order to see it, the prince went, surrounded with his friends, to the temple of that chief of the snakes, where great crowds were assembling. He worshipped there in the temple, where his idol was, which was full of long wreaths[11] of flowers in form like serpents, and which therefore resembled the abyss of Pátála, and then going in a southerly direction, he beheld a great lake sacred to Vásuki, studded with red lotuses, resembling the concentrated gleams of the brilliance of the jewels on snakes' crests;[12] and encircled with blue lotuses, which seemed like clouds of smoke from the fire of snake-poison; overhung with trees, that seemed to be worshipping with their flowers blown down by the wind. When he saw it, he said to himself in astonishment, "Compared with this expanded lake, that sea from which Vishṇu carried off the goddess of Fortune, seems to me to be only worthy of neglect, for its fortune of beauty is not to be taken from it by anything else."[13] In the meanwhile he saw a maiden, who had come there to bathe, by name Hansávalí, the beautiful daughter of Chandráditya, king of Láṭa, by Kuvalayavatí; her mortal nature, which was concealed by all her other members moulded like those of gods, was revealed by the winking of her rolling eye. She had ten million perfections darting forth from her flower-soft body, she was with her waist, that might be spanned with the

hand, a very bow of Cupid, and the moment she looked at Bhímabhaṭa, she pierced him in the heart with the sidelong arrows of her eyes, and bewildered him.[14] He too, who was a thief of the world's beauty, entered by the oblique path of her eyes the treasure-chamber of her heart, and robbed her of her self-control. Then she sent secretly a trustworthy and discreet maid, and enquired from his friends his name and residence. And after she had bathed, she was taken back to her palace by her attendants, frequently turning round her face to fix her eyes on him. And then Bhímabhaṭa, accompanied by his friends, went to his dwelling, with faltering steps, for he was entangled with the net which his beloved had cast over him.

And immediately the princess Hansávalí sent that maid to him as an ambassadress of love, with the message for which he longed. The maid came up to him and said to him in secret, "Prince, the princess Hansávalí solicits you thus, 'When you see me, who love you, being carried away by the stream of love, you should rescue me quickly, you should not remain indifferent upon the bank[15]'" When Bhímabhaṭa heard from the messenger the nectar of his beloved's message, he was delighted at having his life saved, and said to her, "I am in the current, I am not upon the bank; does not my beloved know that? But now, that I have obtained some hope to cling to,[16] I will gladly do her bidding. I will this night come and wait upon her in her private apartments, and no one shall see me, for I will enter concealed by a charm." When he said this to the maid, she was pleased, and went and told it to Hansávalí, and then she remained anxiously expecting an interview with him.

And he, in the early part of the night, went adorned with heavenly ornaments, and making himself invisible by repeating forwards the charm bestowed on him by Gangá, entered her splendid chamber which she had previously cleared of attendants. In that chamber, which suggested thoughts of love, which was perfumed with aloes, and adorned with nose-gays of flowers of five hues[17] arranged there, and which therefore resembled the garden of the god of love, he beheld that lovely one exhaling heavenly fragrance, like a blossom put forth by the creeper of the wonderful charm bestowed by Gangá. And then the handsome prince recited the charm

backwards, and immediately became visible to that princess. When he beheld her timidly trembling with a joyful agitation that made her hair stand on end, his ornaments immediately tinkled like musical instruments, and he seemed to be dancing with joy to their music. And the maiden hid her face with the shame of love, and seemed to be asking her heart, that caused all that display of emotion, what she was to do now. Then Bhímabhaṭa said to her, "Fair one, why do you allow your heart to exhibit shame, though its feelings have been already revealed? It does not deny the state of affairs; besides how is it possible to conceal this trembling of the limbs and this bursting boddice?" Then Bhímabhaṭa with such words, and other loving persuasions, made the fair one forget her modesty, and married her by the Gándharva form of marriage. And after he had spent that night with her, in sporting like a bee round the lotus of her mouth, he at last tore himself away, and saying, "I will come again at night," returned to his house.

And when the chamberlains belonging to Hansávalí entered her chamber the next morning, they saw that her lover had been with her. The ends of her curls were disordered, she had marks of moist teeth and nails, and she seemed as if the god of Love had appeared in person and afflicted her with the wounds of all his arrows. They immediately went and reported the matter to the king, and he secretly appointed spies to watch at night. And Bhímabhaṭa spent the day with his friends in their usual employments, and in the beginning of the night again repaired to the bower of his beloved. When the spies saw that he had entered without being seen, by virtue of his charm, and discovered that he possessed supernatural powers, they went out, and told the king, and he gave them this order, "The being, who has entered a well-guarded room without being seen, cannot be a mere man; so bring him here that I may see what this means. And say to him politely from me, 'Why did you not openly ask me for my daughter? Why did you make a secret of it? For it is difficult to obtain a bridegroom for my daughter as accomplished as yourself.'" When the king had sent off the spies with this message, they went as he commanded, and stood at the door and delivered this message to Bhímabhaṭa. And the resolute prince, perceiving that the king had discovered him, answered them boldly from inside; "Tell the king from me, that to-morrow I will enter his hall of audience, and tell him the truth, for now it is the dead of night." They then went and gave this

message to the king and he remained silent. And in the morning Bhímabhaṭa went to rejoin his friends. And putting on a magnificent costume, he went with those seven heroes to the hall of king Chandráditya. When the king saw his splendour, his resolute bearing and handsome appearance, he received him kindly, and made him sit on a throne equal to his own, and then his friend, the Bráhman Śankhadatta, said to the king, "King, this is the son of Ugrabhaṭa the king of Ráḍhá, Bhímabhaṭa by name; his might is irresistible on account of the wonderful power of the charm which he possesses. And he has come here to sue for the hand of your daughter." When the king heard that, he remembered the occurrence of the night, and seeing that he was a suitable match for his daughter, he exclaimed, "I am fortunate indeed," and accepted the proposal. And after he had made splendid preparations for the marriage, he bestowed his daughter Hansávalí on Bhímabhaṭa with much wealth. Then Bhímabhaṭa, having obtained many elephants, horses, and villages, remained there in great comfort, possessed of Hansávalí and the goddess of Fortune. And in a few days his father-in-law gave him that kingdom of Láṭa, and, being childless and old, retired to the forest. Then the successful Bhímabhaṭa, having obtained that kingdom, ruled it admirably with the help of those seven heroes, Śankhadatta and the others.

Then, in the course of some days, he heard from his spies, that his father king Ugrabhaṭa had gone to Prayága and died there; and that, when he was intent on death, he had anointed his youngest son Samarabhaṭa, the son of the dancing-girl, king of Ráḍhá. Then he mourned for his father, and performed his funeral ceremonies, and sent a messenger to that Samarabhaṭa with a letter. And in the letter, he sent the following message to the pretender who was treating him unjustly, "Foolish son of a dancing-girl, what business have you to sit on my father's throne, for it belongs to me, though I have this kingdom of Láṭa; so you must not ascend it." And the messenger went, and after announcing himself, delivered the letter to that Samarabhaṭa, when he was in the hall of assembly. And when Samarabhaṭa read this letter of such an import, under his brother's sign manual, he was angry, and answered, "This baseless presumption is becoming in this ill-conducted man, who was long ago banished by my father from the country, because he was not fit to remain in it. Even the

jackal apes the lion, when he is comfortably ensconced in his native cavern, but when he comes within view of the lion, he is discovered to be only a jackal." Such was the answer he roared forth, and he wrote to the same effect in a letter, and sent his return-messenger to carry it to Bhímabhaṭa.

So the return-messenger went, and gave, when introduced by the warder, that letter to the king of Láṭa. And when Bhímabhaṭa had read that letter, he laughed loudly, and said to the return-messenger of his brother—"Go, messenger, and tell that dancing-girl's son from me, 'On that former occasion when you tried to seize the horse, I saved you from Śankhadatta, because you were a child and dear to my father, but I will no longer endure your insolence. I will certainly send you to my father who is so fond of you. Make ready, and know that in a few days I shall have arrived.'" With these words he dismissed the messenger, and then he began his expedition. When that moon of kings, glorious in his magnificence,[18] mounted his elephant which resembled a hill, the great sea of his army was agitated and surged up with a roar, and the horizon was filled with innumerable feudal chiefs and princes arrived for war,[19] and setting out with their forces; and the earth, swiftly trampled by the elephants and horses trooping along in great numbers, groaned and trembled under the weight, as if afraid of being cleft open. In this fashion Bhímabhaṭa marched and came near Ráḍhá, eclipsing the light of the sun in the heavens with the clouds of dust raised by his army.

In the meanwhile king Samarabhaṭa heard of it, and became indignant; and armed himself, and went out with his army to meet him in battle. And those two armies met, like the eastern and western seas, and a great battle took place between the heroes on both sides, awful as the destruction of the world. Then the fire, produced by the loud clashing of swords, which seemed as if it had been kindled by the gnashing of the teeth of the angry god of Death, hid the sky; and javelins flew with their long points resembling eyelashes, and seemed like the glances of the nymphs of heaven, as they gazed on the warriors. Then the field of battle appeared like a stage; its canopy was dust, its music was the shouting of the army, and its dancers palpitating trunks. And a furious[20] torrent of blood, sweeping along

heads, and garlanded with trunks, carried off all living creatures, like the night of destruction at the end of the world.

But the archer Bhímabhaṭa soon routed the army of his enemies, by means of a combined attack of the mighty warriors Śankhadatta, and Akshakshapaṇaka, and Chaṇḍabhujanga and his fellows, skilled in wrestling, resembling impetuous elephants. And Samarabhaṭa was furious, when his army was routed, and he dashed forward on his chariot, and began to churn the sea of battle, as Mount Mandara churned the ocean.[21] Then Bhímabhaṭa, who was mounted on an elephant, attacked him, and cut his bow in two with his arrows, and also killed all the four horses of his chariot. Then Samarabhaṭa, being prevented from using his chariot, ran and struck with a javelin on the forehead the splendid elephant of Bhímabhaṭa, and the elephant, as soon as it was struck, fell dead on the ground. Then both of them, being deprived of their means of conveyance, had to fight on foot. And the two angry kings, armed with sword and shield, engaged in single combat. But Bhímabhaṭa, though he might have made himself invisible by means of his charm, and so have killed him, out of a regard for fairness, would not kill his enemy in that way. But being a skilful swordsman, he contended against him in open fight, and cut off with his sword the head of that son of the dancing-girl.

And when that Samarabhaṭa was slain with his soldiers, and the bands of the Siddhas had applauded from the heavens, and the fight had come to an end, Bhímabhaṭa with his friends entered the city of Ráḍhá, being praised by heralds and minstrels. Then, returning from a long absence, after slaying his enemy, he delighted his mother, who was eager to behold him, as Ráma did Kauśalyá. And the citizens welcomed him, and then he adorned the throne of his father, and took his seat on it, honoured by his father's ministers, who loved his good qualities. And then he honoured all his subjects, who made high festival; and on a lucky day he gave to Śankhadatta the kingdom of Láṭa. And he sent him to the territory of Láṭa, escorted by a force composed of natives of that country; and he gave villages and wealth to Akshakshapaṇaka and his fellows, and he remained surrounded by them, ruling his ancestral realm, with that queen Hansávalí, the daughter of the king of Láṭa. And, in course of time, he conquered the

earth, and carried off the daughters of kings, and became exclusively addicted to the enjoyment of their society. And he devolved his duties on his ministers, and amused himself with the women of his harem, and never left its precincts, being engrossed with drinking and other vices.

Then, one day, the hermit Uttanka came of his own accord to visit him, as if he were the time of accomplishment of the previous decree of Śiva. And when the hermit came to the door, the king, being blinded with passion, intoxication, and the pride of sovereignty, would not listen, though the warders announced his arrival. Then the hermit was angry, and denounced this curse on the king, "O man blinded with intoxication, you shall fall from your throne, and become a wild elephant." When the king heard that, fear dispelled his intoxication, and he went out, and prostrating himself at the foot of the hermit, began to appease him with humble words. Then the anger of the great sage was calmed, and he said to him, "King, you must become an elephant, that decree cannot be altered; but when you shall have relieved a minister of Mṛigánkadatta's, named Prachaṇḍaśakti, afflicted with the curse of a Nága and blinded, who shall become your guest, and shall tell him your story, you shall be delivered from this curse; and you shall return to the state of a Gandharva, as Śiva foretold to you, and then that guest of yours shall recover the use of his eyes." When the hermit Uttanka had said this, he returned as he came, and Bhímabhaṭa was hurled from his throne, and became an elephant.

"So know, my friend, that I am that very Bhímabhaṭa, become an elephant, and you are Prachaṇḍaśakti; I know that my curse is now at an end." When Bhímabhaṭa had said this, he abandoned the form of an elephant, and at once became a Gandharva of heavenly might. And immediately Prachaṇḍaśakti recovered, to his intense delight, the use of his eyes, and looked upon that Gandharva there. And in the meanwhile the discreet Mṛigánkadatta, who had heard their conversation from the bower of creepers, with his other ministers, having discovered that it was indeed his friend, rushed quickly and impetuously forth, and threw his arms round the neck of his minister Prachaṇḍaśakti. And Prachaṇḍaśakti looked at him, and feeling as if his body had been irrigated with a sudden flood of nectar, immediately embraced the feet of his lord.

Then the Gandharva Bhímabhaṭa comforted those two, who were weeping, both deeply moved at being reunited after so long a separation. And Mṛigánkadatta, bowing, said to that Gandharva, “That I have recovered this friend of mine, and that he has recovered his eyesight, is all due to your wondrous might. Honour to you!” When the Gandharva heard that, he said to that prince, “You shall soon recover all your other ministers, and obtain Śaśánkavatí as a wife, and become king of the whole earth. So you must not lose heart. Now, auspicious one, I depart, but I will appear to you when you think of me.”

When the matchless chief of the Gandharvas had said this to the prince, and so testified his friendship for him, as his curse was at an end, and he had obtained prosperous felicity, he flew up swiftly into the sky, making the whole air resound with the tinkling of his beautiful bracelet and necklace.

And Mṛigánkadatta, having recovered Prachaṇḍaśakti, and so regained his spirits, spent that day in the wood, accompanied by his ministers.

1

Cp. Vol. I, pp. 355 and 577.

2

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *na* for *tu*.

3

I read *jánási* with the Sanskrit College MS. instead of *jánámi* which Dr. Brockhaus gives in his text.

4

For European methods of attaining invisibility see Brand’s Popular Antiquities, Vol. I, p. 315; Bartsch, Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, pp. 29 and 31; Kuhn, Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 276, Vol. II, p. 177. The virtues of the Tarnkappe are well-known. In Europe great results are expected from reciting certain sacred formulæ backwards. A somewhat similar belief appears to exist among the Buddhists. Milton’s “backward muttering of dissevering charms” is perhaps hardly a case in point.

5

An elaborate pun! *varṇa* = caste and also colour: *kalá* = digit of the moon and accomplishment, or fine art: *doshákara* = mine of crimes and also the moon. Dowson, in his Classical Dictionary of Hindu Mythology, tells us that Láṭa is a country comprising Kandesh and part of Guzerat about the Mhye river. It is now called Lár and is the Λαρικη of Ptolemy.

6

I read *práp̣nomyaham* the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

7

i. e. Dice-mendicant.

8

I conjecture *oghapraśántyaiva*.

9

Cp. No. LXVI in the English Gesta, page 298 of Herrtage's edition, and the end of No. XII of Miss Stokes's Fairy Tales. See also Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, pp. 83 and 84.

10

Cp. Odyssey, Book IV, 441–442.

11

I read *dámabhiḥ* for *dhámabhiḥ*.

12

Benfey (Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 214, note,) traces this superstition through all countries.

13

This passage is a concatenation of puns.

14

The whole passage is an elaborate pun. The lady is compared to a bow, the string of which vibrates in the notches, and the middle of which is held in the hand.

15

I read, with the MS. in the Sanskrit College, *drutam anuddhṛitya* for *drutam anugatya*.

16

As a life-buoy to prevent him from drowning.

17

There must be a reference to the five flowery arrows of the god of Love.

18

When applied to the moon, it means “glorious in its rising.”

19

Böhtlingk and Roth give *upasankhya* as *überzählig* (?).

20

I adopt *pramattá* the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

21

The gods and Asuras used it as a churning-stick at the churning of the ocean for the recovery of the Amṛita, and other precious things lost during the deluge.

Chapter LXXV.

Victory to Gaṇeśa, who, when dancing, makes a shower of stars, resembling a rain of flowers, fall from the sky, by a blow of his trunk!

Then Mṛigánkadatta, having passed that night, set out in the morning from that wood, together with Prachaṇḍaśakti and his other affectionate ministers, making for Ujjayiní in order to gain Śaśánkavatí, and looking out for the rest of his ministers.

And as he was going along on his way, he saw his minister Vikramakeśarin being carried through the air by a hideously deformed man. And while he was eagerly pointing him out to his other ministers, that minister alighted from the air near him. And quickly dismounting from the shoulder of that man, he came up and embraced the feet of Mṛigánkadatta, with his eyes full of tears. And the delighted Mṛigánkadatta embraced him in return, and so did his ministers, one after another, and then Vikramakeśarin dismissed that man, saying, “Come to me, when I think of you.” Then Mṛigánkadatta out of curiosity asked Vikramakeśarin for the story of his adventures, and he sat down in the forest and related them.

The adventures of Vikramakeśarin.

When I had been separated from you on that occasion by the curse of the Nága, and had wandered about for many days in search of you, I said to myself, “I will make for Ujjayiní, for they will go there quickly,” and having formed this intention, I set out for that city. And in course of time I reached a village near it, named Brahmasthala, and there I sat down on the bank of a lake at the foot of a tree. There an old Bráhman, afflicted with the

bite of a serpent, came up to me and said, “Rise up from this place, my son, lest you incur my fate. For there is a great serpent here, and I am so tortured by the bite which he has given me, that I am now about to drown myself in this lake.” When he said this, I dissuaded him, out of compassion, from committing suicide, and I then and there counteracted the effect of the poison by my knowledge of antidotes.

Then the Bráhman eagerly, but with due politeness, asked me the whole story of my life, and when he knew the facts, said to me kindly, “You have to-day saved my life, so receive, hero, this charm for mastering Vetálas, which I inherited from my father. For it is suitable to you who possess all powers, but what, I pray, could a feeble creature, like me, do with it?” When I heard that, I answered that noble Bráhman, “What use can I make of Vetálas, now that I am separated from Mṛigánkadatta?” When the Bráhman heard that, he laughed, and went on to say to me, “Do you not know that you can obtain from a Vetála all that you desire? Did not king Trivikramasena obtain of old time the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas by the favour of a Vetála? Listen now, I will tell you his story in proof of it.”

Here begins the 1st of the 25 tales of a Demon.[1] (*Vetála-Panchavinśatiká.*)

On the banks of the Godávarí there is a place named Pratishṭhána. In it there lived of old time a famous king, named Trivikramasena, the son of Vikramasena, equal to Indra in might. Every day, when he was in his hall of audience, a mendicant named Kshántiśíla came to him, to pay him his respects, and presented him with a fruit. And every day, the king as soon as he received the fruit, gave it into the hand of the superintendent of his treasury who was near him. In this way ten years passed, but one day, when the mendicant had left the hall of audience, after giving the fruit to the king, the king gave it to a young pet monkey, that had escaped from the hands of its keepers, and happened to enter there. While the monkey was eating that

fruit, it burst open, and there came out of it a splendid priceless jewel. When the king saw that, he took up the jewel, and asked the treasurer the following question, “Where have you put all those fruits which I have been in the habit of handing over to you, after they were given to me by the mendicant?” When the superintendent of the treasury heard that, he was full of fear, and he said to the king, “I used to throw them into the treasury from the window without opening the door; if your Majesty orders me, I will open it and look for them.” When the treasurer said this, the king gave him leave to do so, and he went away, and soon returned, and said to the king, “I see that those fruits have all rotted away in the treasury, and I also see that there is a heap of jewels there resplendent with radiant gleams.”

When the king heard it, he was pleased, and gave those jewels to the treasurer, and the next day he said to the mendicant, who came as before, “Mendicant, why do you court me every day with great expenditure of wealth? I will not take your fruit to-day until you tell me.” When the king said this, the mendicant said to him in private, “I have an incantation to perform which requires the aid of a brave man, I request, hero, that you will assist me in it.” When the king heard that, he consented and promised him that he would do so. Then the mendicant was pleased and he went on to say to that king, “Then I shall be waiting for you at night-fall in the approaching black fortnight, in the great cemetery here, under the shade of a *banyan*-tree, and you must come to me there. The king said—“Well! I will do so.” And the mendicant Kshántiśíla returned delighted to his own dwelling.

Then the heroic monarch, as soon as he had got into the black fortnight, remembered the request of the mendicant, which he had promised to accomplish for him, and as soon as night came, he enveloped his head in a black cloth, and left the palace unperceived, sword in hand, and went fearlessly to the cemetery. It was obscured by a dense and terrible pall of darkness, and its aspect was rendered awful by the ghastly flames from the burning of the funeral pyres, and it produced horror by the bones, skeletons, and skulls of men that appeared in it. In it were present formidable Bhútas and Vetálas, joyfully engaged in their horrible activity, and it was alive with the loud yells of jackals,[2] so that it seemed like a second mysterious tremendous form of Bhairava. And after he had searched about in it, he

found that mendicant under a *banyan*-tree, engaged in making a circle, and he went up to him and said, “Here I am arrived, mendicant; tell me, what can I do for you?”

When the mendicant heard that, and saw the king, he was delighted, and said to him—“King, if I have found favour in your eyes, go alone a long way from here towards the south, and you will find an *śinśapá*-tree.[3] On it there is a dead man hanging up; go and bring him here; assist me in this matter, hero.” As soon as the brave king, who was faithful to his promise, heard this, he said, “I will do so,” and went towards the south. And after he had gone some way in that direction, along a path revealed by the light of the flaming pyres, he reached with difficulty in the darkness that *aśoka*-tree; the tree was scorched with the smoke of funeral pyres, and smelt of raw flesh, and looked like a Bhúta, and he saw the corpse hanging on its trunk, as it were on the shoulder of a demon. So he climbed up, and cutting the string which held it, flung it to the ground. And the moment it was flung down, it cried out, as if in pain. Then the king, supposing it was alive, came down and rubbed its body out of compassion; that made the corpse utter a loud demoniac laugh. Then the king knew that it was possessed by a Vetála, and said without flinching, “Why do you laugh? Come, let us go off.” And immediately he missed from the ground the corpse possessed by the Vetála, and perceived that it was once more suspended on that very tree. Then he climbed up again and brought it down, for the heart of heroes is a gem more impenetrable than adamant. Then king Trivikramasena threw the corpse possessed by a Vetála over his shoulder, and proceeded to go off with it, in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetála in the corpse that was on his shoulder said to him, “King, I will tell you a story to beguile the way, listen.”

Story of the prince, who was helped to a wife by the son of his father’s minister.[4]

There is a city named Váráṇasí, which is the dwelling-place of Śiva, inhabited by holy beings, and thus resembles the plateau of mount Kailása. The river Ganges, ever full of water, flows near it, and appears as if it were the necklace ever resting on its neck; in that city there lived of old time a king named Pratápamukuṭa, who consumed the families of his enemies with his valour, as the fire consumes the forest. He had a son named Vajramukuṭa, who dashed the god of love's pride in his beauty, and his enemies' confidence in their valour. And that prince had a friend, named Buddhiśaríra, whom he valued more than his life, the sagacious son of a minister.

Once on a time that prince was amusing himself with that friend, and his excessive devotion to the chase made him travel a long distance. As he was cutting off the long-maned[5] heads of lions with his arrows, as it were the chowries that represented the glory of their valour, he entered a great forest. It seemed like the chosen home of love, with singing cuckoos for bards, fanned by trees with their clusters of blossoms, waving like chowries. In it he and the minister's son saw a great lake, looking like a second sea, the birthplace of lotuses[6] of various colours; and in that pool of gods there was seen by him a maiden of heavenly appearance, who had come there with her attendants to bathe. She seemed to fill the splendid tank with the flood of her beauty, and with her glances to create in it a new forest of blue lotuses. With her face, that surpassed the moon in beauty, she seemed to put to shame the white lotuses, and she at once captivated with it the heart of that prince. The youth too, in the same way, took with a glance such complete possession of her eyes, that she did not regard her own modesty or even her ornaments. And as he was looking at her with his attendants, and wondering who she was, she made, under pretence of pastime, a sign to tell him her country and other particulars about her. She took a lotus from her garland of flowers, and put it in her ear, and she remained for a long time twisting it into the form of an ornament called *dantapatra* or tooth-leaf, and then she took another lotus and placed it on her head, and she laid her hand significantly upon her heart. The prince did not at that time understand those signs, but his sagacious friend the minister's son did understand them. The maiden soon departed, being led away from that place by her

attendants, and when she had reached her own house, she flung herself down on a sofa, but her heart remained with that prince, to justify the sign she had made.

The prince, for his part, when without her, was like a Vidyádhara who has lost his magic knowledge, and, returning to his own city, he fell into a miserable condition. And one day the minister's son questioned him in private, speaking of that beauty as easy to obtain, whereupon he lost his self-command and exclaimed, "How is she to be obtained, when neither her name, nor her village, nor her origin is known? So why do you offer me false comfort?" When the prince said this to the minister's son, he answered, "What! did you not see, what she told you by her signs? By placing the lotus in her ear, she meant to say this, 'I live in the realm of king Karnotpala.' By making it into the tooth-leaf ornament she meant to say, 'Know that I am the daughter of a dentist[7] there.' By lifting up the lotus she let you know her name was Padmávatí; and by placing her hand on her heart she told you that it was yours. Now there is a king named Karnotpala in the country of Kalinga; he has a favourite courtier, a great dentist named Sangrámavardhana, and he has a daughter named Padmávatí, the pearl of the three worlds, whom he values more than his life. All this I knew from the talk of the people, and so I understood her signs, which were meant to tell her country and the other particulars about her.[8]

When that prince had been told all this by the minister's son, he was pleased with that intelligent man, and rejoiced, as he had now got an opportunity of attaining his object, and, after he had deliberated with him, he set out with him from his palace on the pretence of hunting, but really in search of his beloved, and went again in that direction. And on the way he managed to give his retinue the slip by the speed of his swift horse, and he went to the country of Kalinga accompanied by the minister's son only. There they reached the city of king Karnotpala, and searched for and found the palace of that dentist, and the prince and the minister's son entered the house of an old woman, who lived near there, to lodge. The minister's son gave their horses water and fodder, and placed them there in concealment, and then said to that old woman in the presence of the prince, "Do you know, mother, a dentist named Sangrámavardhana?" When the old woman

heard that, she said to him courteously, “I know him well; I was his nurse, and he has now made me attend upon his daughter as a duenna; but I never go there at present, as I have been deprived of my clothes, for my wicked son, who is a gambler, takes away my clothes as soon as he sees them.” When the minister’s son heard this, he was delighted, and he gratified the old woman with the gift of his upper garment and other presents, and went on to say to her, “You are a mother to us, so do what we request you to do in secret; go to that Padmávatí, the daughter of the dentist, and say to her, ‘The prince, whom you saw at the lake, has come here, and out of love he has sent me to tell you.’” When the old woman heard this, she consented, being won over by the presents, and went to Padmávatí, and came back in a moment. And when the prince and the minister’s son questioned her, she said to them, “I went and told her secretly that you had come. When she heard that, she scolded me, and struck me on both cheeks with her two hands smeared with camphor. So I have come back weeping, distressed at the insult. See here, my children, these marks of her fingers on my face.”

When she said this, the prince was despondent, as he despaired of attaining his object, but the sagacious minister’s son said to him in private, “Do not despond, for by keeping her own counsel and scolding the old woman, and striking her on the face with her ten fingers white with camphor, she meant to say, ‘Wait for these remaining ten moonlight nights of the white fortnight, for they are unfavourable to an interview.’”

After the minister’s son had comforted the prince with these words, he went and sold secretly in the market some gold, which he had about him, and made that old woman prepare a splendid meal, and then those two ate it with that old woman. After the minister’s son had spent ten days in this fashion, he again sent the old woman to Padmávatí, to see how matters stood. And she, being fond of delicious food, liquor, and other enjoyments of the kind, went again to the dwelling-house of Padmávatí, to please her guests, and returned and said to them, “I went there to-day and remained silent, but she of her own accord taunted me with that crime of having brought your message, and again struck me here on the breast with three fingers dipped in red dye, so I have returned here thus marked by her.” When the minister’s son heard this, he said, of his own accord, to the

prince, “Do not entertain any despondent notions, for by placing the impression of her three fingers marked with red dye on this woman’s heart, she meant to say; ‘I cannot receive you for three nights.’”

When the minister’s son had said this to the prince, he waited till three days had passed, and again sent the old woman to Padmávatí. She went to her palace, and Padmávatí honoured her and gave her food, and lovingly entertained her that day with wine and other enjoyments. And in the evening, when the old woman wished to go back to her house, there arose outside a terrible tumult. Then the people were heard exclaiming, “Alas! Alas! a mad elephant has escaped from the post to which he was tied, and is rushing about, trampling men to death.” Then Padmávatí said to that old woman, “You must not go by the public road, which is rendered unsafe by the elephant, so we will put you on a seat, with a rope fastened to it to support it, and let you down by this broad window here into the garden of the house, there you must get up a tree and cross this wall, and then let yourself down by another tree and go to your own house.” After she had said this, she had the old woman let down from the window by her maid into the garden, by means of that seat with a rope fastened to it. She went by the way pointed out to her, and related the whole story, exactly as it happened, to the prince and the minister’s son. Then the minister’s son said to the prince, “Your desire is accomplished, for she has shewn you by an artifice the way you should take; so go there this very day, as soon as evening sets in, and by this way enter the palace of your beloved.”

When the minister’s son said this, the prince went with him into the garden, by the way over the wall pointed out by the old woman. There he saw that rope hanging down with the seat, and at the top of it were some maids, who seemed to be looking out for his arrival. So he got on to the seat, and the moment those female servants saw him, they pulled him up with the rope, and he entered the presence of his beloved through the window. When he had entered, the minister’s son returned to his lodging. And when the prince entered, he beheld that Padmávatí with a face like a full moon, shedding forth beauty like beams, like the night of the full moon remaining concealed through fear of the black fortnight. As soon as she saw him, she rose up boldly, and welcomed him with affectionate embraces and other

endearments natural in one who had waited for him so long. Then the prince married that fair one by the Gándharva form of marriage, and all his wishes being now fulfilled, remained with her in concealment.

And after he had lived with her some days, he said to her one night, “My friend the minister’s son came with me and is staying here, and he is now left alone in the house of your duenna; I must go and pay him a visit, fair one, and then I will return to you.” When the cunning Padmávatí heard that, she said to her lover, “Come now, my husband, I have a question to ask you; did you guess the meaning of those signs which I made, or was it that friend of yours the minister’s son?” When she said this, the prince said to her, “I did not guess anything at all, but that friend of mine, the minister’s son, who is distinguished for superhuman insight, guessed it all, and told it to me.” When the fair one heard this, she reflected, and said to him, “Then you have acted wrongly in not telling me about him before. Since he is your friend, he is my brother, and I must always honour him before all others with gifts of betel and other luxuries.” When she had dismissed him with these words, the prince left the palace at night by the way by which he came, and returned to his friend. And in the course of conversation he told him, that he had told his beloved how he guessed the meaning of the signs which she made. But the minister’s son did not approve of this proceeding on his part, considering it imprudent. And so the day dawned on them conversing.

Then, as they were again talking together after the termination of the morning prayer, the confidante of Padmávatí came in with betel and cooked food in her hand. She asked after the health of the minister’s son, and after giving him the dainties, in order by an artifice to prevent the prince from eating any of them, she said, in the course of conversation, that her mistress was awaiting his arrival to feast and spend the day with her, and immediately she departed unobserved. Then the minister’s son said to the prince; “Now observe, prince, I will shew you something wonderful.” Thereupon he gave that cooked food to a dog to eat, and the dog, as soon as he had eaten it, fell dead upon the spot. When the prince saw that, he said to the minister’s son, “What is the meaning of this marvel?” And he answered him, “The truth is that the lady has found out that I am intelligent, by the

fact that I guessed the meaning of her signs, and so she has sent me this poisoned food in order to kill me, for she is deeply in love with you, and thinks that you, prince, will never be exclusively devoted to her while I am alive, but being under my influence, will perhaps leave her, and go to your own city. So give up the idea of being angry with her, persuade the high-spirited woman to leave her relations, and I will invent and tell you an artifice for carrying her off."

When the minister's son had said this, the prince said to him, "You are rightly named Buddhiśaríra as being an incarnation of wisdom;" and at the very moment that he was thus praising him, there was suddenly heard outside a general cry from the sorrowing multitude, "Alas! Alas! the king's infant son is dead." The minister's son was much delighted at hearing this, and he said to the prince, "Repair now to Padmávatí's palace at night, and there make her drink so much, that she shall be senseless and motionless with intoxication, and apparently dead. And when she is asleep, make a mark on her hip with a red hot iron spike, and take away all her ornaments, and return by letting yourself down from the window by a rope; and after that I will take steps to make everything turn out prosperously." When the minister's son had said this, he had a three-pronged spike made, with points like the bristles of a boar, and gave it to the prince. And the prince took in his hand that weapon which resembled the crooked hard hearts of his beloved and of his friend, which were firm as black iron; and saying, "I will do as you direct," went at night to the palace of Padmávatí as before, for princes should never hesitate about following the advice of an excellent minister. There he made his beloved helpless with drink, and marked her on the hip with the spike, and took away her ornaments, and then he returned to that friend of his. And he shewed him the ornaments, and told him what he had done. Then the minister's son considered his design as good as accomplished.

And the next morning the minister's son went to the cemetery, and promptly disguised himself as an ascetic, and he made the prince assume the guise of a disciple. And he said to him, "Go and take the pearl necklace which is part of this set of ornaments, and pretend to try to sell it in the market, but put a high price on it, that no one may be willing to buy it, and

that every one may see it being carried about, and if the police here should arrest you, say intrepidly, 'My spiritual preceptor gave it me to sell.'"

When the minister's son had sent off the prince on this errand, he went and wandered about in the market-place, publicly showing the necklace. And while he was thus engaged, he was seen and arrested by the police, who were on the lookout for thieves, as information had been given about the robbery of the dentist's daughter. And they immediately took him to the chief magistrate of the town; and he, seeing that he was dressed as an ascetic, said to him courteously, "Reverend sir, where did you get this necklace of pearls which was lost in this city, for the ornaments of the dentist's daughter were stolen during the night?" When the prince, who was disguised as an ascetic, heard this, he said, "My spiritual preceptor gave it me; come and question him." Then the magistrate of the city came to the minister's son, and bowed, and said to him, "Reverend sir, where did you get this pearl necklace that is in the possession of your pupil?" When the cunning fellow heard that, he took him aside and said, "I am an ascetic, in the habit of wandering perpetually backwards and forwards in the forests. As chance would have it, I arrived here, and as I was in the cemetery at night, I saw a band of witches collected from different quarters. And one of them brought the prince, with the lotus of his heart laid bare, and offered him to Bhairava. And the witch, who possessed great powers of delusion, being drunk, tried to take away my rosary, while I was reciting my prayers, making horrible contortions with her face. And as she carried the attempt too far, I got angry, and heating with a charm the prongs of my trident, I marked her on the loins. And then I took this necklace from her neck. And now I must sell this necklace, as it does not suit an ascetic."

When the magistrate heard this, he went and informed the king. When the king heard it, he concluded that that was the pearl necklace which had been lost, and he sent a trustworthy old woman to see if the dentist's daughter was really marked with a trident on the loins. The old woman came back and said that the mark could be clearly seen. Then the king made up his mind that she was a witch, and had really destroyed his child. So he went in person to that minister's son, who was personating an ascetic, and asked him how he ought to punish Padmávatí; and by his advice he ordered her to

be banished from the city, though her parents lamented over her. And when she was banished, and was left in the forest, though naked, she did not abandon the body, supposing that it was all an artifice devised by the minister's son. And in the evening the minister's son and the prince, who had abandoned the dress of ascetics, and were mounted on their horses, came upon her lamenting. And they consoled her, and mounted her upon a horse, and took her to their own kingdom. There the prince lived happily with her. But the dentist, supposing that his daughter had been devoured by wild beasts in the forest, died of grief, and his wife followed him.

When the Vetála had said this, he went on to say to the king, "Now I have a doubt about this story, resolve it for me; Was the minister's son guilty of the death of this married couple, or the prince, or Padmávatí? Tell me, for you are the chief of sages. And if, king, you do not tell me the truth, though you know it, this head of yours shall certainly split in a hundred pieces."

When the Vetála said this, the king, who discerned the truth, out of fear of being cursed, gave him this answer—"O thou skilled in magic arts, what difficulty is there about it? Why, none of the three was in fault, but the whole of the guilt attaches to king Karnotpala." The Vetála then said, "Why, what did the king do? Those three were instrumental in the matter. Are the crows in fault when the swans eat the rice?" Then the king said, "Indeed no one of the three was in fault, for the minister's son committed no crime, as he was forwarding his master's interests, and Padmávatí and the prince, being burnt with the fire of the arrows of the god of Love, and being therefore undiscerning and ignorant, were not to blame, as they were intent on their own object. But the king Karnotpala, as being untaught in treatises of policy, and not investigating by means of spies the true state of affairs even among his own subjects, and not comprehending the tricks of rogues, and inexperienced in interpreting gestures and other external indications, is to be considered guilty, on account of the indiscreet step which he took."

When the Vetála, who was in the corpse, heard this, as the king by giving this correct answer had broken his silence, he immediately left his shoulder, and went somewhere unobserved by the force of his magic power, in order

to test his persistence; and the intrepid king at once determined to recover him.

Note.

An account of the various forms of the introduction to the XXV Tales of a Demon will be found in Oesterley's German translation of the Baitál Pachísí. The Hindi version contains the well-known story of Theodosius the younger and his wife Athenais or Eudokia. The Mongolian form differs widely from that in our text. Seven brothers, sorcerers, live in India; a mile from them live two Khan's sons; the elder of these studies magic under the seven enchanters for seven years, but learns nothing; the younger acquires their art in a moment, and both return to their palace. The younger turns himself into a horse, which the elder by his order sells to the seven enchanters. These try to kill the horse, but the Khan's son then turns himself into a fish, which the enchanters pursue in the form of seven sea-gulls, then into a dove, which they pursue as seven hawks, then he takes refuge with Nágárjuna, becoming the chief bead in his rosary, and asks him to put this bead in his mouth and to strew the rest on the ground. The beads then become worms which the sorcerers pick up in the form of hens. The Khan's son changes himself into a man, and kills the hens with a stick, when lo! seven human corpses are seen lying on the ground. As a penance for this crime the Khan's son is sent to fetch the Siddhi-kür, which he fastens up in a bag, and which behaves in much the same way as the Vetála does in our text.

It is remarkable that there are no questions addressed by the Siddhi-kür to his captor. At the end of every story the Khan's son utters an involuntary, often meaningless exclamation, of which the Siddhi-kür takes advantage. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 174 and 175.)

Oesterley refers to an Arabian form of the 1st story in Scott's Tales, Anecdotes and Letters, 1800, p. 108. A painter falls in love with the picture of a beauty, and finds that the original is in the possession of a certain minister. He penetrates in disguise into the minister's harem, wounds his beloved in the hand and takes away her veil. He then goes in the disguise of a pilgrim to the king, and says that he has seen six witches, and that he has wounded one of them, who left her veil behind her. The veil is recognized, the owner produced, convicted by her veil, and as a witch flung into a chasm. There the painter finds her, rescues her and carries her off. See also the 1001 Nights, Breslau, 1, p. 245 (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 182 and 183).

1

The Mongolian form of these stories is to be found in Sagas from the Far East. This work appears to be based upon a translation made by Jülg from the Calmuck language. Oesterley, in his German version of these tales, tells us that Jülg's translation appeared in Leipzig in the year 1866 under the title of "The tales of the Siddhikür." Oesterley mentions a Sanskrit redaction of the tales, attributed to Śivadása, and one contained in the Kathárnava. He also mentions a Tamul version translated into English by Babington under the title of Vetála Cadai; two Telugu versions, a Mahratta version, the well-known Hindi version, a Bengali version based upon the Hindi, and a Canarese version.

2

Here there is probably a pun. The word translated "jackal" also means the god Śiva. Bhairava is a form of Śiva.

3

See note on page 293.

4

This story is the 27th in Miss Stokes's collection.

5

I read *saṭáláni*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS., instead of *sajáláni*. The mistake may have arisen from the blending of two readings *saṭálani* and *jaṭáláni*.

6

In this there is a pun; the word translated “lotus” may also refer to Lakshmí the wife of Vishṇu.

7

Pandit Śyámá Charan Mukhopádhyáya thinks that the word *dantaghátaka* must mean “dentist:” the Petersburg lexicographers take it to mean, “a worker in ivory.” His name Sangrámavardhana has a warlike sound. Pandit Maheśa Chandra Nyáyaratna thinks that *dantaghátа* is a proper name. If so, *sangrámavardhana* must mean prime minister.

8

Cp. the way in which Pushpadanta’s preceptor guesses the riddle in page 44 of Vol. I of this work; so Prince Ivan is assisted by his tutor Katoma in the story of “The Blind Man and the Cripple,” Ralston’s Russian Folk-Tales, p. 240. Compare also the story of Azeez and Azeezeh in Lane’s Arabian Nights, Vol. I, particularly page 484. The rapid manner, in which the hero and heroine fall in love in these stories, is quite in the style of Greek romances. See Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 148.

Chapter LXXVI.

(Vetála 2.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went to the *aśoka*-tree to fetch the Vetála. And when he arrived there, and looked about in the darkness by the help of the light of the funeral pyres, he saw the corpse lying on the ground groaning. Then the king took the corpse, with the Vetála in it, on his shoulder, and set out quickly and in silence to carry it to the appointed place. Then the Vetála again said to the king from his shoulder, “King, this trouble, into which you have fallen, is great and unsuitable to you; so I will tell you a tale to amuse you, listen.”

Story of the three young Bráhmans who restored a dead lady to life.

There is, on the banks of the river Yamuná, a district assigned to Bráhmans, named Brahmasthala. In it there lived a Bráhman, named Agnisvámin, who had completely mastered the Vedas. To him there was born a very beautiful daughter named Mandáravatí. Indeed, when Providence had created this maiden of novel and priceless beauty, he was disgusted with the nymphs of Heaven, his own previous handiwork. And when she grew up, there came there from Kányakubja three young Bráhmans, equally matched in all accomplishments. And each one of these demanded the maiden from her father for himself, and would sooner sacrifice his life than allow her to be given to another. But her father would not give her to any one of them, being afraid that, if he did so, he would cause the death of the others; so the damsel remained unmarried. And those three remained there day and night, with their eyes exclusively fixed on the moon of her countenance, as if they had taken upon themselves a vow to imitate the partridge.[1]

Then the maiden Mandáravatí suddenly contracted a burning fever, which ended in her death. Then the young Bráhmans, distracted with grief, carried her when dead, after she had been duly adorned, to the cemetery, and burnt her. And one of them built a hut there and made her ashes his bed, and remained there living on the alms he could get by begging. And the second took her bones and went with them to the Ganges, and the third became an ascetic and went travelling through foreign lands.

As the ascetic was roaming about, he reached a village named Vajraloka. And there he entered as a guest the house of a certain Bráhman. And the Bráhman received him courteously. So he sat down to eat; and in the meanwhile a child there began to cry. When, in spite of all efforts to quiet it, it would not stop, the mistress of the house fell into a passion, and taking it up in her arms, threw it into the blazing fire. The moment the child was thrown in, as its body was soft, it was reduced to ashes. When the ascetic, who was a guest, saw this, his hair stood on end, and he exclaimed, "Alas! Alas! I have entered the house of a Bráhman-demon. So I will not eat food here now, for such food would be sin in a visible material shape." When he said this, the householder said to him, "See the power of raising the dead to life inherent in a charm of mine, which is effectual as soon as recited." When he had said this, he took the book containing the charm and read it, and threw on to the ashes some dust, over which the charm had been recited.[2] That made the boy rise up alive, exactly as he was before. Then the mind of the Bráhman ascetic was quieted, and he was able to take his meal there. And the master of the house put the book up on a bracket, and after taking food, went to bed at night, and so did the ascetic. But when the master of the house was asleep, the ascetic got up timidly, and took the book, with the desire of restoring his beloved to life.

And he left the house with the book, and travelling day and night at last reached the cemetery, where that beloved of his had been burnt. And at that moment he saw the second Bráhman arrive there, who had gone to throw her bones into the river Ganges. And having also found the one who remained in the cemetery sleeping on her ashes, having built a hut over them, he said to the two, "Remove this hut, in order that by the power of a certain charm I may raise up my beloved alive from her ashes." Having

earnestly solicited them to do this, and having overturned that hut, the Bráhman ascetic opened the book, and read the charm. And after thus charming some dust, he threw it on the ashes, and that made Mandáravatí rise up alive. And as she had entered the fire, she possessed, when resuscitated, a body that had come out of it more splendid than before, as if made of gold.[3]

When the three Bráhmans saw her resuscitated in this form, they immediately became love-sick, and quarrelled with one another, each desiring her for himself. And the first said, “She is my wife, for she was won by the power of my charm.” And the second said, “She belongs to me, for she was produced by the efficacy of sacred bathing-places.” And the third said, “She is mine, for I preserved her ashes, and resuscitated her by asceticism.”

“Now king, give judgment to decide their dispute; whose wife ought the maiden to be? If you know and do not say, your head shall fly in pieces.”

When the king heard this from the Vetála, he said to him, “The one who restored her to life by a charm, though he endured hardship, must be considered her father, because he performed that office for her, and not her husband; and he who carried her bones to the Ganges is considered her son; but he, who out of love lay on her ashes, and so remained in the cemetery embracing her and practising asceticism, he is to be called her husband, for he acted like one in his deep affection.”[4]

When the Vetála heard this from king Trivikramasena, who had broken silence by uttering it, he left his shoulder, and went back invisible to his own place. But the king, who was bent on forwarding the object of the mendicant, made up his mind to fetch him again, for men of firm resolution do not desist from accomplishing a task they have promised to perform, even though they lose their lives in the attempt.

Note.

Oesterley, in the notes to his German translation of the Baitál Pachísí, refers to the Turkish Tútínámah in which the lady dies of despair at the difficulty of the choice, as in the Tamul version. [In the Hindi version she dies of snake-bite.] She is brought back to life by a good beating. The first suitor opens the grave, the second advises the use of the cudgel, the third carries it out.

This method of restoring people, who die suddenly, to life by a good beating, is found in a Persian story, professing to be derived from a book "Post nubila Phœbus," in which the physician bears the name of Kati, and asserts that he learnt the method from an old Arab. The story is found in Epistolæ Turcicæ et Narrationes Persicæ editæ et Latine conversæ a Joh. Ury. Oxonii, 1771, 4º, pp. 26 and 27. This collection, which contains not the least hint of its origin, is particularly interesting as it contains the VIIIth story of the Siddhikür; "The Painter and the Wood-carver." [See Sagas from the Far East, p. 97.] The Episode of the stealing of the magic book is found, quite separated from the context, in many MS. versions of the Gesta Romanorum: see Appendix to Oesterley's edition. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 183–185.)

1

The Chakora is fabled to subsist upon moonbeams.

2

See the numerous parallels in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 232; and Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, p. 185, note, where he refers to the story of the Machandel boom (Kinder und Hausmärchen, No. 47), the myth of Zeus and Tantalus, and other stories. In the 47th tale of the Pentamerone of Basile, one of the five sons raises the princess to life and then demands her in marriage. In fact Basile's tale seems to be compounded of this and the 5th of the Vetála's stories. In Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, No. XVIII, the bones of a man who had been killed ten years ago, are collected, and the water of life is poured over them with the same result as in our text. There is a "*Pergamentblatt*" with a life-restoring charm written on it, in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 353.

[3]

Nishkântam is perhaps a misprint for *nishkrântam* the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

[4]

Cp. Sagas from the Far East, p. 303.

Chapter LXXVII.

(Vetála 3.)

Then the heroic king Trivikramasena again went to the *aśoka*-tree, to fetch the Vetála. And he found him there in the corpse, and again took him up on his shoulder, and began to return with him in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetála, who was on his back, said to him, “It is wonderful, king, that you are not cowed with this going backwards and forwards at night. So I will tell you another story to solace you, listen.”

Story of the king, and the two wise birds.

There is on the earth a famous city named Páṭaliputra. In it there lived of old time a king named Vikramakeśarin, whom Providence made a storehouse of virtues as well as of jewels. And he possessed a parrot of godlike intellect, knowing all the *śástras*, that had been born in that condition owing to a curse, and its name was Vidagdhachúḍámaṇi. And the prince married as a wife, by the advice of the parrot, a princess of equal birth, of the royal family of Magadha, named Chandraprabhá. That princess also possessed a similar hen-*maina*, of the name of Somiká, remarkable for knowledge and discernment. And the two, the parrot and the *maina*, remained there in the same cage, assisting with their discernment their master and mistress.

One day the parrot became enamoured of the *maina*, and said to her, “Marry me, fair one, as we sleep, perch, and feed in the same cage.” But the *maina* answered him, “I do not desire intimate union with a male, for all males are wicked and ungrateful.” The parrot retorted, “It is not true that males are wicked, but females are wicked and cruel-hearted.” And so a dispute arose between them. The two birds then made a bargain that, if the parrot won, he

should have the *maina* for wife, and if the *maina* won, the parrot should be her slave, and they came before the prince to get a true judgment. The prince, who was in his father's judgment-hall, heard the point at issue between them, and then said to the *maina*, "Tell me, how are males ungrateful?" Then the *maina* said, "Listen," and in order to establish her contention, proceeded to relate this story illustrating the faults of males.

The maina's story.[1]

There is on the earth a famous city, of the name of Kámandakí. In it there was a rich merchant, of the name of Arthadatta. And he had a son born to him, of the name of Dhanadatta. When his father died, the young man became dissipated. And rogues got round him, and plunged him in the love of gambling and other vices. In truth the society of the wicked is the root of the tree of vice. In a short time his wealth was exhausted by dissipation, and being ashamed of his poverty, he left his own country, to wander about in foreign lands.

And in the course of his travels, he reached a place named Chaṇḍanapura, and desiring food, he entered the house of a certain merchant. As fate would have it, the merchant, seeing that he was a handsome youth, asked him his descent and other things, and finding out that he was of good birth, entertained him, and adopted him as a *protégé*. And he gave him his daughter Ratnávalí, with a dower, and thenceforth Dhanadatta lived in his father-in-law's house.

And in the course of some days, he forgot in his present happiness his former misery, and having acquired wealth, and longing for fresh dissipation, he wished to go back to his own land. Then the rascal with difficulty wrung a permission from his unwilling father-in-law, whose daughter was his only child, and taking with him his wife, covered with ornaments, accompanied by an old woman, set out from that place, with a

party of three in all. And in course of time he reached a distant wood, and on the plea that there was danger of robbers, he took those ornaments from his wife and got them into his own possession. Alas! Observe that the heart of ungrateful males, addicted to the hateful vices of dicing and drabbing, is as hard as a sword.

Then the villain, being determined to kill his wife, though she was virtuous, for the sake of her wealth, threw her and the old woman into a ravine. And after he had thrown them there, he went away. The old woman was killed, but his wife was caught in a mass of creepers and did not die. And she slowly climbed up out of the chasm, weeping bitterly, supporting herself by clinging to grass and creepers, for the appointed end of her life had not yet come. And asking her way, step by step, she arrived, by the road by which she came, at the house of her father, with difficulty, for her limbs were sorely bruised. When she arrived there suddenly, in this state, her mother and father questioned her eagerly. And the virtuous lady weeping told this tale, “We were robbed on the way by bandits, and my husband was dragged away bound; the old woman died, but I survived, though I fell into a ravine. Then I was dragged out of the ravine by a certain benevolent traveller, who came that way, and by the favour of destiny I have arrived here.” When the good Ratnávalí said this, her father and mother comforted her, and she remained there, thinking only of her husband.

And in course of time her husband Dhanadatta, who had gone back to his own country, and wasted that wealth in gambling, said to himself, “I will go and fetch more wealth, begging it from my father-in-law, and I will tell him that I have left his daughter in my house here.” Thinking thus in his heart, he set out for that house of his father-in-law, and when he drew near, his wife beheld him from a distance, and she ran and fell at his feet, though he was a villain. For, though a husband is wicked, a good wife does not alter her feelings towards him. And when he was frightened, she told him all the fictitious story she had previously told her parents about the robbery, her fall, and so on. Then he entered fearlessly with her the house of his father-in-law; and his father-in-law and mother-in-law, when they saw him, welcomed him joyfully. And his father-in-law called his friends together, and made a great feast on the occasion, exclaiming, “It is indeed a happy

thing, that my son-in-law has been let go with life by the robbers." Then Dhanadatta lived happily with that wife of his Ratnávalí, enjoying the wealth of his father-in-law. But, fie! what the cruel man did one night, though it should not be told for shame, must still for the story's sake be related. He killed his wife when asleep in his bosom, and took away all her ornaments, and then went away unobserved to his own country.

"So wicked are males!" When the *maina* had said this, the king said to the parrot—"Now say your say."—Then the parrot said—"King, females are of intolerable audacity, immoral and wicked; hear a tale in proof of it."

The parrot's story.[2]

There is a city of the name of Harshavatí, and in it there was a leading merchant named Dharmadatta, possessed of many crores. And that merchant had a daughter named Vasudattá, matchless in beauty, whom he loved more than his life. And she was given to an excellent young merchant named Samudradatta, equal to her in rank, distinguished for wealth and youth, who was an object that the eyes of lovely women loved to feast on, as the partridges on the rays of the moon, and who dwelt in the city of Támraliptí which is inhabited by honourable men. Once on a time, the merchant's daughter, while she was living in her father's house, and her husband was in his own country, saw at a distance a certain young and good-looking man. The fickle woman, deluded by Mára,[3] invited him by means of a confidante, and made him her secret paramour. And from that time forth she spent every night with him, and her affections were fixed upon him only.

But one day the husband of her youth returned from his own land, appearing to her parents like delight in bodily form. And on that day of rejoicing she was adorned, but she would have nothing to say to her husband in spite of her mother's injunctions, but when he spoke to her, she

pretended to be asleep, as her heart was fixed on another. And then her husband, being drowsy with wine, and tired with his journey, was overpowered by sleep. In the meanwhile, as all the people of the house, having eaten and drunk, were fast asleep, a thief made a hole in the wall and entered their apartment. At that very moment the merchant's daughter rose up, without seeing the thief, and went out secretly, having made an assignation with her lover. When the thief saw that, his object being frustrated, he said to himself, "She has gone out in the dead of night adorned with those very ornaments which I came here to steal; so I will watch where she goes." When the thief had formed this intention, he went out, and followed that merchant's daughter Vasudattá, keeping an eye on her, but himself unobserved.

But she, with flowers and other things of the kind in her hands, went out, accompanied by a single confidante, who was in the secret, and entered a garden at no great distance outside the city.

And in it she saw her lover, who had come there to meet her, hanging dead on a tree, with a halter round his neck, for the city-guards had caught him there at night and hanged him, on the supposition that he was a thief. Then she was distracted and beside herself, and exclaiming, "I am ruined," she fell on the ground and lamented with plaintive cries. Then she took down her dead paramour from the tree, and placing him in a sitting position, she adorned him with unguents and flowers, and though he was senseless, embraced him, with mind blinded by passion and grief. And when in her sorrow she raised up his mouth and kissed it, her dead paramour, being animated by a Vetála, suddenly bit off her nose. Then she left him in confusion and agony, but still the unfortunate woman came back once more, and looked at him to see if he was still alive. And when she saw that the Vetála had left his body, and that he was dead and motionless, she departed slowly, weeping with fear and humiliation.

In the meanwhile the thief, who was hidden there, saw all, and said to himself, "What is this that this wicked woman has done? Alas! the mind of females is terrible and black like a dark well, unfathomable, exceedingly

deep for a fall.[4] So I wonder what she will do now." After these reflections, the thief again followed her at a distance, out of curiosity.

She went on and entered her own chamber, where her husband was asleep, and cried out weeping, "Help! Help! This wicked enemy, calling himself a husband, has cut off my nose, though I have done nothing wrong." Then her husband, and her father, and the servants, hearing her repeated cries, woke up, and arose in a state of excitement. Then her father, seeing that her nose had been recently taken off, was angry, and had her husband bound as having injured his wife. But even while he was being bound, he remained speechless, like a dumb man, and said nothing, for all the listeners, his father-in-law and the others, had altogether turned against him.[5]

When the thief had seen all this, he slipped away nimbly, and the night, which was spent in tumult, gradually passed away, and then the merchant's son was taken by his father-in-law to the king, together with his wife who had been deprived of her nose. And the king, after he had been informed by them of the circumstances, ordered the execution of the young merchant, on the ground that he had maimed his own wife, rejecting with contempt his version of the story. Then, as he was being led to the place of execution, with drums beating, the thief came up to the king's officers and said to them, "You ought not to put this man to death without cause; I know the circumstances, take me to the king, that I may tell him the whole story." When the thief said this, they took him to the king, and after he had received a promise of pardon, he told him the whole history of the night from the beginning. And he said, "If your Majesty does not believe my words, look at once at the woman's nose, which is in the mouth of that corpse." When the king heard that, he sent servants to look, and finding that the statement was true, he gave orders that the young merchant should not suffer capital punishment. But he banished his wicked wife from the country, after cutting off her ears also, and punished his father-in-law by confiscating all his wealth, and being pleased with the thief, he made him chief magistrate of the city.

"So you see that females are naturally wicked and treacherous." When the parrot had told this tale, the curse imposed on him by Indra lost its force,

and he became once more the Gandharva Chitraratha, and assuming a celestial form, he went to heaven. And at the same moment the *maina's* curse came to an end, and she became the heavenly nymph Tilottamá, and went at once to heaven. And so their dispute remained undecided in the judgment-hall.

When the Vetála had told this tale, he again said to the king, "So let your Majesty decide, which are the worst, males or females. But if you know and do not say, your head shall split in pieces."

When the king was asked this question by the Vetála, that was on his shoulder, he said to him, "Chief of magicians, women are the worst. For it is possible that once in a way a man may be so wicked, but females are, as a rule, always such everywhere." When the king said this, the Vetála disappeared, as before, from his shoulder, and the king once more resumed the task of fetching him.

Note.

Oesterley tells us that in the Vetála Cadai the two stories are told by two parrots, and the same is the case in the Turkish Tútínámah, Rosen, 2, p. 92.

The 1st story is found in the Turkish Tútínámah. The principal difference is that the parents of the extravagant man die after his first crime; after he has spent his property, he begs in a cemetery, and is there recognized by his wife; they live some time together, and then set out to return to his house. On the way they pass the old well, and there he murders her. There are some similar points in the 11th story of the Siddhikür. [See Sagas from the Far East, pp. 120–125.]

The second story is found in Babington's Vetála Cadai, p. 44. The lover receives a mortal wound, being taken for a thief, and in the agony of death bites off the nose of the adulteress. She smears her husband's betel-knife

with the blood, and accuses him of the murder. The city-guards clear the matter up.

The 2nd story is found in a very different form in the Siddhikür, No. 10; in Jülg, p. 100. [See Sagas from The Far East, pp. 115–119.] Here a younger brother is not invited to supper by an elder, so he determines to rob him out of revenge. He observes his brother's wife go to a cemetery to see her dead lover, who, when she tries to feed him by force, bites off her nose and the tip of her tongue. Of course when she accuses her husband, the younger brother reveals the secret.

The story in the Turkish Tútínámah, Rosen, 2, p. 96, Wickerhauser, p. 212, closely resembles Somadeva's. The lovers are surprised by the city-guards, who crucify the man, and let the woman go. The man in the agony of death bites her nose off, and she accuses her husband of the deed; he is then condemned to lose his nose. But a thief, who has crept into the house, and has then followed the adulteress, reveals the secret, and the woman is thereupon drowned. The story in the Panchatantra, Benfey, II, p. 40, only resembles this in its conclusion. [See Johnson's Hitopadeśa, p. 85.] It is no doubt a clever adaptation of the end of this story. The tale has been traced through all its migrations by Benfey, Vol. I, p. 140. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 187–191.)

1

Cp. the story told by the "faucon peregryn" in Chaucer's Squire's Tale.

2

The following story is the Xth in Sagas from the Far East.

3

The god of love, with Buddhists the Devil. Benfey considers that the Vetála Panchavinśati was originally Buddhistic.

4

A pun difficult to render in English.

5

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vibuddhesvatha*, *i. e.*, being awake.

Chapter LXXVIII.

(Vetála 4.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went at night to that *aśoka*-tree in the cemetery: and he fearlessly took that Vetála that was in the corpse, though it uttered a horrible laugh, and placed it on his shoulder, and set out in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetála, that was on his shoulder, said to him again, "King, why do you take all this trouble for the sake of this wicked mendicant? In truth you show no discrimination in taking all this fruitless labour. So hear from me this story to amuse you on the way."

Story of Víravara.

There is a city on the earth rightly named Śobhávatí. In it there lived a king of great valour, called Śúdraka. The fire of that victorious king's might was perpetually fanned by the wind of the chowries waved by the captured wives of his enemies. I ween that the earth was so glorious during the reign of that king, owing to the uninterrupted practice of righteousness that prevailed, that she forgot all her other sovereigns, even Ráma.

Once on a time a Bráhman, of the name of Víravara, came from Málava to take service under that king who loved heroes. His wife's name was Dharmavatí, his son was Sattvavara, and his daughter was Víravatí. These three composed his family; and his attendants were another three, at his side a dagger, a sword in one hand, and a splendid shield in the other. Although he had so small a retinue, he demanded from the king five hundred *dínárs* a day by way of salary. And king Śúdraka, perceiving that his appearance indicated great courage, gave him the salary he desired. But he felt curious to know whether, as his retinue was so small, he employed so many gold coins to feed his vices, or lavished them on some worthy object. So he had

him secretly dogged by spies, in order to discover his mode of life. And it turned out that every day Víravara had an interview with the king in the morning, and stood at his palace-gate in the middle of the day, sword in hand; and then he went home and put into the hand of his wife a hundred *dínárs* of his salary for food, and with a hundred he bought clothes, unguents and betel; and after bathing, he set apart a hundred for the worship of Vishṇu and Śiva; and he gave two hundred by way of charity to poor Bráhmans. This was the distribution which he made of the five hundred every day. Then he fed the sacrificial fire with clarified butter and performed other ceremonies, and took food, and then he again went and kept guard at the gate of the palace alone at night, sword in hand. When the king Śúdraka heard from his spies, that Víravara always followed this righteous custom, he rejoiced in his heart; and he ordered those spies, who had dogged his path, to desist; and he considered him worthy of especial honour as a distinguished hero.

Then in course of time, after Víravara had easily tided through the hot weather, when the rays of the sun were exceedingly powerful, the monsoon came roaring, bearing a brandished sword of lightning, as if out of envy against Víravara, and smiting[1] with rain-drops. And though at that time a terrible bank of clouds poured down rain day and night, Víravara remained motionless, as before, at the gate of the palace. And king Śúdraka, having beheld him in the day from the top of his palace, again went up to it at night, to find out whether he was there or not; and he cried out from it, —"Who waits there at the palace-gate?" When Víravara heard that, he answered, "I am here, your Majesty." Then king Śúdraka thought to himself, "Ah! Víravara is a man of intrepid courage and devotedly attached to me. So I must certainly promote him to an important post." After the king had said this to himself, he came down from the roof of his palace, and entering his private apartments, went to bed.

And the next evening, when a cloud was violently raining with a heavy downfall, and black darkness was spread abroad, obscuring the heaven,[2] the king once more ascended the roof of the palace to satisfy his curiosity, and being alone, he cried out in a clear voice, "Who waits there at the palace-gate?" Again Víravara said, "I am here." And while the king was lost in

admiration at seeing his courage, he suddenly heard a woman weeping in the distance, distracted with despair, uttering only the piteous sound of wailing. When the king heard that, pity arose in his mind, and he said to himself, “There is no oppressed person in my kingdom, no poor or afflicted person; so who is this woman, that is thus weeping alone at night?” Then he gave this order to Víravara, who was alone below, “Listen, Víravara; there is some woman weeping in the distance; go and find out who she is and why she is weeping.”

When Víravara heard that, he said, “I will do so,” and set out thence with his dagger in his belt, and his sword in his hand. He looked upon the world as a Rákshasa black with fresh clouds, having the lightning flashing from them by way of an eye, raining large drops of rain instead of stones. And king Śúdraka, seeing him starting alone on such a night, and being penetrated with pity and curiosity, came down from the top of the palace, and taking his sword, set out close behind him, alone and unobserved. And Víravara went on persistently in the direction of the weeping, and reached a tank outside the city, and saw there that woman in the middle of the water uttering this lament, “Hero! merciful man! Generous man! How can I live without you?” And Víravara, who was followed by the king, said with astonishment, “Who are you, and why do you thus weep?”—Then she answered him, “Dear Víravara, know that I am this earth, and king Śúdraka is now my righteous lord, but on the third day from this his death will take place, and whence shall I obtain such another lord? So I am grieved, and bewail both him and myself.”[3] When Víravara heard this, he said, like one alarmed, “Is there then, goddess, any expedient to prevent the death of this king, who is the protecting amulet of the world?”

When the earth heard this, she answered, “There is one expedient for averting it, and one which you alone can employ.” Then Víravara said, —“Then, goddess, tell it me at once, in order that I may quickly put it in operation: otherwise what is the use of my life?” When the earth heard this, she said,—“Who is as brave as you, and as devoted to his master? So hear this method of bringing about his welfare. If you offer up your child Sattvavara to this glorious goddess Chaṇḍí, famous for her exceeding readiness to manifest herself to her votaries, to whom the king has built a

temple[4] in the immediate vicinity of his palace, the king will not die, but live another hundred years. And if you do it at once, his safety will be ensured, but if not, he will assuredly have ceased to live on the third day from this time."

When the goddess Earth said this to Víravara, he said, "Goddess, I will go, and do it this very instant." Then Earth said, "May success attend you!" and disappeared; and the king, who was secretly following Víravara, heard all this.

Then Víravara went quickly in the darkness to his own house, and king Śúdraka, out of curiosity, followed him unobserved. There he woke up his wife Dharmavatí, and told her how the goddess Earth had directed him to offer up his son for the sake of the king. When she heard it, she said, "My lord, we must ensure the prosperity of the king; so wake up this young boy of ours and tell it him yourself." Then Víravara woke up his young son Sattvavara, who was asleep, and told him what had occurred, and said to him, "So, my son, the king will live if you are offered up to the goddess Chaṇḍí, but if not, he will die on the third day." When Sattvavara heard it, though he was a mere child, he shewed a heroic soul, and justified his name.[5] He said "I shall have obtained all I desire, if the sacrifice of my life saves that of the king, for so I shall have repaid him for his food which I have eaten. So why should there be any delay? Take me and offer me up immediately before the adorable goddess. Let me be the means of bringing about the happiness of my lord."

When Sattvavara said this, Víravara answered, "Bravo! you are in truth my own son." And the king, who had followed them, and heard all this conversation from outside, said to himself, "Ah! they are all equal in courage."

Then Víravara took his son Sattvavara on his shoulder, and his wife Dharmavatí took their daughter Víravatí, and they both went that very night to the temple of Chaṇḍí, and king Śúdraka followed them unobserved. Then Sattvavara was taken down by his father from his shoulder, and placed in front of the idol, and the boy, who was full of courage, bowed before the

goddess, and said, “May the sacrifice of my head ensure the life of king Śúdraka! May he rule unopposed, goddess, for another hundred years!” When the boy Sattvavara said this, Víravara exclaimed, “Bravo!” and drew his sword and cut off his son’s head, and offered it to the goddess, saying, “May the sacrifice of my son save the king’s life!”—Immediately a voice was heard from the air, “Bravo! Víravara! What man is as devoted to his sovereign as thou, who, by the sacrifice of thy noble only son, hast bestowed on this king Śúdraka life and a kingdom?” Then that young girl Víravatí, the daughter of Víravara, came up, and embraced the head of her slain brother, and weeping, blinded with excessive grief, she broke her heart and so died. And the king saw and heard all this from his concealment.

Then Víravara’s wife Dharmavatí said to him, “We have ensured the prosperity of the king, so now I have something to say to you. Since my daughter, though a child and knowing nothing, has died out of grief for her brother, and I have lost these two children of mine, what is the use of life to me? Since I have been so foolish as not to offer my own head long ago to the goddess for the welfare of the king, give me leave to enter the fire with my children’s bodies.” When she urged this request, Víravara said to her, “Do so, and may prosperity attend you, for what pleasure could you find, noble woman, in continuing a life, that would for you be full of nothing but grief for your children. But do not be afflicted, because you did not sacrifice yourself. Would not I have sacrificed myself, if the object could have been attained by the sacrifice of any victim but our son? So wait until I have made a pyre for you with these pieces of timber, collected to build the fence round the sanctuary of the goddess.”

When Víravara had said this, he made a funeral pyre with the timber, and placed on it the bodies of his two children, and lighted it with the flame of a lamp. Then his virtuous wife Dharmavatí fell at his feet, and, after worshipping the goddess Chaṇḍí, she addressed to her this prayer, “May my present husband be my husband also in a future birth! And may the sacrifice of my life procure prosperity for the king his master!” When the virtuous woman had said this, she threw herself fearlessly into the burning pyre, from which the flames streamed up like hair.

Then the hero Víravara said to himself, “I have done what the king’s interests required, as the celestial voice testified, and I have paid my debt to my master for his food which I have eaten: so, as I am now left alone, why should I thus cling to life? It does not look well for a man like me to nurse his own life only, after sacrificing all his dear family, which it is his duty to maintain. So why should I not gratify Durgá by sacrificing myself?” Having thus reflected, he first approached the goddess with this hymn of praise:

“Hail to thee, thou slayer of the Asura Mahisha, destroyer of the Dánava Ruru, trident-bearing goddess! Hail to thee, best of mothers, that causest rejoicing among the gods, and upholdest the three worlds! Hail thou whose feet are worshipped by the whole earth, the refuge of those that are intent on final beatitude! Hail thou that wearest the rays of the sun, and dispellest the accumulated darkness of calamity! Hail to thee, Kálí, skull-bearing goddess, wearer of skeletons! Hail, Śivá! Honour to thee! Be propitious now to king Śúdraka on account of the sacrifice of my head!” After Víravara had praised the goddess in these words, he cut off his head with a sudden stroke of his sword.

King Śúdraka, who was a witness of all this from his place of concealment, was full of bewilderment, sorrow, and astonishment, and said to himself, “This worthy man and his family have performed for my sake a wonderful and difficult exploit never seen or heard of anywhere else. Though the world is wide and various, where could there be found a man so resolute as secretly to sacrifice his life for his master, without proclaiming the fact abroad? And if I do not requite this benefit, what is the use of my sovereignty, and of my protracting my life, which would only be like that of an animal?”

When the heroic king had thus reflected, he drew his sword from the sheath, and approaching the goddess, prayed thus to her, “Be propitious to me now, goddess, on account of this sacrifice of my head, and confer a boon on me, thy constant votary. Let this Bráhman Víravara, whose acts are in accordance with his name, and who sacrificed his life for my sake, be resuscitated with his family!” After uttering this prayer, king Śúdraka was preparing to cut off his head with his sword, but at that moment a voice was

heard from the air, “Do not act rashly; I am pleased with this courage of thine; let the Bráhman Víravara be restored to life, together with his wife and his children!”—Having uttered so much, the voice ceased, and Víravara rose up alive and unwounded, with his son, his daughter, and his wife. When the king, who quickly concealed himself again, saw that marvel, he was never tired of looking at them with an eye full of tears of joy.

And Víravara quickly awoke as if from sleep, and, beholding his children and wife alive, and also himself, he was confused in mind. And he asked his wife and children, addressing them severally by name, “How have you returned to life after having been reduced to ashes? I too cut off my head: what is the meaning of my being now alive? Is this a delusion, or the manifest favour of the goddess?” When he said this, his wife and children answered him, “Our being alive is due to a merciful interposition of the goddess, of which we were not conscious.” Then Víravara came to the conclusion that it was so, and after worshipping the goddess, he returned home with his wife and children, having accomplished his object.

And after he had left his son, wife, and daughter there, he returned that very night to the palace-gate of the king, and stood there as before. King Śúdraka, for his part, who had beheld all unobserved, again went up to the roof of his palace. And he cried out from the roof, “Who is in attendance at the palace-gate?” Then Víravara said, “I myself am in waiting here, your Majesty. And in accordance with your orders I went in search of that woman, but she disappeared somewhere as soon as seen, like a Rákshasí.” When the king heard the speech of that Víravara, he was very much astonished, as he had himself seen what took place, and he said to himself, “Indeed people of noble spirit are deep and self-contained of soul as the sea, for when they have performed an unparalleled exploit, they do not utter any description of it.” Thus reflecting, the king silently descended from the roof of the palace, and entered his private apartments, and there spent the rest of the night.

And the next morning, Víravara came to present himself at the time of audience, and then the delighted king related to the ministers all that Víravara had gone through during the night, so that they were all, as it were,

thunderstruck with wonder. Then the king gave to Víravara and his son the sovereignty over the provinces of Láṭa and Karṇáṭa, as a token of his regard. Then the two kings, Víravara and Śúdraka, being equal in power, lived happily in the interchange of mutual good offices.

When the Vetála had told this exceedingly wonderful story, he went on to say to king Trivikramasena, “So tell me, king, who was the bravest of all these, and if you know and do not tell, the curse, which I before mentioned, shall descend upon you.”

When the king heard this, he answered the Vetála, “King Śúdraka was the greatest hero of them all.” Then the Vetála said, “Was not Víravara greater, for his equal is not found on this earth? And was not his wife braver, who, though a mother, endured to witness with her own eyes the offering up of her son as a victim? And was not his son Sattvavara braver, who, though a mere child, displayed such preëminent courage? So why do you say that king Śúdraka was more heroic than these?”

When the Vetála said this, the king answered him, “Do not say so! Víravara was a man of high birth, one in whose family it was a tradition that life, son, and wife must be sacrificed to protect the sovereign. And his wife also was of good birth, chaste, worshipping her husband only, and her chief duty was to follow the path traced out for her by her husband. And Sattvavara was like them, being their son; assuredly, such as are the threads, such is the web produced from them. But Śúdraka excelled them all, because he was ready to lay down his life for those servants, by the sacrifice of whose lives kings are wont to save their own.”

When the Vetála heard that speech from that king, he at once left his shoulder, and returned invisibly to his former place by his supernatural power, but the king resolutely set out on his former path in that cemetery at night to bring him back again.

Note.

For the story of Víravara, see Vol. I, pp. 253 and 519. Oesterley refers us to Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 414, where it is shown to be based upon the Asadṛiśa Játaka of Buddha. The story is found in the Persian Tútínámah, No 21, (in Iken, p. 89,) in a form resembling that in the Hitopadeśa. But there is another form which is No. 2 in the same work of Kaderi and found in the older Tútínámah, (p. 17 in Iken,) which seems to be based on the Vetála Panchavinśati. This is also found in the Turkish Tútínámah. Jánbáz saves the life of a king by the mere determination to sacrifice himself and his whole family. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 185–187.) Benfey refers us to No. 39 in Basile's Pentamerone, [Liebrecht's German translation, Vol. II, pp. 116–134,] and to No. 6 in Grimm's Kinder-Märchen.

1

I conjecture *prahárí* for the *pahárí* of Brockhaus' edition. In *dhárá* there is a pun as it also means the "edge of a sword."

2

I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *gupta-bhuvane kálatamasi*.

3

Cp. the way in which the Banshi laments in Grimm's Irische Märchen, pp. 121 and 122.

4

I read *kṛitapratishṭhá* which I find in the Sanskrit College MS.

5

Sattvavara means distinguished for courage.

Chapter LXXIX.

(Vetála 5.)

Then king Trivikramasena went back again to that *aśoka*-tree, and saw the Vetála in the corpse again hanging on it as before, and took him down, and after showing much displeasure with him, set out again rapidly towards his goal. And as he was returning along his way, in silence as before, through the great cemetery by night, the Vetála on his shoulder said to him, “King, you have embarked on a toilsome undertaking, and I liked you from the moment I first saw you, so listen, I will tell you a tale to divert your mind.”

Story of Somaprabhá and her three suitors.

In Ujjayiní there lived an excellent Bráhman, the dear dependent and minister of king Puṇyasena, and his name was Harisvámin. That householder had by his wife, who was his equal in birth, an excellent son like himself, Devasvámin by name. And he also had born to him a daughter, famed for her matchless beauty, rightly named Somaprabhá.[1] When the time came for that girl to be given away in marriage, as she was proud of her exceeding beauty, she made her mother give the following message to her father and brother, “I am to be given in marriage to a man possessed of heroism, or knowledge, or magic power;[2] you must not give me in marriage to any other, if you value my life.”

When her father Harisvámin heard this, he was full of anxiety, trying to find for her a husband coming under one of these three categories. And while so engaged, he was sent as ambassador by king Puṇyasena to negotiate a treaty with a king of the Dekkan, who had come to invade him. And when he had accomplished the object, for which he was sent, a noble Bráhman, who had

heard of the great beauty of his daughter, came and asked him for her hand. Harisvámin said to the Bráhman suitor, “My daughter will not have any husband who does not possess either valour, knowledge, or magic power; so tell me which of the three you possess.” When Harisvámin said this to the Bráhman suitor, he answered, “I possess magic power.” Thereupon Harisvámin rejoined, “Then shew me your magic power.” So that possessor of supernatural power immediately prepared by his skill a chariot that would fly through the air. And in a moment he took Harisvámin up in that magic chariot, and shewed him heaven and all the worlds. And he brought him back delighted to that very camp of the king of the Dekkan, to which he had been sent on business. Then Harisvámin promised his daughter to that man possessed of magic power, and fixed the marriage for the seventh day from that time.

And in the meanwhile another Bráhman, in Ujjayiní, came and asked Harisvámin’s son Devasvámin for the hand of his sister. Devasvámin answered, “She does not wish to have a husband who is not possessed of either knowledge, or magic power, or heroism.” Thereupon he declared himself to be a hero. And when the hero displayed his skill in the use of missiles and hand-to-hand weapons, Devasvámin promised to give him his sister, who was younger than himself. And by the advice of the astrologers he told him, as his father had told the other suitor, that the marriage should take place on that very same seventh day, and this decision he came to without the knowledge of his mother.

At that very same time a third person came to his mother, the wife of Harisvámin, and asked her privately for the hand of her daughter. She said to him, “Our daughter requires a husband who possesses either knowledge, or heroism, or magic power;” and he answered, “Mother, I possess knowledge.” And she, after questioning him about the past and the future, promised to give the hand of her daughter to that possessor of supernatural knowledge on that same seventh day.

The next day Harisvámin returned home, and told his wife and his son the agreement he had made to give away his daughter in marriage; and they

told him separately the promises that they had made; and that made him feel anxious, as three bridegrooms had been invited.

Then, on the wedding-day, three bridegrooms arrived in Harisvámin's house, the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. And at that moment a strange thing took place: the intended bride, the maiden Somaprabhá, was found to have disappeared in some inexplicable manner, and though searched for, was not found. Then Harisvámin said eagerly to the possessor of knowledge; "Man of knowledge, now tell me quickly where my daughter is gone." When the possessor of knowledge heard that, he said, "The Rákshasa Dhúmraśikha has carried her off to his own habitation in the Vindhya forest." When the man of knowledge said this to Harisvámin, he was terrified and said, "Alas! Alas! How are we to get her back, and how is she to be married?" When the possessor of magic power heard that, he said, "Be of good cheer! I will take you in a moment to the place where the possessor of knowledge says that she is." After he had said this, he prepared, as before, a chariot that would fly through the air, provided with all kinds of weapons, and made Harisvámin, and the man of knowledge, and the brave man get into it, and in a moment he carried them to the habitation of the Rákshasa in the Vindhya forest, which had been described by the man of knowledge. The Rákshasa, when he saw what had happened, rushed out in a passion, and then the hero, who was put forward by Harisvámin, challenged him to fight. Then a wonderful fight took place between that man and that Rákshasa, who were contending for a woman with various kinds of weapons, like Ráma and Rávaṇa. And in a short time the hero cut off the head of that Rákshasa with a crescent-headed arrow, though he was a doughty champion. When the Rákshasa was slain, they carried off Somaprabhá whom they found in his house, and they all returned in the chariot of the suitor who possessed magic power.

When they had reached Harisvámin's house, the marriage did not go forward, though the auspicious moment had arrived, but a great dispute arose between the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. The man of knowledge said, "If I had not known where this maiden was, how would she have been discovered when concealed?—So

she ought to be given to me." But the man of magic power said, "If I had not made this chariot that can fly through the air, how could you all have gone and returned in a moment like gods? And how could you, without a chariot, have fought with a Rákshasa, who possessed a chariot? So you ought to give her to me for I have secured by my skill this auspicious moment." The brave man said, "If I had not slain the Rákshasa in fight, who would have brought this maiden back here in spite of all your exertions? So she must be given to me." While they went on wrangling in this style, Harisvámin remained for a moment silent, being perplexed in mind.

"So tell me, king, to whom she ought to have been given, and if you know and do not say, your head shall split asunder." When Trivikramasena heard this from the Vetála, he abandoned his silence, and said to him; "She ought to be given to the brave man; for he won her by the might of his arms, at the risk of his life, slaying that Rákshasa in combat. But the man of knowledge and the man of magic power were appointed by the Creator to serve as his instruments; are not calculators and artificers always subordinate assistants to others?"

When the Vetála heard this answer of the king's, he left his seat on the top of his shoulder, and went, as before, to his own place; and the king again set out to find him, without being in the slightest degree discomposed.

Note.

The above story bears a slight resemblance to No. 71 in Grimm's Kinder- und Hausmärchen, *Sechse kommen durch die ganze Welt*; see the note in the 3rd volume of the third edition, page 120. Cp. also the 74th story in Laura Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Part II, page 96, and the 45th story in the same book, Part I, p. 305, with Köhler's notes. The 9th story in Sagas from the Far East, p. 105, is no doubt the Mongolian form of the tale in our text. It bears a very strong resemblance to the 47th tale in the Pentamerone

of Basile, (see Liebrecht's translation, Vol. II, p. 212,) and to Das weise Urtheil in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen. In this tale there are three rival brothers; one has a magic mirror, another a magic chariot, a third three magic apples. The first finds out that the lady is desperately ill, the second takes himself and his rivals to her, the third raises her to life. An old man decides that the third should have her, as his apples were consumed as medicine, while the other two have still their chariot and mirror respectively. Oesterley refers us to Benfey's articles in Ausland, 1858, pp. 969, 995, 1017, 1038, 1067, in which this story is treated in a masterly and exhaustive manner. He compares a story in the Siddhikür, No. 1, p. 55, in Jülg's version, which seems to be the one above referred to in Sagas from the Far East. The 22nd story in the Persian Tútínámah (Iken, p. 93,) which is found with little variation in the Turkish Tútínámah (Rosen, II, p. 165,) closely resembles the story in our text. The only difference is that a magic horse does duty for a magic chariot, and the lady is carried away by fairies. There is a story in the Tútínámah which seems to be made up of No. 2, No. 5 and No. 21 in this collection. [No. 22, in Somadeva.] It is No. 4 in the Persian Tútínámah, (Iken, p. 37,) and is also found in the Turkish version, (Rosen I, p. 151.) The lady is the work of four companions. A carpenter hews a figure out of wood, a goldsmith adorns it with gems, a tailor clothes it, and a monk animates it with life. They quarrel about her, and lay the matter before a Dervish. He avows that he is her husband. The head of the police does the same, and the Kazi, to whom it is then referred, takes the same line. At last the matter is referred to a divinity, and the lady is again reduced to wood. This form is the exaggeration of a story in Ardschi Bordschi translated by Benfey in Ausland, 1858, p. 845, (cp. Göttinger gel. Anz. 1858, p. 1517, Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 490 and *ff.*) A shepherd boy hews a female figure out of wood, a second paints her, a third improves her [by giving her wit and understanding, according to Sagas from the Far East,] a fourth gives her life. Naran Dákiní awards her to the last. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 192–194). The story in Ardschi Bordschi will be found in Sagas from the Far East, pp. 298–303. The story which Oesterley quotes from the Tútínámah is still found in Bannu, as appears from a review of Mr. Thorburn's book in Melusine (1878), p. 179. The reviewer, M. Loys Brueyre, tells us that it is found in the Bohemian tales of Erben under the title, Wisdom and Fortune.

[1]

i. e., Moonlight.

[2]

Vijnána appears to have this meaning here. In the Pentamerone of Basile (Liebrecht's translation, Vol. I, p. 266) a princess refuses to marry, unless a bridegroom can be found for her with a head and teeth of gold.

Chapter LXXX.

(Vetála 6.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went to the *aśoka*-tree, and carried off from it that Vetála on his shoulder, as before, and began to return with him swiftly in silence. And on the way the Vetála again said to him, "King, you are wise and brave, therefore I love you, so I will tell you an amusing tale, and mark well my question."

Story of the lady who caused her brother and husband to change heads.

There was a king famous on the earth by the name of Yaśaḥketu, and his capital was a city of the name of Śobhávatí. And in that city there was a splendid temple of Gaurí,[1] and to the south of it there was a lake, called Gaurítírtha. And every year, during a feast on the fourteenth day of the white fortnight of the month Ásháḍha, large crowds came there to bathe from every part of the world.[2]

And once there came there to bathe, on that day, a young washerman of the name of Dhavala, from a village called Brahmasthala. He saw there the virgin daughter of a man named Śuddhapaṭa, a girl called Madanasundarí, who had come to bathe in the sacred water.[3] His heart was captivated by that girl who eclipsed the beauty of the moon, and after he had enquired her name and family, he went home love-smitten. There he remained fasting and restless without her, but when his mother asked him the cause, he told her the truth about his desire.[4] She went and told her husband Vimala, and when he came, and saw his son in that state, he said to him, "Why are you so despondent, my son, about an object so easily attained? Śuddhapaṭa will

give you his daughter, if I ask him. For we are equal to him in family, wealth, and occupation; I know him and he knows me; so this is not a difficult matter for me to arrange." With these words Vimala comforted his son, and induced him to take food, and other refreshments, and the next day he went with him to the house of Śuddhapaṭa. And there he asked his daughter in marriage for his son Dhavala, and Śuddhapaṭa courteously promised to give her. And so, after ascertaining the auspicious moment, he gave his daughter Madanasundarí, who was of equal birth with Dhavala, in marriage to him the next day. And after Dhavala had been married, he returned a happy man to his father's house, together with his wife, who had fallen in love with him at first sight.

And one day, while he was living there in happiness, his father-in-law's son, the brother of Madanasundarí, came there. All received him courteously,[5] and his sister embraced him and welcomed him, and his connections asked him how he was, and at last, after he had rested, he said to them, "I have been sent here by my father, to invite Madanasundarí and his son-in-law, since we are engaged in a festival in honour of the goddess Durgá." And all his connections and their family approved his speech, and entertained him that day with appropriate meats and drinks.

Early the next day Dhavala set out for his father-in-law's house, with Madanasundarí and his brother-in-law. And he reached with his two companions the city of Śobhávatí, and he saw the great temple of Durgá, when he arrived near it; and then he said to his wife and brother-in-law, in a fit of pious devotion, "Come and let us visit the shrine of this awful goddess." When the brother-in-law heard this, he said to him, in order to dissuade him, "How can so many of us approach the goddess empty-handed?" Then Dhavala said, "Let me go alone, and you can wait outside." When he had said this, he went off to pay his respects to the goddess.

When he had entered her temple, and had worshipped, and had meditated upon that goddess, who with her eighteen mighty arms had smitten terrible Dánavas, and who had flung under the lotus of her foot and trampled to pieces the Asura Mahisha, a train of pious reflection was produced in his mind by the impulse of Destiny, and he said to himself, "People worship

this goddess with various sacrifices of living creatures, so why should not I, to obtain salvation, appease her with the sacrifice of myself?" After he had said this to himself, he took from her inner shrine, which was empty of worshippers, a sword which had been long ago offered to her by some pilgrims, and, after fastening his own head by his hair to the chain of the bell, he cut it off with the sword, and when cut off, it fell on the ground.

And his brother-in-law, after waiting a long time, without his having returned, went into that very temple of the goddess to look for him. But when he saw his sister's husband lying there decapitated, he also was bewildered, and he cut off his head in the same way with that very same sword.

And when he too did not return, Madanasundarí was distracted in mind, and then she too entered the temple of the goddess. And when she had gone in, and seen her husband and her brother in such a state, she fell on the ground, exclaiming, "Alas! what is the meaning of this? I am ruined." And soon she rose up, and lamented those two that had been so unexpectedly slain, and said to herself, "Of what use is this life of mine to me now?" and being eager to abandon the body, she said to that goddess, "O thou that art the chief divinity presiding over blessedness, chastity, and holy rule, though occupying half the body of thy husband Śiva,[6] thou that art the fitting refuge of all women, that takest away grief, why hast thou robbed me at once of my brother and my husband? This is not fitting on thy part towards me, for I have ever been a faithful votary of thine. So hear one piteous appeal from me who fly to thee for protection. I am now about to abandon this body which is afflicted with calamity, but grant that in all my future births, whatever they may be, these two men may be my husband and brother."

In these words she praised and supplicated the goddess, and bowed before her again, and then she made a noose of a creeper and fastened it to an *aśoka*-tree. And while she was stretching out her neck, and putting it into the noose, the following words resounded from the expanse of air: "Do not act rashly, my daughter! I am pleased with the exceeding courage which thou hast displayed, though a mere girl; let this noose be, but join the heads

of thy husband and thy brother to their bodies, and by virtue of my favour they shall both rise up alive."[7]

When the girl Madanasundarí heard this, she let the noose drop, and went up to the corpses in great delight, but being confused, and not seeing in her excessive eagerness what she was doing, she stuck, as fate would have it, her husband's head on to her brother's trunk, and her brother's head on to her husband's trunk, and then they both rose up alive, with limbs free from wound, but from their heads having been exchanged their bodies had become mixed together.[8]

Then they told one another what had befallen them, and were happy, and after they had worshipped the goddess Durgá, the three continued their journey. But Madanasundarí, as she was going along, saw that she had changed their heads, and she was bewildered and puzzled as to what course to take.

"So tell me, king, which of the two people, thus mixed together, was her husband; and if you know and do not tell, the curse previously denounced shall fall on you!" When king Trivikramasena heard this tale and this question from the Vetála, he answered him as follows: "That one of the two, on whom her husband's head was fixed, was her husband, for the head is the chief of the limbs, and personal identity depends upon it." When the king had said this, the Vetála again left his shoulder unperceived, and the king again set out to fetch him.

Note.

Oesterley remarks that the Hindi version of this story has been translated into French by Garcin de Tassy in the Journal des Savants, 1836, p. 415, and by Lancereau in the Journal Asiatique, Ser. 4, Tom. 19, pp. 390–395. In the Tútínámah, (Persian, No. 24, in Iken, No. 102; Turkish, Rosen, II, p.

169) the washerman is replaced by an Indian prince, his friend by a priest, and the rest is the same as in our text. That Goethe took that part of his Legende, which is based on this tale, from Iken's translation, has been shewn by Benfey in Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 719. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 195, 196.)

1

The wife of Śiva, called also Párvatí and Durgá.

2

The word *śukláyáṃ*, which is found in the Sanskrit College MS., is omitted by Professor Brockhaus.

3

So in the Hero and Leander of Musæus the two lovers meet in the temple of Venus at Sestos, and in the Æthiopica of Heliodorus Theagenes meets Chariclea at a festival at Delphi. Petrarch met Laura for the first time in the chapel of St. Clara at Avignon, and Boccacio fell in love with Maria, the daughter of Robert of Naples, in the Church of the bare-footed friars in Naples. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, translated by Liebrecht, p. 9.) Rohde remarks that in Greek romances the hero and heroine usually meet in this way. Indeed it was scarcely possible for two young people belonging to the upper classes of Greek society to meet in any other way, (Der Griechische Roman, p. 146 and note). See also pp. 385 and 486.

4

For *tayá* in śl. 10. b, the Sanskrit College MS. reads *tathá*.

5

Praśnayaḥ in Professor Brockhaus's text should be *praśvayaḥ*.

6

An allusion to the Ardhanáríśa, (*i. e.* half male half female,) representation of Śiva.

7

Grimm in his Teutonic Mythology, p. 185, note, seems to refer to a similar story. He says, "The fastening of heads, that have been chopped off, to their trunks in Waltharius 1157 seems to imply a belief in their reanimation;" see also Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 111. So St. Beino fastened on the head of Winifred after it had been cut off by Caradoc; (Wirt Sikes, British Goblins, p. 348). A head is cut off and fastened on again in the

Glücksvogel, Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 108. In Coelho's Portuguese Stories, No. XXVI, O Colhereiro, the 3rd daughter fastens on, in the Bluebeard chamber, with blood, found in a vase marked with their names, the heads of her decapitated sisters.

8

Cp. Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, pp. 98, 99; Do Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, pp. 303 and 304.

Chapter LXXXI.

Then king Trivikramasena went back to the *aśoka*-tree, and again found the Vetála there, and took him on his shoulder. As he was going along with him, the Vetála said to him on the way, “King, listen to me, I will tell you a story to make you forget your fatigue.”

Story of the king who married his dependent to the Nereid.

There is a city on the shore of the eastern sea, named Támraliptí; in that city there was a king of the name of Chaṇḍasinha; he turned away his face from the wives of others, but not from battle-fields; he carried off the fortune of his foes, but not the wealth of his neighbours.

Once on a time a popular Rájpút of the Dekkan, named Sattvaśíla, came to the palace-gate of that king. And he announced himself, and then, on account of his poverty, he and some other Rájpúts tore a ragged garment in the presence of that king. Thus he became a dependent,[1] and remained there for many years perpetually serving the king, but he never received any reward from him. And he said to himself, “If I have been born in a royal race, why am I so poor? And considering my poverty is so great, why did the Creator make my ambition so vast? For though I serve the king so diligently, and my followers are sorely afflicted, and I have long been pining with hunger, he has never, up to the present time, deigned to notice me.”

While such were the reflections of the dependent, the king one day went out to hunt. And he went, surrounded with horses and footmen, to the forest of

wild beasts, while his dependent ran in front of him bearing a stick. And after he had hunted for some time, he followed up closely a boar that had escaped, and soon he reached another distant wood. And in that vast jungle, where the path was obscured with leaves and grass, the king lost the boar, and he became exhausted, and was unable to find his way. And the dependent was the only one that kept up with him, running on foot, regardless of his own life, tortured with hunger and thirst, though the king was mounted upon a horse swift as the wind. And the king, when he saw that the dependent had followed him, in spite of his being in such a condition, said to him in a kind voice, "Do you know the way by which we came?" When the dependent heard that, he put his hands together in an attitude of supplication, and said, "I do know it, but let my lord rest here for some time. For the sun, which is the centre-jewel of the girdle of the sky-bride, is now burning fiercely with all its rays flickering forth." When the king heard this, he said to him graciously, "Then see if you can find water anywhere here." The dependent said, "I will," and he climbed up a high tree, and saw a river, and then he came down again, and led the king to it. And he took the saddle off his horse, and let him roll, and gave him water and mouthfuls of grass, and so refreshed him. And when the king had bathed, he brought out of a corner of his garment delicious[2] *ámalaka* fruits, and washed them, and gave them to him. And when the king asked where he got them, he said to him kneeling with the *ámalakas* in his hand, "Ten years have now passed since I, living continually on these fruits, have been performing, in order to propitiate my sovereign, the vow of a hermit that does not dwell in solitude." When the king heard that, he answered him, "It cannot be denied that you are rightly named Sattvaśíla." And being filled with compassion and shame, he said to himself; "Fie on kings who do not see who among their servants is comfortable or miserable, and fie on their courtiers who do not inform them of such matters!" Such were the king's thoughts, but he was at last induced by the importunity of the dependent to take two *ámalakas* from him. And after eating them and drinking water, he rested for a while in the company of the dependent, having satiated his hunger and thirst on fruits and water.

Then his dependent got his horse ready, and he mounted it, and the dependent went in front of him to shew him the way, but however much the

king entreated him, he would not get up on the horse behind him, and so the king returned to his own city, meeting his army on the way. There he proclaimed the devotion of the dependent, and he loaded him with wealth and territories, and did not consider even then that he had recompensed him as he deserved. Then Sattvaśíla became a prosperous man, and discarding the life of a dependent, he remained henceforth about the person of king Chaṇḍasinha.

And one day the king sent him to the island of Ceylon, to demand for him the hand of the king's daughter. He had to go there by sea; so he worshipped his patron divinity, and went on board a ship with the Bráhmans, whom the king appointed to accompany him. And when the ship had gone half-way, there suddenly rose from the sea a banner that excited the wonder of all in the ship. It was so lofty that its top touched the clouds, it was made of gold, and emblazoned like a waving flag of various hues. And at that very moment a bank of clouds suddenly arose, and began to pour down rain, and a mighty wind blew. And the ship was forced on to that flag by the rain and the wind, and thus fastened to it, as elephant-drivers force on an elephant and bind him to a post. And then the flag began to sink with the ship in the billowy sea.

And then the Bráhmans in the ship, distracted with fear, called on their king Chaṇḍasinha, crying out for help. And when Sattvaśíla heard their cries, so great was his devotion to his master that he could not restrain himself, but with his sword in his hand, and his upper garment girded round him, the brave fellow daringly plunged into the billows, following the flag, in order to counteract the violence of the sea, not suspecting the real cause. And as soon as he had plunged in, that ship was carried to a distance by the wind and waves, and all the people, who were in it, fell into the mouths of the sea-monsters.

And when Sattvaśíla, who had fallen into the sea, began to look about him, he found that he was in a splendid city,[3] but he could not see the sea anywhere. That city glittered with palaces of gold supported on pillars of jewels, and was adorned with gardens in which were tanks with steps of precious gems, and in it he beheld the temple of Durgá, lofty as mount

Meru, with many walls of costly stone, and with a soaring banner studded with jewels. There he prostrated himself before the goddess, and praised her with a hymn, and sat down wondering whether it was all the effect of enchantment.

And in the meanwhile a heavenly maiden suddenly opened a door, and issued from a bright enclosure in front of the temple of the goddess. Her eyes were like blue lotuses, her face full-blown, her smile like a flower, her body was soft like the taper fibre of a water-lily's root, so that she resembled a moving lotus-lake. And waited on by a thousand ladies, she entered the inner shrine of the goddess and the heart of Sattvaśíla at the same time. And after she had worshipped, she left the inner shrine of the goddess, but nothing would make her leave the heart of Sattvaśíla. And she entered once more into the shining enclosure, and Sattvaśíla entered after her.

And when he had entered, he beheld another splendid city, which seemed like a garden where all the enjoyments of the world had agreed to meet. In it Sattvaśíla saw that maiden sitting on a couch studded with gems, and he went up to her, and sat down by her side. And he remained with his eyes fixed on her face, like a man in a painting, expressing his passion by his trembling limbs, the hairs on which stood erect. And when she saw that he was enamoured of her, she looked at the faces of her attendants, and then they, understanding the expression of her face, said to him, "You have arrived here as a guest, so enjoy the hospitality provided by our mistress, rise up, bathe, and then take food." When he heard that, he entertained some hope, and he rose up, though not without a struggle, and he went to a tank in the garden which they shewed him. And the moment that he plunged into it, he rose up, to his astonishment, in the middle of a tank in the garden of king Chaṇḍasinha in Támraliptí.[4] And seeing himself suddenly arrived there, he said to himself, "Alas! what is the meaning of this? Now I am in this garden, and a moment ago I was in that splendid city; I have exchanged in an instant the nectarous vision of that fair one for the grievous poison of separation from her. But it was not a dream, for I saw it all clearly in a waking state. It is clear that I was beguiled like a fool by those maidens of Pátála."

Thus reflecting, he wandered about in that garden like a madman, being deprived of that maiden, and wept in the anguish of disappointed passion. And the gardeners, when they beheld him in that state, with body covered with the yellow pollen of flowers wafted by the wind, as if with the fires of separation, went and told king Chaṇḍasinha, and he, being bewildered, came himself and saw him; and after calming him, he said to him, "Tell me, my friend; what is the meaning of all this? You set out for one place and reached another, your arrows have not struck the mark at which they were aimed." When Sattvaśíla heard that, he told the king all his adventures, and he, when he heard them, said to himself, "Strange to say, though this man is a hero, he has, happily for me,[5] been beguiled by love, and I now have it in my power to discharge my debt of gratitude to him." So the brave king said to him, "Abandon now your needless grief, for I will conduct you by the same course into the presence of that beloved Asura maiden." With these words the king comforted him, and refreshed him with a bath and other restoratives.

The next day the king entrusted the kingdom to his ministers, and embarking on a ship, set out on the sea with Sattvaśíla, who shewed him the way. And when they had got to that half-way spot, Sattvaśíla saw the wonderful flagstaff rising out of the sea with the banner on it, as before, and he said to the king, "Here is that great flagstaff with such wonderful properties, towering aloft out of the sea: I must plunge in here, and then the king must plunge in also and dive down after the flagstaff." After Sattvaśíla had said this, they got near the flagstaff, and it began to sink. And Sattvaśíla first threw himself in after it, and then the king also dived in the same direction, and soon after they had plunged in, they reached that splendid city. And there the king beheld with astonishment and worshipped that goddess Párvatí, and sat down with Sattvaśíla.

And in the meanwhile there issued from that glittering enclosure a maiden, accompanied by her attendant ladies, looking like the quality of brightness in concrete form. Sattvaśíla said, "This is that fair one," and the king, beholding her, considered that his attachment to her was amply justified. She, for her part, when she beheld that king with all the auspicious bodily marks, said to herself, "Who can this exceedingly distinguished man be?"

And so she went into the temple of Durgá to pray, and the king contemptuously went off to the garden, taking Sattvaśíla with him. And in a short time the Daitya maiden came out from the inner shrine of the goddess, having finished her devotions, and having prayed that she might obtain a good husband; and after she had come out, she said to one of her attendants, “My friend, go and see where that distinguished man is whom I saw; and entreat him to do us the favour of coming and accepting our hospitality, for he is some great hero deserving special honour.” When the attendant had received this order, she went and looked for him, and bending low, delivered to him in the garden the message of her mistress. Then the heroic king answered in a carelessly negligent tone, “This garden is sufficient entertainment for me: what other entertainment do I require?” When that attendant came and reported this answer to the Daitya maiden, she considered that the king was a man of a noble spirit and deserving of the highest regard.

And then the Asura maiden, (being, as it were, drawn towards himself with the cord of his self-command by the king, who shewed a lofty indifference for hospitality far above mortal desert,) went in person to the garden, thinking that he had been sent her by way of a husband, as a fruit of her adoration of Durgá. And the trees seemed to honour her, as she approached, with the songs of various birds, with their creepers bending in the wind like arms, and showers of blossoms. And she approached the king and bowing courteously before him, entreated him to accept of her hospitality. Then the king pointed to Sattvaśíla, and said to her, “I came here to worship the image of the goddess of which this man told me. I have reached her marvellous temple, guided to it by the banner, and have seen the goddess, and after that, you; what other hospitality do I require?” When the maiden heard that, she said, “Then come, out of curiosity, to see my second city, which is the wonder of the three worlds.” When she said this, the king laughed and said, “Oh! he told me of this also, the place where there is the tank to bathe in.” Then the maiden said, “King, do not speak thus, I am not of a deceitful disposition, and who would think of cheating one so worthy of respect? I have been made the slave of you both by your surpassing excellence; so you ought not thus to reject my offer.”

When the king heard this, he consented, and taking Sattvaśíla with him, he accompanied the maiden to that glittering enclosure. And the door of it was opened, and she conducted him in, and then he beheld that other splendid city of hers. The trees in it were ever producing flowers and fruits, for all seasons were present there at the same time;[6] and the city was all composed of gold and jewels like the peak of mount Meru. And the Daitya maiden made the king sit down on a priceless jewelled throne, and offered him the *arghya* in due form, and said to him, "I am the daughter of Kálanemi the high-souled king of the Asuras, but my father was sent to heaven by Vishṇu, the discus-armed god. And these two cities, which I inherit from my father, are the work of Viśvakarman; they furnish all that heart can wish, and old age and death never invade them. But now I look upon you as a father, and I, with my cities, am at your disposal." When she had in these words placed herself and all that she possessed at the king's disposal, he said to her, "If this be so, then I give you, excellent daughter, to another, to the hero Sattvaśíla, who is my friend and relation." When the king, who seemed to be the favour of the goddess Durgá in bodily form, said this, the maiden, who understood excellence when she saw it, acquiesced submissively. When Sattvaśíla had attained the wish of his heart by marrying that Asura maiden, and had had the sovereignty of those cities bestowed on him, the king said to him, "Now I have repaid you for one of those *ámalakas* which I ate, but I am still indebted to you for the second, for which I have never recompensed you." When the king had said this to Sattvaśíla, who bowed before him, he said to that Daitya maiden, "Now shew me the way to my own city." Then the Daitya maiden gave him a sword named "Invincible," and a fruit to eat, which was a remedy against old age and death, and with these he plunged into the tank which she pointed out, and the next thing that happened to him was, that he rose up in his own land with all his wishes gratified. And Sattvaśíla ruled as king over the cities of the Daitya princess.

"Now tell me: which of those two shewed most courage in plunging into the water?" When the Vetála put this question to the king, the latter, fearing to be cursed, thus answered him; "I consider Sattvaśíla the braver man of the two, for he plunged into the sea without knowing the real state of the case, and without any hope, but the king knew what the circumstances were when he plunged in, and had something to look forward to, and he did not fall in

love with the Asura princess, because he thought no longing would win her." When the Vetála received this answer from the king, who thereby broke silence, he left his shoulder, as before, and fled to his place on the *aśoka*-tree. And the king, as before, followed him quickly to bring him back again; for the wise never flag in an enterprise which they have begun, until it is finished.

1

The word translated "ragged garment" is *karpaṭa*. The word translated "dependent" is *kárpaṭika*. Cp. the story in the 53rd Chapter.

2

Hṛidayáni should of course be *hṛidyáni*, as in the Sanskrit College MS.

3

Cp. the palace of Morgan la Fay in the Orlando Innamorato, canto 36, (Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 168, Liebrecht's translation, p. 76); also the continuation of the romance of Huon de Bourdeaux, (Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 262, Liebrecht's translation, p. 128); and the romance of Ogier le Danois, (Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 286, Liebrecht's translation, p. 141); cp. also the 6th Fable in the IInd book of the Hitopadeśa, (Johnson's translation, p. 57). Stories in which human beings marry dwellers in the water are common enough in Europe, see Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 116, and *ff*, Veckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, p. 192, and La Motto Fouqué's story of Undine. The present story resembles in many points "Der rothe Hund" in Gaal's Märchen der Magyaren. There is a similar castle in the sea in Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 125. Cp. Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 53, where king Wilkinus marries a Meerweib, and the following extract from a letter of Mr. David Fitzgerald's in the Academy.

"The Siren's tale—like many other episodes of the Iliad and the Odyssey—reappears in various forms, one of the most curious of which is perhaps to be found in Ireland. I borrow it from O'Curry; and I omit the depreciatory criticism with which it is now the fashion to season extracts from that scholar's useful works. Ruad, son of Rigdonn, a king's son, crossing over to North-land with three ships and thirty men in each found his vessel held fast in mid-sea. [Compare the tale of Vidúshaka in Vol. I.] At last he leaped over the side to see what was holding it, and sinking down through the waters, alighted in a meadow where were nine beautiful women. These gave him nine boatloads of gold as the price of his embraces, and by their power held the three vessels immoveable on the water above for

nine days. Promising to visit them on his return, the young Irish prince got away from the Sirens and their beds of red bronze, and continued his course to Lochlann, where he stayed with his follow-pupil, son to the king of that country, for seven years. Coming back, the vessels put about to avoid the submerged isle, and had nearly gained the Irish shore, when they heard behind them the song of lamentation of the nine sea-women, who were in vain pursuit of them in a boat of bronze. One of these murdered before Ruad's eyes the child she had borne him, and flung it head foremost after him. O'Curry left a version of this tale from the Book of Ballymote. I have borrowed a detail or two given in the *Tochmarc Emere* (fol. 21b)—*e. g.*, the important Homeric feature of the watery *meadow* (machaire). The story given by Gervase of Tilbury (ed. Liebrecht, pp. 30, 31), of the porpoise-men in the Mediterranean and the young sailor; the Shetland seal-legend in Grimm's edition of Croker's tales (Irische Elfen-Märchen, Leipzig, 1826, pp. xlvii *et seqq.*); and the story found in Vincentius Bellovacensis and elsewhere, of the mermaid giantess and her purple cloak, may be named as belonging or related to the same cycle. These legends are represented in living Irish traditions and the purple cloak just referred to appears, much disguised, in the story of Liban in the book of the Dun." Coraes in his notes on the Æthiopica of Heliodorus, p. 225, has the following quotation from the life of Apollonius of Tyana written by Philostratus, IV, 25, referring to Menippus who married a female of the Rákshasí type and was saved from his fate by Apollonius.

"Ἡ χρηστὴ νύμφη μία τῶν Ἐμπουσῶν ἐστιν ἃς Λαμιάς τε καὶ Μορμολυκίας οἱ πολλοὶ ἡγοῦνται ..... σαρκῶν δὲ, καὶ μάλιστα ἀνθρωπείων, ἐρῶσι, καὶ παλλεύουσι (ἴσ. σφαλλουσι) τοῖς ἀφροδισίοις, οὓς ἂν ἐθέλωσι δαίσασθαι."

4

Cp. the 26th Taranga of this work, and the parallels referred to there. See also the Losakajátaka, the 41st in Fausböll's edition. Oesterley refers us to Benfey's Panchatantra, 151 and following pages. See Waldau, Böhmische Märchen, p. 410.

5

More literally "through my merits in a former state of existence."

6

Cp. Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book III, canto 6. stanza 42.

There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one tyme.

Cp. also Odyssey VII 117, Milton, P. L., IV. 148.

Chapter LXXXII.

(Vetála 8.)

Then king Trivikramasena returned to the *aśoka*-tree, and again caught the Vetála, and put him on his shoulder, and set out with him. And as he was going along, the Vetála again said to him from his shoulder, “King, in order that you may forget your toil, listen to this question of mine.”

Story of the three fastidious men.

There is a great tract of land assigned to Bráhmans in the country of Anga, called Vṛikshaghaṭa. In it there lived a rich sacrificing Bráhman named Vishṇusvámin. And he had a wife equal to himself in birth. And by her he had three sons born to him, who were distinguished for preternatural acuteness. In course of time they grew up to be young men. One day, when he had begun a sacrifice, he sent those three brothers to the sea to fetch a turtle. So off they went, and when they had found a turtle, the eldest said to his two brothers,—“Let one of you take the turtle for our father’s sacrifice, I cannot take it, as it is all slippery with slime.” When the eldest brother said this, the two younger ones answered him, “If you hesitate about taking it, why should not we?” When the eldest heard that, he said, “You two must take the turtle; if you do not, you will have obstructed our father’s sacrifice; and then you and he will certainly sink down to hell.” When he told the younger brothers this, they laughed, and said to him, “If you see our duty so clearly, why do you not see that your own is the same?” Then the eldest said, “What, do you not know how fastidious I am? I am very fastidious about eating, and I cannot be expected to touch what is repulsive.” The middle brother, when he heard this speech of his, said to his brother, —“Then I am a more fastidious person than you, for I am a most fastidious connoisseur of the fair sex.” When the middle one said this, the eldest went

on to say, “Then let the younger of you two take the turtle!” Then the youngest brother frowned, and in his turn said to the two elder, “You fools, I am very fastidious about beds, so I am the most fastidious of the lot.”

So the three brothers fell to quarrelling with one another, and being completely under the dominion of conceit, they left that turtle and went off immediately to the court of the king of that country, whose name was Prasenajit, and who lived in a city named Viṭankapura, in order to have the dispute decided. There they had themselves announced by the warder, and went in, and gave the king a circumstantial account of their case. The king said, “Wait here, and I will put you all in turn to the proof:” so they agreed and remained there. And at the time that the king took his meal, he had them conducted to a seat of honour, and given delicious food fit for a king, possessing all the six flavours. And while all were feasting around him, the Bráhman, who was fastidious about eating, alone of all the company did not eat, but sat there with his face puckered up with disgust. The king himself asked the Bráhman why he did not eat his food, though it was sweet and fragrant, and he slowly answered him, “I perceive in this cooked rice an evil smell of the reek from corpses, so I cannot bring myself to eat it, however delicious it may be.” When he said this before the assembled multitude, they all smelled it by the king’s orders, and said, “This food is prepared from white rice and is good and fragrant.” But the Bráhman, who was so fastidious about eating, would not touch it, but stopped his nose. Then the king reflected, and proceeded to enquire into the matter, and found out from his officers[1], that the food had been made from rice which had been grown in a field near the burning-*ghát* of a certain village. Then the king was much astonished, and being pleased, he said to him, “In truth you are very particular as to what you eat; so eat of some other dish.”

And after they had finished their dinner, the king dismissed the Bráhmans to their apartments, and sent for the loveliest lady of his court. And in the evening he sent that fair one, all whose limbs were of faultless beauty, splendidly adorned, to the second Bráhman, who was so squeamish about the fair sex. And that matchless kindler of Cupid’s flame, with a face like the full moon of midnight, went, escorted by the king’s servants, to the chamber of the Bráhman. But when she entered, lighting up the chamber

with her brightness, that gentleman, who was so fastidious about the fair sex, felt quite faint, and stopping his nose with his left hand, said to the king's servants, "Take her away; if you do not, I am a dead man, a smell comes from her like that of a goat." When the king's servants heard this, they took the bewildered fair one to their sovereign, and told him what had taken place. And the king immediately had the squeamish gentleman sent for, and said to him, "How can this lovely woman, who has perfumed herself with sandal-wood, camphor, black aloes, and other splendid scents, so that she diffuses exquisite fragrance through the whole world, smell like a goat?" But though the king used this argument with the squeamish gentleman, he stuck to his point; and then the king began to have his doubts on the subject, and at last by artfully framed questions he elicited from the lady herself, that, having been separated in her childhood from her mother and nurse, she had been brought up on goat's milk.

Then the king was much astonished, and praised highly the discernment of the man who was fastidious about the fair sex, and immediately had given to the third Bráhman who was fastidious about beds, in accordance with his taste, a bed composed of seven mattresses placed upon a bedstead. White smooth sheets and coverlets were laid upon the bed, and the fastidious man slept on it in a splendid room. But, before half a watch of the night had passed, he rose up from that bed, with his hand pressed to his side, screaming in an agony of pain. And the king's officers, who were there, saw a red crooked mark on his side, as if a hair had been pressed deep into it. And they went and told the king, and the king said to them, "Look and see if there is not something under the mattresses." So they went and examined the bottom of the mattresses one by one, and they found a hair in the middle of the bedstead underneath them all. And they took it and shewed it to the king, and they also brought the man who was fastidious about beds, and when the king saw the state of his body, he was astonished. And he spent the whole night in wondering how a hair could have made so deep an impression on his skin through seven mattresses.

And the next morning the king gave three hundred thousand gold pieces to those three fastidious men, because they were persons of wonderful discernment and refinement. And they remained in great comfort in the

king's court, forgetting all about the turtle, and little did they reck of the fact that they had incurred sin by obstructing their father's sacrifice.

When the Vetála, seated on the shoulder of the king, had told him this wonderful tale, he again asked him a question in the following words, "King, remember the curse I previously denounced, and tell me which was the most fastidious of these three, who were respectively fastidious about eating, the fair sex, and beds?" When the wise king heard this, he gave the Vetála the following answer, "I consider the man who was fastidious about beds, in whose case imposition was out of the question, the most fastidious of the three, for the mark produced by the hair was seen conspicuously manifest on his body, whereas the other two may have previously acquired their information from some one else." When the king said this, the Vetála left his shoulder, as before, and the king again went in quest of him, as before, without being at all depressed.

Note.

The above story resembles No. 2, in the Cento Novelle Antiche, and one in the Addition to the Arabian tales published by Mr. Scott. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, Vol. I, p. 415; Liebrecht's translation, p. 212 and note 282.) See also Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 203. In the Cento Novelle Antiche a prisoner informs the king of Greece, that a horse has been suckled by a she-ass, that a jewel contains a worm, and that the king himself is the son of a baker.

The incident of the mattress reminds one of the test applied by the queen to her son's wife in "The Palace that stood on Golden Pillars," (Thorpe's Yuletide Stories, p. 64). In order to find out whether her daughter-in-law is of high birth, she puts first a bean, then peas, under her pillow. The prince's wife, who is really the daughter of a peasant, is apprised of the stratagem by her cat, which resembles Whittington's. Rohde in his Griechische

Novellistik, p. 62, compares a story told by Aelian about the Sybarite Smindyrides, who slept on a bed of rose-leaves and got up in the morning covered with blisters. He also quotes from the Chronicle of Tabari a story of a princess who was made to bleed by a rose-leaf lying in her bed. Oesterley refers us to Babington's Vetála Cadai, p. 33, and the Chevalier de Mailly's version of the three Princes of Serendip. The three are sitting at table, and eating a leg of lamb, sent with some splendid wine from the table of the Emperor Behram. The eldest maintains that the wine was made of grapes that grew in a cemetery, the second that the lamb was brought up on dog's milk, the third says that the emperor had put to death the *vazir's* son, and the latter was bent on vengeance. All three statements turn out to be well-grounded. There are parallel stories in the 1001 Nights (Breslau). In Night 458 it is similarly conjectured that the bread was baked by a sick woman, that the kid was suckled by a bitch, and that the Sultan is illegitimate. In Night 459 a gem-cutter guesses that a jewel has an internal flaw, a man skilled in the pedigrees of horses divines that a horse is the offspring of a female buffalo, and a man skilled in human pedigrees that the mother of the favourite queen was a rope-dancer. Cp. also the decisions of Hamlet in Saxo Grammaticus, 1839, p. 138, in Simrock's Quellen des Shakespeare, 1, 81–85; 5, 170; he lays down that some bread tastes of blood, (the corn was grown on a battle-field), that some liquor tastes of iron, (the malt was mixed with water taken from a well, in which some rusty swords had lain), that some bacon tastes of corpses, (the pig had eaten a corpse), lastly that the king is a servant and his wife a serving-maid. Oesterley refers also to the beginning of Donatus' life of Virgil, and to Heraclius Von Otte, also to the parallels quoted above from Liebrecht. The brother, who was so fastidious about beds, may be compared with a princess in Andersen's Tale of "The Princess on a pea," Gesammelte Märchen, Part III, 8, 62, (Leipzig, 1847). This is identical with a tale found in Cavallius' Schwedische Volkssagen und Märchen, German version, Vienna, 1848, p. 222, which resembles No. 182 in the older editions of Grimm's Kindermärchen. (Andersen's story is clearly the same as Thorpe's referred to above.) Nearly akin is Diocletian's test in the Seven Wise Masters. His masters put an ash-leaf under the bed; and he remarks, "Either the floor has risen, or the roof sunk." (Oesterley, p. 215.) In the version in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, p. 122, it is an ivy-leaf. See also Ellis's Metrical Romances, p. 412.

[1

Niyogajanitas is a misprint for *niyogijanatas*, as is evident from the Sanskrit College MS.]

Chapter LXXXIII.

(Vetála 9.)

So king Trivikramasena again went to the *aśoka*-tree, and taking the Vetála down from it, placed him on his shoulder, and set out. Then the Vetála said to him; “King, this wandering about in a cemetery at night is inconsistent with your kingly rank. Do you not see that this place of the dead[1] is full of ghosts, and terrible at night, and full of darkness as of the smoke of funeral pyres. Alas! what tenacity you display in this undertaking you have engaged in, to please that mendicant! So listen to this question from me which will render your journey more agreeable.”

Story of Anangarati and her four suitors.

There is in Avanti a city built by gods at the beginning of the world, which is limitless as the body of Śiva, and renowned for enjoyment and prosperity, even as his body is adorned with the snake’s hood and ashes.[2] It was called Padmávatí in the Kṛita Yuga, Bhogavatí in the Tretá Yuga, Hiraṇyavatí in the Dvápara Yuga, and Ujjayiní in the Kali Yuga. And in it there lived an excellent king, named Víradeva, and he had a queen named Padmarati. The king went with her to the bank of the Mandákiní, and propitiated Śiva with austerities, in order to obtain a son. And after he had remained a long time engaged in austerities, he performed the ceremonies of bathing and praying, and then he heard this voice from heaven, uttered by Śiva, who was pleased with him, “King, there shall be born to thee a brave son to be the head of thy family, and a daughter, who with her matchless beauty shall put to shame the nymphs of heaven.” When king Víradeva had heard this voice from heaven, he returned to his city with his consort, having gained all he desired.

There he first had a son born to him named Śúradeva, and after a time queen Padmarati gave birth to a daughter. And her father gave her the name of Anangarati, on the ground that she was beautiful enough to inspire love in the breast of Cupid. And, when she grew up, in his desire to procure for her a suitable husband, he had brought the portraits of all the kings of the earth, painted on canvas. And as no one of them seemed a match for her, he said to his daughter, in his tenderness for her; "I cannot find a suitable match for you, my daughter, so summon all the kings of the earth, and select your own husband." When the princess heard that, she said to her father, "My father, I am too modest to select my own husband, but I must be given in marriage to a good-looking young man, who is a perfect master of one art; I do not want any other better man."

When the king heard this speech of his daughter Anangarati, he proceeded to search for a young man, such as she had described, and while he was thus engaged, there came to him from the Dekkan four magnificent men, brave and skilful, who had heard from the people what was going on. Those four suitors for the hand of the princess were received with respect by the king, and one after another they told to him in her presence their respective acquirements.

The first said; "I am a Śúdra, Panchaphuṭṭika by name; I make every day five splendid pairs of garments: The first of them I give to my god, and the second to a Bráhman, the third I retain for my own wearing,[3] the fourth I should give to my wife, if this maid here were to become my wife, the fifth I sell, and procure myself meat and drink: as I possess this art, let Anangarati be given to me."

When he had said this, the second man said, "I am a Vaiśya, Bháshájna by name, I know the speech of all beasts and birds;[4] so let the princess be given to me."

When the second had said this, the third said, "I am a Kshatriya king, by name Khaḍgadhara, renowned for might of arm: my equal in the art of swordsmanship does not exist upon the earth, so bestow this maiden on me, O king."

When the third had said this, the fourth said, “I am a Bráhman, named Jívadatta, and I possess the following art; I can restore to life dead creatures, and exhibit them alive;[5] so let this maiden obtain for a husband me, who am renowned for daring exploits.”

When they had thus spoken, the king Víradeva, with his daughter by his side, seeing that they were like gods in shape and dress, remained lost in doubt.

When the Vetála had told this story, he said to king Trivikramasena, menacing him with the before-mentioned curse, “So tell me, king, to which of these four ought the maiden Anangarati to be given?”

When the king heard this, he gave the Vetála the following answer; “You are thus repeatedly making me break silence simply in order to waste time; otherwise, master of magic, how could you possibly ask such an absurd question? How can a woman of Kshatriya caste be given to a Śúdra weaver? Moreover, how can a Kshatriya woman be given to a Vaiśya? And as to the power of understanding the language of beasts and birds, which he possesses, what is the practical use of it? And as for the third, the Bráhman, who fancies himself such a hero, of what worth is he, as he is a sorcerer, and degraded by abandoning the duties of his caste? Accordingly the maiden should be given to the fourth suitor, the Kshatriya Khaḍgadhara, who is of the same caste and distinguished for his skill and valour.”

When the Vetála heard this, he left the king’s shoulder, as before, and quickly returned by the power of his magic to his own place, and the king again pursued him, as before, to recover him, for despondency never penetrates into a hero’s heart, that is cased in armour of fortitude.

Note.

This story is found on page 498 and *ff* of Vol. I. It bears a close resemblance to Tale 5, and many of the parallels there quoted are applicable to it. In the 47th tale of the Pentamerone of Basile, the sons boast of their accomplishments in a very similar manner.

1

Literally “grove of ancestors,” *i. e.*, cemetery.

2

Here we have one of the puns in which our author delights.

3

More literally, “for my own two garments.” A Hindu wears two pieces of cloth.

4

See note on Vol. I. p. 499, Liebrecht’s translation of the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. II, p. 215, Herrtage’s edition of the English Gesta Romanorum, p. 55, the Greek fable of Teiresias, Waldau, Böhmische Märchen, p. 1. Cp. also Hagen’s Helden-Sagen, Vol. II, p. 24. We are told that Melampus buried the parents of a brood of snakes, and they rewarded him by licking his ears so that he understood the language of birds. (Preller, Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 474.)

5

This idea is common enough in this work, and I have already traced it in other lands. I wish now to refer to Rohde, der Griechische Roman, p. 126, note. It will be found specially illustrative of a passage in Vol. II, p. 144 of this work. Cp. also the Volsunga-Saga, in Hagen’s Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, p. 33, and Murray’s Ancient Mythology, p. 43. So Hanumán, in the Rámáyaṇa, brings medicinal herbs from the Himálaya.

Chapter LXXXIV.

(Vetála 10.)

Then Trivikramasena went and took the Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree, and put him on his shoulder once more, and set out; and as he was going along, the Vetála said from the top of his shoulder, "You are weary, king, so listen to this tale that is capable of dispelling weariness."

Story of Madanasená and her rash promise.

There was an excellent king of the name of Vírabáhu, who imposed his orders on the heads of all kings: he had a splendid city named Anangapura, and in it there lived a rich merchant, named Arthadatta; that merchant prince had for elder child a son named Dhanadatta, and his younger child was a pearl of maidens, named Madanasená.

One day, as she was playing with her companions in her own garden, a young merchant, named Dharmadatta, a friend of her brother's, saw her. When he saw that maiden, who with the full streams of her beauty, her breasts like pitchers half-revealed, and three wrinkles like waves, resembled a lake for the elephant of youth to plunge in in sport, he was at once robbed of his senses by the arrows of love, that fell upon him in showers. He thought to himself, "Alas, this maiden, illuminated with this excessive beauty, has been framed by Mára, as a keen arrow to cleave asunder my heart." While, engaged in such reflections, he watched her long, the day passed away for him, as if he were a *chakraváka*. Then Madanasená entered her house, and grief at no longer beholding her entered the breast of Dharmadatta. And the sun sank red into the western main, as if inflamed with the fire of grief at seeing her no more. And the moon, that was

surpassed by the lotus of her countenance, knowing that that fair-faced one had gone in for the night, slowly mounted upward.

In the meanwhile Dharmadatta went home, and thinking upon that fair one, he remained tossing to and fro on his bed, smitten by the rays of the moon. And though his friends and relations eagerly questioned him, he gave them no answer, being bewildered by the demon of love. And in the course of the night he at length fell asleep, though with difficulty, and still he seemed to behold and court that loved one in a dream; to such lengths did his longing carry him. And in the morning he woke up, and went and saw her once more in that very garden, alone and in privacy, waiting for her attendant. So he went up to her, longing to embrace her, and falling at her feet, he tried to coax her with words tender from affection. But she said to him with great earnestness, “I am a maiden, betrothed to another, I cannot now be yours, for my father has bestowed me on the merchant Samudradatta, and I am to be married in a few days. So depart quietly, let not any one see you; it might cause mischief.” But Dharmadatta said to her, “Happen what may, I cannot live without you.” When the merchant’s daughter heard this, she was afraid that he would use force to her, so she said to him, “Let my marriage first be celebrated here, let my father reap the long-desired fruit of bestowing a daughter in marriage; then I will certainly visit you, for your love has gained my heart.” When he heard this, he said, “I love not a woman that has been embraced by another man; does the bee delight in a lotus on which another bee has settled?” When he said this to her, she replied, “Then I will visit you as soon as I am married, and afterwards I will go to my husband.” But though she made this promise, he would not let her go without further assurance, so the merchant’s daughter confirmed the truth of her promise with an oath. Then he let her go, and she entered her house in low spirits.

And when the lucky day had arrived, and the auspicious ceremony of marriage had taken place, she went to her husband’s house and spent that day in merriment, and then retired with him. But she repelled her husband’s caresses with indifference, and when he began to coax her, she burst into tears. He thought to himself, “Of a truth she cares not for me,” and said to her, “Fair one, if you do not love me, I do not want you; go to your darling, whoever he may be.” When she heard this, she said slowly, with downcast

face, “I love you more than my life, but hear what I have to say. Rise up cheerfully, and promise me immunity from punishment; take an oath to that effect, my husband, in order that I may tell you.”

When she said this, her husband reluctantly consented, and then she went on to say with shame, despondency, and fear; “A young man of the name of Dharmadatta, a friend of my brother’s, saw me once alone in our garden, and smitten with love he detained me; and when he was preparing to use force, I being anxious to secure for my father the merit of giving a daughter in marriage, and to avoid all scandal, made this agreement with him; ‘When I am married, I will pay you a visit, before I go to my husband;’ so I must now keep my word, permit me, my husband; I will pay him a visit first, and then return to you, for I cannot transgress the law of truth which I have observed from my childhood.” When Samudradatta had been thus suddenly smitten by this speech of hers, as by a down-lighting thunderbolt, being bound by the necessity of keeping his word, he reflected for a moment as follows; “Alas! she is in love with another man, she must certainly go; why should I make her break her word? Let her depart! Why should I be so eager to have her for a wife?” After he had gone through this train of thought, he gave her leave to go where she would; and she rose up, and left her husband’s house.

In the meanwhile the cold-rayed moon ascended the great eastern mountain, as it were the roof of a palace, and the nymph of the eastern quarter smiled, touched by his finger. Then, though the darkness was still embracing his beloved herbs in the mountain caves and the bees were settling on another cluster of *kumudas*, a certain thief saw Madanasená, as she was going along alone at night, and rushing upon her, seized her by the hem of her garment. He said to her, “Who are you, and where are you going?” When he said this, she, being afraid, said, “What does that matter to you? Let me go; I have business here.” Then the thief said, “How can I, who am a thief, let you go?” Hearing that, she replied, “Take my ornaments.” The thief answered her, “What do I care for those gems, fair one? I will not surrender you, the ornament of the world, with your face like the moonstone, your hair black like jet, your waist like a diamond,[1] your limbs like gold, fascinating beholders with your ruby-coloured feet.”

When the thief said this, the helpless merchant's daughter told him her story, and entreated him as follows, "Excuse me for a moment, that I may keep my word, and as soon as I have done that, I will quickly return to you, if you remain here. Believe me, my good man, I will never break this true promise of mine." When the thief heard that, he let her go, believing that she was a woman who would keep her word, and he remained in that very spot, waiting for her return.

She, for her part, went to that merchant Dharmadatta. And when he saw that she had come to that wood, he asked her how it happened, and then, though he had longed for her, he said to her, after reflecting a moment, "I am delighted at your faithfulness to your promise; what have I to do with you, the wife of another? So go back, as you came, before any one sees you." When he thus let her go, she said, "So be it," and leaving that place, she went to the thief, who was waiting for her in the road. He said to her, "Tell me what befell you when you arrived at the trysting-place." So she told him how the merchant let her go. Then the thief said, "Since this is so, then I also will let you go, being pleased with your truthfulness: return home with your ornaments!"

So he too let her go, and went with her to guard her, and she returned to the house of her husband, delighted at having preserved her honour. There the chaste woman entered secretly, and went delighted to her husband; and he, when he saw her, questioned her; so she told him the whole story. And Samudratta, perceiving that his good wife had kept her word without losing her honour, assumed a bright and cheerful expression, and welcomed her as a pure-minded woman, who had not disgraced her family, and lived happily with her ever afterwards.

When the Vetála had told this story in the cemetery to king Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him; "So tell me, king, which was the really generous man of those three, the two merchants and the thief? And if you know and do not tell, your head shall split into a hundred pieces."

When the Vetála said this, the king broke silence, and said to him, "Of those three the thief was the only really generous man, and not either of the two

merchants. For of course her husband let her go, though she was so lovely and he had married her; how could a gentleman desire to keep a wife that was attached to another? And the other resigned her because his passion was dulled by time, and he was afraid that her husband, knowing the facts, would tell the king the next day. But the thief, a reckless evildoer, working in the dark, was really generous, to let go a lovely woman, ornaments and all."

When the Vetála heard that, he left the shoulder of the king, and returned to his own place, as before, and the king, with his great perseverance no whit dashed, again set out, as before, to bring him.

Note.

This story is the same as the 19th of Campbell's West Highland Tales, The Inheritance, Vol. II, pp. 16–18. Dr. Köhler, (Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 317), compares the Story in the 1,001 Nights of Sultan Akschid and his three sons. He tells us that it is also found in the Turkish Tales, called The Forty Vazírs, in the Turkish Tútínámah, and in Johann Andreæ's Chymische Hochzeit Christiani Rosencreutz. The form of it best known to the general reader is probably the 5th story in the Xth day of Boccacio's Decameron. The tale is no doubt originally Buddhistic, and the king's cynical remarks a later addition. Dunlop considers that Boccacio's story gave rise to Chaucer's Frankeleyne's Tale, the 12th Canto of the Orlando Inamorato, and Beaumont and Fletcher's Triumph of Honour.

1

The word *vajra* also means thunderbolt.

Chapter LXXXV.

(Vetála 11.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went and took that Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree and put him on his shoulder, and set out with him; and as he was going along, the Vetála on his shoulder said to him; “Listen, king; I will tell you an interesting story.”

Story of king Dharmadhvaja and his three very sensitive wives.

There lived of old in Ujjayiní a king of the name of Dharmadhvaja, he had three wives, who were all daughters of kings, and whom he held very dear. The first of them was called Indulekhá, the second Tárávalí, and the third Mṛigánkavatí; and they were all possessed of extraordinary personal charms. And the successful king, who had conquered all his enemies, lived happily, amusing himself with all those three queens.

Once on a time, when the festival of the spring-season had arrived, he went with all those three wives to the garden to amuse himself. There he beheld the creepers weighed down with flowers, looking like Cupid’s bows, with rows of bees for strings, strung for him by the Spring. And the king, who resembled the mighty Indra, hearing the notes which the cuckoos uttered on the sprays of the garden-trees, like the edict of Love, the god of enjoyment, betook himself with his wives to wine, which is the very life of that intoxication, by which Cupid lives. And he joyed in drinking the liquor first tasted by them, perfumed with their sighs, red as their *bimba* lips.

Then, as Indulekhá was playfully pulling the hair of the king, a blue lotus leaped from her ear, and fell on her lap. Immediately a wound was produced

on the front of her thigh by the blow, and the delicate princess exclaimed "Oh! Oh!" and fainted. When the king and the attendants saw that, they were distracted with grief, but they gradually brought her round with cold water and fanning. Then the king took her to the palace, and had a bandage applied to the wound, and treated her with preparations made by the physicians.

And at night, seeing that she was going on well, the king retired with the second, Tárávalí, to an apartment on the roof of the palace exposed to the rays of the moon. There the rays of the moon, entering through the lattice, fell on the body of the queen, who was sleeping by the king's side, where it was exposed by her garment blowing aside. Immediately she woke up, exclaiming, "Alas! I am burnt," and rose up from the bed rubbing her limbs. The king woke up in a state of alarm, crying out, "What is the meaning of this?" Then he got up and saw that blisters had been produced on the queen's body. And the queen Tárávalí said to him when he questioned her, "The moon's rays falling on my exposed body have done this to me." When she said this and burst into tears, the king, being distressed, summoned her attendants, who ran there in trepidation and alarm. And he had made for her a bed of lotus-leaves, sprinkled with water, and sandal-wood lotion applied to her body.

In the meanwhile his third wife Mṛigánkavatí heard of it, and left her palace to come to him. And when she had got into the open air, she heard distinctly, as the night was still, the sound of a pestle pounding rice in a distant house. The moment the gazelle-eyed one heard it, she said, "Alas I am killed," and she sat down on the path, shaking her hands in an agony of pain. Then the girl turned back, and was conducted by her attendants to her own chamber, where she fell on the bed, and groaned. And when her weeping attendants examined her, they saw that her hands were covered with bruises, and looked like lotuses upon which black bees had settled. So they went and told the king. The king Dharmadhvaja arrived in a state of consternation, and asked his beloved what it all meant. Then the tortured queen showed him her hands, and said to him, "As soon as I heard the sound of the pestle, these became covered with bruises." Then the king,

filled with surprise and despondency, had sandal-wood unguent and other remedies applied to her hands, in order to allay the pain.

He reflected, “One of my queens has been wounded by the fall of a lotus, the second has had her body burned even by the rays of the moon, and alas! the third has got such terrible bruises produced on her hands by the mere sound of a pestle. By a dispensation of fate the excessive delicacy, which is the distinguishing excellence of my queens, has now become in them all, at one and the same time, a defect.” Engaged in such reflections the king wandered round the women’s apartments, and the night of three watches passed for him as tediously as if it had consisted of a hundred watches. But the next morning, the physician and surgeons took measures, which caused him soon to be comforted by the recovery of his wives.

When the Vetála had told this very wonderful story, he put this question to king Trivikramasena from his seat on his shoulder: “Tell me, king, which was the most delicate of those queens; and the curse I before mentioned will take effect, if you know and do not say.”

When the king heard that, he answered, “The most delicate of all was the lady upon whose hand bruises were produced by merely hearing the sound of the pestle, without touching it. But the other two were no match for her, because the wound of the one and the blisters of the other were produced by contact with the lotus and the rays of the moon respectively.”

When the king had said this, the Vetála again left his shoulder, and returned to his own place, and the persevering king again set out to fetch him.

Note.

Rohde in his Griechische Novellistik, p. 62, compares with this a story told by Timæus of a Sybarite, who saw a husbandman hoeing a field, and contracted a rupture from it. Another Sybarite, to whom he told his piteous

tale, got ear-ache from hearing it. Oesterley in his German translation of the Baitál Pachísí, p. 199, refers us to Lancereau, No. 5, pp. 396–399, and Babington's Vetála Cadai, No. 11, p. 58. He points out that Grimm, in his Kindermärchen, 3, p. 238, quotes a similar incident from the travels of the three sons of Giaffar. Out of four princesses, one faints because a rose-twig is thrown into her face among some roses, a second shuts her eyes in order not to see the statue of a man, a third says "Go away, the hairs in your fur-cloak run into me," and the fourth covers her face, fearing that some of the fish in a tank may belong to the male sex. He also quotes a striking parallel from the Élite des contes du Sieur d'Ouville. Four ladies dispute as to which of them is the most delicate. One has been lame for three months owing to a rose-leaf having fallen on her foot, another has had three ribs broken by a sheet in her bed having been crumpled, a third has held her head on one side for six weeks owing to one half of her head having three or four more hairs on it than the other, a fourth has broken a blood-vessel by a slight movement, and the rupture cannot be healed without breaking the whole limb.

Chapter LXXXVI.

(Vetála 12)

Then king Trivikramasena again went to the *aśoka*-tree, and recovered the Vetála, and placed him on his shoulder, and set out with him again silently, as before. Then the Vetála again said to him from his seat on his shoulder; "King, I love you much because you are so indomitable, so listen, I will tell you this delightful story to amuse you."

Story of king Yaśaḥketu, his Vidyádharí wife, and his faithful minister.

In the land of Anga there was a young king named Yaśaḥketu, like a second and unburnt god of love come to earth to conceal his body.[1] He conquered by his great valour all his enemies; and as Indra has Vṛihaspati for a minister, he had Dírghadarśin. Now, in course of time, this king, infatuated with his youth and beauty, entrusted to that minister his realm, from which all enemies had been eradicated, and became devoted to pleasure only. He remained continually in the harem instead of the judgment-hall; he listened to delightful songs in the womens' apartments, instead of hearkening to the voice of his well-wishers; in his thoughtlessness, he was devoted to latticed windows and not to the affairs of his kingdom, though the latter also were full of holes.

But the great minister Dírghadarśin continued unweariedly upholding the burden of his kingdom's cares, day and night. And a general rumour spread to the following effect, "Dírghadarśin has plunged in dissipation the sovereign, who is satisfied with the mere name of king, and so he manages now to enjoy himself all his master's power." Then the minister Dírghadarśin said of himself to his wife Medhávatí, "My dear, as the king is

addicted to pleasure, and I do his work, a calumny has been circulated among the people against me, to the effect that I have devoured the realm. And a general rumour, though false, injures even great men in this world; was not Ráma compelled by a slanderous report to abandon his wife Sítá? So what course must I adopt in this emergency?" When the minister said this, his firm-souled wife Medhávatí,[2] who was rightly named, said to him; "Take leave of the king on the pretext of a pilgrimage to holy bathing-places; it is expedient, great-minded Sir, that you should go to a foreign land for a certain time. So you will be seen to be free from ambition, and the calumny against you will die out; and while you are absent, the king will bear the burden of the kingdom himself, and then this vicious tendency of his will gradually diminish, and when you return, you will be able to discharge your office of minister without blame."

When Dírghadarśin's wife said this to him, he said, "I will do so," and he went and said to the king Yaśaḥketu in the course of conversation, "Give me leave to depart, king, I am going on a pilgrimage for some days, for my heart is set on that religious duty." When the king heard that, he said, "Do not do so! Cannot you, without going on pilgrimages, perform in your house noble religious duties, such as charity and so on, which will procure you heaven?" When the minister heard this, he said, "King, that purity which comes of wealth is sought by charity and so on, but holy bathing-places have an everlasting purity. And a wise man must visit them, while he is young; for otherwise how can he be sure of reaching them, as this body cannot be relied on?" While he was saying this, and the king was still trying to dissuade him, a warder entered, and said to the king, "King, the sun is plunging into the middle of the lake of heaven, so rise up, this is the hour appointed for you to bathe in, and it is rapidly passing away." When the king heard this, he immediately rose up to bathe, and the minister, whose heart was set on pilgrimage, bowed before him, and went home to his own house.

There he left his wife, whom he forbade to follow him, and managed cunningly to set out in secret, without even his servants suspecting his departure. And alone he wandered from country to country with resolute perseverance, and visited holy bathing-places, and at last he reached the

land of Pauṇḍra. In a certain city in that country not far from the sea, he entered a temple of Śiva, and sat down in a courtyard attached to it. There a merchant, named Nidhidatta, who had come to worship the god, saw him exhausted with the heat of the sun's rays, dusty with his long journey. The merchant, being a hospitable man, seeing that the traveller, who was in such a state, wore a Bráhmanical thread, and had auspicious marks, concluded that he was a distinguished Bráhman, and took him home to his own house. There he honoured him with a bath, food, and other refreshments in the most luxurious style, and when his fatigue was removed, he said to him, "Who are you, whence do you come, and where are you going?" And the Bráhman gave him this reserved answer; "I am a Bráhman of the name of Dírghadarśin; I have come here on pilgrimage from the land of Anga." Then the merchant prince Nidhidatta said to him, "I am about to go on a trading expedition to the Island of Gold; so you must live in my house, until I return; and then you will have recovered from the fatigue which you have incurred by roaming to holy places, and you can go home." When Dírghadarśin heard that, he said, "Why should I remain here? I will go with you, great merchant, if you like." The good man said, "So be it," and then the minister, who had long discarded the use of beds, spent that night in his house.

The next day he went with that merchant to the sea, and embarked on a ship laden with his merchandise. He travelled along in that ship, and beheld the awful and wonderful ocean, and in course of time reached the Isle of Gold. What had a man holding the office of prime minister to do with sea-voyages? But what will not men of honour do to prevent their fame from being sullied? So he remained some time in that island with that merchant Nidhidatta, who was engaged in buying and selling.

And as he was returning with him on the ship, he suddenly saw a wave rise up, and then a wishing-tree arise out of the sea; it was adorned with boughs glittering with gold, which were embellished with sprays of coral, and bore lovely fruits and flowers of jewels. And he beheld on its trunk a maiden, alluring on account of her wonderful beauty, reclining on a gem-bestudded couch. He reflected for a moment, "Dear me! What can this be?" And thereupon the maiden, who had a lyre in her hand, began to sing this song,

“Whatever seed of works any man has sown in a former life, of that he, without doubt, eats the fruit; for even fate cannot alter what has been done in a previous state of existence.” When the heavenly maiden had sung this song, she immediately plunged into that sea, with the wishing-tree, and the couch on which she was reclining. Then Dírghadarśin reflected, “I have to-day seen a wonderful sight; one would never have expected to find in the sea a tree, with a heavenly maiden singing on it, appearing and disappearing as soon as beheld. Or rather, this admirable treasure-house of the sea is ever the same; did not Lakshmí, and the moon, and the Párijáta tree, and other precious things come out of it?” But the steersman and the rest of the crew, perceiving that Dírghadarśin was astonished and puzzled, said to him, “This lovely woman always appears here in the same way, and sinks down again at once; but this sight is new to you.”

This is what they said to the minister, but he still continued in a state of wonder, and so he reached in course of time on the ship, with that Nidhidatta, the coast for which they were making. There the merchant disembarked his wares, gladdening the hearts of his servants, and the minister went in high spirits with him to his house, which was full of mirth at his arrival. And after he had remained there a short time, he said to Nidhidatta, “Merchant prince, I have long reposed comfortably in your house, now I wish to return to my own land; I wish you all happiness.” With these words he took leave of the merchant prince, who was sorely unwilling to let him go, and with his virtue for his only companion he set out thence, and having in course of time accomplished the long journey, he reached his own native land of Anga.

There the spies, who had been placed by king Yaśaḥketu to watch for his return, saw him coming, before he entered the city, and informed the king; and then the king, who had been much afflicted by his absence, went out from the city to meet him; and came up to him and welcomed him with an embrace. Then the king conducted into the palace his minister, who was emaciated and begrimed with his long journey, and said to him, “Why did you leave me, bringing your mind to this cruel heartless step, and your body into this squalid state from its being deprived of unguents?[3] But who knows the way of the mighty god Fate, in that you suddenly fixed your mind on

pilgrimage to holy waters and other sacred places? So tell me, what lands have you wandered through, and what novel sights have you seen?" Then Dírghadarśin described his journey to the Island of Gold, in all its stages, and so was led to tell the king of that maiden, the jewel of the three worlds, whom he had seen rise out of the sea, and sit on the wishing-tree singing. All this he narrated exactly as it took place.

The moment the king heard all this, he fell so deeply in love with her, that he considered his kingdom and life valueless without her. And taking his minister aside, he said to him, "I must certainly see that maiden, otherwise I cannot live. I will go by the way which you have described, after worshipping Fate. And you must not dissuade, and you must by no means follow me, for I will travel alone *incognito*, and in the meanwhile you must take care of my kingdom. Do not disobey my order, otherwise my death will lie at your door." Thus spake the king, and refused to hear his minister's answer, and then dismissed him to his own house to see his relations, who had long been wishing for his return. There, in the midst of great rejoicing Dírghadarśin remained despondent; how can good ministers be happy, when their lord's vices are incurable?

And the next night the king Yaśaḥketu set out, disguised as an ascetic, having entrusted his kingdom to the care of that minister. And on the way, as he was going along, he saw a hermit, named Kuśanábha, and he bowed before him. The hermit said to the king who was disguised as an ascetic, "Go on your way boldly; by going to sea in a ship with the merchant Lakshmídatta you shall obtain that maiden whom you desire." This speech delighted the king exceedingly, and bowing again before the hermit, he continued his journey; and after crossing many countries, rivers, and mountains, he reached the sea, which seemed to be full of eagerness to entertain him. Its eddies looked like eyes expanded to gaze at him, eyes of which waves were the curved brows, and which were white with shrill-sounding conchs for pupils. On the shore he met the merchant Lakshmídatta spoken of by the hermit, who was on the point of setting out for the Isle of Gold. The merchant prostrated himself before him, when he saw the signs of his royal birth, such as the discus-marked foot-print and so on; and the king embarked on the ship with him, and set out with him on the sea. And

when the ship had reached the middle of the ocean, that maiden arose from the water, seated on the trunk of the wishing-tree, and while the king was gazing at her, as a partridge at the moonlight, she sang a song which the accompaniment of her lyre made more charming; “Whatever seed of works any man has sown in a former life, of that he, without doubt, eats the fruit, for even Fate cannot alter what has been done in a previous state of existence. So a man is helplessly borne along to experience precisely that lot which Fate has appointed for him, in that place and in that manner which Fate has decreed; of this there can be no doubt.” When the king heard her singing this song, and thus setting forth the thing that must be, he was smitten with the arrow of love, and remained for some time motionless, gazing at her. Then he began, with bowed head, to praise the sea in the following words, “Hail, to thee, store-house of jewels, of unfathomable heart, since by concealing this lovely nymph thou hast cheated Vishṇu out of Lakshmí. So I throw myself on thy protection, thou who canst not be sounded even by gods, the refuge of mountains[4] that retain their wings; grant me to obtain my desire.” While he was uttering this, the maiden disappeared in the sea, with the tree, and when the king saw that, he flung himself into the sea after her, as if to cool the flames of love’s fire.

When the merchant Lakshmídatta saw that unexpected sight, the good man thought the king had perished, and was so afflicted that he was on the point of committing suicide, but he was consoled by the following utterance, that came from the heavens, “Do not act rashly; he is not in danger, though he has plunged into the sea; this king, Yaśaḥketu by name, has come, disguised as an ascetic, to obtain this very maiden, for she was his wife in a former state of existence, and as soon as he has won her, he shall return to his realm of Anga.” Then the merchant continued his intended voyage, to accomplish his purposes.

But when king Yaśaḥketu plunged into the sea, he suddenly beheld to his astonishment a splendid city. It gleamed with palaces that had bright pillars of precious stone, walls flashing with gold, and latticed windows of pearl. It was adorned with gardens in which were tanks with flights of steps composed of slabs of every kind of gem, and wishing-trees that granted every desire. He entered house after house in that city, which, though

opulent, was uninhabited, but he could not find his beloved anywhere. Then, as he was looking about, he beheld a lofty jewelled palace, and going up to it he opened the door and went in. And when he had entered it, he beheld a solitary human form stretched out upon a gem-bestudded couch, with its whole length covered with a shawl. Wondering whether it could be that very lady, he uncovered its face with eager expectation, and saw his lady-love. Her beautiful moon-like countenance smiled, when the black robe fell from it like darkness; and she seemed like a night, illumined with moonlight, gone to visit Pátála in the day. At sight of her the king was in a state of ecstasy, like that which a man, travelling through a desert in the season of heat, experiences on beholding a river. She, for her part, opened her eyes, and when she saw that hero of auspicious form and bodily marks thus suddenly arrived, sprang from her couch in a state of excitement. She welcomed him, and with downcast countenance, seemed to honour him by flinging on his feet the full-blown lotuses of her wide-expanded eyes; and then she slowly said to him, "Who are you, and why have you come to this inaccessible lower region? And why, though your body is marked with the signs of royalty, have you undertaken the vow of an ascetic? Condescend to tell me this, distinguished Sir, if I have found favour in your sight." When the king had heard this speech of hers, he gave her this answer; "Fair one, I am the king of Anga, by name Yaśaḥketu, and I heard from a friend on whom I can rely, that you were to be seen here every day in the sea. So I assumed this disguise, and abandoned my kingdom for your sake, and I have come here and followed you down through the sea. So tell me who you are." When he said this, she answered him with mixed feelings of shame, affection, and joy; "There is a fortunate king of the Vidyádharas named Mṛigánkasena; know that I am his daughter, Mṛigánkavatí by name. That father of mine, for some reason unknown to me, has left me alone in this city of his, and has gone somewhere or other with his subjects. So I, feeling melancholy in my solitary abode, rise up out of the sea on a moveable[5] wishing-tree, and sing of the decrees of Fate." When she had said this, the brave king, remembering the speech of the hermit, courted her so assiduously with speeches tender with love, that she was overpowered with affection, and promised to become his wife at once, but insisted on the following condition; "My husband, for four days in every month, the

fourteenth and eighth of the white and black fortnights, I am not my own mistress;[6] and whithersoever I may go on those days, you must not question me on the subject nor forbid me, for there is a reason for it."[7] When the heavenly maiden had stated in these words the only condition on which she would consent to marry the king, he agreed to it, and married her by the Gándharva form of marriage.

And one day, while the king was living happily with Mṛigánkavatí, she said to him, "You must stop here, while I go somewhere for a certain business, for to-day is the fourteenth day of the black fortnight of which I spoke to you. And while you are waiting here, my husband, you must not enter this crystal pavilion, lest you should fall into a lake there and go to the world of men." When she had said this, she took leave of him, and went out of that city, and the king took his sword and followed her secretly, determined to penetrate the mystery.

Then the king saw a terrible Rákshasa approaching, looking like Hades embodied in a human shape, with his cavernous mouth, black as night, opened wide. That Rákshasa uttered an appalling roar, and swooping down on Mṛigánkavatí, put her in his mouth and swallowed her. When the mighty king saw that, he was at once, so to speak, on fire with excessive anger, and rushing forward with his great sword, black as a snake that has cast its slough,[8] drawn from the sheath, he cut off with it the head of the charging Rákshasa, the lips of which were firmly pressed together. Then the burning fire of the king's anger was quenched by the stream of blood that poured forth from the trunk of the Rákshasa, but not the fire of his grief at the loss of his beloved. Then the king was blinded with the darkness of bewilderment, and at a loss what to do, when suddenly Mṛigánkavatí cleft asunder the body of that Rákshasa, which was dark as a cloud, and emerged alive and uninjured, illuminating all the horizon like a spotless moon. When the king saw his beloved thus delivered from danger, he rushed eagerly forward and embraced her, exclaiming, "Come! Come!" And he said to her, "My beloved, what does all this mean? Is it a dream or a delusion?" When the king asked the Vidyádharí this question, she remembered the truth, and said: "Listen, my husband! This is no delusion, nor is it a dream; but such was the curse imposed upon me by my father, a king of the Vidyádharas.

For my father, who formerly lived in this city, though he had many sons, was so fond of me, that he would never take food when I was not present. But I, being devoted to the worship of Śiva, used always to come to this uninhabited place on the fourteenth and eighth days of the two fortnights.

"And one fourteenth day I came here and worshipped Gaurí for a long time; and, as fate would have it, so ardent was my devotion that the day came to an end before my worship was finished. That day my father ate nothing and drank nothing, though he was hungry and thirsty, as he waited for me, but he was very angry with me. And when I returned in the evening with downcast countenance, conscious of my fault, his love for me was so completely overpowered by the force of Destiny, that he cursed me in the following words; 'As owing to your arrogance I was devoured to-day by hunger, so on the eighth and fourteenth days of the two fortnights of every month, and on those days only, a Rákshasa named Kṛitántasantrása shall swallow you, when you go to that place outside the city to worship Śiva; and on every occasion you shall make your way through his heart and come out alive. But you shall not remember the curse, nor the pain of being swallowed; and you shall remain alone here.'[9] When my father had uttered this curse, I managed gradually to propitiate him, and after thinking a little he appointed this termination to my curse; 'When a king named Yaśaḥketu, lord of the land of Anga, shall become your husband, and shall see you swallowed by the Rákshasa, and shall slay him, then you shall issue from his heart, and shall be delivered from your curse, and you shall call to mind your curse and the other circumstances, and all your supernatural sciences.'

"When he had appointed this end of my curse, he left me alone here, and went with his retinue to the mountain of Nishada in the world of men. And I remained here, thus engaged, bewildered by the curse. But that curse has now come to an end, and I remember all. So I will immediately go to my father on the Nishada mountain; the law, that governs us celestial beings, is, that when our curse is at an end we return to our own place. You are perfectly free to remain here or go to your kingdom, as you like." When she had said this, the king was sorry, and he made this request to her; "Fair one, do me the favour not to go for seven days. Let us in the meanwhile cheat the pain of parting by amusing ourselves here in the garden. After that you

shall go to your father's abode, and I will return to mine." When he made this proposal, the fair one agreed to it. Then the king diverted himself with her for six days in the gardens, and in tanks, the lotus-eyes of which were full of tears, and that seemed to toss aloft their waves like hands, and in the cries of their swans and cranes to utter this plaintive appeal, "Do not leave us!" And on the seventh day he artfully decoyed his darling to that pavilion, where was the tank that served as a magic gate[10] conducting to the world of men; and throwing his arms round her neck, he plunged into that tank, and rose up with her from a tank in the garden of his own city. When the gardeners saw that he had arrived with his beloved, they were delighted, and they went and told his minister Dírghadarśin. And the minister came and fell at his feet, and seeing that he had brought with him the lady of his aspirations, he and the citizens escorted him into the palace. And he thought to himself, "Dear me! I wonder how the king has managed to obtain this celestial nymph, of whom I caught a transient glimpse in the ocean, as one sees in the heaven a lightning-flash. But the fact is, whatever lot is written for a man by the Disposer in the inscription on his forehead, infallibly befalls him, however improbable."

Such were the reflections of the prime minister; while the rest of his subjects were full of joy at the return of the king, and of astonishment at his having won the celestial nymph. But Mṛigánkavatí, seeing that the king had returned to his own kingdom, longed, as the seven days were completed, to return to the home of the Vidyádharas. But the science of flying up into the air did not appear to her, though she called it to mind. Then she felt as one robbed of a treasure, and was in the deepest despondency. And the king said to her, "Why do you suddenly appear despondent, tell me, my darling?" Then the Vidyádharí answered him, "Because I remained so long, after I had been released from my curse, out of love for you, my science has abandoned me, and I have lost the power of returning to my heavenly home." When king Yaśaḥketu heard this, he said, "Ha! I have now won this Vidyádharí," and so his rejoicing was complete.

When the minister Dírghadarśin saw this, he went home, and at night, when he was in bed, he suddenly died of a broken heart. And Yaśaḥketu, after he

had mourned for him, remained long bearing the burden of empire himself, with Mṛigánkavatí for his consort.

When the Vetála, seated on the shoulder of king Trivikramasena, had told him this story on the way, he went on to say to him, “So tell me, king; why did the heart of that great minister suddenly break, when his master had thus succeeded so completely? Did his heart break through grief at not having won the nymph himself? Or was it because he longed for the sovereign power, and thus was disappointed at the king’s return? And if you know this, king, and do not tell me on the spot, your merit will at once disappear, and your head will fly in pieces.” When king Trivikramasena heard that, he said to the Vetála; “Neither of these two feelings actuated that excellent and virtuous minister. But he said to himself; ‘This king neglected his kingdom out of devotion to mere human females, much more will he do so now, that he is attached to a heavenly nymph. So, though I have gone through much suffering, the disease has been aggravated by it, instead of being cured, as I had hoped.’ It was under the influence of such reflections that the minister’s heart broke.” When the king had said this, that juggling Vetála returned to his own place, and the resolute king ran swiftly after him, to bring him back again by force.

1

Or “to protect the realm of Anga;” a shameless pun! The god of Love was consumed by the fire of Śiva’s eye.

2

i. e. wise.

3

One of our author’s puns.

4

The word that means “mountain” also means “king.”

5

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *yantra* for Brockhaus’s *yatra*. The wishing-tree was moved by some magical or mechanical contrivance.

6

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *anáyattá*, which Dr. Kern has conjectured.

7

This part of the story may remind the reader of the story of Melusina the European snake-maiden: see Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. VI. It bears a certain resemblance to that of the Knight of Stauffenberg (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III.) Cp. also Ein Zimmern und die Meerfrauen, in Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, p. 7. Cp. also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 206. There is a slight resemblance in this story to the myth of Cupid and Psyche.

8

For *bhujagaḥ* the Sanskrit College MS. rends *bhujaga*, which seems to give a better sense than the reading in Brockhaus's text.

9

Oesterley (Baitál Pachísí, 201) compares the 12th chapter of the Vikramacharitam in which Vikramáditya delivers a woman, who was afflicted every night by a Rákshasa in consequence of her husband's curse.

10

I follow the reading of a MS. in the Sanskrit College *yantradváravápiká*.

Chapter LXXXVII.

(Vetála 13.)

Then the king went back to the *aśoka*-tree,[1] and taking the Vetála from it, placed him on his shoulder, and brought him along, and as he was going along with him, the Vetála again said to the king, “Listen, king, I will tell you a short story.”

The story of Harisvámin, who first lost his wife, and then his life.

There is a city of the name of Váráṇasí, the abode of Śiva. In it there lived a Bráhman, named Devasvámin, honoured by the king. And that rich Bráhman had a son named Harisvámin; and he had an exceedingly lovely wife, named Lávaṇyavatí. I think the Disposer must have made her after he had acquired skill by making Tilottamá and the other nymphs of heaven, for she was of priceless beauty and loveliness.

Now, one night Harisvámin fell asleep, as he was reposing with her in a palace cool with the rays of the moon. At that very moment a Vidyádhara prince, by name Madanavega, roaming about at will, came that way through the air. He saw that Lávaṇyavatí sleeping by the side of her husband, and her robe, that had slipped aside, revealed her exquisitely moulded limbs. His heart was captivated by her beauty; and blinded by love, he immediately swooped down, and taking her up in his arms asleep, flew off with her through the air.

Immediately her husband, the young man Harisvámin, woke up, and not seeing his beloved, he rose up in a state of distraction. He said to himself, “What can this mean? Where has she gone? I wonder if she is angry with

me. Or has she hidden herself to find out my real feelings, and is making fun of me?" Distracted by many surmises of this kind, he wandered hither and thither that night, looking for her on the roof, and in the turrets of the palace. He even searched in the palace-garden, and when he could not find her anywhere, being scorched with the fire of grief, he sobbed and lamented, "Alas! my beloved with face like the moon's orb, fair as the moonlight; did this night grudge your existence, hating your charms that rival hers[2]? That very moon, that, vanquished by your beauty, seemed to be in fear, and comforted me with its rays cool as sandalwood, now that I am bereaved of you, seems to have seen its opportunity, and smites me with them, as if with burning coals, or arrows dipped in poison." While Harisvámin was uttering these laments, the night at last slowly passed away, not so his grief at his bereavement.

The next morning the sun dispelled with his rays the deep darkness that covered the world, but could not dispel the dense darkness of despondency that had settled on him. The sound of his bitter lamentations, that seemed to have been reinforced by wailing power bestowed on him by the *chakravákas*, whose period of separation was at an end with the night, was magnified a hundredfold. The young Bráhman, though his relations tried to comfort him, could not recover his self-command, now that he was bereaved of his beloved, but was all inflamed with the fire of separation. And he went from place to place, exclaiming with tears, "Here she stood, here she bathed, here she adorned herself, and here she amused herself."

But his friends and relations said to him, "She is not dead, so why do you kill yourself? If you remain alive, you will certainly recover her somewhere or other. So adopt a resolute tone, and go in search of your beloved; there is nothing in this world that a resolute man, who exerts himself, cannot obtain." When Harisvámin had been exhorted in these terms by his friends and relations, he managed at last, after some days, to recover his spirits by the aid of hope. And he said to himself, "I will give away all that I have to the Bráhmans, and visit all the holy waters, and wash away all my sins. For if I wipe out my sin, I may perhaps, in the course of my wanderings, find that beloved of mine." After going through these reflections suitable to the occasion, he got up and bathed, and performed all his customary

avocations, and the next day he bestowed on the Bráhmans at a solemn sacrifice various meats and drinks, and gave away to them all his wealth without stint.

Then he left his country, with his Bráhman birth as his only fortune, and proceeded to go round to all the holy bathing-places in order to recover his beloved. And as he was roaming about, there came upon him the terrible lion of the hot season, with the blazing sun for mouth, and with a mane composed of his fiery rays. And the winds blew with excessive heat, as if warmed by the breath of sighs furnaced forth by travellers grieved at being separated from their wives. And the tanks, with their supply of water diminished by the heat, and their drying white mud, appeared to be shewing their broken hearts. And the trees by the roadside seemed to lament[3] on account of the departure of the glory of spring, making their wailing heard in the shrill moaning of their bark,[4] with leaves, as it were lips, parched with heat. At that season Harisvámin, wearied out with the heat of the sun, with bereavement, hunger and thirst, and continual travelling, disfigured,[5] emaciated and dirty, and pining for food, reached in the course of his wanderings, a certain village, and found in it the house of a Bráhman called Padmanábha, who was engaged in a sacrifice. And seeing that many Bráhmans were eating in his house, he stood leaning against the door-post, silent and motionless. And the good wife of that Bráhman named Padmanábha, seeing him in this position, felt pity for him, and reflected; "Alas! mighty is hunger! Whom will it not bring down? For here stands a man at the door, who appears to be a householder, desiring food, with downcast countenance; evidently come from a long journey, and with all his senses impaired by hunger. So is not he a man to whom food ought to be given?" Having gone through these reflections, the kind woman took up in her hands a vessel full of rice boiled in milk, with ghee and sugar, and brought it, and courteously presented it to him, and said; "Go and eat this somewhere on the bank of the lake, for this place is unfit to eat in, as it is filled with feasting Bráhmans."

He said, "I will do so," and took the vessel of rice, and placed it at no great distance under a banyan-tree on the edge of the lake; and he washed his hands and feet in the lake, and rinsed his mouth, and then came back in high

spirits to eat the rice. But while he was thus engaged, a kite, holding a black cobra with its beak and claws, came from some place or other, and sat on that tree. And it so happened that poisonous saliva issued from the mouth of that dead snake, which the bird had captured and was carrying along. The saliva fell into the dish of rice which was placed underneath the tree, and Harisvámin, without observing it, came and ate up that rice.[6] As soon as in his hunger he had devoured all that food, he began to suffer terrible agonies produced by the poison. He exclaimed, "When fate has turned against a man, everything in this world turns also; accordingly this rice dressed with milk, ghee and sugar, has become poison to me."

Thus speaking, Harisvámin, tortured with the poison, tottered to the house of that Bráhman, who was engaged in the sacrifice, and said to his wife; "The rice, which you gave me, has poisoned me; so fetch me quickly a charmer who can counteract the operation of poison; otherwise you will be guilty of the death of a Bráhman." When Harisvámin had said this to the good woman, who was beside herself to think what it could all mean, his eyes closed, and he died.

Accordingly the Bráhman, who was engaged in a sacrifice, drove out of his house his wife, though she was innocent and hospitable, being enraged with her for the supposed murder of her guest. The good woman, for her part, having incurred groundless blame from her charitable deed, and so become branded with infamy, went to a holy bathing-place to perform penance.

Then there was a discussion before the superintendent of religion, as to which of the four parties, the kite, the snake, and the couple who gave the rice, were guilty of the murder of a Bráhman, but the question was not decided.[7]

"Now you, king Trivikramasena, must tell me, which was guilty of the murder of a Bráhman; and if you do not, you will incur the before-mentioned curse."

When the king heard this from the Vetála, he was forced by the curse to break silence, and he said, "No one of them could be guilty of the crime;

certainly not the serpent, for how could he be guilty of anything, when he was the helpless prey of his enemy, who was devouring him? To come to the kite; what offence did he commit in bringing his natural food which he had happened to find, and eating it, when he was hungry? And how could either of the couple, that gave the food, be in fault, since they were both people exclusively devoted to righteousness, not likely to commit a crime? Therefore I think the guilt of slaying a Bráhman would attach to any person, who should be so foolish as, for want of sufficient reflection, to attribute it to either of them."

When the king had said this, the Vetála again left his shoulder, and went to his own place, and the resolute king again followed him.

1

In the original *śinśapá*, which Professor Monier Williams renders thus; "the tree Dalbergia Sisu; the Aśoka tree." Dr. King informs me that these two trees are altogether different. The translation which I have given of the word *śinśapá*, throughout these tales of the Vetála, is, therefore, incorrect. The tree to which the Vetála so persistently returns, is a Dalbergia Sisu.

2

Dveshá must be a misprint for *dveshát*.

3

For *arudanniva* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *abhavanniva*.

4

Böhtlingk and Roth s. v. say that *chíra* in Taranga 73, śloka 240, is perhaps a mistake for *chírí*, grasshopper; the same may perhaps be the case in this passage.

5

For *virúpa* the Sanskrit College MS. gives *virúksha*.

6

Oesterley refers to Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 362, for stories in which snakes spit venom into food. Benfey gives at length a fable found in the Latin translation of John of Capua and compares a story in the Sindibád-námah, Asiatic Journal, 1841, XXXVI, 17; Syntipas, p. 149; Scott's Tales of the Seven Vizirs, 196; The 1001 Nights (Breslau) XV, 241; Seven Wise Masters in Grässe, Gesta Romanorum II, 195; Bahár Dánush 1, second

and third stories; Keller, Romans des Sept Sages, CL; Dyocletian, Einleitung, 49; Loiseleur-Deslongchamps, Essai, 119, 1.

7

I.e., *Dharmarája*, possibly the officer established by Aśoka in his fifth edict; (see Senart, Les Inscriptions de Piyadasi, p. 125.) The term *Dharmarája* is applied to Yudhishṭhira and Yama. It means literally king of righteousness or religion. There is a Dharm Raja in Bhútán. Böhtlingk and Roth seem to take it to mean Yama in this passage.

Chapter LXXXVIII.

(Vetála 14.)

Then king Trivikramasena went to the *aśoka*-tree, and again got hold of the Vetála, and took him on his shoulder; and when the king had set out, the Vetála again said to him, “King, you are tired; so listen, I will tell you an interesting tale.

Story of the Merchant’s daughter who fell in love with a thief.

There is a city of the name of Ayodhyá, which was the capital of Vishṇu, when he was incarnate as Ráma, the destroyer of the Rákshasa race. In it there lived a mighty king, of the name of Víraketu, who defended this earth, as a rampart defends a city. During the reign of that king there lived in that city a great merchant, named Ratnadatta, who was the head of the mercantile community. And there was born to him, by his wife Nandayantí, a daughter named Ratnavatí, who was obtained by propitiating the deities. And that intelligent girl grew up in her father’s house, and as her body grew, her innate qualities of beauty, gracefulness, and modesty developed also. And when she attained womanhood, not only great merchants, but even kings asked her in marriage from her father. But she disliked the male sex so much that she did not desire even Indra for a husband, and would not even hear of marriage, being determined to die, sooner than consent to it. That made her father secretly sorrow much, on account of his affection for her, and the report of her conduct spread all over the city of Ayodhyá.

At that time all the citizens were continually being plundered by thieves, so they assembled together, and made this complaint to king Víraketu; “Your Majesty, we are continually being robbed by thieves every night, and we

cannot detect them, so let your Highness take the necessary steps." When the king had received this petition from the citizens, he stationed watchmen in plain clothes all round the city, in order to try and discover the thieves.

But they could not find them out, and the city went on being robbed; so one night the king himself went out to watch; and as he was roaming about armed, he saw in a certain part of the town a single individual going along the rampart. He shewed great dexterity in his movements, as he made his footfall perfectly noiseless, and he often looked behind him with eyes anxiously rolling. The king said to himself, "Without doubt this is the thief, who sallies out by himself and plunders my city;" so he went up to him. Then the thief, seeing the king, said to him, "Who are you," and the king answered him, "I am a thief." Then the thief said, "Bravo! you are my friend, as you belong to the same profession as myself; so come to my house, I will entertain you." When the king heard that, he consented, and went with him to his dwelling, which was in an underground cavern in a forest. It was luxuriously and magnificently furnished, illuminated by blazing lamps, and looked like a second Pátála, not governed by king Bali.

When the king had entered, and had taken a seat, the robber went into the inner rooms of his cave-dwelling. At that moment a female slave came and said to the king, "Great Sir, how came you to enter this mouth of death? This man is a notable thief; no doubt, when he comes out from those rooms, he will do you some injury: I assure you, he is treacherous; so leave this place at once." When the king heard this, he left the place at once, and went to his own palace and got ready his forces that very night.

And when his army was ready for battle, he came and blockaded the entrance of that robber's cave with his troops, who sounded all their martial instruments.[1] Then the brave robber, as his hold was blockaded, knew that his secret had been discovered, and he rushed out to fight, determined to die. And when he came out, he displayed superhuman prowess in battle; alone, armed with sword and shield, he cut off the trunks of elephants, he slashed off the legs of horses, and lopped off the heads of soldiers. When he had made this havoc among the soldiers, the king himself attacked him. And the king, who was a skilful swordsman, by a dexterous trick of fence

forced his sword from his hand, and then the dagger which he drew; and as he was now disarmed, the king threw away his own weapon, and grappling with him, flung him on the earth, and captured him alive. And he brought him back as a prisoner to his own capital, with all his wealth. And he gave orders that he should be put to death by impalement next morning.

Now, when that robber was being conducted with beat of drum to the place of execution, that merchant's daughter Ratnavatí saw him from her palace. Though he was wounded, and his body was begrimed with dust, she was distracted with love as soon as she saw him, so she went and said to her father Ratnadatta, "I select as my husband this man here, who is being led off to execution, so ransom him from the king, my father; if you will not, I shall follow him to the other world." When her father heard this he said, "My daughter, what is this that you say? Before you would not accept suitors endowed with all virtues, equal to the god of love. How comes it that you are now in love with an infamous brigand chief?" Though her father used this argument, and others of the same kind with her, she remained fixed in her determination. Then the merchant went quickly to the king, and offered him all his wealth, if he would grant the robber his life. But the king would not make over to him, even for hundreds of crores of gold pieces, that thief who had robbed on such a gigantic scale, and whom he had captured at the risk of his own life. Then the father returned disappointed, and his daughter made up her mind to follow the thief to the other world, though her relations tried to dissuade her; so she bathed, and got into a palanquin, and went to the spot where his execution was taking place, followed by her father and mother and the people, all weeping.

In the meanwhile the robber had been impaled by the executioners, and as his life was ebbing away on the stake, he saw her coming there with her kinsfolk. And when he heard the whole story from the people, he wept for a moment, and then he laughed a little, and then died on the stake. Then the merchant's virtuous daughter had the thief's body taken down from the stake, and she ascended the funeral pyre with it.[2]

And at that very moment the holy Śiva, who was invisibly present in the cemetery, spake from the air, "Faithful wife, I am pleased with thy

devotedness to thy self-chosen husband, so crave a boon of me." When she heard that, she worshipped and prayed the god of gods to grant her the following boon, "Lord, may my father, who has now no sons, have a hundred, for otherwise, as he has no children but me, he would abandon his life."[3] When the good woman had said this, the god once more spake to her, saving, "Let thy father have a hundred sons! choose another boon; for such a steadfastly good woman, as thou art, deserves something more than this."

When she heard this, she said, "If the Lord is pleased with me, then let this husband of mine rise up alive, and be henceforth a well conducted man!" Thereupon Śiva, invisible in the air, uttered these words, "Be it so; let thy husband rise up alive, and lead henceforth a life of virtue, and let king Víraketu be pleased with him!" And immediately the robber rose up alive with unwounded limbs.

Then the merchant Ratnadatta was delighted, and astonished at the same time; and with his daughter Ratnavatí and the bandit his son-in-law, and his delighted relations, he entered his own palace, and as he had obtained from the god the promise of sons, he held a feast suitable to his own joy on the occasion. And when king Víraketu heard what had taken place, he was pleased, and he immediately summoned that heroic thief, and made him commander of his army. And thereupon the heroic thief gave up his dishonest life, and married the merchant's daughter, and led a respectable life, honoured by the king.

When the Vetála, seated on the shoulder of king Trivikramasena, had told him this tale, he asked him the following question, menacing him with the before-mentioned curse; "Tell me, king, why that thief, when impaled, first wept and then laughed, when he saw the merchant's daughter come with her father." Then the king said; "He wept for sorrow that he had not been able to repay the merchant for his gratuitous kindness to him; and he laughed out of astonishment, as he said to himself, 'What! has this maiden, after rejecting kings who asked for her hand, fallen in love with me? In truth a woman's heart is an intricate labyrinth.'" When the king had said this, the mighty Vetála, by means of the magic power which he possessed, again left

the king’s shoulder and returned to his station on the tree, and the king once more went to fetch him.

1

I prefer the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. *túryakulaiḥ*.

2

See note on page 13. Rohde, (Der Griechische Roman, p. 111,) points out that there are traces of this practice in the mythology of Ancient Greece. Evadne is said to have burnt herself with the body of her husband Capaneus. So Œnone, according to one account, leapt into the pyre on which the body of Paris was burning. See also Zimmer, Alt-Indisches Leben, pp. 329–331. So Brynhild burns herself with the body of Sigurd, (Hagen’s Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, p. 166).

3

Cp. Mahábhárata, Vanaparvan, Adhyáya 297, śl. 39.

Chapter LXXXIX.

(Vetála 15.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went back to the *aśoka*-tree and took the Vetála from it, and set out with him once more; and as the king was going along, the Vetála, perched on his shoulder, said to him; “Listen, king, I will tell you another story.”

Story of the magic globule.

There was in the kingdom of Nepála a city named Śivapura, and in it there lived of old time a king rightly named Yaśaḥketu. He devolved upon his minister, named Prajnáságara, the burden of his kingdom, and enjoyed himself in the society of his queen Chandraprabhá. And in course of time that king had born to him, by that queen, a daughter named Śaśiprabhá, bright as the moon, the eye of the world.

Now in course of time she grew up to womanhood, and one day, in the month of spring, she went to a garden, with her attendants, to witness a festive procession. And in a certain part of that garden a Bráhman, of the name of Manaḥsvámin, the son of a rich man, who had come to see the procession, beheld her engaged in gathering flowers, raising her lithe arm, and displaying her graceful shape; and she looked charming when the grasp of her thumb and forefinger on the stalks of the flowers relaxed. When the young man Manaḥsvámin saw her, she at once robbed him of his heart, and he was bewildered by love and no longer master of his feelings.[1] He said to himself, “Can this be Rati come in person to gather the flowers accumulated by spring, in order to make arrows for the god of love? Or is it the presiding goddess of the wood, come to worship the spring?” While he was making these surmises, the princess caught sight of him. And as soon as she saw

him, looking like a second god of love created with a body, she forgot her flowers, and her limbs, and her own personal identity.

While those two were thus overpowered by the passion of mutual love at first sight, a loud shout of alarm was raised, and they both looked with uplifted heads to see what it could mean. Then there came that way an elephant, rushing along with its elephant-hook hanging down, that driven furious by perceiving the smell of another elephant,[2] had broken its fastenings, and rushed out in a state of frenzy, breaking down the trees in its path, and had thrown its driver. The princess's attendants dispersed in terror, but Manaḥsvámin eagerly rushed forward, and took her up alone in his arms, and while she clung timidly to him, bewildered with fear, love, and shame, carried her to a distance, out of reach of the elephant. Then her attendants came up and praised that noble Bráhman, and conducted her back to her palace. But as she went, she frequently turned round to look at her deliverer. There she remained, thinking regretfully of that man who had saved her life, consumed day and night by the smouldering fire of love.

And Manaḥsvámin then left that garden, and seeing that the princess had entered her private apartments, he said to himself, in regretful longing, "I cannot remain without her, nay I cannot live without her: so my only resource in this difficulty is the cunning Múladeva, who is a master of magic arts." Having thus reflected, he managed to get through that day, and the next morning he went to visit that master of magic, Múladeva. And he saw that master, who was ever in the company of his friend Śaśin, full of many marvellous magic ways, like the sky come down to earth in human shape.[3] And he humbly saluted him, and told him his desire; then the master laughed, and promised to accomplish it for him. Then that matchless deceiver Múladeva placed a magic globule[4] in his mouth, and transformed himself into an aged Bráhman; and he gave the Bráhman Manaḥsvámin a second globule to put in his mouth, and so made him assume the appearance of a beautiful maiden. And that prince of villains took him in this disguise to the judgment-hall of the king, the father of his lady-love, and said to him,"O king, I have only one son, and I asked for a maiden to be given him to wife, and brought her from a long distance; but now he has gone somewhere or other, and I am going to look for him; so keep this

maiden safe for me until I bring back my son, for you keep safe under your protection the whole world."[5] When king Yaśaḥketu heard this petition, he granted it, fearing a curse if he did not, and summoned his daughter Śaśiprabhá, and said to her; "Daughter, keep this maiden in your palace, and let her sleep and take her meals with you." The princess agreed, and took Manaḥsvámin transformed into a maiden to her own private apartments; and then Múladeva, who had assumed the form of a Bráhman, went where he pleased, and Manaḥsvámin remained in the form of a maiden with his beloved.[6]

And in a few days the princess became quite fond of and intimate with her new attendant; so, one night when she was pining at being separated from the object of her affections, and tossing on her couch, Manaḥsvámin, who was on a bed near her, concealed under a female shape, said secretly to her, "My dear Śa[s']iprabhá, why are you pale of hue, and why do you grow thinner every day, and sorrow as one separated from the side of her beloved? Tell me, for why should you distrust loving modest attendants? From this time forth I will take no food until you tell me."

When the princess heard this, she sighed, and slowly told the following tale; "Why should I distrust you of all people? Listen, friend, I will tell you the cause. Once on a time I went to a spring garden to see a procession, and there I beheld a handsome young Bráhman, who seemed like the month of spring, having the loveliness of the moon free from dew, kindling love at sight, adorning the grove with play of light. And while my eager eyes, drinking in the nectarous rays of the moon of his countenance, began to emulate the partridge, there came there a mighty elephant broken loose from its bonds, roaring and distilling its ichor like rain, looking like a black rain-cloud appearing out of season. My attendants dispersed terrified at that elephant, but when I was bewildered with fear, that young Bráhman caught me up in his arms and carried me to a distance. Then contact with his body made me feel as if I were anointed with sandal-wood ointment, and bedewed with ambrosia, and I was in a state which I cannot describe. And in a moment my attendants re-assembled, and I was brought back reluctant to this my palace, and seemed to myself to have been cast down to earth from heaven. From that time forth I have often interviews in reveries with

my beloved, that rescued me from death, and even when awake I seem to see him at my side. And when asleep I see him in dreams, coaxing me and dispelling my reserve with kisses and caresses. But, ill-fated wretch that I am, I cannot obtain him, for I am baffled by ignorance of his name and other particulars about him. So I am consumed, as you see, by the fire of separation from the lord of my life."

When Manaḥsvámin's ears had been filled with the nectar of this speech of the princess's, that Bráhman, who was present there in female form, rejoiced, and considered that his object was attained, and that the time had come for revealing himself, so he took out the globule from his mouth, and displayed himself in his true form, and said; "Rolling-eyed one, I am that very Bráhman, whom you bought with a look in the garden, and made your slave in the truest sense of the word. And from the immediate interruption of our acquaintance I derived that sorrow, of which the final result was my taking, as you see, the form of a maiden. Therefore, fair one, grant that the sorrow of separation, which both of us have endured, may not have been borne in vain, for Cupid cannot endure beyond this point." When the princess suddenly beheld her beloved in front of her, and heard him utter these words, she was at once filled with love, astonishment, and shame. So they eagerly went through the Gándharva ceremony of marriage. Then Manaḥsvámin lived happily in the palace, under two shapes; keeping the globule in his mouth during the day and so wearing a female shape, but at night taking it out, and assuming the form of a man.

Now, as days went on, the brother-in-law of king Yaśaḥketu, named Mṛigánkadatta, gave his own daughter, named Mṛigánkavatí, in marriage to a young Bráhman, the son of the minister Prajnáságara: and with her he bestowed much wealth. And the princess Śaśiprabhá was invited, on the occasion of her cousin's marriage, to her uncle's house, and went there accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting. And among them went the young Bráhman, Manaḥsvámin, wearing the attractive form of a young maiden of exquisite beauty.

Then that minister's son beheld him disguised in female form, and was deeply pierced with the shafts of the archer Love. And when he went to his

house, accompanied by his bride, it seemed to him to be empty; for he was robbed of his heart by that seeming maiden. Then he continued to think of nothing but the beauty of that supposed maiden's face, and bitten by the great snake of fierce passion, he suddenly became distracted. The people, who were there, ceased from their rejoicing, and in their bewilderment asked what it meant, and his father Prajnáságara, hearing of it, came to him in haste. And when his father tried to comfort him, he woke up from his stupor and uttered what was in his mind, babbling deliriously. And that father of his was very much troubled, as he thought that the matter was one altogether beyond his power. Then the king heard of it, and came there in person. And he at once saw that the minister's son had been in a moment reduced by strong passion to the seventh[7] stage of love-sickness; so he said to his ministers; "How can I give him a maiden whom a Bráhman left in my care? And yet, if he does not obtain her, he will without doubt reach the last stage. If he dies, his father, who is my minister, will perish; and if he perishes, my kingdom is ruined, so tell me what I am to do in this matter."

When the king said this, all those ministers said, "They say that the special virtue of a king is the protection of the virtue of his subjects. Now the root of this protection is counsel, and counsel resides in counsellors. If the counsellor perishes, protection perishes in its root, and virtue is certain to be impaired.[8] Moreover guilt would be incurred by causing the death of this Bráhman minister and his son, so you must avoid doing that, otherwise there is a great chance of your infringing the law of virtue. Accordingly you must certainly give to the minister's son the maiden committed to your care by the first Bráhman, and if he returns after the lapse of some time, and is angry, steps can then be taken to put matters right."

When the ministers said this to the king, he agreed to give that man, who was palming himself off as a maiden, to the minister's son. And after fixing an auspicious moment, he brought Manaḥsvámin, in female form, from the palace of the princess; and he said to the king; "If, king, you are determined to give me, whom another committed to your care, to a person other than him for whom I was intended, I must, I suppose, acquiesce; you are a king, and justice and injustice are matters familiar to you. But I consent to the marriage on this condition only, that I am not to be considered as a wife

until my husband has spent six months in visiting holy bathing-places, and returns home; if this condition is not agreed to, know that I will bite my own tongue in two, and so commit suicide."

When the young man, disguised in female form, had prescribed this condition, the king informed the minister's son of it, and he was consoled, and accepted the terms; and he quickly went through the ceremony of marriage, and placed in one house Mṛigánkavatí his first wife, and his second supposed wife, carefully guarded, and, like a fool, went on a pilgrimage to holy bathing-places, to please the object of his affections.

And Manaḥsvámin, in female form, dwelt in the same house with Mṛigánkavatí, as the partner of her bed and board. And one night, while he was living there in this way, Mṛigánkavatí said to him secretly in the bed-chamber, while their attendants were sleeping outside, "My friend, I cannot sleep, tell me some tale." When the young man, disguised in female form, heard this, he told her the story, how in old time a royal sage, named Iḍa, of the race of the sun, assumed, in consequence of the curse of Gaurí, a female form that fascinated the whole world, and how he and Budha fell in love with one another at first sight, meeting one another in a shrubbery in the grounds of a temple, and were there united, and how Purúravas was the fruit of that union. When the artful creature had told this story, he went on to say, "So by the fiat of a deity or by charms and drugs, a man may sometimes become a woman, and *vice versâ*, and in this way even great ones do sometimes unite impelled by love."

When the tender fair one, who regretted her husband, who had left her as soon as the marriage had taken place, heard this, she said to her supposed rival, in whom she had come to confide by living with her, "This story makes my body tremble and my heart, as it were, sink; so tell me friend, what is the meaning of this." When the Bráhman, disguised in female form, heard this, he went on to say, "My friend, these are violent symptoms of love; I have felt them myself, I will not conceal it from you." When she said this, Mṛigánkavatí went on slowly to say, "Friend, I love you as my life, so why should I not say what I think it is time to reveal? Could any one by any artifice be introduced into this palace?" When the pupil of that master-rogue

heard this, he took her meaning and said to her, “If this is the state of affairs, then I have something to tell you. I have a boon from Vishṇu, by which I can at pleasure become a man during the night, so I will now become one for your sake.” So he took the globule out of his mouth, and displayed himself to her as a handsome man in the prime of youth. And so the Bráhman lived with the wife of the minister’s son, becoming a woman in the day, and resuming his male form at night. But hearing in a few days that the son of the minister was on the point of returning, he took the precaution of eloping with her from that house during the night.

At this point in the story, it happened that his teacher, Múladeva, heard all the circumstances; so he again assumed the form of an old Bráhman, and accompanied by his friend Śaśin, who had assumed the form of a young Bráhman, he went and respectfully said to king Yaśaḥketu, “I have brought back my son; so give me my daughter-in-law.” Then the king, who was afraid of being cursed, deliberated and said to him; “Bráhman, I do not know where your daughter-in-law has gone, so forgive me; as I am in fault, I will give you my own daughter for your son.” When the king had said this to that prince of rogues, disguised in the form of an old Bráhman, who asserted his false claim with the sternness of assumed anger, he gave his daughter with all due ceremonies to his friend Śaśin, who pretended to be the supposed Bráhman’s son. Then Múladeva took the bride and bridegroom, who had been thus united, off to his own home, without showing any desire for the king’s wealth.

And there Manaḥsvámin met them, and a fierce dispute took place between him and Śaśin in the presence of that Múladeva. Manaḥsvámin said, “This Śaśiprabhá should be given to me, for long ago, when she was a maiden, I married her by the favour of the master.” Śaśin said, “You fool, what have you to do with her? she is my wife, for her father bestowed her on me in the presence of the fire.” So they went on wrangling about the princess, whom they had got hold of by means of magic, and their dispute was never decided. So tell me, king, to which of the two does that wife belong? Resolve my doubt; the conditions of non-compliance are those which I mentioned before.”

When king Trivikramasena was thus addressed by the Vetála on his shoulder, he gave him this answer: “I consider that the princess is the lawful wife of Śaśin, since she was openly given to him by her father in the lawful way. But Manaḥsvámin married her in an underhand way, like a thief, by the Gándharva rite; and a thief has no lawful title to the possessions of another.”

When the Vetála heard this answer of the king’s, he quickly left his shoulder, and went back to his own place, and the king hurried after him.

Note.

Oesterley tells us that in the Turkish Tútínámah (Rosen, II, p. 178,) a sorceress takes the place of Múladeva. She gives the young man a small seal in place of the pill or globule. He is then married to a son of the king’s. Then the young man escapes with the princess, who in the day keeps the seal in her mouth and so appears as a man; then the sorceress goes in the form of a Bráhman to the king, who has to give her 10,000 gold pieces as he cannot give back her daughter. The story is No. 23 in the Persian Tútínámah, Iken, p. 97. Oesterley refers also to the story in the 7th Chapter of the Kathá Sarit Ságara; (Oesterley’s Baitál Pachísí, pages 203–205). The tale in one way resembles the Greek fable of Cæneus, and also that of Tiresias. The story of Iphis and Ianthe is perhaps still more apposite. According to Sir Thomas Brown, (Vulgar Errors, Book III, ch. 17) hares are supposed by some to be both male and female. He mentions Tiresias and Empedocles as instances of “transexion.” Benfey gives a number of stories of this kind in the 1st Volume of his Panchatantra, pp. 41–52. He traces them all back to a tendency of the Indo-Germanic race to look upon their deities as belonging to both sexes at once.

1

His name *Manaḥsvámin* would imply that he ought to be.

2

For *gaja* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *mada*.

3

The word *siddha* also means a class of demigods who travel through the sky: *Śaśin* means moon.

4

Cp. the shaving, by the help of which Preziosa, in the Pentamerone, turns herself into a bear. (Liebrecht's translation of the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 212.) As soon as she takes it out of her mouth she resumes her human shape.

5

Compare Vol. I, p. 45.

6

This part of the story bears a certain resemblance to the myth of Achilles.

7

The 10 stages are thus given by Śivadása: (1) Love of the eyes; (2) attachment of the mind (*manas*); (3) the production of desire; (4) sleeplessness; (5) emaciation; (6) indifference to objects of sense; (7) loss of shame; (8) distraction; (9) fainting; (10) death. (Dr. Zachariæ's Sixteenth Tale of the Vetálapanchavinśati, in Bezzenberger's Beiträge).

8

Here the MS. in the Sanskrit College has *mantriná́še múlanáśád rakshyá dharmakshatir dhruvaṃ*, which means, "we should certainly try to prevent virtue from perishing by the destruction of its root in the destruction of the minister."

Chapter XC.

(Vetála 16.)

Then king Trivikramasena went back to the *aśoka*-tree, and again took the Vetála from it, and set out with him on his shoulder; and as he was returning from the tree, the Vetála once more said to him, “Listen, king, I will tell you a noble story.”

Story of Jímútaváhana.[1]

There is in this earth a great mountain named Himavat, where all jewels are found, which is the origin of both Gaurí and Gangá, the two goddesses dear to Śiva. Even heroes cannot reach its top;[2] it towers proudly above all other mountains; and as such its praises are sung in strains of sooth in the three worlds. On the ridge of that Himavat there is that city rightly named the Golden City, which gleams like a mass of the sun’s rays deposited by him on earth.

Of old there lived in that splendid city a fortunate lord of the Vidyádharas, named Jímútaketu, who dwelt there like Indra on Meru. In his palace-garden there was a wishing-tree, which was an heirloom in his family, which was well known as the Granter of Desires, and not named so without reason. The king supplicated that divine tree, and obtained by its favour a son, who remembered his former birth, and was the incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva. He was a hero in munificence, of great courage, compassionate to all creatures, attentive to the instructions of his spiritual adviser, and his name was Jímútaváhana. And when he grew up to manhood, his father, the king, made him crown-prince, being impelled thereto by his excellent qualities, and the advice of the ministers.

And when Jímútaváhana was made crown-prince, the ministers of his father, desiring his welfare, came to him and said, “Prince, you must continually worship this wishing-tree invincible by all creatures,[3] which grants all our desires. For, as long as we have this, not even Indra could injure us, much less any other enemy.” When Jímútaváhana heard this, he inly reflected, “Alas! our predecessors, though they possessed such a divine tree, never obtained from it any fruit worthy of it; some of them asked it for wealth and did nothing more; so the mean creatures made themselves and this noble tree contemptible. Well, I will make it inserve a design which I have in my mind.”

After the noble prince had formed this resolution, he went to his father, and gained his goodwill by paying him all kinds of attentions, and said to him in private, as he was sitting at ease; “Father, you know that in this sea of mundane existence, all that we behold is unsubstantial, fleeting as the twinkling of the wave. Especially are the twilight, the dawn, and Fortune shortlived, disappearing as soon as revealed; where and when have they been seen to abide? Charity to one’s neighbour is the only thing that is permanent in this cycle of change; it produces holiness and fame that bear witness for hundreds of *yugas*. So with what object, father, do we keep for ourselves such an unfailing wishing-tree, as all these phenomenal conditions are but momentary? Where, I ask, are those our predecessors who kept it so strenuously, exclaiming, ‘It is mine, it is mine?’ Where is it now to them? For which of them does it exist, and which of them exists for it? So, if you permit, father, I will employ this wishing-tree, that grants all desires, for attaining the matchless fruit of charity to one’s neighbour.”

His father gave him leave, saying, “So be it!” And Jímútaváhana went and said to the wishing-tree, “O god, thou didst fulfil all the cherished wishes of our predecessors, so fulfil this one solitary wish of mine! Enable me to behold this whole earth free from poverty; depart, and good luck attend thee; thou art bestowed by me on the world that desires wealth.” When Jímútaváhana had said this with joined hands, a voice came forth from the tree, “Since thou hast relinquished me, I depart.” And in a moment the wishing-tree flew up to heaven, and rained wealth on the earth so plenteously, that there was not one poor man left on it. Then the glory of

that Jímútaváhana spread through the three worlds, on account of that ardent compassion of his for all creatures.

That made all his relations impatient with envy; and thinking that he and his father would be easy to conquer, as they were deprived of the calamity-averting tree which they had bestowed on the world, they put their heads together and formed a design, and then girded on their harness for war, to deprive Jímútaváhana and his father of their realm. When Jímútaváhana saw that, he said to his father, "Father, what other has might, when thou hast taken up arms? But what generous man desires to possess a realm, if he must do so by slaying his relations for the sake of this wicked perishable body? So of what use is sovereignty to us? We will depart to some other place, and practise virtue that brings happiness in both worlds. Let these miserable relations that covet our kingdom, joy their fill!" When Jímútaváhana said this, his father Jímútaketu answered him, "My son, I desire a realm for your sake only; if you, being penetrated with compassion, give it up, of what value is it to me, who am old?" When Jímútaváhana's father agreed to his proposal, he went with him and his mother to the Malaya mountain, abandoning his kingdom. There he made him a retreat in the valley of a brook, the stream of which was hidden by sandal-wood trees, and spent his time in waiting on his parents. And there he made a friend of the name of Mitrávasu, the son of Viśvávasu a king of the Siddhas, who dwelt on that mountain.

Now, one day, as Jímútaváhana was roaming about, he went into a temple of the goddess Gaurí, that was situated in a garden, in order to worship in the presence of the image. And there he saw a beautiful maiden accompanied by her attendants, playing on the lyre, intent on pleasing the daughter of the mountain.[4] And the deer were listening to the sweet sound of the lyre in the musical performance, standing motionless, as if abashed at beholding the beauty of her eyes.[5] She had a black pupil in her white eye, and it seemed as if it strove to penetrate to the root of her ear.[6] She was thin and elegant in her waist, which appeared as if the Creator had compressed it in his grasp, when making her, and deeply impressed on it the marks of his fingers in the form of wrinkles. The moment Jímútaváhana saw that beauty, it seemed as if she entered by his eyes, and stole away his heart. And when

the maiden saw him, adorning the garden, producing longing and disturbance of soul, looking as if he were the god of spring retired to the forest through disgust at the burning up of the body of the god of Love, she was overpowered with affection, and so bewildered, that her lyre, as if it had been a friend, became distracted and mute.

Then Jímútaváhana said to an attendant of hers, "What is your friend's auspicious name, and what family does she adorn?" When the attendant heard that, she said, "She is the sister of Mitrávasu, and the daughter of Viśvávasu the king of the Siddhas, and her name is Malayavatí." When she had said this to Jímútaváhana, the discreet woman asked the son of the hermit, who had come with him, his name and descent, and then she made this brief remark to Malayavatí, smiling as she spoke, "My friend, why do you not welcome this prince of the Vidyádharas who has come here? For he is a guest worthy of being honoured by the whole world." When she said this, that daughter of the king of the Siddhas was silent, and her face was cast down through shame. Then her attendant said to Jímútaváhana, "The princess is bashful, permit me to shew you the proper courtesy in her place." So she alone gave him a garland with the *arghya*. Jímútaváhana, as soon as the garland was given to him, being full of love, took it, and threw it round the neck of Malayavatí. And she, looking at him with loving sidelong looks, placed, as it were, a garland of blue lotuses on him.

Thus they went through a sort of silent ceremony of mutual election, and then a maid came and said to that Siddha maiden, "Princess, your mother desires your presence, come at once." When the princess heard that, she withdrew regretfully and reluctantly from the face of her beloved her gaze, that seemed to be fastened to it with the arrows of love, and managed not without a struggle to return to her house. And Jímútaváhana, with his mind fixed on her, returned to his hermitage.

And when Malayavatí had seen her mother, she went at once and flung herself down on her bed, sick of separation from her beloved. Then her eyes were clouded, as it were by the smoke of the fire of love that burnt in her bosom, she shed floods of tears, and her body was tortured with heat; and though her attendants anointed her with sandal-wood unguent, and fanned

her with the leaves of lotuses, she could not obtain any relief on the bed, in the lap of her attendant, or on the ground. Then the day retired somewhere with the glowing evening, and the moon ascending kissed the laughing forehead of the east, and though urged on by love she was too bashful to send a female messenger to her chosen one, or to adopt any of the measures that lovers usually take, but she seemed loth to live. And she was contracted in her heart, and she passed that night, which the moon made disagreeable to her, like a lotus which closes at night, and bewilderment hung round her, like a cloud of bees.

And in the meanwhile Jímútaváhana, who was tortured at parting with her, though lying on his bed, spent the night as one who had fallen into the hand of Cupid; though his glow of love was of recent birth, a pallid hue began to shew itself in him; and though shame made him dumb, he uttered the pain which love produced.

Next morning he returned with excessive longing to that temple of Gaurí, where he had seen the daughter of the king of the Siddhas. And while, distracted with the fire of passion, he was being consoled by the hermit's son, who had followed him there, Malayavatí also came there; for, as she could not bear separation, she had secretly gone out alone into a solitary place to abandon the body. And the girl, not seeing her lover, who was separated from her by a tree, thus prayed, with eyes full of tears, to the goddess Gaurí, "Goddess, though my devotion to thee has not made Jímútaváhana my husband in this life, let him be so in my next life!" As soon as she had said this, she made a noose with her upper garment, and fastened it to the branch of the *aśoka*-tree in front of the temple of Gaurí. And she said "Prince Jímútaváhana, lord renowned over the whole world, how is it, that, though thou art compassionate, thou hast not delivered me?" When she had said this, she was proceeding to fasten the noose round her throat, but at that very moment a voice spoken by the goddess came from the air, "Daughter, do not act recklessly, for the Vidyádhara prince Jímútaváhana, the future emperor, shall be thy husband."

When the goddess said this, Jímútaváhana also heard it, and seeing his beloved, he went up to her, and his friend accompanied him. And his friend,

the hermit's son, said to the young lady, "See, here is that very bridegroom whom the goddess has in reality bestowed upon you." And Jímútaváhana, uttering many tender loving speeches, removed with his own hand the noose from her neck. Then they seemed to have experienced, as it were, a sudden shower of nectar, and Malayavatí remained with bashful eye, drawing lines upon the ground. And at that moment, one of her companions, who was looking for her, suddenly came up to her, and said in joyful accents, "Friend, you are lucky, and you are blessed with good fortune in that you have obtained the very thing which you desired. For, this very day, prince Mitrávasu said to the great king, your father, in my hearing, 'Father, that Vidyádhara prince Jímútaváhana, the object of the world's reverence, the bestower of the wishing-tree, who has come here, should be complimented by us, as he is our guest; and we cannot find any other match as good as him; so let us pay him a compliment by bestowing on him this pearl of maidens Malayavatí.' The king approved, saying 'So be it', and your brother Mitrávasu has now gone to the hermitage of the illustrious prince on this very errand. And I know that your marriage will take place at once, so come back to your palace, and let this illustrious prince also return to his dwelling." When the princess's companion said this to her, she departed slowly from that place, rejoicing and regretful, frequently turning her head.

And Jímútaváhana also returned quickly to his hermitage, and heard from Mitrávasu, who came there, his commission, which fulfilled all his wishes, and welcomed it with joy. And as he remembered his former births, he gave him an account of one in which Mitrávasu was his friend, and Mitrávasu's sister his wife.[7] Then Mitrávasu was pleased, and informed the parents of Jímútaváhana, who were also delighted, and returned, to the joy of his own parents, having executed his mission successfully. And that very day he took Jímútaváhana to his own house, and he made preparations for the marriage festival with a magnificence worthy of his magic power, and on that very same auspicious day he celebrated the marriage of his sister to that Vidyádhara prince; and then Jímútaváhana, having obtained the desire of his heart, lived with his newly married wife Malayavatí. And once on a time, as he was roaming about out of curiosity with Mitrávasu on that Malaya mountain, he reached a wood on the shore of the sea. There he saw

a great many heaps of bones, and he said to Mitrávasu, “What creatures are these whose bones are piled up here?” Then his brother-in-law Mitrávasu said to that compassionate man, “Listen, I will tell you the story of this in a few words. Long, long ago, Kadrú the mother of the snakes conquered Vinatá, the mother of Garuḍa, in a treacherous wager, and made her a slave. Through enmity caused thereby, the mighty Garuḍa,[8] though he had delivered his mother, began to eat the snakes the sons of Kadrú. He was thenceforth continually in the habit of entering Pátála, and some he smote, some he trampled, and some died of fright.

“When Vásuki, the king of the snakes, saw that, he feared that his race would be annihilated at one fell swoop, so he supplicated Garuḍa, and made a compact with him, saying, ‘King of birds, I will send you one snake every day to this shore of the southern sea for your meal. But you must by no means enter Pátála, for what advantage will you gain by destroying the snakes at one blow?’ When the king of the snakes said this, the mighty Garuḍa saw that the proposal was to his advantage, and agreed to it. And from that time forth, the king of birds eats every day, on the shore of the sea, a snake sent by Vásuki. So these are heaps of bones of snakes devoured by Garuḍa, that have gradually accumulated in course of time, and come to look like the peak of a mountain.”

When Jímútaváhana, that treasure-house of courage and compassion, had heard, inly grieving, this story from the mouth of Mitrávasu, he thus answered him, “One cannot help grieving for king Vásuki, who, like a coward, offers up every day his subjects to their enemy with his own hand. As he has a thousand faces and a thousand mouths, why could he not say with one mouth to Garuḍa, ‘Eat me first?’ And how could he be so cowardly as to ask Garuḍa to destroy his race, and so heartless as to be able to listen continually unmoved to the lamentation of the Nága women?[9] And to think that Garuḍa, though the son of Kaśyapa and a hero, and though sanctified by being the bearer of Kṛishṇa, should do such an evil deed! Alas the depths of delusion!” When the noble-hearted one had said this, he formed this wish in his heart, “May I obtain the one essential object in this world by the sacrifice of the unsubstantial body! May I be so fortunate as to save the life of one friendless terrified Nága by offering myself to Garuḍa!”

While Jímútaváhana was going through these reflections, a doorkeeper came from Mitrávasu's father to summon them, and Jímútaváhana sent Mitrávasu home, saying to him, "Go you on first, I will follow." And after he had gone, the compassionate man roamed about alone, intent on effecting the object he had in view, and he heard afar off a piteous sound of weeping. And he went on, and saw near a lofty rocky slab a young man of handsome appearance plunged in grief: an officer of some monarch seemed to have just brought him and left him there, and the young man was trying to induce by loving persuasions[10] an old woman, who was weeping there, to return.

And while Jímútaváhana was listening there in secret, melted with pity, eager to know who he could be, the old woman, overwhelmed with the weight of her grief, began to look again and again at the young man, and to lament his hard lot in the following words, "Alas Śankhachúḍa, you that were obtained by me by means of a hundred pangs! Alas, virtuous one! Alas! son, the only scion of our family, where shall I behold you again? Darling, when this moon of your face is withdrawn, your father will fall into the darkness of grief, and how will he live to old age? How will your body, that would suffer even from the touch of the sun's rays, be able to endure the agony of being devoured by Garuḍa? How comes it that Providence and the king of the snakes were able to find out you, the only son of ill-starred me, though the world of the snakes is wide?" When she thus lamented, the young man her son said to her, "I am afflicted enough, as it is, mother; why do you afflict me more? Return home; this is my last reverence to you, for I know it will soon be time for Garuḍa to arrive here." When the old woman heard that, she cast her sorrowful eyes all round the horizon, and cried aloud, "I am undone; who will deliver my son?"

In the meanwhile Jímútaváhana, that portion of a Bodhisattva, having heard and seen that, said to himself, being profoundly touched with pity, "I see, this is an unhappy snake, of the name of Śankhachúḍa, who has now been sent by king Vásuki, to serve as food for Garuḍa. And this is his aged mother, whose only son he is, and who has followed him here out of love, and is lamenting piteously from grief. So, if I cannot save this wretched

Nága by offering up this exceedingly perishable body, alas! my birth will have been void of fruit."

When Jímútaváhana had gone through these reflections, he went joyfully up to the old woman, and said to her, "Mother, I will deliver your son." When the old woman heard that, she was alarmed and terrified, thinking that Garuḍa had come, and she cried out, "Eat me, Garuḍa, eat me!" Then Śankhachúḍa said, "Mother, do not be afraid, this is not Garuḍa. There is a great difference between this being who cheers one like the moon, and the terrible Garuḍa." When Śankhachúḍa said this, Jímútaváhana said, "Mother, I am a Vidyádhara, come to deliver your son; for I will give my body, disguised in clothes, to the hungry Garuḍa; and do you return home, taking your son with you."

When the old woman heard that, she said, "By no means, for you are my son in a still higher sense, because you have shewn such compassion for us at such a time." When Jímútaváhana heard that, he replied, "You two ought not to disappoint my wish in this matter." And when he persistently urged this, Śankhachúḍa said to him; "Of a truth, noble-hearted man, you have displayed your compassionate nature, but I cannot consent to save my body at the cost of yours; for who ought to save a common stone by the sacrifice of a gem? The world is full of people like myself, who feel pity only for themselves, but people like you, who are inclined to feel pity for the whole world, are few in number; besides, excellent man, I shall never find it in my heart to defile the pure race of Śankhapála, as a spot defiles the disk of the moon."

When Śankhachúḍa had in these words attempted to dissuade him, he said to his mother, "Mother, go back, and leave this terrible wilderness. Do you not see here this rock of execution, smeared with the clotted gore of snakes, awful as the luxurious couch of Death! But I will go to the shore of the sea, and worship the lord Gokarṇa, and quickly return, before Garuḍa comes here." When Śankhachúḍa had said this, he took a respectful leave of his sadly-wailing mother, and went to pay his devotions to Gokarṇa.

And Jímútaváhana made up his mind that, if Garuḍa arrived in the meantime, he would certainly be able to carry out his proposed self-sacrifice for the sake of another. And while he was thus reflecting, he saw the trees swaying with the wind of the wings of the approaching king of birds, and seeming, as it were, to utter a cry of dissuasion. So he came to the conclusion that the moment of Garuḍa's arrival was at hand, and determined to offer up his life for another, he ascended the rock of sacrifice. And the sea, churned by the wind, seemed with the eyes of its bright-flashing jewels to be gazing in astonishment at his extraordinary courage. Then Garuḍa came along, obscuring the heaven, and swooping down, struck the great-hearted hero with his beak, and carried him off from that slab of rock. And he quickly went off with him to a peak of the Malaya mountain, to eat him there; and Jímútaváhana's crest-jewel was torn from his head, and drops of blood fell from him, as he was carried through the air. And while Garuḍa was eating that moon of the Vidyádhara race, he said to himself; "May my body thus be offered in every birth for the benefit of others, and let me not enjoy heaven or liberation, if they are dissociated from the opportunity of benefiting my neighbour." And while he was saying this to himself, a rain of flowers fell from heaven.

In the meanwhile his crest-jewel, dripping with his blood, had fallen in front of his wife Malayavatí. When she saw it, she recognized it with much trepidation as her husband's crest-jewel, and as she was in the presence of her father-in-law and mother-in-law, she shewed it them with tears. And they, when they saw their son's crest-jewel, were at once beside themselves to think what it could mean. Then king Jímútaketu and queen Kanakavatí found out by their supernatural powers of meditation the real state of the case, and proceeded to go quickly with their daughter-in-law to the place where Garuḍa and Jímútaváhana were. In the meanwhile Śankhachúḍa returned from worshipping Gokarṇa, and saw, to his dismay, that that stone of sacrifice was wet with blood. Then the worthy fellow exclaimed with tears, "Alas! I am undone, guilty creature that I am! Undoubtedly that great-hearted one, in the fulness of his compassion, has given himself to Garuḍa in my stead. So I will find out to what place the enemy has carried him off in this moment. If I find him alive, I shall escape sinking in the mire of

dishonour.” While he said this, he went following up the track of the drops of blood, that he saw lying close to one another on the ground.

In the meanwhile Garuḍa, who was engaged in devouring Jímútaváhana, saw that he was pleased; so he immediately stopped, and said to himself; “Strange! This must be some matchless hero; for the great-hearted one rejoices even while I am devouring him, but does not lose his life. And on so much of his body as is not lacerated, he has all the hairs erect, as it were a coat of mail; and his look is lovingly fixed on me, as if I were his benefactor. So he cannot be a snake; he must be some saint; I will cease from devouring him, and question him.” While Garuḍa was thus musing, Jímútaváhana said to him; “King of birds, why do you desist? There is flesh and blood in my body, and you are not satisfied as yet, so go on eating it.” When the king of birds heard this, he asked him with much astonishment, “Great-souled one, you are not a snake, so tell me who you are.” But Jímútaváhana answered Garuḍa, “In truth I am a Nága; what is the meaning of this question of yours? Do your kind, for who, that is not foolish, would act[11] contrary to the purpose he had undertaken?”

While he was giving this answer to Garuḍa, Śankhachúḍa came near, and called out to Garuḍa from a distance, “Do not do a rash and criminal deed, son of Vinatá. What delusion is this that possesses you? He is not a snake; lo! I am the snake designed for you.” When Śankhachúḍa had said this, he came up quickly, and standing between those two, and seeing Garuḍa bewildered, he went on to say; “Why are you perplexed; do you not see that I have hoods and two tongues; and do you not observe the charming appearance of this Vidyádhara?” While Śankhachúḍa was saying this, the wife and parents of Jímútaváhana came there with speed. And his parents, seeing him mangled, immediately cried out, “Alas, son! Alas, Jímútaváhana! Alas, compassionate one who have given your life for others! How could you, son of Vinatá, do this thoughtless deed?” When Garuḍa heard this, he was grieved, and he said, “What! Have I in my delusion eaten an incarnation of a Bodhisattva? This is that very Jímútaváhana, who sacrifices his life for others, the renown of whose glory pervades all these three worlds? So, now that he is dead, the time has arrived for my wicked self to enter the fire. Does the fruit of the poison-tree

of unrighteousness ever ripen sweet?" While Garuḍa was distracted with these reflections, Jímútaváhana, having beheld his family, fell down in the agony of his wounds, and died.

Then his parents, tortured with sorrow, lamented, and Śankhachúḍa again and again blamed his own negligence. But Jímútaváhana's wife, Malayavatí, looked towards the heaven, and in accents choked with tears thus reproached the goddess Ambiká, who before was pleased with her, and granted her a boon, "At that time, O goddess Gaurí, thou didst promise me that I should have for husband one destined to be paramount sovereign over all the kings of the Vidyádharas, so how comes it that thou hast now falsified thy promise to me?" When she said this, Gaurí became visible, and saying "Daughter, my speech was not false," she quickly sprinkled Jímútaváhana with nectar from her pitcher.[12] That made the successful hero Jímútaváhana at once rise up more splendid than before, with all his limbs free from wounds.

He rose up, and prostrated himself before the goddess, and then all prostrated themselves, and the goddess said to him, "My son, I am pleased with this sacrifice of thy body, so I now anoint thee with this hand of mine emperor over the Vidyádharas, and thou shalt hold the office for a kalpa." With these words Gaurí sprinkled Jímútaváhana with water from her pitcher, and after she had been worshipped, disappeared. And thereupon a heavenly rain of flowers fell on that spot, and the drums of the gods sounded joyously in the sky.

Then Garuḍa, bending low, said to Jímútaváhana, "Emperor, I am pleased with thee, as thou art an unparalleled hero, since thou, of soul matchlessly generous, hast done this wonderful deed, that excites the astonishment of the three worlds, and is inscribed on the walls of the egg of Brahmá. So give me an order, and receive from me whatever boon thou dost desire." When Garuḍa said this, the great-hearted hero said to him, "Thou must repent, and never again devour the snakes; and let these snakes, whom thou didst devour before, whose bones only remain, return to life." Thereupon Garuḍa said, "So be it; from this day forth I will never eat the snakes again;

heaven forefend! As for those that I ate on former occasions, let them return to life."

Then all the snakes, that he had eaten before, whose bones alone remained, rose up unwounded, restored to life by the nectar of his boon. Then the gods, the snakes, and the hermit bands assembled there full of joy, and so the Malaya mountain earned the title of the three worlds. And then all the kings of the Vidyádharas heard by the favour of Gaurí the strange story of Jímútaváhana; and they immediately came and bowed at his feet, and after he had dismissed Garuḍa, they took him to the Himálayas, accompanied by his rejoicing relations and friends, a noble emperor whose great inauguration ceremony had been performed by Gaurí with her own hands. There Jímútaváhana, in the society of his mother and father, and of Mitrávasu and Malayavatí, and of Śankhachúḍa, who had gone to his own house, and returned again, long enjoyed the dignity of emperor of the Vidyádharas, rich in jewels, which had been gained by his marvellous and extraordinarily heroic action.

Having told this very noble and interesting tale, the Vetála proceeded to put another question to king Trivikramasena, "So tell me, which of those two was superior in fortitude, Śankhachúḍa or Jímútaváhana? And the conditions are those which I mentioned before." When king Trivikramasena heard this question of the Vetála's, he broke his silence, through fear of a curse, and said with calm composure, "This behaviour was nowise astonishing in Jímútaváhana, as he had acquired this virtue in many births; but Śankhachúḍa really deserves praise, for that, after he had escaped death, he ran after his enemy Garuḍa, who had found another self-offered victim[13] and had gone a long distance with him, and importunately offered him his body."

When that excellent Vetála had heard this speech of that king's, he left his shoulder and again went to his own place, and the king again pursued him as before.

Note.

Oesterley remarks that the substance of this story is told, in the eleventh chapter of the Vikra macharitam, of king Vikramáditya. A Rákshasa carried off so many persons from the city of Pala that the inhabitants agreed to give him one human being every day. The king takes the place of one of these victims, and the Rákshasa is so much affected by it, that he promises not to demand any more victims. A similar contest in generosity is found in the 2nd Tale of the Siddhi-kür, Jülg, p. 60, but the end of the story is quite different. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 205–207.) The story in the Siddhi-kür is probably the 5th Tale in Sagas from the Far East; "How the Serpent-gods were propitiated."

1

See Chapter XXII for another version of this story. It is found in the Bodhisattvávadána-kalpalatá: see Dr. R. L. Mitra's Buddhist Literature of Nepal, p. 77.

2

The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *śúrásandrishṭapṛishṭhaś*.

3

I adopt the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. *adhṛiśya* for *adhṛishya*, invincible, instead of *adṛiśya* invisible.

4

i. e., Párvatí or Durgá.

5

See Vol. I, p. 48, and Baring Gould's remarks in his Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, Second Series, "The piper of Hamelin."

6

Here there is an insipid pun about the army of the Páṇḍavas penetrating by the help of Arjuna the host of Karṇa. There seems to be an allusion to Kṛishṇa also. For *vivikshatím* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *vimathnatím*.

7

See Vol. I, p. 176.

8

The Sanskrit College MS. has *balád* for the *balí* of Brockhaus's edition. For the "wager" see Vol. I, p. 182.

9

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *Tárkshyan nánákranda nityákarṇana nirghṛiṇam*.

10

The Sanskrit College MS. has *sánunayám*.

11

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vidadhyád*. This is the reading which I follow hero in preference to that of Brockhaus.

12

Cp. Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 594. See Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 106.

13

The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *anyaṁ vṛittátmánaṁ: anyaṁ* at any rate must be right.

Chapter XCI.

(Vetála 17.)

Then the brave king Trivikramasena went back once more to the *aśoka*-tree, and taking the Vetála from it, carried him off on his shoulder. And when he had set out, the Vetála said to him from his perch on his shoulder, “Listen, king; to cheer your toil, I will tell you the following tale.”

Story of Unmádiní.[1]

There was a city of the name[2] of Kanakapura situated on the bank of the Ganges, in which the bounds of virtue were never transgressed, and which was inaccessible to the demon Kali. In it there was a king rightly named Yaśodhana, who, like a rocky coast, protected the earth against the sea of calamity. When Destiny framed him, she seemed to blend together the moon and the sun, for, though he delighted the world, the heat of his valour was scorching, and the circle of his territory never waned. This king was unskilled[3] in slandering his neighbour, but skilled in the meaning of the Śástras, he shewed poverty in crime, not in treasure and military force. His subjects sang of him as one afraid only of sin, covetous only of glory, averse to the wives of others, all compact of valour, generosity, and love.

In that capital of that sovereign there was a great merchant, and he had an unmarried daughter, named Unmádiní. Whoever there beheld her, was at once driven mad by the wealth of her beauty, which was enough to bewilder even the god of love himself. And when she attained womanhood, her politic father, the merchant, went to king Yaśodhana, and said to him, “King, I have a daughter to give in marriage, who is the pearl of the three worlds; I dare not give her away to any one else, without informing your

Majesty. For to your Majesty belong all the jewels of the whole earth, so do me the favour of accepting or rejecting her."

When the king heard this report from the merchant, he sent off, with due politeness, his own Bráhmans, to see whether she had auspicious marks or not. The Bráhmans went and saw that matchless beauty of the three worlds, and were at once troubled and amazed, but when they had recovered their self-control, they reflected; "If the king gets hold of this maiden the kingdom is ruined, for his mind will be thrown off its balance by her, and he will not regard his kingdom, so we must not tell the king that she possesses auspicious marks." When they had deliberated to this effect,[4] they went to the king, and said falsely to him, "She has inauspicious marks." Accordingly the king declined to take that merchant's daughter as his wife.

Then, by the king's orders, the merchant, the father of the maiden Unmádiní, gave her in marriage to the commander of the king's forces, named Baladhara. And she lived happily with her husband in his house, but she thought that she had been dishonoured by the king's abandoning her on account of her supposed inauspicious marks.

And as time went on, the lion of spring came to that place, slaying the elephant of winter, that, with flowering jasmine-creepers for tusks, had ravaged the thick-clustering lotuses. And it sported in the wood, with luxuriant clusters of flowers for mane, and with mango-buds for claws. At that season king Yaśodhana, mounted on an elephant, went out to see the high festival of spring in that city of his. And then a warning drum was beaten, to give notice to all matrons to retire, as it was apprehended that the sight of his beauty might prove their ruin.

When Unmádiní heard that drum, she shewed herself to the king on the roof of her palace, to revenge the insult he had offered her by refusing her. And when the king saw her, looking like a flame shooting up from the fire of love, when fanned by spring and the winds from the Malaya mountain, he was sorely troubled. And gazing on her beauty, that pierced deep into his heart, like a victorious dart of Cupid, he immediately swooned. His servants managed to bring him round, and when he had entered his palace, he found

out from them, by questioning them, that this was the very beauty who had been formerly offered to him, and whom he had rejected. Then the king banished from his realm those who reported that she had inauspicious marks, and thought on her with longing, night after night, saying to himself, “Ah! how dull of soul and shameless is the moon, that he continues to rise, while her spotless face is there, a feast to the eyes of the world!” Thinking thus in his heart, the king, being slowly wasted by the smouldering fires of love, pined away day by day. But through shame he concealed the cause of his grief, and with difficulty was he induced to tell it to his confidential servants, who were led by external signs to question him. Then they said; “Why fret yourself? Why do you not take her to yourself, as she is at your command?” But the righteous sovereign would not consent to follow their advice.

Then Baladhara, the commander-in-chief, heard the tidings, and being truly devoted to him, he came and flung himself at the feet of his sovereign, and made the following petition to him, “King, you should look upon this female slave as your slave-girl, not as the wife of another; and I bestow her freely upon you, so deign to accept my wife. Or I will abandon her in the temple here, then, king, there will be no sin in your taking her to yourself, as there might be, if she were a matron.” When the commander-in-chief persistently entreated the king to this effect, the king answered him with inward wrath, “How could I, being a king, do such an unrighteous deed? If I desert the path of right, who will remain loyal to his duty? And how can you, though devoted to me, urge me to commit a crime, which will bring momentary pleasure,[5] but cause great misery in the next world? And if you desert your lawful wife, I shall not allow your crime to go unpunished, for who in my position could tolerate such an outrage on morality? So death is for me the best course.” With these words the king vetoed the proposal of the commander-in-chief, for men of noble character lose their lives sooner than abandon the path of virtue. And in the same way the resolute-minded monarch rejected the petition of his citizens, and of the country-people, who assembled, and entreated him to the same effect.

Accordingly, the king’s body was gradually consumed by the fire of the grievous fever of love, and only his name and fame remained.[6] But the

commander-in-chief could not bear the thought that the king's death had been brought about in this way, so he entered the fire; for the actions of devoted followers are inexplicable.[7]

When the Vetála, sitting on the shoulder of king Trivikramasena, had told this wonderful tale, he again said to him, "So tell me, king, which of these two was superior in loyalty, the general or the king; and remember, the previous condition still holds." When the Vetála said this, the king broke silence, and answered him, "Of these two the king was superior in loyalty." When the Vetála heard this, he said to him reproachfully, "Tell me, king, how can you make out that the general was not his superior? For, though he knew the charm of his wife's society by long familiarity, he offered such a fascinating woman to the king out of love for him; and when the king was dead, he burnt himself; but the king refused the offer of his wife without knowing anything about her."

When the Vetála said this to the king, the latter laughed, and said, "Admitting the truth of this, what is there astonishing in the fact, that the commander-in-chief, a man of good family, acted thus for his master's sake, out of regard for him? For servants are bound to preserve their masters even by the sacrifice of their lives. But kings are inflated with arrogance, uncontrollable as elephants, and when bent on enjoyment, they snap asunder the chain of the moral law. For their minds are overweening, and all discernment is washed out of them, when the waters of inauguration are poured over them, and is, as it were, swept away by the flood. And the breeze of the waving chowries fans away the atoms of the sense of scripture taught them by old men, as it fans away flies and mosquitoes. And the royal umbrella keeps off from them the rays of truth, as well as the rays of the sun; and their eyes, smitten by the gale of prosperity, do not see the right path. And so even kings, that have conquered the world, like Nahusha and others, have had their minds bewildered by Mára, and have been brought into calamity. But this king, though his umbrella was paramount in the earth, was not fascinated by Unmádiní, fickle as the goddess of Fortune; indeed, sooner than set his foot on the wrong path, he renounced life altogether; therefore him I consider the more self-controlled of the two."

When the Vetála heard this speech of the king's, he again rapidly quitted his shoulder by the might of his delusive power, and returned to his own place; and the king followed him swiftly, as before, to recover him: for how can great men leave off in the middle of an enterprise, which they have begun, even though it be very difficult?

Note.

Oesterley states that this tale is No. 26, in the Persian Tútínámah, in Iken, p. 109. The deliberations about carrying off the wife of the commander-in-chief are, in this form of the story, carried on in the presence of the counsellors only; and the king is the only one that dies. From the Persian Tútínámah the story has passed in a very similar form into the Turkish Tútínámah. Compare Malespíní, 1, No. 102, (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 207, 208.) The story, as told by Śivadása, will be found in Bezzenberger's Beiträge zur Kunde der Indo-germanischen Sprachen, Vol. IV, p. 360. Dr. Zachariæ, the author of the paper, gives a reference to the Rajataranginí, IV, 17–37, which Professor Bühler pointed out to him. He tells us that the story is the 14th in Jambhaladatta's recension. The story is also found in the parables of Buddhaghosha; in a form based upon the Ummadantíjátaka. Dr. Zachariæ gives the Pali text of this Játaka in an Appendix, and the corresponding Sanskrit version of the tale from the Játakamálá of Aryaśúra. He also refers his readers to Upham's Mahávanso, pp. 212–213; Beal, Texts from the Buddhist canon, commonly known as Dhammapada, Section XXIII, Advantageous Service; Bigandet, The life or legend of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese, pp. 220–221; and Mary Summer, Histoire du Bouddha Sákya-Mouni, (Paris, 1874,) p. 145.

In the Pali version the Bráhmans are so bewildered at the sight of the girl that they cannot eat, but put their rice on their heads &c. instead of putting it in their mouths; so she has them driven out by her servants. Out of revenge they tell the king that she is a *kálakaṇṇi*, which according to

Childers means “a hag.” In the Játakamálá they are too much bewildered to stand, much less to eat; but the report which they make is much the same as in our text, and made from the same motives.

1

See Vol. I, pp. 104, 294, and 574.

2

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *prág* for *náma*.

3

The Sanskrit College MS. gives *mándyaṃ* for *maurkhyaṃ*.

4

The Sanskrit College MS. gives *mankshu* for *mantraṃ*.

5

Duḥkhávahe, the reading of Brockhaus’s edition, is obviously a misprint for *sukhávahe*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS.

6

May we compare this king to Daphnis, who τὸν αὐτῶ
ἄνυε πικρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἄνυε μοίρας?

7

Cp. the behaviour of the followers of the emperor Otho.

Chapter XCII.

(Vetála 18.)

Then in that cemetery, full of the flames of funeral pyres, as of demons, flesh-devouring, with lolling tongues of fire, the undaunted king Trivikramasena went back that same night to the *aśoka*-tree.

And there he unexpectedly saw many corpses of similar appearance hanging upon the tree, and they all seemed to be possessed by Vetálas. The king said to himself, "Ah! what is the meaning of this? Is this deluding Vetála doing this now in order to waste my time? For I do not know which of these many corpses here I ought to take. If this night shall pass away without my accomplishing my object, I will enter the fire, I will not put up with disgrace." But the Vetála discovered the king's intention, and pleased with his courage, he withdrew that delusion. Then the king beheld only one Vetála on the tree in the corpse of a man, and he took it down, and put it on his shoulder, and once more started off with it. And as he trudged along, the Vetála again said to him, "King, your fortitude is wonderful: so listen to this my tale."

Story of the Bráhman's son who failed to acquire the magic power.

There is a city called Ujjayiní, inferior only to Bhogavatí and Amarávatí, which Śiva, who was won by the toilsome asceticism of Gaurí, being in love with the matchless pre-eminence of its excellence, himself selected as his habitation. It is full of various enjoyments, to be attained only by distinguished well-doing; in that city stiffness and hardness is seen only in the bosoms of the ladies, curvature only in their eye-brows,[1] and fickleness only in their rolling eyes; darkness only in the nights; crookedness only in

the ambiguous phrases of poets; madness only in elephants; and coldness only in pearls, sandal-wood juice, and the moon.

In that city there was a learned Bráhman, named Devasvámin, who had offered many sacrifices, and possessed great wealth, and who was highly honoured by the king, whose name was Chandraprabha. In time there was born to that Bráhman a son, named Chandrasvámin, and he, though he had studied the sciences, was, when he grew up, exclusively devoted to the vice of gambling.[2] Now once on a time that Bráhman's son, Chandrasvámin, entered a great gambling-hall to gamble. Calamities seemed to be continually watching that hall with tumbling dice for rolling eyes, like the black antelope in colour, and saying to themselves, "Whom shall we seize on here?" And the hall, full of the noise of the altercations of gamblers, seemed to utter this cry, "Who is there whose wealth I could not take away? I could impoverish even Kuvera the lord of Alaká." Then he entered the hall, and playing dice with gamblers, he lost his clothes and all, and then he lost borrowed money in addition. And when he was called upon to pay that impossible sum, he could not do it, so the keeper of the gambling-hall seized him and beat him with sticks.[3] And that Bráhman's son, when beaten with sticks all over his body, made himself motionless as a stone, and to all appearance dead, and remained in that state.

When he had remained there in that condition for two or three days, the proprietor of the gambling establishment got angry, and said, in the gambling-hall, to the gamblers, who frequented it; "This fellow has begun to try on the petrifaction dodge, so take the spiritless wretch and throw him into some blind well; but I will give you the money."

When the proprietor said this to the gamblers, they took up Chandrasvámin, and carried him to a distant wood to look for a well. There an old gambler said to the others, "This fellow is all but dead; so what is the good of throwing him into a well now? So let us leave him here, and say that we left him in a well." All approved his speech, and agreed to do as he recommended.

Then the gamblers left Chandrasvámin there and went their ways, and he rose up and entered an empty temple of Śiva that stood near. There he recovered his strength a little, and reflected in his grief, “Alas! being over-confiding, I have been robbed by these gamblers by downright cheating, so, where can I go in this condition, naked, cudgelled, and begrimed with dust? What would my father, my relations, or my friends say of me, if they saw me? So I will remain here for the present, and at night I will go out, and see how I can make shift to get food, to satisfy my hunger.” While he was going through these reflections in hunger and nakedness, the sun abated his heat, and abandoned his garment the sky, and went to the mountain of setting.

Thereupon there came there a Páśupata ascetic with his body smeared with ashes, with matted hair and a trident, looking like a second Śiva. When he saw Chandrasvámin, he said to him, “Who are you?” Thereupon Chandrasvámin told him his story, and bowed before him, and the hermit when he heard it, said to him; “You have arrived at my hermitage, as an unexpected guest, exhausted with hunger; so rise up, bathe, and take a portion of the food I have obtained by begging.” When the hermit said this to Chandrasvámin, he answered, “Reverend sir, I am a Bráhman; how can I eat a part of your alms?”

When the hospitable hermit who possessed magic powers, heard that, he entered his hut, and called to mind the science which produces whatever one desires, and the science appeared to him when he called it to mind, and said, “What shall I do for you?” And he gave it this order; “Provide entertainment for this guest.” The science answered “I will;” and then Chandrasvámin beheld a golden city rise up, with a garden attached to it, and full of female attendants. And those females came out of that city, and approached the astonished Chandrasvámin, and said to him; “Rise up, good sir; come, eat, and forget your fatigue.” Then they took him inside, and made him bathe, and anointed him; and they put splendid garments on him, and took him to another magnificent dwelling; and there the young man beheld a young woman who seemed their chief, who was beautiful in all her limbs, and appeared to have been made by the Creator out of curiosity to see what he could do. She rose up, eager to welcome him, and made him sit

beside her on her throne, and he partook with her of heavenly food, and ate with much delight betel-nut, flavoured with five fruits.

And next morning he woke up, and saw only that temple of Śiva there, and neither that city, nor that heavenly lady nor her attendants. Then the hermit came out of the hut smiling, and asked him how he had enjoyed himself in the night, and the discreet Chandrasvámin, in his despondency, said to the hermit, “By your favour, reverend sir, I spent the night happily enough; but now, without that heavenly lady, my life will depart.” When the hermit heard that, being kind-hearted, he laughed and said to him, “Remain here, you shall have exactly the same experiences this night also.” When the hermit said this, Chandrasvámin consented to stay, and by the favour of the hermit, he was provided by the same means with the same enjoyments every night.

And at last he understood that this was all produced by magic science, so, one day, impelled by destiny, he coaxed that mighty hermit and said to him, “If, reverend sir, you really take pity on me, who have fled to you for protection, bestow on me that science, whose power is so great.” When he urged this request persistently, the hermit said to him, “You cannot attain this science; for it is attained under the water, and while the aspirant is muttering spells under the water, the science creates delusions to bewilder him, so that he does not attain success. For there he sees himself born again, and a boy, and then a youth, and then a young man, and married, and then he supposes that he has a son. And he is falsely deluded, supposing that one person is his friend and another his enemy, and he does not remember this birth, nor that he is engaged in a magic rite for acquiring science. But whoever, when he seems to have reached twenty-four years, is recalled to consciousness by the science of his instructor, and being firm of soul, remembers his real life, and knows that all he supposes himself to experience is the effect of illusion, and though he is under the influence of it, enters the fire, attains the science, and rising from the water, sees the real truth. But if the science is not attained by the pupil on whom it is bestowed, it is lost to the teacher also, on account of its having been communicated to an unfit person. You can attain all the results you desire by my possession

of the science; why do you shew this persistence? Take care that my power is not lost, and that so your enjoyment is not lost also."

Though the hermit said this, Chandrasvámin persisted in saying to him, "I shall be able to do all that is required[4]; do not be anxious about that." Then the hermit consented to give him the science. What will not good men do for the sake of those that implore their aid? Then the Pásupata ascetic went to the bank of the river, and said to him, "My son, when, in repeating this charm, you behold that illusion, I will recall you to consciousness by my magic power, and you must enter the fire which you will see in your illusion. For I shall remain here all the time on the bank of the river to help you. When that prince of ascetics had said this, being himself pure, he duly communicated that charm to Chandrasvámin, who was purified and had rinsed his mouth with water. Then Chandrasvámin bowed low before his teacher, and plunged boldly into the river, while he remained on the bank. And while he was repeating over that charm in the water, he was at once bewildered by its deluding power, and cheated into forgetting the whole of that birth. And he imagined himself to be born in his own person in another town, as the son of a certain Bráhman, and he slowly grew up. And in his fancy he was invested with the Bráhmanical thread, and studied the prescribed sciences, and married a wife, and was absorbed in the joys and sorrows of married life, and in course of time had a son born to him, and he remained in that town engaged in various pursuits, enslaved by love for his son, devoted to his wife, with his parents and relations.

While he was thus living through in his fancy a life other than his real one, the hermit his teacher employed the charm, whose office it was to rouse him at the proper season. He was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the employment of that charm, and recollected himself and that hermit, and became aware that all that he was apparently going through was magic illusion, and he became eager to enter the fire, in order to gain the fruit, which was to be attained by the charm; but he was surrounded by his elders, friends, superiors and relations, who all tried to prevent him. Still, though they used all kinds of arguments to dissuade him, being desirous of heavenly enjoyment, he went with his relations to the bank of the river, on which a pyre was prepared. There he saw his aged parents and his wife

ready to die with grief, and his young children crying; and in his bewilderment he said to himself; “Alas! my relations will all die, if I enter the fire, and I do not know if that promise of my teacher’s is true or not. So shall I enter the fire? Or shall I not enter it? After all, how can that promise of my teacher’s be false, as it is so precisely in accordance with all that has taken place? So, I will gladly enter the fire.” When the Bráhman Chandrasvámin had gone through these reflections, he entered the fire.

And to his astonishment the fire felt as cool to him as snow. Then he rose up from the water of the river, the delusion having come to an end, and went to the bank. There he saw his teacher on the bank, and he prostrated himself at his feet, and when his teacher questioned him, he told him all his experiences, ending with the cool feel of the fire. Then his teacher said to him, “My son, I am afraid you have made some mistake in this incantation, otherwise how can the fire have become cool to you? This phenomenon in the process of acquiring this science is unprecedented.” When Chandrasvámin heard this remark of his teacher’s, he answered, “Reverend sir, I am sure that I made no mistake.”

Then the teacher, in order to know for certain, called to mind that science, and it did not present itself to him or his pupil. So, as both of them had lost the science, they left that place despondent.

“When the Vetála had told this story, he once more put a question to king Trivikramasena, after mentioning the same condition as before; “King, resolve this doubt of mine; tell me, why was the science lost to both of them, though the incantation was performed in the prescribed way?” When the brave king heard this speech of the Vetála’s, he gave him this answer; “I know, lord of magic, you are bent on wasting my time here, still I will answer. A man cannot obtain success even by performing correctly a difficult ceremony, unless his mind is firm, and abides in spotless courage, unhesitating and pure from wavering. But in that business the mind of that spiritless young Bráhman wavered, even when roused by his teacher,[5] so his charm did not attain success, and his teacher lost his mastery over the charm, because he had bestowed it on an undeserving aspirant.”

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetála again left his shoulder and went back invisible to his own place, and the king went back to fetch him as before.

Note.

The above story closely resembles one quoted from the Turkish Tales in the 94th number of the Spectator.

A sultan of Egypt was directed by a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, to place himself in a huge tub of water, which he accordingly did; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water and draw it up again. The king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. The king immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country. Accordingly he applied himself to some people, whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood: these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long that he had by her seven sons and seven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day, as he was walking alone by the seaside, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes in the desire to wash himself, according to the custom of the Muhammadans, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water, than he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great

men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and a delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and taken it out again. Oesterley compares the story of Devadatta in the 26th Taranga of this work.

1

Bhanga also means defeat.

2

This vice was prevalent even in the Vedic age. See Zimmer, Alt-Indisches Leben, pp. 283–287; Muir's Sanskrit Texts, Vol. V, pp. 425–430. It is well-known that the plot of the Mahábhárata principally turns on this vice.

3

Compare the conduct of Máthura in the Mrichchhakaṭika. For the penniless state of the gambler, see p. 195, and Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 3.

4

I read *śakshyámi* with the Sanskrit College MS.

5

Prabodhya should, I think, be *prabudhya*.

Chapter XCIII.

(Vetála 19.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went and took the Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree, and putting him on his shoulder, set out with him; and as he was returning from the tree, the Vetála once more said to him, “Listen, king, I will tell you a delightful tale.”

Story of the Thief’s Son.

There is a city named Vakrolaka, equal to the city of the gods; in it there dwelt a king named Súryaprabha, equal to Indra. He, like Vishṇu, rescued this earth, and bore it long time on his arm, gladdening all men by his frame ever ready to bear their burdens.[1] In the realm of that king tears were produced only by contact with smoke, there was no talk of death except in the case of the living death of starved lovers, and the only fines were the fine gold sticks in the hands of his warders. He was rich in all manner of wealth, and he had only one source of grief, namely, that, though he had many wives, no son was born to him.

Now, at this point of the story, there was a merchant, of the name of Dhanapála, in the great city of Támraliptí, the wealthiest of the wealthy. And he had born to him one daughter only, and her name was Dhanavatí, who was shewn by her beauty to be a Vidyádharí fallen by a curse. When she grew up to womanhood, the merchant died; and his relations seized his property, as the king did not interfere to protect it. Then the wife of that merchant, who was named Hiraṇyavatí, took her own jewels and ornaments, which she had carefully concealed, and left her house secretly at the beginning of night, with her daughter Dhanavatí, and fled, to escape from her husband’s relations. And with difficulty did she get outside the

town, leaning upon the hand of her daughter, for without her was the darkness of night, and within her the darkness of grief. And as she went along in the thick darkness outside the town, it chanced, so fate would have it, that she ran her shoulder against a thief impaled on a stake, whom she did not see. He was still alive, and his pain being aggravated by the blow he received from her shoulder, he said, “Alas! who has rubbed salt into my wounds?” The merchant’s wife then and there said to him, “Who are you?” He answered her, “I am a detected thief impaled here,[2] and though I am impaled, my breath has not yet left my body, wicked man that I am. So tell me, lady, who you are and whither you are going in this manner.” When the merchant’s wife heard this, she told him her story; and at that moment the eastern quarter adorned her face with the outshining moon, as with a beauty-patch.

Then, all the horizon being lighted up, the thief saw the merchant’s daughter, the maiden Dhanavatí, and said to her mother, “Listen to one request of mine; I will give you a thousand pieces of gold; come, give me this maiden daughter of yours to wife.” She laughed, and said, “What do you want with her?” Then the thief replied, “I am now as good as dead, and I have no son; and you know, a sonless man does not inherit the worlds of bliss. But, if you agree to my proposal, whatever son she may give birth to by my appointment, whoever may be his father, will be the issue raised up to me. This is the reason why I ask for her, but do you accomplish that desire of mine.” When the merchant’s widow heard this, she consented to it out of avarice. And she brought water from somewhere or other, and poured it on the hand of that thief, and said, “I give you this my maiden daughter in marriage.”

He then gave to her daughter the command aforesaid, and then said to the merchant’s widow, “Go and dig at the foot of this banyan-tree, and take the gold you find there; and when I am dead, have my body burnt with the usual ceremonies, and throw my bones into some sacred water, and go with your daughter to the city of Vakrolaka. There the people are made happy by good government under king Súryaprabha, and you will be able to live as you like, free from anxiety, as you will not be persecuted.” When the thief

had said this, being thirsty, he drank some water which she brought; and his life came to an end, spent with the torture of impalement.

Then the merchant's widow went and took the gold from the foot of the banyan-tree, and went secretly with her daughter to the house of a friend of her husband's; and while she was there, she managed to get that thief's body duly burnt, and had his bones thrown into a sacred water, and all the other rites performed. And the next day she took that concealed wealth, and went off with her daughter, and travelling along reached in course of time that city Vakrolaka. There she bought a house from a great merchant named Vasudatta, and lived in it with her daughter Dhanavatí.

Now at that time there lived in that city a teacher of the name of Vishṇusvámin. And he had a pupil, a very handsome Bráhman of the name of Manaḥsvámin. And he, though he was of high birth and well-educated, was so enslaved by the passions of youth that he fell in love with a *hetæra* of the name of Hansávalí. But she demanded a fee of five hundred gold *dínárs*, and he did not possess this sum, so he was in a state of perpetual despondency.

And one day that merchant's daughter Dhanavatí saw him from the top of her palace, such as I have described, with attenuated but handsome frame. Her heart was captivated by his beauty; so she called to mind the injunction of that thief her husband, and artfully said to her mother, who was near her; "Mother, behold the beauty and youth of this young Bráhman, how charming they are, raining nectar into the eyes of the whole world." When that merchant's widow heard this, she saw that her daughter was in love with the young Bráhman, and she thought thus in her mind; "My daughter is bound by the orders of her husband to choose some man, in order to raise up issue to her husband, so why should she not invite this one?" When she had gone through these reflections, she entrusted her wish to a confidential maid, and sent her to bring the Bráhman for her daughter.

The maid went and took that Bráhman aside, and communicated her mistress's wish to him, and that young and dissolute Bráhman said to her; "If they will give me five hundred gold dínárs for Hansávalí, I will go there

for one night." When he said this to the maid, she went and communicated it to the merchant's widow, and she sent the money to him by her hand. When Manaḥsvámin had received the money, he went with the maid to the private apartments of the widow's daughter, Dhanavatí, who had been made over to him. Then he saw that expectant fair one, the ornament of the earth, as the partridge beholds the moonlight, and rejoiced; and after passing the night there, he went away secretly next morning.

And Dhanavatí, the merchant's daughter, became pregnant by him, and in due time she brought forth a son, whose auspicious marks foreshadowed his lofty destiny. She and her mother were much pleased at the birth of a son; and then Śiva manifested himself to them in a dream by night, and said to them; "Take this boy, as he lies in his cradle, and leave him, with a thousand gold pieces, early in the morning, at the door of king Súryaprabha. In this way all will turn out well." The merchant's widow and the merchant's daughter, having received this command from Śiva, woke up, and told one another their dream. And relying upon the god, they took the boy and the gold, and laid them together at the gate of king Súryaprabha's palace.[3]

In the meanwhile Śiva thus commanded in a dream king Súryaprabha, who was tormented with anxiety to obtain a son; "Rise up, king, somebody has placed at the gate of your palace a handsome child and some gold, take him as he lies in his cradle." When Śiva had said this to the king, he woke up in the morning, and at that moment the warders came in and told him the same, and so he went out himself, and seeing at the gate of the palace that boy with a heap of gold, and observing that he was of auspicious appearance, having his hands and feet marked with the line, the umbrella, the banner and other marks, he said, "Śiva has given me a suitable child," and he himself took him up in his arms, and went into the palace with him. And he made a feast, and gave away an incalculable amount of wealth, so that only the word "poor" was without its proper wealth of signification. And king Súryaprabha spent twelve days in music, and dancing, and other amusements, and then he gave that son the name of Chandraprabha.

And gradually prince Chandraprabha increased in stature as well as in excellent character, delighting his dependants by both. And in course of

time he grew up, and became capable of bearing the weight of the earth, winning over the subjects by his courage, his generosity, his learning, and other accomplishments. And his father, king Súryaprabha, seeing that he possessed these qualities, appointed him his successor in the kingdom, and being an old man, and having accomplished all his ends in life, he went to Váráṇasí. And while that son of his, distinguished for policy, was ruling the earth, he abandoned his body at Váráṇasí, in the performance of severe asceticism.

And that pious king Chandraprabha, hearing of the death of his father, lamented for him, and performed the usual ceremonies, and then said to his ministers, "How can I ever pay my debt to my father? However I will make one recompense to him with my own hand. I will take his bones and duly fling them into the Ganges, and I will go to Gayá, and offer an obsequial cake to all the ancestors, and I will diligently perform a pilgrimage to all sacred waters, as far as the eastern sea." When the king said this, his ministers said to him, "Your majesty, kings ought never to do these things, for sovereignty has many weak points, and cannot subsist a moment without being upheld. So you must pay this debt to your father by the instrumentality of another. What visiting of holy waters, other than the doing of your duty, is incumbent upon you? Kings, who are ever carefully guarded, have nothing to do with pilgrimage, which is exposed to many dangers." When king Chandraprabha heard this speech of his ministers', he answered them, "Away with doubts and hesitations! I must certainly go for my father's sake; and I must visit the sacred waters, while I am young and strong enough. Who knows what will take place hereafter, for the body perishes in a moment? And you must guard my kingdom until my return." When the ministers heard this resolve of the king's, they remained silent. So the king got ready all the requisites for the journey. Then, on an auspicious day, the king bathed, made offerings to the fire, gave complimentary presents to Bráhmans, and ascended a chariot to which the horses were yoked, subdued in spirit and wearing the dress of an ascetic,[4] and started on his pilgrimage. With difficulty did he induce the feudal chiefs, the Rájpúts, the citizens, and the country people, who followed him as far as the frontier, to return, much against their will; and so, throwing the burden of his realm upon his ministers, king Chandraprabha set out in the company of his

private chaplain, attended by Bráhmans in chariots. He was diverted by beholding various garbs, and hearing various languages, and by the other distractions of travel, and so seeing on his way all kinds of countries, in course of time he reached the Ganges. And he gazed upon that river, which seemed with the ridges of its waves to be making a ladder for mortals to ascend into heaven by; and which might be said to imitate Ambiká, since it sprang from the mountain Himavat, and playfully pulled in its course the hair of Śiva, and was worshipped by the divine Ṛishis and the Gaṇas. So he descended from his chariot, and bathed in that river, and threw into it in accordance with pious custom the bones of king Súryaprabha.

And after he had given gifts and performed the *śráddha*, he ascended the chariot, and set out, and in course of time reached Prayága[5] celebrated by *ṛishis*, where the meeting streams of the Ganges and Yamuná gleam for the welfare of men, like the line of flame and the line of smoke of the sacrificial butter blending together. There king Chandraprabha fasted, and performed with various pious actions, such as bathing, distribution of wealth, and so on, the solemn ceremony of the *śráddha*, and then he went on to Váráṇasí, which seemed by the silken banners of its temples, tossed up and down by gusts of wind, to cry out from afar, “Come and attain salvation.”

In that city he fasted for three days, and then worshipped Śiva with various meat-offerings, as became his own rank, and then set out for Gayá. As he travelled through the woods, the trees, which were bent down by the weight of their fruit, and in which the birds were sweetly singing, seemed at every step to be bowing before him and praising him at the same time; and the winds, throwing about the woodland flowers, seemed to honour him with posies. And so he crossed the forest districts and reached the sacred hill of Gayá.[6] And there he duly performed a *śráddha*, in which he bestowed many gifts on Bráhmans, and then he entered the Holy Wood. And while he was offering the sacrificial cake to his father in the well of Gayá, there rose out of it three human hands to take the cake. When the king saw this, he was bewildered, and said to his own Bráhmans; “What does this mean? Into which hand am I to put the cake?” They said to him, “King, this hand in which an iron spike is seen, is certainly the hand of a thief; and this second hand, which holds a colander,[7] is the hand of a Bráhman; and this third

hand, which has the ring and the auspicious marks, is the hand of a king. So we do not know into which hand the sacrificial cake is to be put, or what all this means." When the Bráhmans said this to the king, he was unable to arrive at any certain decision.

When the Vetála, on the shoulder of the king, had told this wonderful tale, he said to king Trivikramasena, "Now into whose hand should the cake have been put? Let your Highness tell me that; and remember the previous condition is still binding on you."

When king Trivikramasena, who was well versed in law, heard this from the Vetála, he broke silence, and answered him; "The sacrificial cake should have been placed in the hand of the thief, for king Chandraprabha was his son, raised up to him by his appointment, and he was not the son of either of the other two. For though the Bráhman begot him, he cannot be considered his father, as he sold himself for money for that one night. However he might have been considered the son of king Súryaprabha, because he had the sacraments performed for him, and brought him up, if the king had not received his wealth for the purpose. For the gold, which was placed at the head of the child in the cradle, was the price paid to king Súryaprabha for bringing him up, and other services. Accordingly king Chandraprabha was the son, begotten by another man, of that thief, who received his mother with the pouring of water over the hands, who gave the order for his being begotten, and to whom all that wealth belonged; and he ought to have placed the sacrificial cake in the thief's hand; this is my opinion."

When the king said this, the Vetála left his shoulder, and went to his own place, and king Trivikramasena again went after him to bring him back.

Note.

It appears from the analysis which Oesterley gives of the Sanskrit original by Śivadása, that the Hindi version resembles more nearly the version in the text. In the Sanskrit original there is no touching of the thief; Dhanavatí of her own accord enters into a conversation with him. The advice to expose the child at the king's door is given by the grandmother, after hearing the daughter's dream. The king does not fetch the boy himself, but has him brought.

1

It also means, in the case of Vishṇu, "by his incarnation in the form of a boar."

2

There is a probably a pun in *súchitaḥ*.

3

So in the legend of Pope Gregory the child is exposed with a sum of gold at its head, and a sum of silver at its feet. (English Gesta, edited by Herrtage, No. LXI.) The story will also be found in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XI; here we have the gold and silver, as in the Gesta. See also No. 85 in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen with Dr. Köhler's notes. Cp. V. and VI in Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen for stories of exposed children who attain wealth and power.

4

I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *prayataḥ* for *prayátaḥ*. The latter reading however gives a fair sense. In śl. 67 I read *tishṭhaty*.

5

The modern Allahabad.

6

Literally "head of Gayá." When Gayásura was engaged in devotion on the hill Koláhal about 30 miles from Gayá, Brahmá and the other gods came to him, and asked him what object he had in view. He said his wish was that his body might become the holiest thing in the world, so that all, who touched it, might at once obtain salvation. The request was granted. But Yama complained to Brahmá that no one now came to hell, so that his position had become a sinecure. Thereupon Brahmá, after taking counsel with the other gods, went to Gayásura, and asked him to give his body for a place on which to perform a sacrifice. He consented. Then Brahmá performed his sacrifice on the body of Gayásura, placed several

gods on it, and made it immovable. His body now lies with its head towards the north and its feet towards the south. It is therefore called Gayákshetra. The area of Gayákshetra is ten square miles. The interior part of Gayákshetra, about two square miles in extent, is called Gayáśiraḥ or the head of Gayá. A more usual form appears to be Gayáśiraḥ the head of the Asura Gayá. It is a little south-west of Bishṇu Pad. The pilgrims offer *piṇḍas* there. The principal part of Gayáśiraḥ is called Gayámukha. Śráddhas are performed there. Dharmáranya which I have translated "Holy wood" is a place in the east of Bodh Gayá, where Dharmarája performed a sacrifice. Gayákúpa or the well of Gayá is in the south-west of Gayáśiraḥ. Here *piṇḍas* are offered to ancestors who have been great sinners. The above note is summarized from some remarks by Babu Sheo Narain Trivedi, Deputy Inspector of Schools, made for my information, at the request of W. Kemble, Esq. C. S., Magistrate of Gayá. Pandit Maheśa Chandra Nyáyaratna has pointed out to me, that there is an account of the glories of Gayá in the Váyu Puráṇa, and another in the Padma Puráṇa. [These agree pretty nearly with that given above.] See also Barth's Religions of India, p. 278, note 2.

7

Used for filtering the soma-juice, see Böhtlingk and Roth, s. v.

Chapter XCIV.

(Vetála 20.)

Then king Trivikramasena went and took down that Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree, and putting him on his shoulder, started off with him again. And when he had set out in silence, the Vetála spake to him from his shoulder; “King, what is the meaning of this persistency of yours? Go, enjoy the good of the night; it is not fitting that you should carry me to that wicked mendicant. However, if you are obstinately bent on it, so be it; but listen to this one story.”

Story of the Bráhman boy, who offered himself up to save the life of the king.

There is a city called Chitrakúṭa,[1] rightly so named, where the established divisions of the castes never step across the strict line of demarcation. In it there lived a king, named Chandrávaloka, the crest-jewel of kings, who rained showers of nectar into the eyes of those devoted to him. Wise men praised him as the binding-post of the elephant of valour, the fountain-head of generosity, and the pleasure-pavilion of beauty. There was one supreme sorrow in the heart of that young prince, that, though he enjoyed all kinds of prosperity, he could not obtain a suitable wife.

Now, one day, the king, accompanied by mounted attendants, went out to a great forest to hunt, in order to dispel that sorrow. There he cleft with continual shafts the herds of wild swine, as the sun, shining in the dun sky,[2] disperses the darkness with his rays. Surpassing Arjuna in strength, he made the lions, impetuous in fight, and terrible with their yellow manes, repose upon beds of arrows. Like Indra in might, he stripped of their wings[3] the

mountain-like Śarabhas, and laid them low with the blows of his darts hard as the thunder-bolt. In the ardour of the chase he felt a longing to penetrate into the centre of the wood alone, so he urged on his horse with a smart blow of his heel. The horse, being exceedingly excited by that blow of his heel, and by a stroke of the whip, cared neither for rough nor smooth, but darting on with a speed exceeding that of the wind, in a moment traversed ten *yojanas*, and carried the king, the functions of whose senses were quite paralysed, to another forest.

There the horse stopped, and the king, having lost his bearings, roamed about wearied, until he saw near him a broad lake, which seemed to make signs to him to approach with its lotuses, that, bent down towards him and then raised again by the wind, seemed like beckoning hands.[4] So he went up to it, and relieved his horse by taking off its saddle and letting it roll, and bathed and watered it, and then tied it up in the shade of a tree, and gave it a heap of grass. Then he bathed himself, and drank water, and so dispelled his fatigue, and then he let his eye wander hither and thither in the delightful environs of the lake. And in one part he saw, at the foot of an *aśoka*-tree, a wonderfully beautiful hermit's daughter, accompanied by her friend. She wore garlands of flowers, and a dress of bark, which became her well. And she looked exceedingly charming on account of the elegant way in which her hair was plaited together after the hermit fashion. And the king, who had now fallen within the range of the arrows of love, said to himself; "Who can this be? Can it be Sávitrí come to bathe in the lake? Or can it be Gaurí, who has slipped away from the arms of Śiva, and again betaken herself to asceticism? Or can it be the beauty of the moon that has taken upon herself a vow, as the moon has set, now that it is day? So I had better approach her quietly and find out." Having thus reflected, the king approached that maiden.

But when she saw him coming, her eyes were bewildered by his beauty, and her hand relaxed its grasp on the garland of flowers, which she had before begun to weave, and she said to herself; "Who is this that has found his way into such a wood as this? Is he a Siddha or a Vidyádhara? In truth his beauty might satisfy the eyes of the whole world." When these thoughts had passed through her mind, she rose up, and modestly looking askance at him she

proceeded to go away, though her legs seemed to want all power of movement.

Then the polite and dexterous monarch approached her and said, “Fair one, I do not ask you to welcome and entertain a person seen for the first time, who has come from a distance, and desires no fruit other than that of beholding you; but how is your running away from him to be reconciled with the obligations of hermit life?” When the king said this, the lady’s attendant, who was equally dexterous, sat down there, and entertained the king.

Then the eager king said to her with an affectionate manner, “Worthy lady, what auspicious family is adorned by this friend of yours? What are the ear-nectar-distilling syllables of her name? And why does she torture in this wilderness, with the discipline appropriate to ascetics, her body, which is soft as a flower?” When her friend heard this speech of the king’s, she answered; “This is the maiden daughter of the great hermit Kanva, born to him by Menaká; she has been brought up in the hermitage, and her name is Indívaraprabhá. She has come here to bathe in this lake by permission of her father, and her father’s hermitage is at no great distance from this place.”

When she said this to the king, he was delighted, and he mounted his horse, and set out for the hermitage of the hermit Kanva, with the intention of asking him for that daughter of his. He left his horse outside the hermitage, and then he entered with modest humility its enclosure, which was full of hermits with matted hair, and coats of bark, thus resembling in appearance its trees. And in the middle of it he saw the hermit Kanva surrounded with hermits, delighting the eye with his brightness, like the moon surrounded with planets. So he went up to him, and worshipped him, embracing his feet. The wise hermit entertained him and dispelled his fatigue, and then lost no time in saying to him; “My son Chandrávaloka, listen to the good advice which I am about to give you. You know how all living creatures in the world fear death: so why do you slay without cause these poor deer? The Disposer appointed the weapon of the warrior for the protection of the terrified. So rule your subjects righteously, root up your enemies, and

secure fleeting fortune and her gifts by the warlike training of horse, and elephant, and so on. Enjoy the delights of rule, give gifts, diffuse your fame throughout the world, but abandon the vice of hunting, the cruel sport of death. What is the profit of that mischievous hunting, in which slayer, victim, and horse[5] are all equally beside themselves? Have you have not heard what happened to Páṇḍu?"

The intelligent king, Chandrávaloka, heard and accepted cheerfully this advice of the hermit Kanva, and then answered him, "Reverend Sir, I have been instructed by you; you have done me a great favour; I renounce hunting, let living creatures be henceforth free from alarm." When the hermit heard that, he said, "I am pleased with you for thus granting security to living creatures; so choose whatever boon you desire." When the hermit said this, the king, who knew his time, said to him, "If you are satisfied with me, then give me your daughter Indívaraprabhá." When the king made this request, the hermit bestowed on him his daughter, who had just returned from bathing, born from an Apsaras, a wife meet for him. Then the wives of the hermits adorned her, and the marriage was solemnized, and king Chandrávaloka mounted his horse and set out thence quickly, taking with him his wife, whom the ascetics followed as far as the limits of the hermitage with gushing tears. And as he went along, the sun, seeing that the action of that day had been prolonged,[6] sat down, as if wearied, on the peak of the mountain of setting. And in course of time appeared the gazelle-eyed nymph of night, overflowing with love, veiling her shape in a violet robe of darkness.

Just at that moment the king found on the road an *aśvattha*-tree, on the bank of a lake, the water of which was as transparent as a good man's heart. And seeing that that spot was overshadowed with dense boughs and leaves, and was shady and grassy, he made up his mind that he would pass the night there. Then he dismounted from his horse, and gave it grass and water, and rested on the sandy bank of the lake, and drank water, and cooled himself in the breeze; and then he lay down with that hermit's daughter, under that tree, on a bed of flowers. And at that time the moon arose, and removing the mantle of darkness, seized and kissed the glowing face of the East. And all the quarters of the heaven were free from darkness, and gleamed, embraced

and illuminated by the rays of the moon, so that there was no room for pride.[7] And so the beams of the moon entered the interstices in the bower of creepers, and lit up the space round the foot of the tree like jewel-lamps.

And the next morning the king left his bed, and after the morning prayer, he made ready to set out with his wife to rejoin his army. And then the moon, that had in the night robbed the cheeks of the lotuses of their beauty, lost its brightness, and slunk, as if in fear, to the hollows of the western mountain; for the sun, fiery-red with anger, as if desirous to slay it, lifted his curved sword in his outstretched fingers.[8] At that moment there suddenly came there a Bráhman demon, black as soot, with hair yellow as the lightning, looking like a thunder-cloud. He had made himself a wreath of entrails; he wore a sacrificial cord of hair; he was gnawing the flesh of a man's head, and drinking blood out of a skull. The monster, terrible with projecting tusks, uttered a horrible loud laugh, and vomiting fire with rage, menaced the king in the following words, "Villain! know that I am a Bráhman demon, Jválámukha by name, and this *aśvattha*-tree my dwelling is not trespassed upon even by gods, but thou hast presumed to occupy and enjoy it with thy wife. So receive from me, returned from my nightly wanderings, the fruit of thy presumption. I, even I, O wicked one, will tear out and devour the heart of thee, whose mind love has overpowered, aye, and I will drink thy blood."

When the king heard this dreadful threat, and saw that his wife was terrified, knowing that the monster was invulnerable, he humbly said to him in his terror, "Pardon the sin which I have ignorantly committed against you, for I am a guest come to this your hermitage, imploring your protection. And I will give you what you desire, by bringing a human victim, whose flesh will glut your appetite; so be appeased, and dismiss your anger." When the Bráhman demon heard this speech of the king's, he was pacified, and said to himself, "So be it! That will do." Then he said to the king, "I will overlook the insult you have offered me on the following conditions. You must find a Bráhman boy, who, though seven years old and intelligent, is of so noble a character that he is ready to offer himself for your sake. And his mother and father must place him on the earth, and hold him firmly by the hands and feet, while he is being sacrificed. And when

you have found such a human victim, you must yourself slay him with a sword-stroke, and so offer him up to me on the seventh day from this. If you comply with these conditions, well and good; but, if not, king, I will in a moment destroy you and all your court." When the king heard this, in his terror he agreed at once to the conditions proposed, and the Bráhman demon immediately disappeared.

Then king Chandrávaloka mounted his horse, and set out with Indívaraprabhá in quest of his army, in a state of the utmost despondency. He said to himself, "Alas! I, bewildered by hunting and love, have suddenly incurred destruction like Páṇḍu;[9] fool that I am! For whence can I obtain for this Rákshasa a victim, such as he has described? So I will go in the meantime to my own town, and see what will happen." While thus reflecting, he met his own army, that had come in search of him, and with that and his wife he entered his city of Chitrakúṭa. Then the whole kingdom rejoiced, when they saw that he had obtained a suitable wife, but the king passed the rest of the day in suppressed sorrow.

The next day he communicated to his ministers in secret all that had taken place, and a discreet minister among them said to him, "Do not be downcast, king, for I will search for and bring you such a victim, for the earth contains many marvels."

When the minister had consoled the king in these words, he had made with the utmost rapidity a golden image of a seven-years-old child, and he adorned its ears with jewels, and placed it on a chariot, and had it carried about in the towns, villages, and stations of herdsmen. And while that image of a child was being carried about, the minister had the following proclamation continually made in front of it, with beat of drum; "If a Bráhman boy of seven years old will willingly offer himself to a Bráhman demon for the good of the community, and if his mother and father will permit the brave boy to offer himself, and will hold his hands and feet while he is being slain, the king will give to that boy, who is so eager to benefit his parents as to comply with these conditions, this image of gold and gems, together with a hundred villages."

Now it happened that a certain seven-years-old Bráhman boy, living on a royal grant to Bráhmans, who was of great courage and admirable character, heard this proclamation. Even in his childhood this boy had always taken pleasure in benefiting his fellow-men, as he had practised that virtue in a former life; in fact he seemed like the ripe result of the merits of the king's subjects incarnate in bodily form. So he came and said to the men who were making this proclamation, "I will offer myself up for your good; but first, I will go and inform my parents; then I will return to you." When he said this to them, they were delighted, and they let him go. So he went home, and folding his hands in an attitude of supplication, he said to his parents; "I wish to offer for the good of the community this perishable body of mine; so permit me to do so, and put an end to your poverty. For if I do so, the king will give me this image of myself, made of gold and gems, together with a hundred villages, and on receiving them, I will make them over to you. In this way I shall pay my debt to you, and at the same time benefit my fellow-men; and your poverty will be at an end, and you will have many sons to replace me."

As soon as he had said this, his parents answered him; "What is this that you say, son? Are you distracted with wind? Or are you planet-struck? Unless you are one of these, how could you talk in this wild way? Who would cause his son's death for the sake of wealth? What child would sacrifice its body?" When the boy heard this speech of his parents, he rejoined; "I do not speak from a disordered intellect; hear my speech, which is full of sense. This body, which is full of indescribable impurities, which is loathsome by its very birth, and the abode of pain, will soon perish[10] anyhow. So wise men say that the only solid and permanent thing in a fleeting universe is that merit which is acquired by means of this very frail and perishable body.[11] And what greater merit can there be than the benefiting of all creatures? So, if I do not show devotion to my parents, what fruit shall I reap from my body?" By this speech and others of the same kind the resolute boy induced his weeping parents to consent to his wish. And he went to the king's servants, and obtained from them that golden image, together with a grant of a hundred villages, and gave them to his parents. Then he made the king's servants precede him, and went

quickly, accompanied by his parents, to the king in Chitrakúṭa. Then king Chandrávaloka, beholding arrived the boy, whose courage[12] was so perfect, and who thus resembled a bright protecting talisman, was exceedingly delighted. So he had him adorned with garlands, and anointed with unguents, and putting him on the back of an elephant, he took him with his parents to the abode of the Bráhman demon.

Then the chaplain drew a circle near the *aśvattha*-tree, and performed the requisite rites, and made an oblation to the fire. And then the Bráhman demon Jválámukha appeared, uttering a loud laugh, and reciting the Vedas. His appearance was very terrible; he was drunk with a full draught of blood, yawning, and panting frequently; his eyes blazed, and he darkened the whole horizon with the shadow of his body. Then king Chandrávaloka, beholding him, bent before him, and said; "Adorable one, I have brought you this human sacrifice, and it is now the seventh day, gentle Sir, since I promised it you; so be propitious, receive this sacrifice, as is due." When the king made this request, the Bráhman demon looked at the Bráhman boy, licking the corners of his mouth with his tongue.[13]

At that moment the noble boy, in his joy, said to himself, "Let not the merit, which I acquire by this sacrifice of my body, gain for me heaven, or even a salvation which involves no benefits to others, but may I be privileged to offer up my body for the benefit of others in birth after birth!" While he was forming this aspiration, the heaven was suddenly filled with the chariots of the heavenly host, who rained flowers.

Then the boy was placed in front of the Bráhman demon, and his mother took hold of his hands and his father of his feet. Then the king drew his sword, and prepared to slay him; but at that moment the child laughed so loudly, that all there, the Bráhman demon included, abandoned the occupation in which they were engaged, and in their astonishment put their palms together, and bowing, looked at his face.

When the Vetála had told this entertaining and romantic tale, he once more put a question to king Trivikramasena; "So tell me, king, what was the reason that the boy laughed in such an awful moment as that of his own

death? I feel great curiosity to know it, so, if you know, and do not tell me, your head shall split into a hundred pieces."

When the king heard this from the Vetála, he answered him, "Hear what was the meaning of that child's laugh. It is well known that a weak creature, when danger comes upon it, calls upon its father or mother to save its life. And if its father and mother be gone, it invokes the protection of the king who is appointed to succour the afflicted, and if it cannot obtain the aid of the king, it calls upon the deity under whose special protection it is. Now, in the case of that child, all those were present, and all behaved in exactly the opposite manner to what might have been expected of them. The child's parents held its hands and feet out of greed of gain, and the king was eager to slay it, to save his own life, and the Bráhman demon, its protecting deity, was ready to devour it. The child said to itself; 'To think that these should be thus deluded, being led so much astray for the sake of the body, which is perishable, loathsome within, and full of pain and disease. Why should they have such a strange longing for the continuance of the body, in a world in which Brahmá, Indra, Vishṇu, Śiva, and the other gods must certainly perish.' Accordingly the Bráhman boy laughed out of joy and wonder, joy at feeling that he had accomplished his object, and wonder at beholding the marvellous strangeness of their delusion."

When the king had said this, he ceased, and the Vetála immediately left his shoulder, and went back to his own place, disappearing by his magic power. But the king, without hesitating for a moment, rapidly pursued him; the hearts of great men, as of great seas, are firm and unshaken.

Note.

Oesterley (p. 210) tells us that a boy is in the same way sold to a king as a victim in the 32nd tale of the Turkish collection of tales, called "The Forty Viziers." When the king is about to rip up the child's body, the child laughs

for the same reason as in our text. The cause of the sacrifice is however different. The king is to be healed by placing his feet in the body of a boy.

The promise of a golden image to any one who is willing to sacrifice his life is also found in the Bengali edition of the Sinhásana-dvátrinśati. A rich man makes a golden image, with an inscription on it to the effect that whoever is willing to sacrifice his life shall have it. Vikramáditya goes to the place disguised, and cuts off his head, but the goddess heals him, (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 109.)

1

i. e., wonderful peak.

2

Here there is probably a pun. The phrase may mean that the king delighted in the dark-grey skins of the pigs.

3

This alludes to Indra's clipping with his bolts the wings of the mountains. The Śarabha is a fabulous eight-legged animal.

4

The natives of India beckon in this way.

5

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *váhyasya*, which I have followed.

6

The Sanskrit College MS. gives *dúrádhva-gamana-klántaṃ vikshya taṃ nṛipatiṃ tadá*, having seen that the king was wearied with his long journey.

7

The passage is full of puns; "darkness" means the quality of darkness in the mind: and illuminated means also "calmed."

8

There is also an allusion to the circle of the sun's rays.

9

See Vol. I, p. 166.

10

Vináśyaiva should be *vináśyeva*.

11

I follow the Sanskrit College MS. which reads *etenátyasáreṇa*.

12

Tejas means courage and also brightness.

13

Asṛikkaṇiṁ is probably a misprint for *sṛikkaṇíṁ*.

Chapter XCV.

(Vetála 21.)

Then king Trivikramasena again went and took the Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree, and carried him along on his shoulder. And as he was going along, the Vetála again said to the king, “Listen, king, I will tell you a story of violent attachment.”

Story of Anangamanjarí, her husband Maṇivarman, and the Bráhman Kamalákara.

There is a city called Viśálá, which is like a second city of Indra, made by the Creator on earth, for the sake of virtuous people who have fallen from heaven. In it there lived a fortunate king, named Padmanábha, who was a source of joy to good men, and excelled king Bali. In the reign of that king there lived in that city a great merchant, named Arthadatta, who surpassed in opulence the god of wealth. And to him there was born a daughter named Anangamanjarí, who was exhibited on earth by the Creator as a likeness of a heavenly nymph. And that merchant gave her to the son of a distinguished merchant, dwelling in Támraliptí, and named Maṇivarman. But as he was very fond of his daughter Anangamanjarí, because she was his only child, he would not let her leave his house, but kept her there with her husband. But Anangamanjarí’s husband Maṇivarman was as distasteful to her, as a biting bitter medicine to a sick man. But that lovely one was dearer than life to her husband, as wealth hardly won and long hoarded is to a miser.

Now once on a time that Maṇivarman, longing to see his parents, went to his home in Támraliptí to visit them. After some days had passed, the hot

season descended upon the land, impeding the journey of men absent from home with the sharp shafts of the sun's rays. The winds blew laden with the fragrance of the jasmine and trumpet-flower, and seemed like the hot[1] sighs of the cardinal points on account of the departure of spring. Lines of dust raised by the wind flew up to heaven, like messengers sent by the heated earth to hasten the approach of the clouds. The days passed slowly, like travellers exhausted by the severe heat, and longing for the shade of the trees. The nights, pale-gleaming with moonbeams, became exceedingly[2] reduced owing to the loss of the spring with all its happy meetings.

One day in that season, that merchant's daughter Anangamanjarí was sitting with her intimate friend in a lofty window of her house, white with sandal-wood ointment, and elegantly dressed in a thin garment of silk. While there, she saw a young Bráhman, named Kamalákara, the son of the king's chaplain, passing by, and he looked like the god of Love, risen from his ashes, going to find Rati. And when Kamalákara saw that lovely one overhead, like the orb of the moon,[3] he was full of joy, and became like a cluster of *kumuda*-flowers. The sight of those two young persons became to one another, by the mighty command of Cupid, a priceless[4] fascination of the mind. And the two were overcome by passion, which rooted up their modesty and carried away by a storm of love-frenzy, which flung their minds to a distance. And Kamalákara's companion, as soon as he saw that his friend was love-smitten, dragged him off, though with difficulty, to his own house.

As for Anangamanjarí, she enquired what his name was, and having no will of her own, slowly entered the house with that confidante of hers. There she was grievously afflicted with the fever of love, and thinking on her beloved, she rolled on the bed, and neither saw nor heard anything. After two or three days had passed, being ashamed and afraid, unable to bear the misery of separation, thin and pale, and despairing of union with her beloved, which seemed a thing impossible, she determined on suicide. So, one night, when her attendants were asleep, she went out, drawn as it were, by the moon, which sent its rays through the window, like fingers, and made for a tank at the foot of a tree in her own garden. There she approached an image

of the goddess Chaṇḍí, her family deity, that had been set up with much magnificence by her father, and she bowed before the goddess, and praised her, and said, “Though I have not obtained Kamalákara for a husband in this life, let him be my husband in a future birth!” When the impassioned woman had uttered these words in front of the goddess, she made a noose with her upper garment, and fastened it to an *aśoka*-tree.

In the meanwhile it happened that her confidante, who was sleeping in the same room, woke up, and not seeing her there, went to the garden to look for her. And seeing her there engaged in fastening a noose round her neck, she cried out, “Stop! stop!” and running up, she cut that noose which she had made. Anangamanjarí, when she saw that her confidante had come and cut the noose, fell on the ground in a state of great affliction. Her confidante comforted her, and asked her the cause of her grief, and she at once told her, and went on to say to her, “So you see, friend Málatiká, as I am under the authority of my parents and so on, and have little chance of being united to my beloved, death is my highest happiness.” While Anangamanjarí was saying these words, she was exceedingly tortured with the fire of Love’s arrows, and being overpowered with despair, she fainted away.

Her friend Málatiká exclaimed, “Alas! the command of Cupid is hard to resist, since it has reduced to this state this friend of mine, who was always laughing at other misguided women, who shewed a want of self-restraint.[5]” Lamenting in these words, she slowly brought Anangamanjarí round with cold water, fanning, and so on, and in order to allay her heat, she made her a bed of lotus-leaves, and placed on her heart a necklace cool as snow. Then Anangamanjarí, with her eyes gushing with tears, said to her friend, “Friend, the necklace and the other applications do not allay my internal heat. But do you by your cleverness accomplish something which will really allay it. Unite me to my beloved, if you wish to preserve my life.” When she said this, Málatiká lovingly answered her, “My friend, the night is now almost at an end, but to-morrow I will make an arrangement with your beloved, and bring him to this very place. So in the meanwhile control yourself, and enter your house.” When she said this, Anangamanjarí was pleased, and drawing the necklace from her neck, she gave it to her as a present. And she said to her, “Now go to your house, and early to-morrow

go thence to the house of my beloved, and may you prosper!" Having dismissed her confidante in these words, she entered her own apartments.

And early next morning, her friend Málatiká went, without being seen by any one, to the house of Kamalákara; and searching about in the garden, she saw him at the foot of a tree. He was rolling about, burning with the fire of love, on a bed composed of lotus-leaves moistened with sandal-wood juice, and a confidential friend of his was trying to give him relief by fanning him with a plantain-leaf. She said to herself, "Is it possible that he has been reduced to this stage of love's malady by separation from her?" So she remained there in concealment, to find out the truth about it.

In the meanwhile that friend of Kamalákara's said to him, "Cast your eye, my friend, for a moment round this delightful garden, and cheer up your heart. Do not give way to despondency." When the young Bráhman heard this, he answered his friend, "My friend, my heart has been taken from me by Anangamanjarí the merchant's daughter, and my breast left empty; so how can I cheer up my heart. Moreover Love, finding me robbed of my heart, has made me a quiver for his arrows; so enable me to get hold of that girl, who stole it."

When the young Bráhman said that, Málatiká's doubts were removed, and she was delighted, and showed herself, and went up to him, and said, "Happy man, Anangamanjarí has sent me to you, and I hereby give you her message, the meaning of which is clear, 'What sort of conduct is this for a virtuous man, to enter a fair one's bosom by force, and after stealing away her heart, to go off without showing himself.' It is strange too, that though you have stolen the lady's heart, she now wishes to surrender to you herself and her life. For day and night she furnaces forth from her hot sighs, which appear like smoke rising from the fire of love in her burning heart. And her tear-drops, black with collyrium, fall frequently, looking like bees attracted by the fragrance of her lotus-like face. So if you like, I will say what will be for the good of both of you."

When Málatiká said this, Kamalákara answered her, "My good lady, this speech of yours, though it comforts me by shewing that my beloved loves

me, terrifies me, as it tells that the fair one is in a state of unhappiness. So you are our only refuge in this matter; do as you think best." When Kamalákara said this, Málatiká answered, "I will to-night bring Anangamanjarí secretly into the garden belonging to her house, and you must take care to be outside. Then I will manage by some device of mine to let you in, and so you will be able to see one another in accordance with your wishes." When Málatiká had by these words delighted the young Bráhman, she went away, having accomplished her object, and delighted Anangamanjarí also.

Then the sun, in love with the twilight, departed somewhere or other, together with the day, and the heaven adorned itself, placing the moon on its western quarter, like a patch on the forehead. And the pure white *kumuda*-cluster laughed joyously with the cheerful faces of its opened flowers, as if to say, "Fortune has left the lotus-cluster and come to me." Thereupon the lover Kamalákara also adorned himself, and full of impatience, slowly approached the outside of the door that led into the garden of Anangamanjarí's house. Then Málatiká managed to bring into that garden Anangamanjarí, who had with difficulty got through the day. And she made her sit in the middle of it, in a bower of mango-trees, and went out, and brought in Kamalákara also. And when he entered, he beheld Anangamanjarí in the midst of dense-foliaged trees, as gladly as the traveller beholds the shade.

While he was advancing towards her, she saw him, and as the violence of her passion robbed her of shame, she eagerly ran forward, and threw her arms round his neck. She faltered out, "Where are you going? I have caught you," and immediately her breath was stopped by the weight of excessive joy, and she died. And she fell on the ground, like a creeper broken by the wind. Alas! strange is the course of love, that is terrible in its consequences. When Kamalákara beheld that misfortune, which was terrible as a thunder-stroke, he said, "Alas! what is this?" and fell senseless on the ground. In a moment he recovered consciousness; and then he took his beloved up in his arms, and embraced and kissed her, and lamented much. And then he was so violently oppressed by excessive weight of sorrow, that his heart burst asunder at once, with a crack. And when Málatiká was lamenting over their

corpses, the night, seeing that both these lovers had met their end, came to an end, as if out of grief. And the next day, the relations of both, hearing from the gardeners what had happened, came there distracted with shame, wonder, grief, and bewilderment. And they remained for a long time doubtful what to do, with faces downcast from distress; bad women are a grievous affliction, and a source of calamity to their family.

At this moment Maṇivarman, the husband of Anangamanjarí, came, full of longing to see her, from his father's house in Támraliptí. When he reached his father-in-law's house, and heard what had taken place, he came running to that garden, with his eyes blinded with tears. There, beholding his wife lying dead by the side of another man, the passionate man at once yielded up his breath, that was heated with the fire of grief. Then the people there began to cry out, and to make an uproar, and all the citizens heard what had taken place, and came there in a state of astonishment.

Then the goddess Chaṇḍí, who was close at hand, having been called down into that garden long ago by the father of Anangamanjarí, was thus supplicated by her Gaṇas; "Goddess, this merchant Arthadatta, who has established an image of thee in his garden, has always been devoted to thee, so have mercy upon him in this his affliction." When the beloved of Śiva, the refuge of the distressed, heard this prayer of her Gaṇas, she gave command that the three should return to life, free from passion. So they all, by her favour, immediately arose, as if awaking from sleep, free from the passion of love. Then all the people were full of joy, beholding that marvel; and Kamalákara went home, with his face downcast from shame; and Arthadatta, having recovered his daughter[6] Anangamanjarí, who looked thoroughly ashamed of herself, together with her husband, returned to his house in high spirits.

When the Vetála had told this story that night on the way, he again put a question to king Trivikramasena. He said, "King, tell me, which of those three, who were blinded by passion, was the most infatuated? And remember, the curse before-mentioned will take effect, if you know and do not say." When the king heard this question of the Vetála's, he answered him, "It seems to me that Maṇivarman was the most infatuated with passion

of the three. For one can understand those two dying, as they were desperately in love with one another, and their amorous condition had been fully developed by lapse of time. But Maṇivarman was terribly infatuated, for when he saw his wife dead of love for another man, and the occasion called for indignation, he was so far from being angry that, in his great love, he died of grief." When the king had said this, the mighty Vetála again left his shoulder, and departed to his own place, and the king again went in pursuit of him.

Note.

Oesterley, page 217, gives a story which resembles this in its conclusion. A king finds a girl being carried off by robbers. He delivers her and places her in a temple, promising to bring her food. But on his way he meets a *kuṭṭiní*, who conducts him to another girl, with whom he falls desperately in love, and so forgets the girl he rescued. She is found by a merchant. He takes her to his house and sets food before her. He then kills a rat, and boasts of his valour; (see page 16 of this volume.) This conduct, contrasted with that of the king, makes the girl die of disgust. The merchant kills himself. The king, not finding the first girl where he left her, commits suicide. The *kuṭṭiní* considers that she has caused the death of three persons, and kills herself in a fit of remorse. The Vetála asks, "Which of these four deaths was the most extraordinary?" The king answers, "That of the *kuṭṭiní*, for the others died of excess of passion."

1

ushmá should probably be *ushṇá*.

2

In the Sanskrit College MS. *ati* is inserted before *durbalatám*.

3

The moon is the patron of the *kumuda*; the sun of the *kamala* or lotus. *Kamalákara* means a collection of *kamalas*.

4

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *achúrṇam* without powder.

5

I take *anyávinítavanitáhásiní* as one word, and read *vilapantí* instead of *vilapantím̲*.

6

I insert *sutám̲* at the beginning of the line. The *su* is clear enough in the Sanskrit College MS. but the rest of the word is illegible.

Chapter XCVI.

(Vetála 22.)

Then king Trivikramasena again fetched the Vetála from the top of the *aśoka*-tree, and put him on his shoulder, and as he was going along, the Vetála said to him on the way, “King, you are good and brave, so hear this matchless tale.”

Story of the four Bráhman brothers who resuscitated the tiger.

There lived once on the earth a king, named Dharaṇívaráha, who was lord of the town of Páṭaliputra.[1] In his realm, which abounded in Bráhmans, there was a royal grant to Bráhmans named Brahmasthala; and on it there lived a Bráhman of the name of Vishṇusvámin. He had a wife that was as well-suited to him as the oblation to the fire. And in course of time he had four sons by her. And when they had learnt the Vedas, and passed their childhood, Vishṇusvámin went to heaven, and his wife followed him.

Then all his sons there, being in a miserable state, as they had no protectors, and having had all their property taken from them by their relations, deliberated together, and said, “We have no means of support here, so why should we not go hence to the house of our maternal grandfather in the village named Yajnasthala?” Having determined on this, they set out, living on alms, and after many days they reached the house of their maternal grandfather. Their grandfather was dead, but their mother’s brothers gave them shelter and food, and they lived in their house, engaged in reading the Vedas. But after a time, as they were paupers, their uncles came to despise them, and neglected to supply them with food, clothes, and other necessaries.

Then their hearts were wounded by the manifest contempt shewn for them by their relations, and they brooded over it in secret, and then the eldest brother said to the rest; “Well! brothers, what are we to do? Destiny performs every thing, no man can do anything in this world at any place or time. For to-day, as I was wandering about in a state of distraction, I reached a cemetery; and in it I saw a man lying dead upon the ground, with all his limbs relaxed. And when I saw him, I envied his state, and I said to myself; ‘Fortunate is this man, who is thus at rest, having got rid of his burden of grief.’ Such was the reflection that then occurred to me; so I determined to die: and I tried to hang myself by means of a rope fastened to the branch of a tree. I became unconscious, but my breath did not leave my body; and while I was in this state, the rope broke, and I fell to the earth. And as soon as I recovered consciousness, I saw that some compassionate man was fanning me with his garment. He said to me, ‘Friend, say, why do you allow yourself to be thus afflicted, though you are wise? For joy springs from good deeds, and pain from evil deeds, these are their only sources. If your agitation is due to pain, then perform good deeds; how can you be so foolish as to desire to incur the pains of hell by suicide?’ With these words that man consoled me, and then departed somewhere or other, but I have come here, having abandoned my design of committing suicide. So, you see that, if Destiny is adverse, it is not even possible to die. Now I intend to go to some holy water, and there consume my body with austerities, in order that I may never again endure the misery of poverty.”

When the eldest brother said this, his younger brothers said to him, “Sir, why are you, though wise, afflicted with pain merely because you are poor? Do you not know that riches pass away like an autumn cloud. Who can ever count on retaining Fortune or a fickle woman, though he carry them off and guard them carefully, for both are insincere in their affection and secretly hostile to their possessor? So a wise man must acquire by vigorous exertion some eminent accomplishment, which will enable him frequently to bind[2] and lead home by force riches which are like bounding deer.” When the eldest brother was addressed in this language by his brothers, he at once recovered his self-control, and said, “What accomplishment of this kind should we acquire?” Then they all considered and said to one another, “We will search through the earth and acquire some magic power.” So having

adopted this resolution, and fixed upon a trysting-place at which to meet, the four separated, going east, west, north and south.

And in course of time they met again at the appointed spot, and asked one another what each had learned. Then one of them said, “I have learned this magic secret; if I find a bit of a bone of any animal, I can immediately produce on it the flesh of that animal.” When the second heard this speech of his brother’s, he said, “When the flesh of any animal has been superinduced upon a piece of bone, I know how to produce the skin and hair appropriate to that animal.” Then the third said, “And when the hair and flesh and skin have been produced, I am able to create the limbs of the animal to which the bone belonged.” And the fourth said, “When the animal has its limbs properly developed, I know how to endow it with life.”

When they had said this to one another, the four brothers went into the forest to find a piece of bone, on which to display their skill. There it happened that they found a piece of a lion’s bone, and they took it up without knowing to what animal it belonged. Then the first covered it with the appropriate flesh, and the second in the same way produced on it all the requisite skin and hair, and the third completed the animal by giving it all its appropriate limbs, and it became a lion, and then the fourth endowed it with life. Then it rose up a very terrible lion, furnished with a dense shaggy mane, having a mouth formidable with teeth,[3] and with hooked claws at the end of its paws. And charging the four authors of its being, it slew them on the spot, and then retired glutted to the forest. So those Bráhmans perished by making the fatal mistake of creating a lion: for who can give joy to his own soul by raising up a noisome beast?

So, if Fate be not propitious, an accomplishment, though painfully acquired, not only does not bring prosperity, but actually brings destruction. For the tree of valour only bears fruit, as a general rule, when the root, being uninjured,[4] is watered with the water of wisdom, and when it is surrounded with the trench of policy.

When the Vetála, sitting on the shoulder of the king, had told this tale on the way, that night, to king Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him, “King,

which of these four was guilty in respect of the production of the lion, that slew them all? Tell me quickly, and remember that the old condition is still binding on you." When the king heard the Vetála say this, he said to himself, "This demon wishes me to break silence, and so to escape from me. Never mind, I will go and fetch him again." Having formed this resolution in his heart, he answered that Vetála, "That one among them, who gave life to the lion, is the guilty one. For they produced the flesh, the skin, the hair, and the limbs, by magic power, without knowing what kind of animal they were making: and therefore no guilt attaches to them on account of their ignorance. But the man, who, when he saw that the animal had a lion's shape, gave life to it, in order to display his skill, was guilty of the death of those Bráhmans."

When the mighty Vetála heard this speech of the king's, he again left his shoulder by magic power and went back to his own place, and the king again went in pursuit of him.

Note.

The story, as given in the Panchatantra (Benfey, Vol. II, p. 332), is somewhat different. Here we have four brothers of whom three possess all knowledge, but one only possesses common sense. The first brother joins together the bones of the lion, the second covers them with skin, flesh, and blood, the third is about to give the animal life, when the brother, who possesses common sense, says "If you raise him to life, he will kill us all." Finding that the third brother will not desist from his intention, he climbs up a tree and so saves his life, while his three brothers are torn to pieces.

In the Bahar-Danush (Scott) Vol. II, p. 290, the bones of a cow are joined together by being sprinkled with water. See Benfey, Vol. I, p. 489. (Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, pp. 211–212.)

1

I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *Kusumapurákhyanagareśvaraḥ*. But *Kusumapurákhye nagare svaráṭ*, the reading of Professor Brockhaus's text, would mean "an independent monarch in the city of Páṭaliputra," and would give almost as good a sense.

2

I follow the Sanskrit College MS. which reads *baddhvá* for *buddhyá*.

3

The Sanskrit College MS. gives the reading, *sadanshtrásankaṭamukhaḥ*, which I follow.

4

I read *avikrite* with the Sanskrit College MS.

Chapter XCVII.

(Vetála 23.)

Then the noble king Trivikramasena went back, and again took down that Vetála from the *aśoka*-tree, and though the Vetála transformed himself in all possible ways, he put him on his shoulder and started off with him in silence, and then the Vetála said to him, “King, though the business in which you are engaged is not becoming to you, you exhibit in it undaunted perseverance; so listen, I will tell you a tale to dispel your fatigue.”

Story of the Hermit who first wept and then danced.

There is in the land of Kalinga a city named Śobhávatí, like the city of Indra in heaven, the abode of those that act aright. It was ruled by a king named Pradyumna, whose sway was mighty, and who, like the god Pradyumna, was celebrated for his exceeding power and valour. The only detraction heard in his realm was that of the string from the bow, the only pressure that of the fingers on the cymbal, vice was only known in the name of the age,[1] and keenness only in the pursuit of knowledge.

In a certain part of that town there was a grant named Yajnasthala, given by that king, on which many Bráhmans were settled. There lived on it a very wealthy Bráhman who had mastered the Vedas, whose name was Yajnasoma. He maintained a sacrificial fire, and honoured guests, and the gods. After his youth was past, there was born to him by his wife, who was in every way a suitable match for him, an only son, the child of a hundred wishes. And that promising boy grew up in his father’s house, and the Bráhmans duly named him Devasoma. And when he had attained the age of sixteen years, that boy, who captivated all by his knowledge, modesty, and

other good qualities, suddenly died of a fever. Then Yajnasoma, together with his wife, remained lovingly embracing that dead boy, and lamenting over him, and refused for a long time to let him be taken away to be burnt.

Then the old men assembled and reproved that Bráhman in the following words, “Bráhman, are you not aware, though you know what is near and far, that the condition of this Fata Morgana of a world is frail as a bubble on water? Look at those kings who filled the earth with their armies, and enjoyed themselves in this world, deeming themselves immortal, lying on jewelled couches on the delightful summits of palaces, that resounded with the warbling of music, having their bodies anointed with sandal-wood ointment and other fragrant unguents, and begirt with beautiful women. Even these no one could save from being consumed by flesh-devouring flames, lying alone on the funeral pyre in the cemetery whither the dead are followed by weeping friends, and when their extremities had been shrivelled, from being at last devoured by the jackals: much less can any others escape this fate. So tell us, wise man, what mean you by embracing that corpse?” Many other speeches of this kind did they address to him.

At last with difficulty his relations got him to stop clinging to his dead son, and then, after the body had been laid out, they put it on a bier, and with loud lamentations carried it to the burning-place, accompanied by many people who shed tears on account of the calamity.

Now at that time there was dwelling in that cemetery an old Páśupata ascetic possessing supernatural power, who lived in a hut. His name was Vámaśiva. His body was emaciated with age and excessive asceticism, and bound round with veins, as if for fear that it would break. He was covered all over with hair white with ashes, his matted locks were yellow as lightning, and he looked like a second Śiva. When that hermit heard in the distance the lamentation of those people outside his hut, he said to the pupil that lived with him, “Rise up! go and find out the meaning of this confused noise outside in the cemetery, such as I never heard before, and come back quickly, and tell me.” Now this pupil was one who had taken a vow of living on the products of begging; he was a fool, and a rogue, and an egoist, puffed up with contemplation, magical powers, and other things of the kind,

and at this time he was annoyed because his teacher had rebuked him. So, when his teacher gave him this order, he answered him, “I will not go; go yourself, for my time for begging is fast slipping away.” When the teacher heard that, he said, “Out on you, fool, devoted to your belly! Only half one watch of the day has passed: how can it be your time for begging now?” When the wicked pupil heard that, he was angry, and said to his teacher; “Out on you, you decrepit old creature! I am no longer your pupil, and you are no longer my teacher. I will go elsewhere, carry this vessel yourself.” When he had said this, he put down in front of him his stick and water-vessel, and got up and went away.

Then the hermit left his hut, laughing as he went, and came to the place where the young Bráhman had been brought to be burned. And when the hermit saw him, with the people lamenting for the flower of his youth, being afflicted with old age, and possessed of magical powers, he determined to enter his body. So he quickly went aside, and first wept aloud, and immediately afterwards he danced with appropriate gesticulations.[2] Then the ascetic, longing to be young again, abandoned his own body, and at once entered by magic power that young Bráhman’s body. And immediately the young Bráhman on the pyre, which was ready prepared, returned to life, and rose up with a yawn. When his relations and all the people saw that, they raised a loud shout of “Hurrah! he is alive! he is alive!”

Then that ascetic, who was a mighty sorcerer, and had thus entered the young Bráhman’s body, not intending to abandon his vow, told them all the following falsehood; “Just now, when I went to the other world, Śiva himself restored my life to me, telling me that I must take upon me the vow of a Páśupata ascetic. And I must this moment go into a solitary place and support this vow, otherwise I cannot live, so depart you, and I also will depart.” Saying this to all those present, the resolute votary, bewildered with mixed feelings of joy and grief, dismissed them to their own homes. And he himself went, and threw that former body of his into a ravine; and so that great magician, who had taken the vow, having become young, went away to another place.

When the Vetála had told this story that night on the way, he again said to king Trivikramasena, “Tell me, king, why did that mighty magician, when entering another body, first weep, and then dance? I have a great desire to know this.”

When that king, who was a chief of sages, heard this question of the Vetála’s, fearing the curse, he broke silence, and gave him this answer, “Hear what the feelings of that ascetic were. He was grieved because he thought that he was just going to abandon that body, which had grown up with him through many years, by living in which he had acquired magic power, and which his parents had fondled, when he was a child, so he wept violently; for affection for one’s body is a deeply rooted feeling. But he danced for joy, because he thought that he was about to enter a new body, and that by means of that he would acquire greater magic power; for to whom is not youth pleasing.”

When the Vetála, who was inside that corpse, heard this speech of the king’s, he left his shoulder and went back to that *aśoka*-tree; but that exceedingly undaunted monarch again ran after him, to recover him; for the resolution of determined men surpasses in firmness the mighty mountains, and remains unshaken even at the end of a *kalpa*.

1

Guṇa means virtue and also string; *kara* finger and tribute; the *kaliyuga*, or age of vice, is the last and worst. *Vaikṛitaṃ* in śl. 2, may perhaps mean “anger,” as in 79. śl. 2.: see B. and R. s. v.

2

Oesterley (p. 221,) tells us that a similar incident is found in the Thousand and One Nights, Breslau, Vol. I, p. 62.

Chapter XCVIII.

(Vetála 24.)

Then the brave king Trivikramasena, disregarding the awful night, which in that terrible cemetery assumed the appearance of a Rákshasí, being black with darkness, and having the flames of the funeral pyres for fiery eyes, again went to the *aśoka*-tree, and took from it the Vetála, and put him on his shoulder.

And while he was going along with him, as before, the Vetála again said to that king, "O king, I am tired out with going backwards and forwards, though you are not: so I will put to you one difficult question, and mind you listen to me."

Story of the father that married the daughter and the son that married the mother.

There was in the Dekkan a king of a small province, who was named Dharma; he was the chief of virtuous men, but he had many relations who aspired to supplant him. He had a wife named Chandravatí, who came from the land of Málava; she was of high lineage, and the most virtuous of women. And that king had born to him by that wife one daughter, who was not without cause named Lávaṇyavatí.[1]

And when that daughter had attained a marriageable age, king Dharma was ejected from his throne by his relations, who banded together and divided his realm. Then he fled from his kingdom at night with his wife and that daughter, taking with him a large number of valuable jewels, and he

deliberately set out for Málava the dwelling-place of his father-in-law. And in the course of that same night he reached the Vindhya forest with his wife and daughter. And when he entered it, the night, that had escorted him thus far, took leave of him with drops of dew by way of tears. And the sun ascended the eastern mountain, stretching forth its first rays, like a warning hand, to dissuade him from entering that brigand-haunted wood. Then he travelled on through it with his wife and daughter, having his feet wounded with sharp points of *kuśa*-grass, and he reached a village of the Bhillas. It was full of men that robbed their neighbours of life and property, and shunned by the virtuous, like the strong city of Death.

Then beholding the king from a distance with his dress and ornaments, many Śavaras, armed with various weapons, ran to plunder him. When king Dharma saw that, he said to his daughter and wife, "The barbarians will seize on you first, so enter the wood in this direction." When the king said this to them, queen Chandravatí and her daughter Lávaṇyavatí, in their terror, plunged into the middle of the wood. And the brave king, armed with sword and shield, killed many of the Śavaras, who came towards him, raining arrows. Then the chief summoned the whole village, and falling on the king, who stood there alone, they slashed his shield to pieces and killed him; and then the host of bandits departed with his ornaments. And queen Chandravatí, concealed in a thicket of the wood, saw from a distance her husband slain: so in her bewilderment she fled with her daughter, and they entered another dense forest a long distance off. There they found that the shadows of the trees, afflicted by the heat of midday, had laid themselves at their cool roots, imitating travellers. So, tired and sad, the queen sat down weeping with her daughter, in a spot on the bank of a lotus-lake, under the shade of an *aśoka*-tree.

In the meanwhile a chief, who lived near, came to that forest on horseback, with his son, to hunt. He was named Chaṇḍasinha, and when he saw their footsteps imprinted in the dust, he said to his son Sinhaparákrama, "We will follow up these lovely and auspicious tracks, and if we find the ladies to whom they belong, you shall choose whichever you please of them." When Chaṇḍasinha said this, his son Sinhaparákrama said to him, "I should like to have for a wife the one that has these small feet, for I know that she will be

young and suited to me. But this one with large feet, being older than the other, will just suit you. When Chaṇḍasinha heard this speech of his son's, he said to him, "What is this that you say? Your mother has only recently gone to heaven, and now that I have lost so good a wife, how can I desire another?" When Chaṇḍasinha's son heard that, he said to him, "Father, do not say so, for the home of a householder is empty without a wife. Moreover, have you not heard the stanza composed by Múladeva? 'Who, that is not a fool, enters that house in which there is no shapely love eagerly awaiting his return, which, though called a house, is really a prison without chains.' So, father, my death will lie at your door, if you do not take as your wife that companion of the lady whom I have chosen."

When Chaṇḍasinha heard this speech of his son's, he approved it, and went on slowly with him, tracking up their footsteps. And he reached that spot near the lake, and saw that dark queen Chandravatí, adorned with many strings of pearls, sitting in the shade of a tree. She looked like the midnight sky in the middle of the day, and her daughter Lávaṇyavatí, like the pure white moonlight, seemed to illumine her. And he and his son eagerly approached her, and she, when she saw him, rose up terrified, thinking that he was a bandit.

But the queen's daughter said to her, "Mother, do not be afraid, these are not bandits, these two gentle-looking well-dressed persons are certainly some nobles come here to hunt." However the queen still continued to hesitate; and then Chaṇḍasinha got down from his horse and said to the two ladies, "Do not be alarmed; we have come here to see you out of love; so take confidence[2] and tell us fearlessly who you are, since you seem like Rati and Príti fled to this wood in sorrow at Cupid's having been consumed by the flames of Śiva's fiery eye. And how did you two come to enter this unpeopled wood? For these forms of yours are fitted to dwell in a gem-adorned palace. And our minds are tortured to think how your feet, that deserve to be supported by the lap of beautiful women, can have traversed this ground full of thorns. And, strange to say, the dust raised by the wind, falling on your faces, makes our faces lose their brightness from despondency.[3] And the furious heat of the beams of the fierce-rayed sun, as it plays on your flower-soft bodies, burns us. So tell us your story; for our

hearts are afflicted; we cannot bear to see you thus abiding in a forest full of wild beasts."

When Chaṇḍasinha said this, the queen sighed, and full of shame and grief, slowly told him her story. Then Chaṇḍasinha, seeing that she had no protector, comforted her and her daughter, and coaxed them with kind words into becoming members of his family. And he and his son put the queen and her daughter on their horses, and conducted them to their rich palace in Vittapapurí. And the queen, being helpless, submitted to his will, as if she had been born again in a second life. What is an unprotected woman, fallen into calamity in a foreign land, to do? Then Sinhaparákrama, the son of Chaṇḍasinha, made Chandravatí his wife, on account of the smallness of her feet. And Chaṇḍasinha made her daughter, the princess Lávaṇyavatí, his wife, on account of the largeness of her feet. For they made this agreement originally, when they saw the two tracks of the small footsteps and the large footsteps: and who ever swerves from his plighted word?

So, from the mistake about the feet, the daughter became the wife of the father, and the mother the wife of the son, and so the daughter became the mother-in-law of her own mother, and the mother became the daughter-in-law of her own daughter. And in course of time, both of them had by those husbands sons and daughters, and they also had sons and daughters in due course of time. So Chaṇḍasinha and Sinhaparákrama lived in their city, having obtained as wives Lávaṇyavatí and Chandravatí.

When the Vetála had told this story on the way at night, he again put a question to king Trivikramasena; "Now, king, about the children who were in course of time born to the mother and daughter by the son and the father in those two lines—what relationship did they bear to one another? Tell me if you know. And the curse before threatened will descend on you, if you know and do not tell."

When the king heard this question of the Vetála's, he turned the matter over and over again in his mind, but he could not find out, so he went on his way in silence. Then the Vetála in the dead man's body, perched on the top of his

shoulder, laughed to himself, and reflected; “Ha! Ha! The king does not know how to answer this puzzling question, so he is glad, and silently goes on his way with very nimble feet. Now I cannot manage to deceive this treasure-house of valour any further;[4] and this is not enough to make that mendicant stop playing tricks with me. So I will now deceive that villain, and by an artifice bestow the success, which he has earned, upon this king, whom a glorious future awaits.”

When the Vetála had gone through these reflections, he said to the king, “King, though you have been worried with so many journeys to and fro in this cemetery terrible with black night, you seem quite happy, and you do not shew the least irresolution. I am pleased with this wonderful courage that you shew.[5] So now carry off this body, for I am going out of it; and listen to this advice which I give you for your welfare, and act on it. That wicked mendicant, for whom you have fetched this human corpse, will immediately summon me into it, and honour me. And wishing to offer you up as a victim, the rascal will say to you, ‘King, prostrate yourself on the ground in such a way that eight limbs will touch it.’ Then, great king, you must say to that ascetic,[6] ‘Shew me first how to do it, and then I will do exactly as you do.’ Then he will fling himself on the ground, and shew you how to perform the prostration, and that moment you must cut off his head with the sword. Then you will obtain that prize which he desires, the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas; enjoy this earth by sacrificing him! But otherwise that mendicant will offer you up as a victim; it was to prevent this that I threw obstacles in your way for such a long time here. So depart; may you prosper!” When the Vetála had said this, he went out of that human corpse, that was on the king’s shoulder.

Then the king was led by the speech of the Vetála, who was pleased with him, to look upon the ascetic Kshántiśíla as his enemy, but he went to him in high spirits, where he sat under that *banyan*-tree, and took with him that human corpse.

1

i. e., possessed of beauty.

2

I read *viśvasya* with the Sanskrit College MS. in place of *viśramya* which means “having rested.”

3

I adopt Dr. Kern’s conjecture of *hata* for *ahata*.

4

I read *param* with the MS. in the Sanskrit College.

5

This idea is also found in European story-books. See Kuhn’s Sagen aus Westfalen, p. 277; “*Diese Unerschrockenheit gefiel dem Teufel so sehr, dass sich sein Zorn nicht nur legte, sondern* &c.” See also Grimm’s Irische Elfenmärchen (which is based on Croker’s Tales), p. 8.

6

Śramaṇa.

Chapter XCIX.

(Vetála 25.)

Then king Trivikramasena came up to that mendicant Kshántiśíla, carrying that corpse on his shoulder. And he saw that ascetic, alone at the foot of a tree, in the cemetery that was terrible with a night of the black fortnight, eagerly awaiting his arrival. He was in a circle made with the yellow powder of bones, the ground within which was smeared with blood, and which had pitchers full of blood placed in the direction of the cardinal points.[1] It was richly illuminated with candles of human fat,[2] and near it was a fire fed with oblations, it was full of all the necessary preparations for a sacrifice, and in it the ascetic was engaged in worshipping his favourite deity.

So the king came up to him, and the mendicant, seeing that he had brought the corpse, rose up delighted, and said, praising him; “Great king, you have conferred on me a favour difficult to accomplish. To think that one like you should undertake this enterprise in such a place and at such a time! Indeed they say with truth that you are the best of all noble kings, being a man of unbending courage,[3] since you forward the interests of another with such utter disregard of self. And wise men say that the greatness of great ones consists in this very thing, that they swerve not from what they have engaged to do, even though their lives are in danger.”

With these words the mendicant, thinking he had gained his end, took the corpse down from the shoulder of that king. And he bathed it, and anointed it, and threw a garland round it, and placed it within that circle. And he smeared his limbs with ashes, and put on a sacrificial thread of hair, and clothed himself in the garments of the dead, and thus equipped he continued for a time in meditation. Then the mendicant summoned that mighty Vetála by the power of spells, and made him enter the corpse; and proceeded to worship him. He offered to him an *argha* of white human teeth in a skull by way of an *argha*-vessel; and he presented to him flowers and fragrant unguents; and he gratified him with the savoury reek of human eyes,[4] and

made an offering to him of human flesh. And when he had finished his worship, he said to the king, who was at his side, “King, fall on the ground, and do obeisance with all your eight limbs to this high sovereign of spells who has appeared here, in order that this bestower of boons may grant you the accomplishment of your heart’s desire.”

When the king heard that, he called to mind the words of the Vetála, and said to the mendicant, “I do not know how to do it, reverend sir; do you shew me first, and then I will do exactly as you.” Then the mendicant threw himself on the ground, to shew the king what he was to do, and then the king cut off his head with a stroke of his sword. And he tore and dragged[5] the lotus of his heart out of his inside, and offered his heart and head as two lotuses to that Vetála.

Then the delighted hosts of goblins uttered shouts of applause on every side, and the Vetála said to the king from inside the corpse, “King, the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas, which this mendicant was aiming at, shall fall to your lot after you have finished the enjoyment of your earthly sway. Since I have given you much annoyance, choose whatever boon you desire.” When the Vetála said this, the king said to him, “Since you are pleased with me, every boon that I could desire is obtained; nevertheless, as your words cannot be uttered in vain, I crave this boon of you:—may these first twenty-four questions and answers, charming with their various tales, and this conclusion, the twenty-fifth of the series, be all famous and honoured on the earth!” When the king made this request to the Vetála, the latter replied, “So be it! and now listen, king; I am going to mention a peculiar excellence which it shall possess. This string of tales, consisting of the twenty-four first, and this final concluding tale, shall become, under the title of the Twenty-five Tales of a Vampire, famous and honoured on the earth, as conducing to prosperity! Whosoever shall read respectfully even a *śloka* of it, or whosoever shall hear it read, even they two shall immediately be freed from their curse. And Yakshas, and Vetálas, and Kushmáṇḍas, and witches, and Rákshasas, and other creatures of the kind shall have no power where this shall be recited.” When the Vetála had said this, he left that human corpse, and went by his supernatural deluding power to the habitation he desired.

Then Śiva, being pleased, appeared, accompanied by all the gods, to that king, visibly manifest, and said to him, as he bowed before him; “Bravo! my son, for that thou hast to-day slain this hypocritical ascetic, who was so ardently in love with the imperial sovereignty over the Vidyádharas! I originally created thee out of a portion of myself, as Vikramáditya, in order that thou mightest destroy the Asuras, that had become incarnate in the form of Mlechchhas. And now thou hast again been created by me as a heroic king of the name of Trivikramasena, in order that thou mightest overcome an audacious evildoer. So thou shalt bring under thy sway the earth with the islands and the realms below, and shalt soon become supreme ruler over the Vidyádharas. And after thou hast long enjoyed heavenly pleasures, thou shalt become melancholy, and shalt of thy own will abandon them, and shalt at last without fail be united with me. Now receive from me this sword named Invincible, by means of which thou shalt duly obtain all this.” When the god Śiva had said this to the king, he gave him that splendid sword, and disappeared after he had been worshipped by him with devout speeches and flowers. Then king Trivikramasena, seeing that the whole business was finished, and as the night had come to an end, entered his own city Pratishṭhána. There he was honoured by his rejoicing subjects, who in course of time came to hear of his exploits during the night, and he spent the whole of that day in bathing, giving gifts, in worshipping Śiva, in dancing, singing, music, and other enjoyments of the kind. And in a few days that king, by the power of the sword of Śiva, came to enjoy the earth, that was cleared of all enemies, together with the islands and the lower regions; and then by the appointment of Śiva he obtained the high imperial sovereignty over the Vidyádharas, and after enjoying it long, at last became united with the blessed one, so attaining all his ends.

(*Here ends the Vetálapanchavinśati.*)

When[6] that minister Vikramakeśarin, meeting in the way the successful[7] prince Mṛigánkadatta, after he had been long separated from him by a curse, had told him all this, he went on to say to him, “So, prince, after that old Bráhman had told me in that village this story, called the Twenty-five Tales of a Vampire, he went on to say to me, ‘Well, my son, did not that heroic king Trivikramasena obtain from the favour of a Vetála the thing that

he desired? So do you also receive from me this spell, and laying aside your state of despondency, win over a chief among the Vetálas, in order that you may obtain reunion with prince Mṛigánkadatta. For nothing is unattainable by those who possess endurance; who, my son, will not fail, if he allows his endurance to break down? So do what I recommend you to do out of affection; for you kindly delivered me from the pain of the bite of a poisonous serpent.' When the Bráhman said this, I received from him the spell with the practice to be employed with it, and then, king, I took leave of him, and went to Ujjayiní. There I got hold of a corpse in the cemetery at night, and I washed it, and performed all the other necessary processes with regard to it, and I summoned a Vetála into it by means of that spell, and duly worshipped him. And to satisfy his hunger, I gave him human flesh to eat; and being greedy for the flesh of men, he ate that up quickly, and then said to me; 'I am not satisfied with this; give me some more.' And as he would not wait any time, I cut off my own flesh,[8] and gave it to him to please him: and that made that prince of magicians exceedingly pleased with me. Then he said to me, 'My friend, I am much pleased now with this intrepid valour of thine, so become whole in thy limbs as thou wast before, and crave from me whatever boon thou desirest.' When the Vetála said this to me, I answered him then and there: 'Convey me, god, to that place where my master Mṛigánkadatta is; there is no other boon which I desire more than this.' Then the mighty Vetála said to me; 'Then quickly get up on my shoulder, that I may carry thee rapidly to that master of thine.' When the Vetála said this, I consented, and eagerly climbed up on his shoulder, and then the Vetála, that was inside that human corpse, rapidly set out through the air, carrying me with him. And he has brought me here to-day, king, and when that mighty Vetála saw you on the way, he brought me down from the air, and thus I have been made to reach the sole of your foot. And I have to-day been reunited with my master, and the Vetála has departed, having accomplished what was required of him. This, O bestower of honour,[9] is my great adventure, since I was separated from you by the curse of the Nága."

When Mṛigánkadatta, as he was going to Ujjayiní to win his beloved, had heard, on the way, from his minister Vikramakeśarin, this account of his

adventures since he had been separated from him, that prince rejoiced, as he had in course of time found some of his ministers, who were separated from him by the curse of Párávatáksha, and as he augured therefrom success in all that he had in hand.

Note.

Properly speaking, there are 24 instead of 25 stories in this version of the Vetála Panchavinśati. The same appears to be the case with the redaction ascribed to Śivadása, according to Oesterley, and with the Tamul version. The 24th tale in Oesterley's translation is simply a repetition of the 22nd.

1

I read with the MS. in the Sanskrit College *lipta* for *klipta*, and *púrṇa* for *púrva*.

2

See Addendum to Fasciculus IV, being a note on Vol. I, p. 306.

3

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *nishkampaṃ*. But perhaps we ought to read *nishkampa*, "O fearless one." *Satyaṃ* must be used adverbially. *Kulabhúbhṛitám* also means "of great mountains."

4

I read *netraiśeha* for *netre cha* with the Sanskrit College MS.

5

Perhaps *páṭitát* would give a better sense.

6

The story is here taken up from page 232.

7

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *sa kṛitárthaṃ*.

8

So in Melusine, p. 447, the hero of the tale “La Montagne Noire” rides on the back of a crow, to whom he has to give flesh, as often as he says “*couac*”. At last he has to give him flesh from his own thighs. The wounds are healed instantaneously by means of a “*fiole de graisse*” which he carries with him. See No. 61 in Gonzenbach’s Sicilianische Märchen with Dr. Köhler’s notes.

9

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *kopita* for *mánada i. e.*, “Since I was separated from you by the curse of the enraged Nága.”

Chapter C.

Honour to the vanquisher of obstacles,[1] round whose knees, when he is dancing at night, there winds a garland of stars, which appears as if it had fallen from the globes on his forehead!

Then, the story being ended, the delighted Mṛigánkadatta rose up from the middle of the path, and set out again for Ujjayiní for which he had long ago started in order to find Śaśánkavatí, with a party of eight, including himself, having recovered Vikramakeśarin, accompanied by Guṇákara, and Vimalabuddhi, and Vichitrakatha, and Bhímaparákrama, and Prachaṇḍaśakti, and the Bráhman Śrutadhi, and he kept looking out for those of his companions separated from him by the curse of the Nága, whom he had not yet recovered.

And in course of time, he reached a treeless desert, all the water in which had been dried up by the heat, and which was full of sand heated by the fierce blaze of the sun. And as the prince was traversing it, he said to his ministers, “Observe how long, terrible, and difficult to cross is this great desert; for it has in it no refuge, it is pathless and abandoned by men; and the blaze of its fire of grief seems to ascend in these sandy mirages; its rough and dishevelled locks are represented by the dry rustling blades of grass; and its thorns make it appear to have its hair standing on end through fear of the lions, tigers, and other noisome beasts; and it laments in the cries of its deer exhausted by the heat and longing for water. So we must cross this terrible desert as quickly as we can.”

When Mṛigánkadatta had said this, he quickly crossed that desert with his ministers, who were afflicted with hunger and thirst. And he beheld in front of him a great lake filled with pellucid and cold water, looking like streams that had flowed down from the moon after it had been melted with the heat of the sun. It was so broad that it filled the whole horizon, and it looked like a jewel-mirror made by the Fortune of the three worlds, in order to behold

in it the reflection of herself. That lake resembled the Mahábhárata, for in it the Dhártaráshṭras[2] were making a disturbance, and many Arjuna trees were reflected;[3] and it was refreshing and sweet to the taste; it was like the churned sea of doom, for its precious fluid was drunk by the blue-necked jays that assembled near it,[4] and Vishṇu might have resorted to it to find the goddess of Beauty:[5] it resembled an earthly Pátála, for its profound cool depths were never reached by the rays of the sun, and it was an unfailing receptacle of lotuses.[6]

And on the western shore of that lake the prince and his ministers saw a great and wonderful tree. Its numerous far-reaching boughs, agitated by the wind, appeared like arms, and the cloud-stream that clung to its head was like the Ganges, so that it resembled Śiva dancing. With its lofty top, that pierced the sky, it seemed to be standing erect out of curiosity to see the beauty of the garden Nandana. It was adorned with fruit of heavenly flavour, that clung to its branches, and so it looked like the wishing-tree of heaven, with goblets of nectar suspended on it by the gods. It waved its shoots like finger-tips, and seemed with the voices of its birds to say again and again, “Let no one question me in any way!”

While prince Mṛigánkadatta was looking at that tree, his ministers, worn out with hunger and thirst, ran towards it, and the moment they saw those fruits on it, they climbed up to eat them, and immediately they lost their human form, and were all six suddenly turned into fruits. Then Mṛigánkadatta was bewildered at not seeing those friends of his, and he called on every one of them there by name. But when they gave no answer, and could not be seen anywhere, the prince exclaimed in a voice agonized with despair, “Alas! I am undone!” and fell on the ground in a swoon. And the Bráhman Śrutadhi, who had not climbed up the tree, was the only one left at his side.

So the Bráhman Śrutadhi at once said to him by way of consolation, “Why, my sovereign, do you lose your firmness, and despair, though you have learned wisdom? For it is the man, who is not distracted in calamity, that obtains prosperity. Did you not find those ministers, after they had been separated from you by the curse of the Nága? In like manner shall you again recover them, and get back the others also, and moreover you shall

soon be united with Śaśánkavatí." When Śrutadhi said this to the prince, he answered him; "How can this be? The truth is that all this train of events was arranged for our ruin by the Disposer. If it was not so arranged, how came the Vetála to appear in the night, and Bhímaparákrama to do as he did, and how came it to pass that I heard about Śaśánkavatí through the conversation that took place between them, and that I set out from Ayodhyá to fetch her? How came it to pass also that we were all separated from one another in the Vindhya forest by the curse of the Nága, and that some of us were in course of time reunited, and that this second separation has now taken place and with it the ruin of all my plans? It all tallies together, my friend. The fact is they have been devoured in that tree by a demon, and without them what is Śaśánkavatí to me, or what is my life worth to me? So away with delusions?" When Mṛigánkadatta had said this, he rose up to throw himself into the lake out of sorrow, although Śrutadhi tried to prevent him.

At that moment a bodiless voice came from the air, "My son, do not act rashly, for all will end well for thee. The god Gaṇeśa himself dwells in this tree, and he has been to-day insulted by thy ministers unwittingly. For they, king, being pinched with hunger, climbed up into the tree in which he dwells, to pick its fruits, in a state of impurity, having neither rinsed their mouths nor washed their hands and feet; so the moment that they touched the fruits, they became fruits themselves. For Gaṇeśa inflicted on them this curse, 'Let them become that on which their minds are fixed?' Moreover, thy four other ministers, who, the moment they arrived here, climbed up the tree in the same way, were turned into fruits by the god. Therefore do thou propitiate this Gaṇeśa with ascetic practices, and by his favour thou shalt attain all thy objects."

When Mṛigánkadatta had been thus addressed by the voice from the air, that seemed to rain nectar into his ears, hope again sprang up in his bosom, and he gave up all idea of suicide. So he bathed in the lake, and worshipped Gaṇeśa, who dwelt in that tree, without taking food, and joining his palms in an attitude of supplication, praised him in the following words; "Hail thou elephant-faced lord, who art, as it were, worshipped by the earth, that with its plains, rocks, and woods, bows under the crushing weight of thy

tumultuous dance! Hail thou that hast the twin lotuses of thy feet worshipped by the three worlds, with the gods, Asuras, and men, that dwell in them; thou, whose body is in shape like a pitcher for the abundant storing of various splendid successes! Hail, thou, the flame of whose might blazes forth like twelve fierce suns rising at once; thou that wast a premature day of doom to the race of the Daityas, whom Śiva, Vishṇu, and Indra found hard to conquer! Hail, thou that wardest off calamity from thy votaries! Hail, thou that diffusest a blaze of flame with thy hand, while it glitters with thy mighty axe, that seems anxious to illuminate thee in sport! I fly for refuge to thee, O Gaṇeśa, that wast worshipped even by Gaurí, in order that her husband might successfully accomplish his undertaking in the conquest of Tripura; honour to thee!" When Mṛigánkadatta had in these words praised Gaṇeśa, he spent that night fasting, on a bed of *kuśa*-grass under that tree. In the same way that prince spent eleven nights, being engaged in propitiating Gaṇeśa, the king of impediments; and Śrutadhi remained in attendance on him.

And on the night of the twelfth day Gaṇeśa said to him in a dream, "My son, I am pleased with thee; thy ministers shall be released from their curse, and thou shalt recover them; and with them thou shalt go and win Śaśánkavatí in due course; and thou shalt return to thy own city, and rule the whole earth." After Mṛigánkadatta had been thus informed in a dream by the god Gaṇeśa, he woke up, when the night came to an end, and told Śrutadhi the vision that he had seen. Śrutadhi congratulated him on it; and then, in the morning, the prince bathed and worshipped Gaṇeśa, and proceeded to walk round the tree in which the god dwelt, with his right hand towards it,[7] and while he was thus engaged, all his ten ministers came down from the tree, having been released from the form of fruits, and fell at his feet. Besides the six who were mentioned before, there were Vyághrasena and Sthúlabáhu, and Meghabala, and the fourth Dṛiḍhamushṭi.

Then the prince, having recovered all those ministers at the same instant, with eye, with gestures,[8] and with voice agitated by the workings of joy, looked at his ministers, one by one, again and again, exceedingly lovingly, and embraced them, and then spoke to them; having successfully attained his object. And they, beholding with tears in their eyes their master, who,

after the asceticism which he had gone through, was slender as a new moon, and having been told the true explanation of the whole by Śrutadhi, felicitated themselves on having truly a protecting lord.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, having attained good hope of accomplishing his enterprise, joyfully broke his fast with those ministers, who had performed all necessary ablutions in the tank.

1

Gaṇeśa, who is represented with the head of an elephant. In śl. 8 I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *vibhrashtapaṭhá*.

2

This word means the sons of Dhṛitaráshtra, and also geese with black legs and bills.

3

This also means “in which Arjuna was displaying great activity.”

4

There is also an allusion to Śiva’s having drunk the poison that was produced by the churning of the ocean.

5

There is an allusion to Vishṇu’s having obtained Lakshmí from the ocean when churned. The passage may also mean that the beauty of the lake was permanent.

6

This expression also means that “it rested on the head of the serpent Ananta:” which was true of Pátála or Hades.

7

See Vol. I, pp. 99 and 573, and Brand’s Popular Antiquities, Vol. I, p. 225.

8

The Petersburg lexicographers read *kalanayá* for *kalatayá*. The three verbs correspond to the three nouns.

Chapter CI.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, refreshed by breaking his fast, sat down with those ministers of his on the bank of that lake. Then he courteously asked those four ministers, whom he had recovered that day, for an account of their adventures during the time that he was separated from them. Thereupon that one of them, who was called Vyághrasena, said to him, "Listen, prince, I now proceed to relate our adventures. When I was carried to a distance from you by the curse of the Nága Párávatáksha, I lost my senses, and in that state I wandered through the forest by night. At last I recovered consciousness, but the darkness, which enveloped me, prevented me from seeing where the cardinal points lay, and what path I ought to take. At last the night, that grief made long,[1] came to an end; and in course of time the sun arose, that mighty god, and revealed all the quarters of the heaven. Then I said to myself 'Alas! Where can that master of mine be gone? And how will he manage to exist here alone separated from us? And how am I to recover him? Where shall I look for him? What course shall I adopt? I had better go to Ujjayiní; for I may perhaps find him there; for he must go there, to find Śaśánkavatí.' With such hopes I set out slowly for Ujjayiní, threading that difficult forest that resembled calamity, scorched by the rays of the sun, that resembled showers of fiery powder.

"And at last, somehow or other, I reached a lake, with full-blown lotuses for expanded eyes, that seemed to hold converse with me by means of the sweet cries of its swans and other water-birds; it stretched forth its ripples like hands; its surface was calm and broad;[2] the very sight of it took away all grief; and so in all points it resembled a good man. I bathed in it, and ate lotus-fibres, and drank water; and while I was lingering on its bank, I saw these three arrive there, Dṛiḍhamushṭi, and Sthúlabáhu, and Meghabala. And when we met, we asked one another for tidings of you. And as none of us knew anything about you, and we suspected the worst, we made up our minds to abandon the body, being unable to endure separation from you.

“And at that moment a hermit-boy came to bathe in that lake; his name was Mahátapas, and he was the son of Dírghatapas. He had matted hair, he diffused a brightness of his own, and he seemed like the god of Fire, blazing with mighty flame, having become incarnate in the body of a Bráhman, in order to consume once more the Kháṇḍava forest;[3] he was clothed in the skin of a black antelope, he had an ascetic’s water-vessel in his left hand, and on his right wrist he bore a rosary of *Aksha*-seeds by way of a bracelet; the perfumed earth that he used in bathing was stuck on the horns of the deer that came with him, and he was accompanied by some other hermit-boys like himself. The moment he saw us about to throw ourselves into the lake, he came towards us; for the good are easily melted with compassion, and shew causeless friendship to all. And he said to us, ‘You ought not to commit a crime characteristic of cowards, for poltroons, with their minds blinded with grief, fall into the gulfs of calamity, but resolute men, having eyes enlightened by discernment, behold the right path, and do not fall into the pit, but assuredly attain their goal. And you, being men of auspicious appearance, will no doubt attain prosperity; so tell me, what is your grief? For it grieves my heart to see you thus.’

“When the hermit-boy had said this, I at once told him the whole of our adventure from the beginning; then that boy, who could read the future,[4] and his companions, exhorted us with various speeches, and diverted our minds from suicide. Then the hermit-boy, after he had bathed, took us to his father’s hermitage, which was at no great distance, to entertain us.

“There that hermit’s son bestowed on us the *arghya*, and made us sit down in a place, in which even the trees seemed to have entered on a course of penance, for they stood aloft on platforms of earth, and lifted on high their branches like arms, and drank in the rays of the sun. And then he went and asked all the trees in the hermitage, one after another, for alms. And in a moment his alms-vessel was filled with fruits, that of themselves dropped from the trees; and he came back with it to us. And he gave us those fruits of heavenly flavour, and when we had eaten them, we became, as it were, satisfied with nectar.

“And when the day came to an end, and the sun descended into the sea, and the sky was filled with stars, as if with spray flung up by his fall, and the moon, having put on a white bark-robe of moonlight, had gone to the ascetic grove on the top of the eastern mountain,[5] as if desiring to withdraw from the world on account of the fall of the sun, we went to see the hermits, who had finished all their duties, and were sitting together in a certain part of the hermitage. We bowed before them, and sat down, and those great sages welcomed us, and with kindly words at once asked us whence we came. Then that hermit-boy told them our history until the time of our entering the hermitage. Then a wise hermit there, of the name of Kanva, said to us, ‘Come, why have you allowed yourselves to become so dispirited, being, as you are, men of valour? For it is the part of a brave man to display unbroken firmness in calamity, and freedom from arrogance in success, and never to abandon fortitude. And great men attain the title of great by struggling through great difficulties by the aid of resolution, and accomplishing great things. In illustration of this, listen to this story of Sundarasena, and hear how he endured hardship for the sake of Mandáravatí?’ When the hermit Kanva had said this, he began, in the hearing of us and of all the hermits, to tell the following tale.”

Story of Sundarasena and Mandáravatí.

There is a country named Nishada, that adorns the face of the northern quarter; in it there was of old a city of the name of Alaká. In this city the people were always happy in abundance of all things,[6] and the only things that never enjoyed repose were the jewel-lamps. In it there lived a king of the name of Mahásena, and not without reason was he so named, for his enemies were all consumed by the wonderful and terrible fire of his valour, which resembled that of the god of war. That king had a prime minister named Guṇapálita, who was like a second Śesha, for he was a mine of valour, and could bear up, like that serpent, the weight of the earth. The

king, having destroyed his enemies, laid upon him the weight of his kingdom and devoted himself to pleasure; and then he had a son born to him by his queen Śaśiprabhá, named Sundarasena. Even when he was a child, he was no child in good qualities, and the goddesses of valour and beauty chose him for their self-elected husband.

That prince had five heroic ministers, equal in age and accomplishments, who had grown up with him from their childhood, Chaṇḍaprabha, and Bhímabhuja, and Vyághraparákrama, and the heroic Vikramaśakti, and the fifth was Dṛiḍhabuddhi. And they were all men of great courage, endowed with strength and wisdom, well-born, and devoted to their master, and they even understood the cries of birds.[7] And the prince lived with them in his father's house without a suitable wife, being unmarried, though he was grown up. And that heroic Sundarasena and his ministers reflected, "Courage invincible in assault, and wealth won by his own arm, and a wife equal to him in beauty become a hero on this earth. Otherwise, what is the use of this beauty?"

And one day the prince went out of the town to hunt, accompanied by his soldiers, and by those five companions, and as he was going out, a certain famous female mendicant named Kátyáyaní, bold from the maturity of her age, who had just returned from a distant foreign country, saw him, and said to herself, when she beheld his superhuman beauty, "Is this the Moon without Rohiṇí or the god of Love without Rati?" But when she asked his attendants, and found out that it was the prince, she was astonished, and praised the marvellousness of the creation of the Disposer.[8] Then she cried out to the prince from a distance with a shrill and far reaching voice, "Be victorious, O prince," and so saying she bowed before him. But at that moment the mind of the prince was wholly occupied by a conversation which he had begun with his ministers, and he went on without hearing the female ascetic. But she was angry, and called out to him in such a loud voice that he could not help hearing her, "Ho! prince! why do you not listen to the blessing of such a one as I am? What king or prince is there on the earth that does not honour me?[9] But if your youth and other advantages render you so proud now, it is certain that, if you obtain for a wife that ornament of the world, the maiden Mandáravatí, the daughter of the king of

Hansadvípa, you will be too much puffed up with arrogance to listen to the speech of Śiva,[10] the great Indra, and other gods, much less to the words of wretched men."

When the ascetic had said this, Sundarasena, being full of curiosity, called her to him, and bent before her and propitiated her. And being anxious to question her, he sent her under the care of his servants to rest in the house of his minister Vikramaśakti. Then the prince went off, and after he had enjoyed the sport of hunting, he returned to his palace, and said his daily prayers, and took his food, and then he sent for the ascetic, and put the following question to her, "Reverend mother, who is this maiden named Mandáravatí, that you spoke of to-day? Tell me, for I feel great curiosity about her."

When the ascetic heard this, she said to him, "Listen, I will tell you the whole story. I am in the habit of wandering about the whole of this earth and the islands, for the sake of visiting sacred bathing-places and other holy spots. And in the course of my travels I happened to visit Hansadvípa. There I saw the daughter of king Mandáradeva, a suitable match for the sons of gods, not to be beheld by those who have done evil works; she bears the name of Mandáravatí, and has a form as charming as the presiding goddess of the garden of the gods; the sight of her kindles love, and she seems like another moon all composed of nectar, created by the Disposer. There is no other beauty on the earth equal to hers;[11] only you, prince, I think, emulate her wealth of loveliness. As for those who have not seen her, their eyes are useless, and they have been born in vain."

When the prince heard this from the mouth of the female ascetic, he said, "Mother, how are we to get a sight of her beauty, which is so surpassing?" When the female ascetic heard this speech of his, she said, "I took such interest in her on that occasion that I painted a picture of her on canvas; and I have it with me in a bag; if you feel any curiosity about it, look at it." When she had said this, she took the picture of the lady out of the bag, and shewed it to the gratified prince. And Sundarasena, when he beheld that maiden, who, though she was present there only in a picture, seemed to be of romantic beauty, and like a flowing forth of joy, immediately felt his

limbs covered all over with hairs erect from horripilation, as if he had been pierced with the dense arrows of the god of the flowery bow.[12] He remained motionless, hearing nothing, speaking nothing, seeing nothing; and with his whole heart fixed on her, was for a long time as if painted in a picture.

When the prince's ministers saw that, they said to that female ascetic, "Reverend mother, paint prince Sundarasena on this piece of canvas, and let us have a specimen of your skill in catching likenesses." The moment she heard that, she painted the prince on canvas. And when they saw that it was a striking likeness, all, who were present there, said, "The reverend lady's likenesses exactly resemble the originals, for when one looks at this picture, one thinks that one sees the prince himself; so the beauty of the princess Mandáravatí is sure to be such as it is represented in the picture."

When the ministers had said this, prince Sundarasena took the two pictures, and being pleased, honoured that female ascetic. And he dismissed with appropriate honours that dweller in a lonely spot. And he entered the inner part of the palace, carrying with him the picture of his beloved. He flung himself on a bed and said to himself "Can this be my charmer's face, or a moon that has purged away the spot that defiles its beauty?"[13] In this way he remained examining Mandáravatí, limb by limb, though he had only her painted form before him: and in this state he continued every day, abstaining from meat and drink; and so in the course of a few days he was completely exhausted by the pain of love's fever.

When his parents, Śaśiprabhá and Mahásena, found that out, they came of their own accord and asked his friends the cause of his indisposition. And his companions told them the whole story, as it had happened, how the daughter of the king of Hansadvípa had come to be the cause of his complaint. Then Mahásena said to Sundarasena, "My son, why do you so improperly conceal this attachment of yours? For Mandáravatí is a pearl of maidens, and she will be a good match for you. Besides, her father Mandáradeva is a great friend of mine. So why do you torment yourself about a matter of this kind, which is quite becoming, and can be easily arranged by an ambassador?" When king Mahásena had said this, he

deliberated, and sent off an ambassador named Surathadeva to Hansadvípa, to ask for the daughter of king Mandáradeva. And he put into his hand the portrait of Sundarasena, executed on canvas by that female ascetic, which shewed how wonderfully handsome he was.

The ambassador travelled quickly, and reached the city of king Mahendráditya on the shore of the sea, named Śaśánkapura. There he embarked on a ship, and after some days he reached the palace of king Mandáradeva in Hansadvípa. He was announced by the wardens and entered the palace, and saw that king, and after he had in due form delivered to him the present, he said to him, "Great monarch, king Mahásena sends you this message, 'Give your daughter to my son Sundarasena; for a female ascetic, of the name of Kátyáyaní, made a portrait of her, and brought it here, and shewed it to my son, as the picture of a pearl of maidens. And as Sundarasena's beauty so nearly resembled hers, I felt a desire to have his form painted on canvas also, and herewith I send the picture. Look at it. Moreover, my son, who is of such astonishing beauty, does not wish to be married, unless he can find a wife that resembles him, and nobody but your daughter is a match for him in appearance.' This is the message the king entrusted to me, when he put this portrait into my hand; look at it, king, let the spring-flower creeper be united to the spring."

When the king heard this speech of the ambassador's, he was delighted, and he sent for his daughter Mandáravatí and the queen her mother. And in their company he opened and looked at that portrait, and immediately he ceased to cherish the proud thought, that there was no fitting match for his daughter on the earth. And he said, "My daughter's beauty will not have been created in vain, if she is united to this prince. She does not look her best without him, nor is he complete without her; what is the lotus-bed without the swan, and what is the swan without the lotus-bed?"

When the king said this, and the queen expressed her complete approbation of it, Mandáravatí suddenly became bewildered with love. She remained with her wide expanded eyes immoveably fixed on the picture, as if possessed, as if asleep, (though she was wide awake,) as if herself a

painting. Then Mandáradeva, seeing his daughter in that state, consented to give her in marriage, and he honoured that ambassador.

And on the next day the king sent off his counter-ambassador, who was a Bráhman named Kumáradatta, to king Mahásena. And he said to the two ambassadors, "Go quickly to that king Mahásena, the lord of Alaká, and say to him from me, 'I give you my daughter out of friendship; so tell me, will your son come here, or shall I send my daughter to you?'" When the two ambassadors had received this message from the king, they immediately started off together on the sea in a ship; and they reached Śaśánkapura, and thence they travelled by land, and reached that opulent city of Alaká, which seemed like the original Alaká.[14] They went to the king's palace, and entered it with the usual courtesies, and saw king Mahásena who welcomed them. And they told that king the answer which Mandáradeva entrusted to them; and when the king heard it, he was pleased, and shewed both of them great honour.

Then the king found out the star, under which the princess was born, from her father's ambassador; and he asked his astrologers when a favourable time would arrive for the marriage of his son. And they answered that an auspicious time would present itself in three months for bridegroom and bride, on the fifth day of the white fortnight of the month Kártika. And so the king of Alaká informed Mandáradeva that the marriage ought to take place on that day, and that he would send his son, and this he wrote in a letter, and committed it to the care of the ambassador Kumáradatta, and another ambassador of his own named Chandrasvámin. So the ambassadors departed, and gave the letter as they were directed, and told the king of Hansadvípa all that had taken place. The king approved, and after honouring Chandrasvámin, the ambassador of Mahásena, he sent him back to his master. And he returned to Alaká, and reported that the business was satisfactorily settled; and then all on both sides remained eagerly expecting the auspicious day.

And in the meanwhile Mandáravatí in Hansadvípa, who had long ago fallen in love with the prince from seeing his picture, thought that the auspicious day for the marriage was a long way off, and felt unable to endure so much

delay; and being affectionate, she became desperately enamoured, and was grievously tormented with the fire of love. And in the eager longing of her heart for Sundarasena, even the anointing with sandal-wood ointment became a shower of hot coals on her body, and a bed of lotus-leaves was to her a bed of hot sand, and the rays of the moon seemed like the scorching points of flame of a forest conflagration. She remained silent, avoiding food, adopting a vow of loneliness; and when her confidante questioned her in her anxiety, she was at last, with difficulty, induced to make the following avowal; "My friend, my marriage is far off, and I cannot bear to wait for the time, separated from my intended husband, the son of the king of Alaká. Distant is the time, and the place, and various is the course of Fate; so who knows what will happen to any one here in the meantime? So I had better die." Saying this, Mandáravatí, being sick with separation, passed immediately into a miserable state.

When her father and mother heard that from the mouth of her confidante, and saw her in such a condition, they deliberated with the ministers, and came to the following conclusion, "That king Mahásena, the sovereign of Alaká, is on good terms with us, and the princess Mandáravatí is unable to endure the delay here, so why should we feel any delicacy about it? Happen what will, let us send her to Alaká, for when she is near her beloved, she will be able patiently to endure the delay." When king Mandáradeva had gone through these deliberations, he comforted his daughter Mandáravatí, and made her embark on a ship with wealth and attendants, and after her mother had recited a prayer for her good fortune, he sent her off from Hansadvípa by sea on an auspicious day, to travel to Alaká, in order that she might be married there; and he sent with her a minister of his own, named Vinítamati.

And after the princess, travelling in a ship on the ocean, had left Hansadvípa some days' sail behind her, there suddenly rose up against her a roaring cloud, as it were a bandit, showering raindrops like arrows, that sang terribly in the whistling wind. And the gale, like mighty fate, in a moment dragged her ship to a distance, and smote it, and broke it in pieces. And those attendants were drowned, and among them Vinítamati; and all her treasure was whelmed in the ocean.

But the sea lifted up the princess with a wave, as it were with an arm, and flung her up alive in a forest on the shore, near the scene of the shipwreck. To think that she should have fallen into the sea, and that a towering wave should have landed her in a forest! Behold now, how nothing is impossible to Destiny! Then she, in such a situation, terrified and confused, seeing that she was alone in a solitary wood, was again plunged in a sea, but this time it was the sea of grief. She exclaimed, “Where have I arrived? Surely it is a very different place from that for which I set out! Where too are those attendants of mine? Where is Vinítamati? Why has this suddenly happened to me? Where shall I go, ill-starred as I am? Alas! I am undone! What shall I do? Cursed Fate, why did you rescue me from the sea? Ah! father! Ah, mother! Ah, husband, son of the king of Alaká! Look; I am perishing before I reach you; why do you not deliver me?” While uttering these and similar exclamations, Mandáravatí wept copiously with tears that resembled the pearls of a broken necklace.

And at that very time a hermit, named Matanga, came there from his hermitage, which was not far off, to bathe in the sea. That sage, who was accompanied by his daughter, named Yamuná, who had observed a vow of virginity from her childhood, heard the sound of Mandáravatí’s weeping. And with his daughter he approached her kindly, and he saw her, looking like a doe separated from a herd of deer, casting her sorrowing eyes in every direction. And the great sage said to her with an affectionate voice, “Who are you, and how did you get into this wood, and why do you weep?” Then Mandáravatí, seeing that he was a compassionate man, slowly recovered herself, and told him her story, with face dejected from shame.

Then the hermit Matanga, after meditating, said to her, “Princess, cease to despair; recover your composure! Though you are delicate of body as a *śirísha*-flower, the calamity of sorrow afflicts you; do misfortunes ever consider whether their victim is tender or not? But you shall soon obtain the husband you desire; so come to this hermitage of mine, which is at no great distance from this place; and remain there with this daughter of mine as in your own house.” When the great hermit had comforted her with these words, he bathed, and accompanied by his daughter, led Mandáravatí to his hermitage. There she remained leading an ascetic life, longing to meet her

husband, delighting herself with waiting upon that sage, accompanied by his daughter.

And in the meanwhile Sundarasena, who was emaciated with long expectation, remained killing the time in Alaká, continually counting the days, eager for his marriage with Mandáravatí, and his friend Chaṇḍaprabha and the rest were trying to console him. And in course of time, as the auspicious day drew nigh, his father, the king, made preparations for his journey to Hansadvípa. And after prayers had been offered for a prosperous journey, prince Sundarasena started from his home on an auspicious day, shaking the earth with his armies.

And as he was marching along with his ministers, he reached in course of time, to his delight, that city Śaśánkapura, which adorned the shore of the sea. There king Mahendráditya, hearing of his approach, came to meet him, bowing humbly, and the prince entered the city with his followers, and mounted on an elephant, he reached the palace of the king. And as he went along, the splendour of his beauty fluttered the hearts of the ladies of the city, as the hurricane flutters the lotus-bed. In the palace, king Mahendráditya shewed him every attention, and promised to accompany him: and so he rested there that day. And he spent the night in such thoughts as these, “Shall I ever get across the sea, and win that blushing bride?”

And next morning he left his army in that very city, and went with king Mahendráditya to the shore of the sea. There he and his ministers, together with that king, embarked on a large ship, that was well supplied with food and water. And the prince made the small retinue, that he could not help taking, embark on a second ship. Then the ship was let go, and its flag fluttered in the wind, and those two kings, who were in it, shaped their course towards the south-western quarter.

And after two or three days had passed, as they were sailing on the sea, there suddenly arose a great hurricane. And the ranges of forest on the shores of the sea shook to and fro, as if in astonishment at the unprecedented character of the gale. And the waters of the sea, inverted by the wind, were turned upside down, again and again, as affections are by

lapse of time. And an offering of jewels was made to the sea accompanied by a loud cry of woe; and the pilots let loose the sail and relaxed their efforts at the same time; and all excitedly flung out very heavy stones on all sides, fastened by chains, and flung away their hopes of life at the same time; and the two vessels, driven to and fro by the waves, as elephants by elephant-drivers,[15] wandered about in the sea, as if in the *mêlée* of a battle.

Then Sundarasena, beholding that, was moved from his seat, as if from his self-command,[16] and said to king Mahendráditya, "It is through my demerits in former births that this day of doom has suddenly come upon you. So I cannot endure to witness it; I will fling myself into the sea." When the prince had said this, he quickly girt his upper garment round his loins, and flung himself then and there into the sea. And when his five friends, Chaṇḍaprabha and the others, saw that, they too flung themselves in, and Mahendráditya did the same. And while, having recovered their presence of mind, they were swimming across the ocean, they all went in different directions, being separated by the force of the waves. And immediately the wind fell, and the sea became hushed and calm, and bore the semblance of a good man whose wrath is appeased.[17]

And in the meanwhile Sundarasena, with whom was Dṛiḍhabuddhi, found a ship that had been driven from somewhere or other by the wind, and with that minister of his as his only companion he climbed up on it, as it were on a second swing of incertitude oscillating between rescue and destruction. Then, having lost all courage, he drifted, not knowing his bearings, looking on the whole world as made of water, confiding in his god: and the ship, which was wafted along by a gentle and favourable breeze, as if by a deity, carried him to the shore in three days. There it stuck fast, and he and his companion sprang to shore and to a hope of life at the same moment.

And when there, he recovered breath, and said to Dṛiḍhabuddhi; "I have escaped even from the sea, from the infernal regions, though I went below; but since I have not been able to do so without causing the death of my ministers Vikramaśakti, and Vyághraparákrama, and Chaṇḍaprabha and Bhímabhuja, such fine fellows as they were, and also of king Mahendráditya, who became without cause so good a friend to me,—of all

these,—how can I now live with honour?" When he said this, his minister Dṛiḍhabuddhi said to him, "Prince, recover your composure; I am persuaded that we shall have good fortune; for they may perhaps make their way across the sea, as we have done. Who can discern the mysterious way of Destiny?"

While Dṛiḍhabuddhi was saying this and other things of the same kind, two hermits came there to bathe. The good men, seeing that the prince was despondent, came up to him, and asked him his story, and said kindly to him; "Wise sir, even the gods are not able to alter the mighty influence of actions in a previous state of existence, that bestow joy and sorrow. So a resolute man, who wishes to take leave of sorrow, should practise right doing; for right doing is the true remedy for it, not regrets, nor emaciation of the body. So abandon despondency, and preserve your body by resolute endurance; as long as the body is preserved, what object of human endeavour cannot be attained? Moreover, you possess auspicious marks; you are certain to enjoy prosperity." Saying this the hermits consoled him, and took him to their hermitage.

And prince Sundarasena remained waiting there for some days, accompanied by Dṛiḍhabuddhi.

And in the meanwhile his ministers Bhímabhuja and Vikramaśakti, having swum across the sea, reached the shore in a separate place. And hoping that perhaps the prince might have escaped from the sea like themselves, they entered that great forest, and searched for him bewildered with grief. And his other two ministers, Chaṇḍaprabha and Vyághraparákrama, and king Mahendráditya, in the same way escaped from the sea, and sorrowfully sought for Sundarasena, and when they did not find him, were afflicted; and at last they found their ship unharmed and went to Śaśánkapura. Then those two ministers, and the army that had been left in that city, hearing what had happened,[18] went weeping to their own city Alaká. And when they arrived without the prince, lamenting their loss, the citizens wept, and one universal wail was heard in the city. When king Mahásena and his queen heard that news of their son, they were in such a state that they would have died, if it were not that their allotted term of life had not yet expired. And when the

king and the queen were bent on suicide, the ministers dissuaded them with various speeches, which gave them reasons for entertaining hope. Then the king remained in a temple of Svayambhú[19] outside the town, engaged in asceticism with his attendants, enquiring for news of his son.

And in the meanwhile king Mandáradeva, in Hansadvípa, heard the news of the shipwreck of his daughter, and of that of his proposed son-in-law. And he also came to know that his son-in-law's two ministers had arrived in Alaká, and that king Mahásena there was keeping himself alive by hope, being engaged in practising austerities. Then that king also, who was afflicted by grief for the loss of his daughter, and was only prevented by his ministers from committing suicide, entrusted to them the care of his kingdom, and with the queen Kandarpasená went to the city of Alaká to visit king Mahásena, who was his partner in misfortune. And he made up his mind that he would do whatever that king did, as soon as he had trustworthy intelligence with regard to the fate of his son. And so he came to king Mahásena, who was still more grieved when he heard of the fate of Mandáravatí, and sorrowed in sympathy with him. Then that king of Hansadvípa remained practising austerities with the king of Alaká, restraining his senses, eating little, sleeping on *darbha*-grass.

When they had been all scattered in this way in different directions by the Disposer, as leaves by a wind, it happened that Sundarasena set forth from the hermitage in which he was, and reached that hermitage of Matanga, in which Mandáravatí was staying. There he beheld a lake of clear water, the bank of which was thickly planted with trees bent down with the weight of many ripe fruits of various flavours. As he was weary, he bathed in that lake, and ate sweet fruits, and then walked on with Dṛiḍhabuddhi, and reached a forest stream. And going along its bank, he saw some hermit maidens engaged in gathering flowers near a temple containing a Linga. And in the midst of them he beheld one hermit maiden, who seemed to be the peerless beauty of the world, illuminating the whole wood with her loveliness, as if with moonlight, making all the regions full of blown blue lilies with her glance, and sowing with her foot-falls a thicket of lotuses in the forest.

Then the prince said to Dṛiḍhabuddhi, “Who can this be? Can she be a nymph of heaven worthy of being gazed upon by the hundred-eyed Indra; or is she the presiding goddess of the forest with her shoot-like fingers clinging to the flowers? Surely the Creator framed this very wonderful form of hers after he had perfected his skill by continual practice in creating many nymphs of heaven. And lo! she exactly resembles in appearance my beloved Mandáravatí, whose beauty I beheld in a picture. Why should she not be the lady herself? But how can this be? She is in Hansadvípa far away from this heart of the forest. So I cannot[20] conceive who this fair one is, and whence she comes, and how she comes to be here.” And Dṛiḍhabuddhi, when he saw that fair maid, said to the prince, “She must be whom you suppose her to be, otherwise how could her ornaments, though made of forest flowers, thus resemble a necklace, a zone, a string of bells, and the other ornaments usually worn? Moreover, this beauty and delicacy are not produced in a forest; so you may be certain that she is some heavenly nymph, or some princess, not the daughter of a hermit. Let us rise up and stand here[21] a moment to find out.” When Dṛiḍhabuddhi had said this, they both of them stood there concealed by a tree.

And in the meanwhile those hermit maidens, having gathered their flowers, went down into that river with that lovely girl to bathe. And while they were amusing themselves by splashing about in it, it happened that an alligator came and seized that lovely girl. When those maidens saw that, they were bewildered, and they cried out in their sorrow, “Help, help, ye woodland deities! For here is Mandáravatí, while bathing in the river, suddenly and unexpectedly seized by an alligator, and perishing.” When Sundarasena heard that, he thought to himself, “Can this really be that beloved of mine?” and rushing forward he quickly killed that alligator with his dagger. And when she fell from the monster’s mouth, as it were from the mouth of death, he carried her up on the bank, and comforted her.

And she, for her part, having got over her fear, and seeing that he was a charming person, said to herself, “Who is this great-hearted one that my good fortune has brought here to save my life? Wonderful to say, he bears a close resemblance to that lover of mine whom I saw in a picture, the high-born son of the king of Alaká. Can he possibly be that very man? But out on

my evil thought! Heaven forefend! May such a man never be an exile from his native land! So it is not fitting for me now to remain in the society of a strange man. Accordingly, I will leave this place: may prosperity be the lot of this great-souled one!" After going through these reflections, Mandáravatí said to those companions of hers, "First take a respectful leave of this noble gentleman, and then come with me; we will now depart."

When prince Sundarasena, whose doubts were before unsatisfied, heard this, he conceived great confidence from merely hearing his own name, and he questioned one of her companions, saying to her, "Auspicious one, whose daughter and of what condition is this friend of yours? Tell me, for I feel a great desire to know." When he questioned the hermit maiden in these words, she said to him, "This is the princess Mandáravatí, the daughter of king Mandáradeva, the sovereign of Hansadvípa. She was being conducted to the city of Alaká to be married to prince Sundarasena, when her ship was wrecked in the sea, and the waves flung her up upon the shore: and the hermit Matanga found her there and brought her to his hermitage."

When she said this, Sundarasena's friend Dṛidhabuddhi, dancing like one bewildered with joy and despondency, said to the prince, "I congratulate you on having now been successful in obtaining the princess Mandáravatí; for is not this that very lady of whom we were thinking?" When he had said this, her companions the hermit maidens questioned him, and he told them his story; and they gladdened with it that friend of theirs. Then Mandáravatí exclaimed, "Ah, my husband," and fell weeping at the feet of that Sundarasena. He, for his part, embraced her and wept, and while they were weeping there, even stocks and herbs wept, melted with compassion.

Then the hermit Matanga, having been informed of all this by those hermit maidens, came there quickly, accompanied by Yamuná. He comforted that Sundarasena, who prostrated himself at his feet, and took him with Mandáravatí to his own hermitage. And that day he refreshed him by entertaining him, and made him feel happy; and the next day the great hermit said to that prince, "My son, I must to-day go for a certain affair to Śvetadvípa, so you must go with Mandáravatí to Alaká; there you must marry this princess and cherish her; for I have adopted her as my daughter,

and I give her to you. And you shall rule the earth for a long time with her; and you shall soon recover all those ministers of yours." When the hermit had said this to the prince and his betrothed, he took leave of them, and went away through the air with his daughter Yamuná, who was equal to himself in power.

Then Sundarasena, with Mandáravatí, and accompanied by Dṛiḍhabuddhi, set out from that hermitage. And when he reached the shore of the sea, he saw coming near him a light ship under the command of a young merchant. And in order to accomplish his journey more easily, he asked the young merchant who was the owner of that ship, through Dṛiḍhabuddhi, hailing him from a distance, to give him a passage in it. The wicked merchant, who beheld Mandáravatí, and was at once distracted with love, consented, and brought his ship near the shore. Then Sundarasena first placed his beloved on board the ship, and was preparing to get on board himself from the bank where he stood, when the wicked merchant, coveting his neighbour's wife, made a sign to the steersman, and so set the ship in motion. And the ship, on board of which the princess was crying piteously, rapidly disappeared from the view of Sundarasena, who stood gazing at it.

And he fell on the ground crying out, "Alas! I am robbed by thieves," and wept for a long time, and then Dṛiḍhabuddhi said to him, "Rise up! Abandon despondency! this is not a course befitting a hero. Come along! Let us go in that direction to look for that thief: for even in the most grievous hour of calamity the wise do not take leave of their fortitude." When Sundarasena had been thus exhorted by Dṛiḍhabuddhi, he was at last induced to rise up from the shore of the sea and set out.

And he went on his way weeping, and crying out, "Alas, queen! Alas, Mandáravatí!" continually scorched by the fire of separation, fasting, accompanied only by the weeping Dṛiḍhabuddhi; and almost beside himself with distraction he entered a great wood. And when in it, he paid no attention to the wise counsels of his friend, but ran hither and thither, thinking only of his beloved. When he saw the creepers in full bloom, he said, "Can this be my beloved come here, adorned with blown flowers, having escaped from that merchant-robber?" When he saw the beautiful

lotuses, he said, “Can she have dived into a tank in her fear, and is she lifting up her face with long-lashed eyes and looking at me?” And when he heard the cuckoos singing concealed by the leafy creepers, he said, “Is the sweet-voiced fair one here addressing me?” Thus raving at every step, he wandered about for a long time, scorched by the moon, as if it were the sun; and so to him the night was the same as the day.

And at last the prince with Dridhabuddhi emerged from that wood, though with difficulty, and having lost his way, reached a great wilderness. It was perilous with fierce rhinoceroses, dangerous as being inhabited by lions, and so was as formidable[22] as an army, and moreover it was beset by a host of bandits. When the prince entered this wilderness, which was refugeless, and full of many misfortunes, like misery, he was set upon with uplifted weapons, by some Pulindas, who happened to be on the look out for human victims to offer to Durgá, by order of Vindhyaketu the king of the Pulindas, who lived in that region. When the prince was tormented with five fires, of misfortune, exile, the grief of separation, that affront from a base man, fasting, and the fatigue of the journey; alas! Fate created a sixth fire in the form of an attack of bandits, as if in order to exhaust his self-command.

And when many of the bandits rushed towards him to seize him, showering arrows, he, with only one companion to help him, killed them with his dagger. When king Vindhyaketu discovered that, he sent forward another force, and Sundarasena, being skilled in fighting, killed a great many bandits belonging to that force also. At last he and his companion fainted from the exhaustion of their wounds; and then those Śavaras bound them, and took them and threw them into prison. The prison was full of multitudes of vermin, filthy with cobwebs, and it was evident that snakes frequented it, as they had dropped there the skins that clung to their throats. The dust in it rose as high as the ancle,[23] it was honey-combed with the holes and galleries of mice, and full of many terrified and miserable men that had been thrown into it. In that place, which seemed the very birthplace of hells, they saw those two ministers Bhímabhuja and Vikramaśakti, who, like themselves, had entered that wilderness after escaping from the sea, in order to look for their master, and had been already bound and thrown into prison.

They recognised the prince and fell weeping at his feet, and he recognised them, and embraced them, bathed in tears.

Then their woes were increased a hundredfold by seeing one another; but the other prisoners there said to them, in order to console them, “Enough of grief! Can we avoid the effect of acts done in a previous state of existence? Do you not see that the death of all of us together is imminent? For we have been collected here by this king of the Pulindas, in order that he may offer us up to Durgá on the coming fourteenth day of the month. So why should you grieve? The way of Fate, that sports with living beings, is strange; as she has given you misfortune, she may in the same way give you prosperity.” When the other prisoners had said this to them, they remained there bound with them; it is terrible to see how little respect calamities shew even for the great.

And when the fourteenth day arrived, they were all taken thence by the orders of the king to the temple of Durgá to be sacrificed. It seemed like the mouth of death, the flame of the lamp being its lolling tongue, the range of bells being its row of teeth, to which the heads of men clung.[24] Then Sundarasena, when he saw that goddess, bowed before her, and praised her with mind humbled by devotion, and uttered this prayer, “O thou goddess that didst quell the oppression of the Asuras with thy blood-streaming trident, which mangled haughty Daityas, thou that givest security to thy votaries, look upon me, goddess, that am burned up with the forest-fire of grief, with a favourable nectar-shedding eye, and refresh me. Honour to thee!”

While the prince was saying this, Vindhyaketu, that king of the Pulindas, came there to worship the goddess Durgá. The moment the prince saw the king of the Bhillas, he recognised him, and being bowed down with shame, said of his own accord to his friends, “Ha! this is that very Vindhyaketu, the chief of the Pulindas, who comes to my father’s court to pay him homage, and is the lord of this vast wilderness. Whatever may happen, we must not say anything here, for it is better for a man of honour to die, than to make known who he is under such circumstances.”

While the prince was saying this to his ministers, king Vindhyaketu said to his servants, “Come now, shew me this heroic human victim, who killed so many of my warriors when he was being captured.” As soon as his servants heard this, they brought Sundarasena, smeared with clotted blood, and defiled with wounds, into the presence of that king. When the king of the Bhillas saw him, he half recognised him, and being terrified, said to him, “Tell me, who are you, and whence do you come?” Sundarasena answered the king of the Bhillas, “What does it matter who I am, or whence I come? Do what you are about to do.”

Then Vindhyaketu recognised him completely by his voice, and exclaiming excitedly, “Alas! Alas!” fell on the ground. Then he embraced the prince, and said, “Alas, great king Mahásena, see what a fitting return I, villain that I am, have now made for your numerous benefits, in that I have here reduced to such a state your son, whom you value as your life, prince Sundarasena, who has come here from somewhere or other!” This and many other such laments he uttered in such a way that all there began to shed tears. But the delighted companions of Sundarasena comforted the Bhilla king, saying to him, “Is not this much that you recognised the prince before any misfortune had happened? What could you have done after the event had taken place? So why do you despond in the midst of this joy?”

Then the king fell at the feet of Sundarasena, and lovingly honoured him, and Sundarasena got him to set all the human victims free. And after he had shown him all due respect, he took him to his village and his friends with him, and proceeded to bandage his wounds and administer medicines to him; and he said to him, “Tell me, prince, what brought you to this place, for I have a great desire to know.” Then Sundarasena related to him all his adventures. And that prince of the Śavaras, being astonished, said to him, “What a wonderful chain of events! That you should have set out to marry Mandaravatí, and that you should then have been wrecked[25] in the sea, and that this should have led to your reaching the hermitage of Matanga, and to your meeting your beloved there, and that this merchant, in whom you confided, should have carried her off from you, and that you should have entered the wilderness, and have been imprisoned for sacrifice, and recognised by me and delivered from that death—how strangely does all

this hang together! Therefore honour by all means to mysteriously working Destiny! And you must not feel anxious about your beloved, for, as Destiny has done all this, she will also do you that other service soon."

While the king of the Pulindas was saying this, his commander-in-chief came quickly in a state of high delight, and entering said to him, "King, a certain merchant entered this wilderness with his followers, and he had with him much wealth and a very beautiful lady, a very gem of women; and when I heard of this, I went with an army, and seized him and his followers, with the wealth and the lady, and I have them here outside." When Sundarasena and Vindhyaketu heard this, they said to themselves "Can these be that merchant and Mandáravatí?" And they said, "Let the merchant and the lady be brought in here at once," and thereupon the commander-in-chief brought in that merchant and that lady. When Dṛiḍhabuddhi saw them, he exclaimed, "Here is that very princess Mandáravatí, and here is that villain of a merchant. Alas, princess! How came you to be reduced to this state, like a creeper scorched by the heat, with your bud-like lip dried up, and with your flower-ornaments stripped off?" While Dṛiḍhabuddhi was uttering this exclamation, Sundarasena rushed forward, and eagerly threw his arms round the neck of his beloved. Then the two lovers wept for a long time, as if to wash off from one another, by the water of a shower of tears, the defilement of separation.

Then Vindhyaketu, having consoled them both, said to that merchant, "How came you to carry off the wife of one who confided in you?" Then the merchant said, with a voice trembling with fear, "I have fruitlessly done this to my own destruction, but this holy saint was preserved by her own unapproachable splendour; I was no more able to touch her, than if she had been a flame of fire; and I did intend, villain that I was, to take her to my own country, and after her anger had been allayed, and she had been reconciled to me, to marry her." When the merchant had said this, the king ordered him to be put to death on the spot; but Sundarasena saved him from execution; however he had his abundant wealth confiscated, a heavier loss than that of life; for those that have lost their wealth die daily, not so those that have lost their breath.

So Sundarasena had that merchant set at liberty, and the wretched creature went where he would, pleased at having escaped with life; and king Vindhyaketu took Mandáravatí, and went with her and Sundarasena to the palace of his own queen. There he gave orders to his queen, and had Mandáravatí honoured with a bath, with clothes and with unguents, and after Sundarasena had been in the same way bathed and adorned, he made him sit down on a splendid throne, and honoured him with gifts, pearls, musk, and so on. And on account of the reunion of that couple, the king made a great feast, at which all the Śavara women danced delighted.

Then, the next day, Sundarasena said to the king, "My wounds are healed, and my object is attained, so I will now go hence to my own city; and, please, send off at once to my father a messenger with a letter, to tell the whole story, and announce my arrival."[26] When the Śavara chief heard this, he sent off a messenger with a letter, and gave him the message which the prince suggested.

And just as the letter-carrier was reaching the city of Alaká, it happened that king Mahásena and his queen, afflicted because they heard no tidings of Sundarasena, were preparing to enter the fire in front of a temple of Śiva, surrounded by all the citizens, who were lamenting their approaching loss. Then the Śavara, who was bearing the letter, beholding king Mahásena, came running up proclaiming who he was, stained with dust, bow in hand, with his hair tied up in a knot behind with a creeper, black himself, and wearing a loin-cincture of *vilva*-leaves. That letter-carrier of the king of the Bhillas said, "King, you are blessed with good fortune to-day, as your son Sundarasena has come with Mandáravatí, having escaped from the sea; for he has arrived at the court of my master Vindhyaketu, and is on his way to this place with him, and has sent me on before." Having said this, and thus discharged his confidential commission, the letter-carrier of the Bhilla king laid the letter at the monarch's feet. Then all the people there, being delighted, raised a shout of joy; and the letter was read out, and the whole of the wonderful circumstances became known; and king Mahásena recompensed the letter-carrier, and abandoned his grief, and made great rejoicings, and entered his palace with all his retainers. And the next day, being impatient, he set out to meet his son, whose arrival he expected,

accompanied by the king of Hansadvípa. And his force of four arms marched along with him, innumerable, so that the earth trembled, dreading insupportable weight.

In the meanwhile Sundarasena set out from that village of the Bhillas for his own home, with Mandáravatí. And he was accompanied by his friends Vikramaśakti and Bhímabhuja, whom he found in the prison, and Dṛiḍhabuddhi too was with him. He himself rode on a horse swift as the wind, by the side of Vindhyaketu, and seemed by the hosts of Pulindas that followed him, to be exhibiting the earth as belonging to that race. And as he was marching along, in a few days he beheld on the road his father coming to meet him, with his retinue and his connections. Then he got down from his horse, and the people beheld him with joy, and he and his friends went up and fell at the feet of his father. His father, when he beheld his son looking like the full moon, felt like the sea which surges up with throbbings of joy, and overflows its bounds, and could not contain himself for happiness.[27] And when he saw Mandáravatí, his daughter-in-law, bowing at his feet, he considered himself and his family prosperous, and rejoiced. And the king welcomed Dṛiḍhabuddhi and the other two ministers of his son, who bowed at his feet, and he received Vindhyaketu with still warmer welcome.

Then Sundarasena bowed before his father-in-law Mandáradeva, whom his father introduced to him, and rejoiced exceedingly; and beholding his ministers Chaṇḍaprabha and Vyághraparákrama, who had arrived before, clinging to his feet, he considered that all his wishes were accomplished. And immediately king Mahendráditya, who was delighted at hearing what had happened, came there from Śaśánkapura out of affection. Then prince Sundarasena, mounted on a splendid horse, escorting his beloved, as Naḍakúvara did Rambhá, went with all those to his own home, the city of Alaká, the dwelling-place of all felicities, abounding in virtuous men. And accompanied by his beloved he entered the palace of his father, being sprinkled, as he passed through the city, by the wives of the citizens, who were all crowding to the windows, with the blue lotuses of their eyes. And in the palace he bowed at the feet of his mother, whose eyes were full of

tears of joy, and then spent that day in rejoicings, in which all his relations and servants took part.

And the next day, in the long desired hour fixed by the astrologers, the prince received the hand of Mandáravatí, who was bestowed on him by her father. And his father-in-law, king Mandáradeva, as he had no son, bestowed on him many priceless jewels, in his joy, and the reversion of his kingdom after his own death. And his father, king Mahásena, without exhausting the earth, made a great feast, in a style suitable to his desires and means, in which all prisoners were released, and a rain of gold was seen.[28] And having beheld Sundarasena prosperous by his union with Mandáravatí, and having taken part in his wedding festivities, in which all the women danced to song, and having been honoured by king Mahásena, king Mandáradeva returned to his own territory, and the king of Śaśánkapura returned to that city, and Vindhyaketu, the lord of the great wilderness, returned to his domain.

And after some days had elapsed, king Mahásena, perceiving that his son Sundarasena was virtuous and beloved by the subjects, established him in his throne, and went himself to the forest. And prince Sundarasena, having thus obtained the kingdom, and having conquered all his enemies by the might of his arm, ruled with those ministers the whole earth, and found his joy in the possession of Mandáravatí ever increasing.

When the minister Vyághrasena had told this story on the bank of the lake to Mṛigánkadatta, he went on to say to him, "This wonderful tale, prince, did the hermit Kanva relate to us in the hermitage, and at the end of the tale the compassionate man said to us, to comfort us, 'So, my sons, those who endure with resolute hearts terrible misfortunes hard to struggle through, attain in this way the objects they most desire; but those others, whose energies are paralysed by loss of courage, fail. Therefore abandon this despondency, and go on your way. Your master also, prince Mṛigánkadatta, shall recover all his ministers, and shall long rule the earth, after having been united with Śaśánkavatí.' When that great hermit had said this to us, we plucked up courage, and spent the night there, and then set out from that hermitage, and in course of time reached this wood, travel-worn. And while

here, being tortured with excessive thirst and hunger, we climbed up this tree sacred to Gaṇeśa, to get fruits, and we were ourselves turned into fruits, and we have now, prince, been released from our fruit-transformation by your austerities. Such have been the adventures of us four, during our separation from you[29] brought about by the curse of the Nága; and now that our curse is expired, advance, united with us all, towards the attainment of your object."

When Mṛigánkadatta had heard all this from his minister Vyághrasena, he conceived hopes of obtaining Śaśánkavatí, and so passed that night there.

1

The Sanskrit College MS. read *dínáyám* for *dírgháyám*.

2

When applied to the good man, it means "his heart was benevolent and large."

3

See Vol. I, p. 362.

4

I follow the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. *áyati-darśiná*.

5

The Sanskrit College MS. gives *práchyáṃ śaila-sṛinga-tapovanam*.

6

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *sukhite jane*. The sense is the same.

7

See Vol. I, p. 499, Vol. II, p. 296, and Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 242.

8

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *dhátuḥ sdmágryya-*(*sic*) *vaichitryam*.

9

See Vol. I, p. 379.

10

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *manye* (I think) for *Hara*.

11

The Sanskrit College MS. read *sadṛiśí* and *anyatra*.

12

For falling in love with a picture see Vol. I, p. 490; Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 3; and Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 49, note. For the conventional signs of love in the Greek romances, see Rohde, der Griechische Roman, p. 157 and *ff*.

13

Here I omit some part of the inventory of the lady's charms.

14

The capital of the god of wealth.

15

Böhtlingk and Roth give *nágabandha* in this passage as "*eine Schlange als Fessel*." I do not quite see how to bring in this translation, though I fear that my own is not correct.

16

I read *dhairyád* for *adhairyád*.

17

Storms play an important part in the Greek romances. See Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, pp. 428 and 468.

18

The Sanskrit College MS. has *jnáta-vṛittántá*.

19

The self-existent, a name of Śiva, Vishṇu, and Buddha.

20

I read *tanna* which I find in the Sanskrit College MS. for *tatra*.

21

The Sanskrit College MS. has *ehi* for *iha*.

22

I read *sudurdharshám*; the Sanskrit College MS. reads *senaním (sic) iva durdharshám*: the word translated "rhinoceros" can also mean "sword;" the adjective before it may mean "uplifted," and the word translated "inhabited by lions" may perhaps mean, "commanded by a king."

23

I follow the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. which gives *daghna* instead of *lagna*.

24

The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vyásaktavíraśirasaṁ*.

25

I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *pátaḥ* for *práptiḥ*.

26

vṛittántaṁ should probably be *vṛittánta*, and should be joined with the words that follow.

27

An allusion to the phenomenon of the tides.

28

The Sanskrit College MS. gives *vṛishṭa-hiraṇya-vastraṁ*, in which gold and garments were showered on the people.

29

I read *śápopaníte* with the Sanskrit College MS.

Chapter CII.

Then, the next morning, Mṛigánkadatta rose up from the shore of that beautiful lake, together with all his ministers, who had rejoined him; and in company with them, and the Bráhman Śrutadhi, set out for Ujjayiní, to win Śaśánkavatí, after he had paid his orisons to that tree of Gaṇeśa.[1]

Then the heroic prince, accompanied by his ministers, again crossed various stretches of woodland, which contained many hundreds of lakes, and were black with *tamála*-trees[2] throughout their whole expanse, looking like nights in the rainy season, when the clouds collect; and others which had their canes broken by terrible infuriated elephants roaming through them, in which the *arjuna*-trees formed a strong contrast to the *tamála*-trees,[3] and which thus resembled so many cities of king Viráṭa; and ravines of mighty mountains, which were pure, though strewn with flowers, and though frequented by subdued hermits, were haunted by fierce beasts; and at last came near the city of Ujjayiní.

Then he reached the river Gandhavatí, and dispelled his fatigue by bathing in it, and after crossing it, he arrived with his companions in that cemetery of Mahákála. There he beheld the image of mighty Bhairava, black with the smoke from neighbouring pyres, surrounded with many fragments of bones and skulls, terrible with the skeletons of men which it held in its grasp, worshipped by heroes, frequented by many troops of demons, dear to sporting witches.

And after crossing the cemetery, he beheld the city of Ujjayiní, a *yuga* old, ruled by king Karmasena. Its streets were watched by guards with various weapons, who were themselves begirt by many brave high-born Rájpúts; it was surrounded with ramparts resembling the peaks of mighty mountains; it was crowded with elephants, horses, and chariots, and hard for strangers to enter.

When Mṛigánkadatta beheld that city, which was thus inaccessible on every side, he turned his face away in despondency, and said to his ministers, “Alas! ill-starred man that I am! though it has cost me hundreds of hardships to reach this city, I cannot even enter it; what chance then have I of obtaining my beloved?” When they heard this, they said to him, “What! do you suppose, prince, that this great city could ever be stormed by us, who are so few in number? We must think of some expedient to serve in this emergency, and an expedient will certainly be found; how comes it that you have forgotten that this expedition has frequently been enjoined by the gods?”

When Mṛigánkadatta had been thus addressed by his ministers, he remained for some days roaming about outside the city.

Then his minister Vikramakeśarin called to mind that Vetála, which he had long ago won over, intending to employ him to fetch the prince’s love from her dwelling-house. And the Vetála came, black in hue, tall, with a neck like a camel, elephant-faced, with legs like a bull, eyes like an owl, and the ears of an ass. But finding that he could not enter the city, he departed; the favour of Śiva secures that city against being invaded by such creatures.

Then the Bráhman Śrutadhi, who was versed in policy, said to Mṛigánkadatta, as he was sitting in gloom, surrounded by his ministers, longing in his heart to enter the city; “Why, prince, though you know the true principles of policy, do you remain bewildered, like one ignorant of them? Who will ever be victorious in this world by disregarding the difference between himself and his foe? For at every one of the four gates of this city, two thousand elephants, twenty-five thousand horses, ten thousand chariots, and a hundred thousand footmen remain harnessed and ready, day and night, to guard it; and they are hard to conquer, being commanded by heroes. So, as for a handful of men, like ourselves, entering it by force, that is a mere chimerical fancy,[4] not a measure calculated to ensure success. Moreover, this city cannot be overthrown by a small force; and a contest with an overwhelming force is like fighting on foot against an elephant. So join with your friend Máyávaṭu the king of the Pulindas, whom you delivered from the terrible danger of the water-monsters in the

Narmadá, and with his friend Durgapiśácha the very powerful king of the Mátangas, who is attached to you on account of his alliance with him,[5] and with that king of the Kirátas, named Śaktirakshita, who is famous for his valour and has observed a vow of strict chastity from his youth upwards, and let them all bring their forces, and then do you, thus strengthened by allies, fill every quarter with your hosts, and so accomplish the object you have in view. Moreover, the king of the Kirátas is awaiting your coming from a distance in accordance with your agreement; how have you come to forget this? And no doubt, Máyávaṭu is ready awaiting your arrival, in the territory of[6] the king of the Mátangas, for you made this agreement with him. So let us go to the castle named Karabhagríva, on the southern slope of the Vindhyas, in which that chief of the Mátangas dwells. And let us summon there Śaktirakshita, the king of the Kirátas, and united with them all make a fortunate expedition with every chance of success.

When Mṛigánkadatta and his ministers heard this speech of Śrutadhi's, which was full of sense and such as the wise would approve, they eagerly accepted it, saying, "So be it." And the next day the prince adored that unresting traveller of the sky, the sun, the friend of the virtuous, that had just arisen, revealing every quarter of the world,[7] and set out for the abode of Durgapiśácha king of the Mátangas on the southern slope of the Vindhya range. And his ministers Bhímaparákrama, and Vyághrasena, and Guṇákara, and Meghabala with Vimalabuddhi, and Sthúlabáhu with Vichitrakatha, and Vikramakeśarin, and Prachaṇḍaśakti, and Śrutadhi and Dṛiḍhamushṭi followed him. With them he successively crossed forests wide-ranging as his own undertakings, and stretches of woodland profound as his own schemes, with no better refuge at night than the root of a tree[8] on the shore of a lake, and reached and ascended the Vindhya mountain lofty as his own soul.

Then the prince went from the summit of the mountain down its southern slope, and beholding afar off the villages of the Bhillas full of elephants' tusks and deer-skins, he said to himself, "How am I to know where the dwelling of that king of the Mátangas is?" While engaged in such reflections, he and his ministers saw a hermit boy come towards them, and

after doing obeisance to him, they said, “Fair Sir, do you know in what part of this region the palace of Durgapiśácha, the king of the Mátangas, is? For we wish to see him.”

When that good young ascetic heard this, he said, “Only a *kos* distant from this place is a spot called Panchavatí, and not far from it was the hermitage of the hermit Agastya, who with small effort cast down from heaven the haughty king Nahusha; where Ráma, who by command of his father took up his dwelling in a forest, accompanied by Lakshmaṇa and his wife Sítá, long waited on that hermit; where Kabandha,[9] who guided Ráma to the slaughter of the Rákshasas, proceeded to attack Ráma and Lakshmaṇa, as Ráhu does the sun and moon, whose arm a *yojana* in length Ráma felled, so that it resembled Nahusha in his serpent form, come to supplicate Agastya; where even now the Rákshasas hearing the roaring of the clouds at the beginning of the rainy season, call to mind the twanging of the bow of Ráma; where the aged deer, that were fed by Sítá, beholding the regions deserted in every direction, with eyes filling with tears, reject the mouthful of grass; where Márícha, who brought about Sítá’s separation from her husband, assumed the form of a golden deer and enticed away Ráma, as if to save from slaughter those deer, that were still left alive; where, in many a great lake full of the water of the Káverí, it appears as if Agastya had vomited up in driblets the sea that he swallowed. Not far from that hermitage, on a table-land of the Vindhya, is a stronghold tangled and inaccessible, named Karabhagríva. In it dwells that mighty Durgapiśácha of terrible valour, chief of the Mátangas, whom kings cannot conquer. And he commands a hundred thousand bowmen of that tribe, every one of whom is followed by five hundred warriors. With the aid of those brigands he robs caravans, destroys his enemies, and enjoys this great forest, caring nought for this or that king.[10]

When Mṛigánkadatta had heard this from the young hermit, he took leave of him, and went quickly, with his companions, in the direction indicated by him, and in course of time he arrived in the environs of Karabhagríva that stronghold of the king of the Mátangas, which were crowded with Bhilla villages. And within them he beheld near at hand on every side crowds of Śavaras, adorned with peacocks’ feathers and elephants’ teeth, clothed in

tigers' skins, and living on the flesh of deer. When Mṛigánkadatta saw those Bhillas, he said to his ministers, "See! these men live a wild forest life like animals, and yet, strange to say, they recognise Durgapiśácha as their king. There is no race in the world without a king; I do believe the gods introduced this magical name among men in their alarm, fearing that otherwise the strong would devour the weak, as great fishes eat the little."[11] And while he was saying this, and trying to find the path that led to the stronghold Karabhagríva, the scouts of Máyávaṭu, the king of the Śavaras, who had already arrived there, recognized him, having seen him before. They immediately went and told that Máyávaṭu of his arrival; and he with his army went to meet him. And when that king of the Pulindas came near, and saw the prince, he alighted from his horse, and ran forward, and fell at his feet. And he embraced the prince, who asked after his health, and then mounted him and his ministers on horses, and brought them to his own camp. And that king of the Śavaras sent his own warder to inform the king of the Mátangas of the prince's arrival.

And Durgapiśácha, the king of the Mátangas, quickly came there from his own place, and his appearance justified his name.[12] He seemed like a second Vindhya range, for his body was firm as a rocky peak, his hue was black as *tamála*, and Pulindas lay at his foot. His face was rendered terrible by a natural three-furrowed frown, and so he appeared as if Durgá, the dweller in the Vindhya range, had marked him with the trident, to claim him as her own. Though young, he had seen the death of many "secular birds;" though black, he was not comely; and he crouched to none, though he hugged the foot of a mountain.[13] Like a fresh cloud, he displayed the peacock tail and the gay-coloured bow; like Hiraṇyáksha,[14] his body was scarred by the furious boar; like Ghaṭotkacha, he was mighty and possessed a haughty and terrible shape;[15] like the Kali age, he allowed those born under his sway to take pleasure in wickedness and break through the bonds of rule. And the mass of his host came filling the earth, like the stream of the Narmadá, when let loose from the embrace of Arjuna.[16] And so the aggregated army of the Chaṇḍálas moved on, blackening all the horizon with a dark hue, making those who beheld it say in perplexity to themselves "Can this be a mass of rock that has rolled down from the Anjana

mountain,[17] or is it a premature bank of the clouds of the day of doom, that has descended upon the earth?”

And their chief Durgapiśácha came up to Mṛigánkadatta, placing his head upon the ground even when at a distance, and bowed before him, and said “To-day the goddess Durgá is pleased with me, in that your Highness, of such a noble race, has come to my house. On that account I consider myself fortunate and successful. When the king of the Mátangas had said this, he gave him a present of pearls, musk, and other rarities. And the prince kindly accepted it with the usual courtesies. Then they all encamped there. That great forest was covered all over with elephants fastened to posts, with horses in stables, and tented footmen; and was scarcely able to contain itself, being confused with its good fortune in thus being assimilated to a city, which was unprecedented in the course of its existence.

Then, in that wood, when Mṛigánkadatta had bathed in the river for good fortune, and had taken food, and was sitting at his ease, in a secluded spot, surrounded by his ministers, Máyávaṭu also being present, Durgapiśácha said to Mṛigánkadatta, in the course of conversation, speaking in a tone softened by affection and regard, “This king Máyávaṭu came here a long time ago, and has been remaining here with me, my lord, awaiting your orders. So where, my prince, have you all remained so long? And what have you done? Tell me, now, the business that detained you.” When the prince heard this speech of his, he said, “After I had left the palace of our friend here Máyávaṭu, with Vimalabuddhi and Guṇákara, and Śrutadhi, and Bhímaparákrama, whom I had also recovered, I found on my way this Prachaṇḍaśakti and Vichitrakatha, and in course of time also this Vikramakeśarin. Then these men here found on the borders of a beautiful lake a tree sacred to Gaṇeśa, and climbed up it to pick its fruit, and so were turned into fruits themselves by the curse of the god. Then I propitiated Gaṇeśa, and not without difficulty set them free, and at the same time I delivered these other four ministers of mine, Dṛiḍhamushṭi and Vyághrasena and Meghabala and Sthúlabáhu, who had previously suffered the same transformation. With all these, thus recovered, I went to Ujjayiní; but the gates were guarded, and we could not even enter the town; much less could we think of any device for carrying off Śaśánkavatí. And as I had no army

with me, I had no *locus standi* for sending an ambassador. So we deliberated together, and came here to you. Now, my friend, you and your allies have to decide whether we shall attain our end or no."

When Mṛigánkadatta had related his adventures in these words, Durgapiśácha and Máyávaṭu said, "Be of good courage; this is but a little matter for us to accomplish at once; our lives were originally created for your sake. We will bring here that king Karmasena in chains, and we will carry off his daughter Śaśánkavatí by force."

When the king of the Mátangas and Máyávaṭu said this, Mṛigánkadatta said lovingly and very respectfully, "What will you not be able to accomplish, for this resolute courage of yours is a sufficient guarantee that you will carry out that furtherance of your friend's interests which you have undertaken. When the Creator made you here, he infused into your composition qualities borrowed from your surroundings, the firmness of the Vindhya hills, the courage of the tigers, and the warm attachment to friends of the forest[18] lotuses. So deliberate and do what is fitting." While Mṛigánkadatta was saying this, the sun retired to rest on the summit of the mountain of setting. Then they also rested that night in the royal camp, as was meet, sleeping in booths made by the workmen.

And the next morning Mṛigánkadatta sent off Guṇákara to bring his friend Śaktirakshita, the king of the Kirátas. He went and communicated the state of affairs to that sovereign; and in a very few days the king of the Kirátas returned with him, bringing a very large force. Ten hundred thousand footmen, and two hundred thousand horse, and a myriad of furious elephants on which heroes were mounted, and eighty-eight thousand chariots followed that king, who darkened the heaven with his banners and his umbrella. And Mṛigánkadatta, with his friends and ministers, went to meet him in high spirits and honoured him and conducted him into the camp. And in the meanwhile other friends and relations of the king of the Mátangas, and all those of king Máyávaṭu, having been summoned by messengers, came in.[19] And the camp swelled like the ocean, giving joy to the heart of Mṛigánkadatta: with shouts rising up like the roar of the waves, and hundreds of battalions pouring in like rivers. And Durgapiśácha

honoured[20] those assembled kings with musk, and garments, and pieces of flesh, and spirits distilled from fruits. And Máyávaṭu the king of the Śavaras gave them all splendid baths, unguents, food, drink, and beds. And Mṛigánkadatta sat down to eat with all those kings who were seated in their proper places.[21] He even went so far as to make the king of the Mátangas eat in his presence though at a little distance from him: the fact is, it is necessity and place and time that take precedence, not one man of another.

And the next day, when the newly arrived force of Kirátas and others had rested, Mṛigánkadatta, sitting on a throne of ivory in the assembly of the kings, where he had been duly honoured, after he had had the place cleared of attendants, said to his friends, the king of the Mátangas, and the others, "Why do we now delay? Why do we not quickly march towards Ujjayiní with the whole of this force?" When the Bráhman Śrutadhi heard this, he said to that prince, "Listen prince, I now speak according to the opinion of those who know policy. A king who wishes to be victorious must first see the distinction between what is practicable and what is not practicable. What cannot be accomplished by an expedient, he should reject as impracticable. That is practicable which can be accomplished by an expedient. Now expedients in this matter are of four kinds, and are enumerated as conciliation, gifts, division and force. This order represents their comparative advantages, the first being better than the second, and so on. So, my prince, you ought first to make use of conciliation in this business. For, as king Karmasena is not greedy of gain, gifts are not likely to succeed; nor is division likely to be of any use, for none of his servants are angry, or covetous, or indignant with him, on account of having been treated with neglect. As for force, its employment is risky; as that king lives in a difficult country, has a very formidable army, and has never been conquered by any king before. Moreover even mighty ones cannot always be assured of having the fortune of victory on their side in battles; besides, it is not becoming in one, who is a suitor for a maiden's hand, to slaughter her relations. So let us send an ambassador to that monarch, adopting the method of conciliation. If that does not succeed, the method of force shall be employed as being unavoidable." All there, when they heard this speech of Śrutadhi's, approved it, and praised his statesmanship.

Then Mṛigánkadatta deliberated with them all, and sent a servant of the king of the Kirátas, a noble Bráhman, Suvigraha by name, who possessed all the requisites of a diplomatist, to king Karmasena, as an ambassador to communicate the result of their deliberations, and he carried with him a letter, and was also entrusted with a verbal message. The ambassador went to Ujjayiní, and, being introduced by the warder, entered the king's palace, the interior of which looked very magnificent, as its zones were crowded with splendid horses, and with elephants; and he saw that king Karmasena, sitting on his throne, surrounded by his ministers. He did obeisance to that sovereign, who welcomed him; and after he had sat down, and his health had been enquired after, he proceeded to deliver to him his letter. And the king's minister, named Prajnákośa, took it, and broke the seal, and unfolding the letter, proceeded to read it out to the following effect. "All-Hail! The auspicious Mṛigánkadatta, ornament of the circle of the earth, son of the great king of kings who is lord of the city of Ayodhyá, the fortunate Amaradatta, from the slope of the forest at the foot of the castle of Karabhagríva, where he now is, with kings submissive and obedient to him, sends this plain message to the great king Karmasena in Ujjayiní, who is the moon of the sea of his own race, with all due respect; You have a daughter, and you must without fail give her to another, so give her to me; for she has been declared by the gods a suitable wife for me. In this way we shall become allies, and our former enmity will be at an end; if you do not consent, I will appeal to my own strong arms to give me this object of my desires." When the letter had been thus read by the minister Prajnákośa, king Karmasena, inflamed with rage, said to his ministers, "These people are always hostile to us; and observe, this man, not knowing his place, has on the present occasion worded his communication in an objectionable form. He has put himself first and me last, out of contempt; and at the end the conceited fellow has bragged of the might of his arm. So, I do not consider that I ought to send any reply; as for giving him my daughter, that is out of the question. Depart, ambassador; let your master do what he can."[22]

When king Karmasena said this, that Bráhman ambassador Suvigraha, being a man of spirit, gave him an answer well-suited to the occasion, "Fool, you boast now, because you have not seen that prince; make ready;

when be arrives, you will learn the difference between yourself and your opponent." When the ambassador said this, the whole court was in a state of excitement; but the king, though in wrath, said, "Away with you! Your person is inviolable, so what can we do?" Then some of those present, biting their lips, and wringing their hands together, said one to another, "Why do we not follow him and kill him this moment." But others, being masters of themselves, said, "Let the young fool of a Bráhman go! why do you trouble yourselves about the speech of this babbler? We will shew what we can do." Others again, appearing to foreshadow by their frowns the speedy bending of their bows, remained silent, with faces red with rage.

The whole court being thus incensed, the ambassador Suvigraha went out, and repaired to Mṛigánkadatta in his camp. He told him and his friends what Karmasena had said; and the prince, when he heard it, ordered the army to march. Then the sea of soldiers, set in motion by the order of the commander, as by a violent gust of wind, in which men, horses, and elephants moved like bounding sea-monsters, exciting satisfaction in the mind of the allied monarchs,[23] assumed an agitation terrifying to the minds of timid men. Then Mṛigánkadatta, making the earth miry with the foam of high-mettled horses, and the frontal ichor of elephants, and deafening the world with the noise of his drums, moved on slowly to Ujjayiní to victory.

1

See the Dummedhajátaka, Fausböll's edition of the Játakas, Vol. I, p. 259; Liebrecht's translation of the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I. p. 83; and Vol. I of this translation, pp. 153 and 575; also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, p. lii.

2

Or "black as *tamála*."

3

Or "which were of opposite appearance, being white." The word *arjuna* (white) also refers to the hero Arjuna one of the Páṇḍavas, who lived disguised as a eunuch in the city of king Viráṭa. Kíchaka (cane) was the leader of the host of king Viráṭa, and was conquered by Bhíma (terrible). The passage contains another pun which will be obvious to those acquainted with Hindu customs.

4

I. e. patatigavṛitti. The word seems to mean “subsistence of birds.” Compare Macbeth IV, 2, 33. Paṇḍit Ráma Chandra of Alwar points out that the reference in *patangavṛitti* is to the “rushing of a moth into a candle.” In the text therefore “would be a mere reckless rushing on destruction” should be substituted for “is a mere chimerical fancy.”

5

I find *tat-sambandhánuráginá* in three India Office MSS. kindly lent me by Dr. Rost.

6

I read *Mátangarájadeśágato*; the reading of the India Office MS. No. 1882 is *rájádeśágato* which would mean “by the invitation of the king of the Mátangas.” For *dúrágamana* in śl. 31, No. 2166 reads *dútágamana*, *i. e.* “the coming of your messenger.” This makes better sense.

7

A pun! It also means “holding prosperity, and holding out hopes to the world.”

8

All the three India Office MSS., which Dr. Rost has kindly lent me, read *niśáśrayaḥ*.

9

Professor Monier Williams refers us to Rámáyaṇa III, 75.

10

So, in the 89th chapter of the Wiikina Saga, Heime goes off to join the robber chief Ingram. (Hagen’s Helden-Sagen, Vol. I. p. 242).

11

The India office MS. No. 2166 reads *mátsyanyáyabhayodayát*.

12

His name means “Wild man of the Stronghold” or “Demon of the Stronghold.”

13

The passage is full of puns: *vayas* means “age” and “bird”; *kṛishṇa* “black” and also the god of that name; *bhúbhṛit* “king” and also “mountain.”

14

Killed by Vishṇu in the form of a boar.

15

Another play on words. It may mean “was the son of the Páṇḍava Bhíma.”

16

I do not understand this allusion. Paṇḍit Ráma Chandra of Alwar points out that the reference is to one of the exploits of Arjuna Sahasrabáhu, often called Kártavíryya, which is related in the Uttara Káṇḍa of the Rámáyaṇa, Sarga 32.

17

Anjana is a black pigment applied to the eyes.

18

Vana might mean “water.”

19

Two of the India office MSS. read *cha te datta-dútáḥ*, the other reads *cha taddattadútáḥ*. I think these readings give a better sense. The king of the Mátangas is here Durgapiśácha.

20

I read *samamánayat* the conjecture of Dr. Kern. I find it in MS. No. 1882 and in 2166.

21

Being a man of high caste, he ate with men who had none, or next to none. Dr. Kern wishes to read *kárye*, but all the MSS. have *káryaṃ*.

22

Compare the way in which king Melias receives the proposals of Osantrix in the 53rd chapter of the Wilkina Saga, (Hagen’s Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 182.)

23

Or “of the mountains that retained their wings,” *i. e.*, by taking refuge from Indra in the sea. The pun is, of course, most intentional.

Chapter CIII.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, accompanied by his friends, crossed the Vindhya range, and with his army ready for battle, reached the frontier of Ujjayiní. When the brave king Karmasena heard that, he also made ready for the fight, and with his army moved out from the city to meet him. And when those two armies came to close quarters, and could see one another, a battle took place between them, that gladdened heroes. The battlefield seemed like the dwelling-place of Hiraṇyakaśipu, as it was full of timid demons dispersed in terror by the roar of the Man-lion;[1] the continued dense showers of arrows flying through the air, and cutting one another, descended on brave warriors, like locusts on the tender herb. Dense clouds of pearls gleamed as they sprang from the frontal globes of elephants struck with swords, resembling the necklace of the Fortune of that battle broken in her agitation. That place of combat appeared like the mouth of Death; and the sharp points of spears, that seized on men, horses, and elephants, were like his fangs. The heads of strong-armed warriors, cut off with crescent-headed arrows, flew up to heaven, as if leaping up[2] to kiss the heavenly nymphs; and at every moment trunks of brave heroes danced, as if in delight at the battle of their noble leader being gloriously illuminated; and so for five days that hero-destroying battle went on, with flowing rivers of blood, rich in mountains of heads.

And in the evening of the fifth day the Bráhman Śrutadhi came secretly to Mṛigánkadatta when he was closeted with his ministers, and said to him, “While you were engaged in fighting, I went away from the camp, in the disguise of a mendicant, and entered Ujjayiní, the gates of which were almost deserted; and now listen; I will tell you truly what I observed, being myself all the while, though near at hand, unseen in virtue of my knowledge. As soon as king Karmasena went out to battle, Śaśánkavatí with the permission of her mother also left the palace, and repaired to a temple of Gaurí in that city, to propitiate the goddess, in order to ensure her father’s success in the combat. And while she was there, she said in secret to a

devoted confidante ‘My friend, it is for my sake, that my father has become involved in this war. And if he is conquered, he will give me to that prince; for kings disregard love for offspring altogether, when the interests of their kingdoms are at stake. And I do not know whether that prince is a suitable match for me in respect of personal appearance, or not. I would sooner meet my death than marry an ugly husband. I think a good-looking husband, even though poor, is to be preferred to an ugly one, though he be emperor over the whole earth. So you must go to the army and see what he is like, and then return. For, my fortunate friend, Prudence[3] is your name, and Prudence is your nature.’

“When the princess had given this order to her confidante, that girl managed to come to our camp, and after seeing you, prince, went and said to that princess, ‘My friend, I can say nothing but this; even Vásuki[4] himself has not got a tongue able to describe the beauty of that prince. So far however I can give you an idea of it: as there is no woman in the world equal to you in good looks, so there is no man equal to him. But alas! that is but a feeble description of him; I believe in these three worlds there is no Siddha, or Gandharva, or god like him.’ By this speech of her confidante’s Śaśánkavatí’s heart was fixed on you, and at the same moment it was nailed to you by the god of love with his arrows. And from that time forth she has remained desiring the welfare of you and also of her father, becoming gradually attenuated by penance and the grief of separation from you.”

“So go secretly this very night, and carry off that princess from that sanctuary of Gaurí, which is now unfrequented, and bring her here without being observed. Let her be conveyed to the palace of Máyávaṭu; and then these kings, after securing your rear against the fury of the foe, shall come there with me. Let this fighting be put an end to. Do not allow any further slaughter of soldiers. And ensure the personal safety of yourself and the king your father-in-law. For war, that involves a great waste of human life, is an inexpedient expedient, and sages affirm it to be the worst of all political measures.”

When Śrutadhi had said this to Mṛigánkadatta, that prince and his ministers mounted their horses and set out secretly at night. And the prince arrived at

the city of Ujjayiní, in which only women, and children, and sleepy men were left, and entered it easily, as the gates were kept by only a few drowsy guards.[5] And then he proceeded to that famous sanctuary of Gaurí, which was easily discovered by the description which Śrutadhi had given of it. It was situated in a great garden called Pushpakarṇḍa, and was just then illuminated by the rays of the moon, which at that time adorned the face of the East.[6]

In the meanwhile Śaśánkavatí, who remained sleepless, though her companions, worn out by attendance and other fatigues, were sleeping around her, was saying to herself; "Alas! for my sake brave kings and princes and heroes are being slain every day in battle in both these armies. Moreover, that prince, who has appealed to the ordeal of battle for my sake, was long ago designated as my husband by the goddess Durgá in a dream; and the god of love has with unfailing aim cut out my heart with a continual shower[7] of arrows, and taken it, and presented it to him. But, ill-starred girl that I am, my father will not give me to that prince, on account of the previous enmity between them, and his own pride; so much I gathered from his letter. So what is the use of a sure revelation by a goddess in a dream, when Fate is adverse? The fact is, I see no chance of obtaining my beloved in any way. So, why should I not abandon my hopeless life, before I hear of some misfortune happening to my father or to my lover in battle?[8]" With these words she rose up, and in her grief went in front of the image of Gaurí and made a noose with her outer garment, fastening it to an *aśoka*-tree.

In the meanwhile Mṛigánkadatta, with his companions, entered that garden and fastened his horse to a tree in front of the temple and sanctuary of Gaurí. Then Mṛigánkadatta's minister Vimalabuddhi, seeing the princess near, said of his own accord to the prince, "Look prince, here is some lovely girl trying to hang herself; now, who can she be?" When the prince heard that, he looked at her and said, "Dear me! who can this girl be? Is she the goddess Rati? Or is she happiness incarnate in bodily form? Or is she the beauty of the moon, having taken shape,[9] or the command of Cupid living and walking? Or is she a nymph of heaven? No, that cannot be. For what can make heavenly nymphs desire to hang themselves? So let us remain

here for a time concealed by the trees, until we find out for certain, somehow or other, who she is." When he had said this, he and his ministers remained there in concealment; and in the meanwhile the despondent Śaśánkavatí offered this prayer to the goddess, "O adorable Gaurí that deliverest the afflicted from their pain, grant that, though, owing to my sins in a former state of existence, prince Mṛigánkadatta has not become my husband in this birth, he may become such in a future life." When the princess had said this, she bowed before the goddess, and fastened the noose round her neck with eyes moist with tears.

At that moment her companions woke up, and distressed at not seeing her, began to look for her, and quickly came where she was. And they said, "Alas, friend, what is this that you have undertaken? Out on your rashness!" With these words they removed the noose from her neck. So, while the girl was standing there ashamed and despondent, a voice came from the inner shrine of Gaurí's temple, "Do not despond, my daughter Śaśánkavatí; that word, fair one, that I spake to thee in a dream, cannot prove false. Here is that husband of thine in a former life, Mṛigánkadatta, come to thy side; go and enjoy with him the whole earth."

When Śaśánkavatí heard this sudden utterance, she slowly looked aside a little confused, and at that moment Vikramakeśarin, the minister of Mṛigánkadatta, came up to her, and pointing out the prince with his finger, said to her, "Princess, Bhaváni has told you the truth, for here is the prince, your future husband, come to you, drawn by the cords of love." When the princess heard that, she cast a sidelong glance, and beheld that noble lover of hers[10] standing in the midst of his companions, looking like the moon having descended from heaven begirt by the planets, like the standard by which beauty is tested in others, raining nectar into the eyes.

Then she remained motionless as a pillar, and every hair stood erect with joy on all her limbs, so that they appeared to be covered with the feathers at the end of Cupid's arrows raining upon her; and at that moment Mṛigánkadatta came up to her, and in order to dispel her shame, he addressed to her, with a voice raining the honey of love, the following speech appropriate to the occasion,[11] "Fair one, you have made me leave

my own country and kingdom and relations, and brought me from a distance, enslaving me and binding me with the chain of your virtues. So now I have gained this fruit of my dwelling in the forest, and of my sleeping on the ground, and of my living on wild fruits, and enduring the fierce heat of the sun, and of my emaciation with asceticism, that I have beheld this form of yours which rains nectar into my eyes. And if you love me enough to care to please me, bestow also, gazelle-eyed one, that feast of the eyes upon the ladies of our city. Let the war cease; let the welfare of both armies be ensured; let my birth be made a success, and let my father's blessing be gained for me at the same time!"

When Mṛigánkadatta had said this to Śaśánkavatí, she slowly answered with eyes fixed on the ground, "I indeed have been purchased with your virtues and made your slave, so do, my husband, what you think will be for our good." When Mṛigánkadatta had been refreshed by this nectar-like speech of hers, and saw that his point was gained, he praised the goddess Gaurí and bowed before her, and then he made the princess get up behind him on his horse, and his ten[12] brave ministers mounted and took her ladies-in-waiting up behind them; and then the prince, with his sword drawn, set out from that city at night, accompanied by them sword in hand. And though the city-guards saw those eleven heroes, they did not dare to stop them, for they looked as formidable as so many angry Rudras. And leaving Ujjayiní, they went with Śaśánkavatí to the palace of Máyávaṭu, in accordance with the advice of Śrutadhi.

While the guards were exclaiming in their distraction, "Who are these, and whither are they gone?" it gradually became known in Ujjayiní that the princess had been carried off. And the queen-consort hurriedly despatched the governor of the city to the camp, to tell king Karmasena what had taken place. But in the meanwhile the head of the scouts came to king Karmasena in the camp there at night, and and said to him, "King, Mṛigánkadatta and his ministers left the army secretly in the early part of this night, and went on horseback to Ujjayiní, to carry off Śaśánkavatí, who is in the temple of Gaurí. So much I have discovered for certain; your Highness knows what step it is now desirable to take."

When king Karmasena heard this, he sent for his general, and communicated to him privately the information he had received, and said to him, “Choose five hundred swift horses, and set picked men on them, and go with them secretly and rapidly to Ujjayiní, and wherever you find that villain Mṛigánkadatta, kill him, or make him prisoner: know that I will follow you quickly, leaving my army behind me.” When the general received this order from the king, he said, “So be it,” and set out by night for Ujjayiní with the prescribed force. And on the way he met the governor of the town, from whom he heard that the princess had been carried off by some daring men in another direction. Then he returned with the governor of the town, and told king Karmasena what had taken place. When the king heard it, he thought it impossible, and remained quiet during the night, without making an attack. And in the camp of Mṛigánkadatta Máyávaṭu and the other kings passed the night under arms, by the advice of Śrutadhi.

And next morning the sagacious king Karmasena found out the real state of the case, and sent off an ambassador to the kings in the camp of Mṛigánkadatta, and he instructed the ambassador to give this message by word of mouth, “Mṛigánkadatta has carried off my daughter by a stratagem; never mind that; for what other man would be as suitable a match for her? So now let him come to my palace, and do you come too, in order that I may celebrate my daughter’s marriage with appropriate ceremonies.”[13] And the kings and Śrutadhi approved of this proposal,[14] and said to the ambassador, “Then let your master retire to his own city, and we will ourselves go and bring the prince there.” When the ambassador heard that proposal, he went and reported it to his master, and Karmasena agreed to it, and left for Ujjayiní with his army. When the kings saw that, they went, with Máyávaṭu at their head, and accompanied by Śrutadhi, to Mṛigánkadatta.

And in the meanwhile Mṛigánkadatta, with Śaśánkavatí, had reached the palace of Máyávaṭu in the city of Kánchanapura. There the queens of Máyávaṭu welcomed him, and his companions, and his beloved, with becoming hospitality, and he rested there with them, having successfully accomplished his object. And the next day the kings came there with Śrutadhi; the heroic king of the Kirátas Śaktirakshita with his army, and the

mighty king Máyávaṭu leader of the Śavaras, and the hero Durgapiśácha lord of the host of the Mátangas; and all of them, when they beheld Mṛigánkadatta united to Śaśánkavatí like the white water-lily to the night, rejoiced and congratulated him. And after they had shewn him the honour he deserved, they told him the message of Karmasena, and how he had gone to his own palace.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, having established there his camp, that was like a moving city, sat down with them all to take counsel. And he said to the kings and to his ministers, "Tell me; shall I go to Ujjayiní to be married, or not?" And they with one accord gave the following answer, "That king is a villain; so how can a visit to his palace turn out well?[15] Moreover, there is no need of it, as his daughter has arrived here." Then Mṛigánkadatta said to the Bráhman Śrutadhi, "Why do you remain silent, Bráhman, like one taking no interest in the proceedings? Tell me, do you approve of this step or not?"

Then Śrutadhi said, "If you will listen, I will tell you what I think: my opinion is that you ought to go to the palace of Karmasena. For he sent you this message because he saw no other way out of the difficulty; otherwise, how would a powerful prince like that, when his daughter had been carried off, give up fighting, and go home? Moreover, what could he do to you, when you arrived at his court, since you would take your army with you? On the contrary, if you go there, he will be well-disposed to you, and he will again be one of your chief allies out of love for his daughter. The reason he makes this proposal, which is a perfectly legitimate one, is that he does not wish his daughter to be married in an irregular manner. So I think it advisable that you should go to Ujjayiní." When Śrutadhi said this, all, who were present, approved his speech, and said, "Bravo! Bravo!"

Then Mṛigánkadatta said to them, "I admit the truth of all this; but I do not like to marry without my father and mother. So let some one be sent off from this place to summon my father and mother: and when I have learnt their wish, I will do what is proper." When the hero had said this, he took the advice of his friends, and then and there sent off his minister Bhímaparákrama to his parents.

And in the meanwhile his father, king Amaradatta, in the city of Ayodhyá, found out in course of time from his subjects that the charge which Vinítamati brought against the prince, and which caused his banishment from his native land, was wholly groundless. Then, in his wrath, he put to death that wicked minister and his family, and fell into a pitiable state, being terribly afflicted on account of the banishment of his son. And he left his capital, and remained in a sanctuary of Śiva, outside the city, called Nandigráma; and there he and his wives gave themselves up to severe asceticism.

After he had remained there some time, Bhímaparákrama, whose approach was announced by scouts, arrived, thanks to the speed of his swift horse, at the city of Ayodhyá. He beheld that city plunged in despair, on account of the absence of the prince, as if it were once more going through the painful agitation caused by the exile of Ráma. Thence he went to Nandigráma, surrounded by citizens who asked him for news of the prince, and hearing from their mouths what had happened to the king. There he beheld king Amaradatta, with his body emaciated by asceticism, surrounded by his queens, eager for news of his beloved son.

Bhímaparákrama went up to him and fell at his feet: and the king embraced him, and asked for news of his son; and thereupon Bhímaparákrama said to him with tears; “Your son Mṛigánkadatta has won by his valour the princess Śaśánkavatí, the daughter of king Karmasena. But, as he is devoted to his parents, it does not seem at all becoming to him to marry her, unless the king and the queen can be present at the ceremony. So your son, placing his head upon the ground, has sent me to request you to come to him. And he awaits your Highness’s arrival, in Kánchanapura, in the palace of king Máyávaṭu, the monarch of the Śavaras. Now hear the story of our adventures.” And thereupon Bhímaparákrama began with the banishment of his master, and related all his various and wonderful adventures, involving the long story of the misfortunes of their forest sojourn and their separation, with the war, and winding up with the prince’s reconciliation with Karmasena.

When king Amaradatta heard that, he made up his mind that it was well with his son, and in his joy he announced that he would set out that moment. He mounted an elephant, and accompanied by his queen, his subject kings, and his ministers, and followed by a force of elephants and cavalry, he started full of eagerness to join his son. And travelling uninterruptedly, the king reached in a few days his son's camp, that was pitched in the territory of the monarch of the Śavaras.

And when Mṛigánkadatta, who had long been yearning for his father, heard of his approach, he went out to meet him with all the kings. And he saw him from a distance, and dismounted from his horse, and fell at the feet of his father, who was seated on an elephant, and at the feet of his mother. And when embraced by his father, he filled with his body his clasping arms, with satisfaction his heart, and his eyes with tears. His mother too folded him in a long embrace, and looking at him again and again, was for some time unable to let him go, as if fearing a second separation. And Mṛigánkadatta introduced to his father Amaradatta the kings his friends, and they bowed before him and the queen. And that couple, the king and the queen, received lovingly those friends who had stood by their only son in his difficulties.

Then Amaradatta entered the palace of Máyávaṭu, and saw Śaśánkavatí, his future daughter-in-law, who bowed at his feet. And after accepting a present, he departed with the queen and that daughter-in-law, and took up his quarters in his own camp. And there he took food with his son and all the kings, and spent that day agreeably with song, music, and dancing. And he thought that all his objects in life had been gained, thanks to his son Mṛigánkadatta, the future emperor, who had attained so much glory.

And in the meanwhile the wise king Karmasena, after deliberating, sent off an ambassador to Mṛigánkadatta with the following message, which was contained in a letter, and also intended to be delivered by word of mouth; "I know that you will not come to Ujjayiní; so I will send to you my own son Susheṇa; he will bestow on you with due ceremonies his sister Śaśánkavatí; so you ought not, blameless one, to marry her in an irregular manner, if you value my friendship."

And when the prince had heard this message delivered in the royal hall of audience, his father the king himself gave this answer to the ambassador; “Who but king Karmasena would send such a gracious message? That excellent monarch is truly well-disposed to us; so let him send here his son Susheṇa; we will so order matters as that his daughter’s marriage shall give him satisfaction.” When the king had given this answer and dismissed the messenger with due honours, he said to his son, and Śrutadhi, and the kings, “We had better go now to Ayodhyá; that is the place where the marriage can be performed with most *éclat*; and there we can entertain Susheṇa with becoming magnificence. And let king Máyávaṭu wait here for Susheṇa; when that prince arrives he can come on after us to Ayodhyá with him. But we will go on in front to make the necessary preparations for the marriage.” And all present approved this speech of the king’s.

Then, the next day, the king with the queen and his soldiers, and Mṛigánkadatta with the kings and his ministers, started off with Śaśánkavatí, exulting in their success, leaving Máyávaṭu to wait there for Susheṇa. Their army moved on like a deep and terrible sea, agitated with hundreds of waves in the form of troops of bounding horses, filling all the horizon with a flood of countless marching footmen, rendering all other sounds inaudible with the confused din that arose from it. And gradually advancing, father and son reached the palace of Śaktirakshita the king of the Kirátas, that lay in their course.

There they and their attendants were courteously and generously welcomed with heaps of valuable jewels, gold, and splendid garments. And they stayed there one day with their army, taking food and resting, and then they set out and reached in course of time their city of Ayodhyá. It seemed like a lake in windy weather, as they entered it: for the ladies of the city that had climbed up to the windows of the palaces, as they moved to and fro, seemed like swaying full-blown lotuses, sending forth shoots of beauty; and their rolling eyes eager to behold the prince, who after a long absence had returned, bringing a bride with him, were like dancing blue lilies; it was crowded with assembling kingly swans; and tossing with wavy banners. And father and son looked grand, as they sat on thrones, being blessed by the Bráhmans, praised by heralds, and hymned by bards.

And when the people there saw the great beauty of Śaśánkavatí, they exclaimed in their astonishment, “If they were to behold this daughter of Karmasena, the Ocean would cease to boast of the beauty of his daughter Lakshmí, and the Himálaya would no longer pride himself on Gaurí.” And then, when the festival came on, the quarters, re-echoing the sound of the auspicious drums of rejoicing, as it were, gave notice to the kings. And the whole city was full of exultation, and the vermilion colours that covered it throughout, seemed like its red glow of affection overflowing in external form.

The next day the astrologers fixed an auspicious date for the prince’s marriage, and his father king Amaradatta began to make preparations for it. And the city was filled so full of various jewels, coming from all quarters, that it put to shame the city of Kuvera.

And soon a servant of king Máyávaṭu’s came to the sovereign in high spirits, introduced by the warder, and said to him, “King, prince Susheṇa and king Máyávaṭu have arrived, and they are both waiting on the frontier of this realm of Ayodhyá.” When king Amaradatta heard that, he sent his own general with a body of soldiers to meet Susheṇa. And Mṛigánkadatta, out of regard for his friend, also went out with the general from Ayodhyá to meet the prince. And both of those princes dismounted, while yet a great distance apart, and met together, embracing one another and asking after one another’s health. And out of love they entered the city in the same chariot, giving a great feast to the eyes of the ladies of the city.

And there Susheṇa had an interview with the king, and was received by him with much respect, and then he went to the private apartments of his sister Śaśánkavatí. There she rose up weeping and embraced him, and he sat down, and said to the princess who was overwhelmed with shame, “My father directs me to tell you that you have done nothing unbecoming, for he has just come to learn that prince Mṛigánkadatta was appointed your husband by the goddess Gaurí in a dream, and it is the highest duty of women to follow the steps of their husbands.” When he said this to the girl, she dismissed her shame, looking at her heart with downcast face, as if to tell it that its desire was gained.

Then Susheṇa brought and gave to Śaśánkavatí in the presence of the king her own accumulated wealth; two thousand *bháras*[16] of gold, five camels heavily laden with jewelled ornaments, and another treasure of gold. And he said, “This is her own private property, but, as for what her father has sent, I will give it her in due course at the marriage altar.” Then they all ate and drank, and spent the day there in the king’s presence in great comfort, with Mṛigánkadatta and his suite.

The next day dawned, the day fixed as auspicious, and Mṛigánkadatta performed his own daily ceremony, of bathing and so on; in which the king himself displayed the utmost interest, in his joy at the occasion. And then Śaśánkavatí, though her beauty was sufficient bridal ornament, was solemnly adorned by the ladies, only out of regard for the good old custom, not because anything of the kind was needed. Then the bride and bridegroom left the room in which the previous ceremony took place, and in which Susheṇa presided, and ascended the altar-platform, where a fire was burning. And on it the prince received the hand of the princess, which was resplendent with the hues of a lotus that she held, as Vishṇu the hand of Lakshmí. And when they circumambulated the fire, the face of Śaśánkavatí was red and tearful from heat and smoke, though anger was far from her. And the handfuls of parched grain, thrown into the fire, appeared like the laughs of the god of Love, pleased with the success of his scheme. And when the first handful was thrown, Susheṇa gave five thousand horses, and a hundred elephants, and two hundred *bháras* of gold, and twenty camels laden with loads of splendid raiment, valuable gems, and pearl-ornaments. And at each subsequent sprinkling of grain, Śaśánkavatí’s brother gave her a portion of the wealth gained by the conquest of the earth, double that given at the preceding.

Then Mṛigánkadatta, the auspicious ceremony of his marriage having been performed, entered his own palace with his newly married bride, Śaśánkavatí, while the sound of festal drums rose in the air. And the king, his father, gratified his ministers and the citizens of his capital, with presents of elephants, horses, garments, ornaments, meat, and drink, suited to the worth of the recipient, beginning with the circle of dependent monarchs, and ending with the parrots and pet *mainas*. And the king

displayed on this occasion such exceedingly lavish generosity that even the trees had garments and gems fastened to them, and presented the appearance of earthly wishing-trees.

Then the king and Mṛigánkadatta feasted with the kings and Śaśánkavatí and Susheṇa, and spent the rest of the day in a wine-party. Then, after the inhabitants of the palace had eaten and drunk well, and enjoyed music and dancing, the sun, having accomplished his journey, and having drunk up the moisture of the earth, entered the cavern of the western mountain. And the glory of the day, seeing that he had departed somewhere or other with the evening that was all ablaze with a warm glow, ran after him in a fit of jealous anger, and the birds flying to and fro seemed like her agitated zone.[17] And then in due course appeared advancing the wanton nymph Night, beautiful with her waving black robe of darkness, and showing a face in which stars rolled for eyeballs, and the god of Love waxed mighty. And the moon, own brother to the curved corner of an angry long-eyed beauty's eye, arose, and glowing with fresh rosy colour, made itself the driving-hook of the elephant of the eastern mountain. And the eastern quarter, that was clear and bright with the departure of the darkness, bore a laughing face, to which the moon, like a new shoot of the twining plant of Love, formed an extemporized ear-ornament. And at night Mṛigánkadatta, after performing his evening devotions, retired to his luxuriously appointed bed-chamber with his bride Śaśánkavatí. And during it, that fair one's moonlike countenance, dispelling the darkness, and lighting up the pictured panels of the room, seemed to render unnecessary the lamps hanging there, that were made of precious stones.[18] And the next morning Mṛigánkadatta was aroused by the soft sweet strains of the following song, "The night has past; leave your bed, prince, for the breezes of morning are blowing, fanning the perfumed locks of the gazelle-eyed fair ones. And the dewdrops collected on the points of the blades of *dúrva*-grass sparkle brilliantly, looking like pearls fallen from the necklace of the night quickly following the moon. And observe, prince, the bees that long sported in the cups of the white water-lilies opening when touched by the beams of the moon, and drank the honey, and were joyous at having obtained an entrance, now that the water-lilies are closed and their glory is departing, are seeking some

other retreat; for to whom are black souls faithful in calamity? And the god of Love, seeing that the lip of night has been adorned by the finger of the sun, has stripped it of the moon which served it for a beauty-patch, and has gradually dissipated the darkness which was a black powder to set it off." Aroused by these strains at the hour of dawn, Mṛigánkadatta cast off sleep, and leaving Śaśánkavatí, at once started up from his couch. And he rose and performed the ceremonies of the day, his father having made all the arrangements that devolved on him; and accompanied by his beloved he passed many more days in similar rejoicing. Then his father, Amaradatta, first inaugurated the prince's brother-in-law Susheṇa with the holy waters, and placed a turban of honour on his head; and bestowed on him as a mark of respect a suitable territory and elephants, horses, quantities of gold, and garments, and a hundred beautiful women. And then the king complimented the king of the Śavaras and the king of the Kirátas, Máyávaṭu and Śaktirakshita, with their relations and wives, and that king Durgapiśácha the leader of the host of the Mátangas, and the ministers of Mṛigánkadatta with Śrutadhi, by giving them territories, cows, horses, gold and garments. Then king Amaradatta dismissed the king of the Kirátas and the other monarchs, with Susheṇa, to their own dominions: and ruled his realm in happiness, at ease because his valour was so well known. Mṛigánkadatta, for his part, having conquered his enemies, and attained his ends, remained in happiness with his wife Śaśánkavatí, whom he had gained after a long struggle, and with Bhímaparákrama and his other ministers.

And in course of time old age, slowly creeping on, approached the root of the ear of that king Amaradatta, appearing as if it had taken form in order to say to him, "You have enjoyed the good things of fortune; your age is fully ripe; surely it is now time to retire from the world." Then the king's mind became averse to enjoyment, and he said to his ministers, "Listen, I will now tell you the scheme which I have in my mind. My life has passed; that grey hue which is the harbinger of Death has just now twitched my locks; and when old age once arrives, a vicious clinging to enjoyment on the part of persons like myself, when all the zest is gone, is mere vanity. And though in some people a mad passion of avarice and lust goes on increasing with increasing age, that is without doubt the natural tendency of base souls, and the good do not acquire it. Now I have this son here Mṛigánkadatta, who

has gained glory by conquering the sovereign of Avanti and his allied kings[19], who abounds in good qualities, is beloved by the subjects, and has excellent friends. So I propose to make over to him my mighty kingdom, and to retire to a holy water for mortification of the flesh; conduct in conformity with the laws laid down for the various periods of life, that their enemies cannot blame, becomes men of great soul."

When the calm and resolute ministers heard this determined speech of the king's, they, and in due course the queen and the citizens all approved it, saying, "So let it be!" Then the king performed the joyful ceremony of the coronation[20] of his son Mṛigánkadatta at a moment fixed by the astrologers, on a day selected by the chief Bráhmans assembled together. And on that day the palace of the king was full of people running hither and thither at the order of the warder, and all the officials in it had their hands full, and it reeled with the merriment of famous bards and of lovely women who were dancing there. And while the water of holy places was being poured in copious showers upon the head of Mṛigánkadatta and his wife, a second flood seemed to gush from the eyes of his joyful parents. And, when that new king, of lion-like might, mounted his lion-seat, it seemed as if his enemies, bowed down by fear of his wrath, crouched on the ground in a fashion other than lion-like.

Then his father, king Amaradatta, prolonged for seven days the great feast, in which the king's highway was decorated, and the subject kings honoured according to their worth. And on the eighth day he went out of the city with his wife, and after turning back Mṛigánkadatta and the citizens, who followed him with tearful faces, he went with his ministers to Váráṇasí. There the king remained with his body steeped in Ganges water, worshipping Śiva three times a day, performing penance, like a hermit, by living on roots and fruits; and his wife shared all his devotions and privations.

But Mṛigánkadatta, for his part, having obtained that kingdom broad and pure as the sky, which the sun takes as his domain, and having overwhelmed the kings with imposition of numerous tributes, as the sun does the mountains with showers of rays, began to blaze forth with

increasing heat of valour. And associated with his lieutenants Máyávaṭu and Karmasena and the others, and with his own ministers headed by Śrutadhi, he conquered this circle of the earth, with all its continents, as far as the four cardinal points, and ruled it under one umbrella. And while he was king, such calamities as famine, and the dread of robbers and of foreign invaders were heard of only in tales; and the world was ever joyous and happy, and enjoyed unparalleled felicity, so that it seemed as if the gentle reign of Ráma the good were renewed. And so the monarch established himself in that city of Ayodhyá with his ministers, and kings came from various quarters to worship the lotus of his foot, and he long enjoyed with his beloved Śaśánkavatí pleasures the joy of which no enemy marred.[21]

When the hermit Piśangajaṭa had told this story in the wood on the Malaya mountain to Naraváhanadatta, who was separated from his beloved, he went on to say to him, “So, my son, as Mṛigánkadatta in old time gained Śaśánkavatí after enduring affliction, you also will regain your Madanamanchuká.” When Naraváhanadatta had heard this nectarous utterance of the mighty hermit Piśangajaṭa, he conceived in his heart the hope of regaining Madanamanchuká. And with his mind fixed on her, he took leave of that good hermit, and roamed about on the Malaya mountain, looking for Lalitalochaná, whom he had lost, the fair one that originally brought him there.

1

Kṛishṇa, in the form of a man-lion, destroyed Hiraṇyakaśipu. The word man-lion also refers to brave soldiers. For *śashpeshu* No. 1882 reads *sasyeshu*.

2

I read with India Office MS. No. 1882 *dividattordhvajhampáni*; the two other MSS. agree in reading *jampáni*. For *bhruvaśálinám* I read *bhujaśálinám* which I find in the three India Office MSS.

3

The lady’s name in Sanskrit is Chaturiká.

4

The king of the snakes. See for his thousand mouths and thousand tongues p. 313 of this Volume.

5

No. 1882 has *mattairasaṁvṛitadvárāṁ*.

6

There is an intentional pun in this passage which may be translated, “illuminated by the moon with his rays” or “pointed out by the moon with his fingers.”

7

For *parasparám*, I read *paramparám*, following Böhtlingk and Roth. This is the reading of MS. No. 1882.

8

I read *vá raṇe* the conjecture of Dr. Kern.

9

Sakárá is a misprint for *Sákárá*, which I find in MS. No. 1882.

10

Dr. Kern prefers *tejasvinam* to *tejasvinám*—I have adopted this conjecture, which is supported by two of the India Office MSS.

11

I read *kálochitam* the conjecture of Dr. Kern; it is found in the three MSS. lent me by Dr. Rost.

12

Daśibhiḥ is a misprint for *daśabhiḥ*, the reading of the MSS.

13

So king Nidung in the Wilkina Saga, (ch. 131,) asks king Sigmund to come to his palace if he wishes to marry his daughter. (Hagen’s Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 322)

14

Dr. Kern points out that *Śraddhatus* is a misprint for *Śraddadhus*.

15

Here No. 1882 reads *gṛiheshu kṛitavairasya gamane*.

16

A *bhára* = 20 *Tulás*.

17

The words are, by a misprint, wrongly divided in Brockhaus's text.

18

Cp. Heliodorus III. 4. πλέον ἀπὸ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν σέλας ἢ τῶν δᾴδων ἀπηύγαζεν, quoted by Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 152, note.

19

For *Sarájakávarti* I read *Sarájakávanti*; Mṛigánkadatta might be said by an admiring father to have conquered the king of Ujjayiní.

20

It corresponds to the European ceremony of coronation, though performed with water.

21

This is the conclusion of the story of Mṛigánkadatta, which begins on page 138.

Book XIII.

Chapter CIV.

May that Gaṇeśa, whom, when dancing in the twilight intervals between the Yugas, all the worlds seem to imitate by rising and falling, protect you!

May the blaze of the eye in the forehead of Siva, who is smeared with the beautiful red dye used by Gaurí for adorning her feet, befriend you for your happiness!

We adore the goddess Sarasvatí, taking form as speech to our heart's delight, the bee that dwells in the lotus on the lake of the mighty poet's mind.[1]

Then Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, afflicted with separation, being without Madanamanchuká, roamed about on those lower slopes of mount Malaya, and in its bordering forests, which were in all the beauty of spring, but found joy nowhere. The cluster of mango-blossoms, though in itself soft, yet seeming, on account of the bees[2] that settled on it, like the pliant bow of the god of Love, cleft his heart. And the song of the cuckoo, though sweet in itself, was hard to bear, and gave pain to his ears, as it seemed to be harsh with the reproachful utterances of Mára.[3] And the wind of the Malaya mountain, though in itself cool, yet being yellow with the pollen of flowers, and so looking like the fire of Cupid, seemed to burn him, when it fell on his limbs. So he slowly left that region, being, so to speak, drummed out of it by those groves that were all resonant with the hum of bees.

And gradually, as he journeyed on, with the deity for his guide, by a path that led towards the Ganges, he reached the bank of a lake in a neighbouring wood. And there he beheld two young Bráhmans of handsome appearance, sitting at the foot of a tree, engaged in unrestrained

conversation. And when they saw him, they thought he was the god of Love, and they rose up, and bowing before him, said, “All hail to thee, adorable god of the flowery bow! Tell us why thou wanderest here alone without that fragrant artillery of thine, and where is that Rati thy constant companion?” When the son of the king of Vatsa heard that, he said to those Bráhmans, “I am not the god Káma, I am a mere mortal; but I have indeed lost my Rati.”[4] When the prince had said this, he told his history, and said to those Bráhmans, “Who are you, and of what kind is this talk that you two are carrying on here?” Then one of those young Bráhmans said to him respectfully, “King, how can we tell our secret in the presence of a man of your worth? Nevertheless, out of respect for your command, I will tell our history; give ear!”

The first Bráhman’s story.

There is in the territory of Kalinga a city of the name of Śobhávatí, which has never been entered by the demon Kali, nor touched by evildoers, nor seen by a foreign foe: such has it been made by the Creator. In it there was a wise and rich Bráhman, of the name of Yaśaskara, who had offered many sacrifices, and he had an excellent wife named Mekhalá. I was born to them as an only son, when they were already in middle life, and I was in due course reared up by them, and invested with the sacrificial thread.

Then, while as a boy I was studying the Vedas, there arose a mighty famine in that land, owing to drought. So my father and my mother went off with me to a city named Viśálá, taking with them their wealth and their servants. In that city, in which fortune and learning dwelt together, having laid aside their long feud, my father established himself, having had a house given him by a merchant, who was a friend of his. And I dwelt there in the house of my preceptor, engaged in the acquisition of learning, in the society of my fellow-students of equal age.

And among them I had a friend, a promising young man of the military caste, Vijayasena by name, the son of a very rich Kshatriya. And one day the unmarried sister of that friend of mine, whose name was Madirávatí, came with him to my teacher's house. So beautiful was she that I feel convinced that the Creator made the orb of the moon, that is like nectar to the eyes of men, out of the overflowing of the perfect loveliness of her face. I ween, the god of Love, when he beheld her form, which was to him a sixth weapon, bewildering the world, valued but little his other five shafts. When I saw her, and heard from that friend her name and descent, I was at once overpowered by Love's potent sway, and my mind was altogether fixed upon her. And she, for her part, looked askance at me with modest loving eye, and the down standing erect on her cheeks told that love had begun to sprout. And after she had remained there a long time on the pretext of play, she at last tore herself away and went home, sending to me from the reverted corner of her eye a look that was a messenger of love.

Then I went home, grieved at having to part with her, and throwing myself flat, I tossed up and down convulsively like a fish on dry land. I said to myself, "Shall I ever again behold her face, which is the Creator's storehouse of all the nectar of beauty? Happy are her companions[5] whom she looks at with that laughing eye, and talks freely to with that mouth." Engaged in such thoughts as these, I with difficulty got through that day and night, and on the second day I went to the house of my teacher.

There my friend Vijayasena approached me courteously, and in the course of a confidential conversation, said to me joyfully, "My mother has heard from my sister Madirávatí that you are so great a friend of mine, and being full of love for you, she wishes to behold you; so, if you have any regard for me, come with me to our house; let it be adorned for us with the dust of your lotus-like foot." This speech of his was a sudden refreshment to me, as an unexpected heavy shower of rain is to a traveller in the desert. So I consented, and went to his house, and there I had an interview with his mother, and was welcomed by her, and remained there gladdened by beholding my beloved.

Then Vijayasena, having been summoned by his father, left me, and the foster-sister of Madirávatí came to me, and said, bowing before me, “Prince, the princess Madirávatí trained up to maturity in our garden a jasmine creeper; and it has recently produced a splendid crop of flowers, which laugh and gleam with joyous exultation at being united with the spring. To-day the princess herself has gathered its buds, in defiance of the bees that settled on the flowers; and she has threaded them, like pearls, into a necklace, and she sends this to you her old friend as a new present.” When that dexterous girl had said this, she gave me the garland, and with it leaves of the betel, together with camphor and the five fruits. So I threw round my neck the garland, which my beloved had made with her own hand, and I enjoyed exceeding pleasure, surpassing the joy of many embraces.[6] And putting the betel into my mouth, I said to that dear companion of hers, “What can I say more than this, my good girl? I have in my heart such intense love for your companion, that, if I could sacrifice my life for her, I should consider that it had not been given me in vain; for she is the sovereign of my being.” When I had said this, I dismissed her, and I went to my teacher’s house with Vijayasena, who had that moment come in.

The next day Vijayasena came with Madirávatí to our house, to the great delight[7] of my parents. So the love of myself and Madirávatí, though carefully concealed, increased every day from being in one another’s society.

And one day a servant of Madirávatí’s said to me in secret, “Listen, noble sir, and lay up[8] in your heart what I am going to tell you. Ever since my darling Madirávatí beheld you there in your teacher’s house, she has no appetite for her food, she does not adorn herself, she takes no pleasure in music, she does not play with her parrots and other pets; she finds that fanning with plantain leaves, and moist anointings with sandal-wood ointment, and the rays of the moon, though cool as snow, torture her with heat; and every day she grows perceptibly thinner, like the streak of the moon in the black fortnight, and the only thing that seems to give her any relief is conversation about you; this is what my daughter told me, who knows all that she does, who attends her like a shadow, and never leaves her side. Moreover, I drew Madirávatí herself into a confidential conversation,

and questioned her, and she confessed to me that her affections were fixed on you. So now, auspicious sir, if you wish her life to be saved, take steps to have her wishes fulfilled." This nectarous speech of hers delighted me, and I said, "That altogether depends on you, I am completely at your disposal." When she heard this, she returned delighted, and I, relying on her, conceived hopes, and went home with my mind at ease.

The next day an influential young Kshatriya came from Ujjayiní and asked Madirávatí's father for her hand. And her father promised to give him his daughter; and I heard that news, terrible to my ears, from her attendants. Then I was for a long time amazed, as if fallen from heaven, as if struck with a thunderbolt, as if possessed by a demon. But I recovered, and said to myself, "What is the use of bewilderment now? I will wait and see the end. It is the self-possessed man that gains his desire."

Buoyed up by such hopes I passed some days, and my beloved one's companions came to me and supported me by telling me what she said; but at last Madirávatí was informed that the auspicious moment had been fixed, and the day of her marriage arrived celebrated with great rejoicings. So she was shut up in her father's house, and prevented from roaming about at will, and the processional entry of the bridegroom's friends drew nigh, heralded by the sound of drums.

When I saw that, I considered that my miserable life had lost all its zest, and came to the conclusion that death was to be preferred to separation; so I went outside the city, and climbed up a *banyan*-tree, and fastened a noose to it, and I let myself drop from the tree suspended by that noose, and let go at the same time my chimerical hope of obtaining my beloved. And a moment afterwards I found myself, having recovered the consciousness which I had lost, lying in the lap of a young man who had cut the noose; and perceiving that he had without doubt saved my life, I said to him, "Noble sir, you have to-day shewn your compassionate nature; but I am tortured by separation from my beloved and I prefer death to life. The moon is like fire to me, food is poison, songs pierce my ear like needles, a garden is a prison, a wreath of flowers is a series of envenomed shafts, and anointing with sandal-wood ointment and other unguents is a rain of burning coals. Tell me, friend, what

pleasure can wretched bereaved ones, like myself, to whom everything in the world is turned upside down, find in life?"

When I had said this, that friend in misfortune asked me my history, and I told him the whole of my love affair with Madirávatí. Then that good man said to me, "Why, though wise, are you bewildered? What is the use of surrendering life, for the sake of which we acquire all other things?" *À propos* of this, hear my story, which I now proceed to relate to you.

The second Bráhman's story.

There is in the bosom of the Himálayas a country named Nishada, which is the only refuge of virtue, banished from the earth by Kali, and the native land of truth, and the home of the Kṛita age. The inhabitants of that land are insatiable of learning, but not of money-getting; they are satisfied with their own wives, but with benefiting others never. I am the son of a Bráhman of that country who was rich in virtue and wealth. I left my home, my friend, out of a curiosity which impelled me to see other countries, and wandering about, visiting teachers, I reached in course of time the city of Śankhapura not far from here, where there is a great purifying lake of clear water, sacred to Śankhapála king of the Nágas, and called Śankhahrada.

While I was living there in the house of my spiritual preceptor, I went one holy bathing festival to visit the lake Śankhahrada. Its banks were crowded, and its waters troubled on every side by people who had come from all countries, like the sea when the gods and Asuras churned it. I beheld that great lake, which seemed to make the women look more lovely, as their garlands of flowers fell from their loosened braids, while it gently stroked their waists with its waves like hands, and made itself slightly yellow with the unguents which its embraces rubbed off from their bodies. I then went to the south of the lake, and beheld a clump of trees, which looked like the body of Cupid being consumed by the fire of Śiva's eye; its *lápinchas* did

duty for smoke, its *kinśukas* for red coals, and it was all aflame with twining masses of the full-blown scarlet *aśoka*.

There I saw a certain maiden gathering flowers at the entrance of an arbour composed of the *atimukta* creeper; she seemed with her playful sidelong glances to be threatening the lotus in her ear; she kept raising her twining arm and displaying half her bosom; and her beautiful loosened hair, hanging down her back, seemed like the darkness seeking shelter to escape from her moon-like face. And I said to myself "Surely the Creator must have made this girl, after he had got his hand in by creating Rambhá and her sister-nymphs, but one can see that she is mortal by the winking of her eyes."

The moment I saw that gazelle-eyed maid, she pierced my heart, like a crescent-headed javelin of Mára, bewildering the three worlds. And the moment she saw me, she was overcome by Cupid, and her hands were rendered nerveless and listless by love, and she desisted from her amusement of gathering flowers. She seemed, with the flashings of the ruby in the midst of her moving flexible chain,[9] to be displaying the flames of affection that had broken forth from her heart in which they could not be contained; and turning round, she looked at me again and again with an eye that seemed to be rendered more charming by the pupil coming down to rest in its corner.

While we stood for a while looking at one another, there arose there a great noise of people flying in terror. And there came that way an infuriated elephant driven mad by the smell of the wild elephants; it had broken its chain, and thrown its rider, and the elephant-hook was swinging to and fro at the end of its ear. The moment I saw the animal, I rushed forward, and taking up in my arms my beloved, who was terrified, and whose attendants had run away, I carried her into the middle of the crowd. Then she began to recover her composure, and her attendants came up; but just at that moment the elephant, attracted by the noise of the people, charged in our direction. The crowd dispersed in terror at the monster's approach, and she disappeared among them, having been carried off by her attendants in one direction, while I went in another.

At last the alarm caused by the elephant came to an end, and then I searched in every direction for that slender-waisted maid, but I could not find her, as I did not know her name, her family, or her dwelling-place; and so roaming about, with a void in my heart, like a Vidyádhara that has lost his magic power, I with difficulty tottered into my teacher's house. There I remained like one in a faint or asleep, remembering the joy of embracing my beloved, and anxious lest her love might fail.[10] And in course of time reflection lulled me in her lap, as if affected with the compassion natural to noble women, and shewed me a glimpse of hope, and soul-paining ignorance hugged my heart, and an exceedingly severe headache took possession of my brain.[11] In the meanwhile the day slipped away and my self-command with it, and the lotus-thicket folded its cups and my face was contracted with them, and the couples of Brahmany ducks were dispersed with my hopes, the sun having gone to rest.

Then the moon, the chief friend of Love, that gladdens the eyes of the happy, rose up, adorning the face of the east; its rays, though ambrosial, seemed to me like fiery fingers, and though it lit up the quarters of the sky, it closed in me all hope of life. Then one of my fellow-students, seeing that in my misery I had flung my body into moonlight as into a fire, and was longing for death, said to me, "Why are you in this evil case? You do not appear to have any disease; but, if you have mental affliction caused by longing for wealth or by love, I will tell you the truth about those objects; listen to me. The wealth, which through over-covetousness men desire to gain by cheating their neighbours, or by robbing them, does not remain. The poison-trees[12] of wealth, which are rooted in wickedness and bring forth an abundant crop of wickedness, are soon broken by the weight of their own fruit. All that is gained by that wealth in this world, is the toil of acquiring it and other annoyances, and in the next world great suffering in hell, a suffering that shall continue as long as the moon and stars endure. As for love, that love which fails of attaining its object brings disappointment that puts an end to life, and unlawful love, though pleasing in the mouth, is simply the forerunner of the fire of hell,[13] but a man's mind is sound owing to good actions in a former life, and a hero, who possesses self-command and energy, obtains wealth, and the object of his desires, not a spiritless

coward like you. So, my good fellow, have recourse to self-command, and strive for the attainment of your ends."

When that friend said this to me I returned him a careless and random answer. However, I concealed my real thoughts, spent the night in a calm and composed manner, and in course of time came here, to see if by any chance she lived in this town. When I arrived here, I saw you with your neck in a noose, and after you were cut down, I heard from you your sorrow, and I have now told you my own.

So I have made efforts to obtain that fair one whose name and dwelling-place I know not, and have thus exerted myself to gain what no heroism could procure; but why do you, when Madirávatí is within your grasp, play the faint-heart, instead of manfully striving to win her? Have you not heard the legend of old days with regard to Rukmiṇí? Was she not carried off by Vishṇu after she had been given to the king of Chedi?

While that friend of mine was thus concluding his tale, Madirávatí came there with her followers, preceded by the usual auspicious band of music, in order to worship the god of Love in this temple of the Mothers. And I said to my friend, "I knew all along that maidens on the day of their marriage come here to worship the god of Love, this is why I tried to hang myself on the *banyan*-tree in front of this temple, in order that when Madirávatí came here, she might see that I had died for her sake." When that resolute Bráhman friend heard that, he said, "Then let us quickly slip into this temple and remain hidden behind the images of the Mothers, and see whether any expedient will then present itself to us or not." When my friend made this proposal, I consented, and went with him into that temple, and remained there concealed.

And Madirávatí came there slowly, escorted by the auspicious wedding music, and entered that temple. And she left at the door all her female friends and male attendants, saying to them, "I wish in private to crave from the awful god of Love a certain boon[14] that is in my mind, so remain all of you outside the building." Then she came in and addressed the following prayer to Kámadeva after she had worshipped him, "O god, since thou art

named ‘the mind-born,’ how was it that thou didst not discern the beloved that was in my mind? Why hast thou disappointed and slain me? If thou hast not been able to grant me my boon in this birth, at any rate have mercy upon me in my next birth, O husband of Rati. Shew me so much favour as to ensure that handsome young Bráhman’s being my husband in my next birth.”

When the girl had said this in our hearing and before our eyes, she made a noose by fastening her upper garment to a peg, and put it round her neck. And my friend said to me, “Go and shew yourself to her, and take the noose from her neck;” so I immediately went towards her. And I said to her with a voice faltering from excess of joy, “Do not act rashly, my beloved; see, here is your slave in front of you, bought by you with the risk of your life, in whom affection has been produced by your utterance in the moment of your grief;” and with these words I removed the noose from the neck of that fair one.

She immediately looked at me, and remained for a moment divided between joy and terror, and then my friend said quickly to me, “As this is a dimly lighted hour owing to the waning of the day, I will go out dressed in Madirávatí’s garments with her attendants. And do you go out by the second door, taking with you this bride wrapped up in our upper garments. And make for whatever foreign country you please, during the night, when you will be able to avoid detection. And do not be anxious about me. Fate will bestow on me prosperity.” When my friend had said this, he put on Madirávatí’s dress, and went out, and left that temple in the darkness, surrounded by her attendants.

And I slipped out by another door with Madirávatí, who wore a necklace of priceless jewels, and went three *yojanas* in the night. In the morning I took food, and slowly travelling on, I reached in the course of some days, with my beloved, a city named Achalapura. There a certain Bráhman shewed himself my friend, and gave me a house, and there I quickly married Madirávatí.

So I have been living there in happiness, having obtained my desire, and my only anxiety has been as to what could have become of my friend. And in course of time I came here to bathe in the Ganges, on this day which is the festival of the summer solstice, and lo! I found here this man who without cause shewed himself my friend. And full of embarrassment I folded him in a long embrace, and at last made him sit down and asked him to tell me his adventures, and at that moment your Highness came up. Know, son of the king of Vatsa, that this other Bráhman at my side is my true friend in calamity, to whom I owe my life and my wife.

When one Bráhman had told his story in these words, Naraváhanadatta said to the other Bráhman, “I am much pleased; now tell me, how did you escape from so great a danger? For men like yourself, who disregard their lives for the sake of their friends, are hard to find.” When the second Bráhman heard this speech of the son of the king of Vatsa, he also began to tell his adventures.

Subsequent adventures of the second Bráhman.

When I went out that night from the temple in Madirávatí’s dress, her attendants surrounded me under the impression that I was their mistress. And being bewildered with dancing, singing and intoxication, they put me in a palanquin[15] and took me to the house of Somadatta, which was in festal array. In one part it was full of splendid raiment, in another of piled up ornaments; here you might see cooked food provided, there an altar-platform made ready; one corner was full of singing female slaves, another of professional mimes; and a third was occupied by Bráhmans waiting for the auspicious moment.

Into one room of this house I was ushered in the darkness, veiled, by the servants, who were beside themselves with drink and took me for the bride.

And when I sat down there, the females surrounded me, full of joy at the wedding festival, busied with a thousand affairs.

Immediately the sound of bracelets and anklets was heard near the door, and a maiden entered the room surrounded by her attendants. Like a female snake, her head was adorned with flashing jewels, and she had a white skin-like boddice; like a wave of the sea, she was full of beauty,[16] and covered with strings of pearls. She had a garland of beautiful flowers, arms shapely as the stalk of the creeper, and bright bud-like fingers; and so she looked like the goddess of the garden moving among men. And she came and sat down by my side, thinking I was her beloved confidante. When I looked at her, I perceived that that thief of my heart had come to me, the maiden that I saw at the Śankha lake whither she had come to bathe; whom I saved from the elephant, and who, almost as soon as seen, disappeared from my sight among the crowd. I was overpowered with excess of joy, and I said to myself, "Can this be mere chance, or is it a dream, or sober waking reality?"

Immediately those attendants of Madirávatí said to the visitor, "Why do you seem so disturbed in mind, noble lady?" When she heard that, she said, concealing her real feelings,[17] "What! are you not aware what a dear friend of mine Madirávatí is. And she, as soon as she is married, will go off to her father-in-law's house, and I shall not be able to live without her; this is why I am afflicted. So leave the room quickly, in order that I may have the pleasure of a little confidential chat with Madirávatí."

With these words she put them all out, and fastened the door herself, and then sat down, and under the impression that I was her confidante, began to speak to me as follows; "Madirávatí, no affliction can be greater than this affliction of yours, in that you are in love with one man, and you are given by your father in marriage to another; still you may possibly have a meeting or be united with your beloved, whom you know by having been in his society. But for me a hopeless affliction has arisen, and I will tell you what it is; for you are the only repository of my secrets, as I am of yours.

“I had gone to bathe on a festival in the lake named the lake of Śankha,[18] in order to divert my mind which was oppressed with approaching separation from you. While thus engaged, I saw in the garden near that lake a beautiful blooming young Bráhman, whose budding beard seemed like a swarm of bees come to feed on the lotus of his face; he himself looked like the moon come down from heaven in the day, like the golden binding-post of the elephant of beauty. I said to myself, ‘Those hermits’ daughters who have not seen this youth, have only endured to no purpose hardship in the woods; what fruit have they of their asceticism?’ And even as I thought this in my heart, the god of Love pierced it so completely with his shafts, that shame and fear at once left it together.

“Then, while I looked with sidelong looks at him, whose eyes were fixed on me, there suddenly came that way a furious elephant that had escaped from its binding-post. That scared away my attendants and terrified myself; and the young man, perceiving this, ran, and taking me up in his arms, carried me along way into the midst of the crowd. While in his arms, I assure you, my friend, I was rendered dead to all beside by the joy of his ambrosial touch, and I knew not the elephant, nor fear, nor who I was, nor where I was. In the meanwhile my attendants came up, and thereupon the elephant rushed down on us like Separation incarnate in bodily form, and my servants, alarmed at it, took me up and carried me home; and in the *mêlée* my beloved disappeared, whither I know not. Ever since that time I do nothing but think on him, who saved my life, but whose name and dwelling I know not, who was snatched from me as one might snatch away from my grasp a treasure that I had found; and I weep all night with the female *chakravákas*, longing for sleep, that takes away all grief, in order that I may behold him in a dream.

“In this hopeless affliction my only consolation, my friend, is the sight of yourself, and that is now being far removed from me. Accordingly, Madirávatí, the hour of my death draws nigh, and that is why I am now enjoying the pleasure of beholding your face.”

When she had uttered this speech, which was like a shower of nectar in my ears, staining all the while the moon of her face with tear-drops mixed with

the black pigment of her eyes, she lifted up the veil from my face, and beheld and recognized me, and then she was filled with joy, wonder, and fear. Then I said, “Fair one, what is your cause of alarm? Here I am at your service. For Fate, when propitious, brings about unexpected results. I too have endured for your sake intolerable sorrow; the fact is, Fate produces a strange variety of effects in this phenomenal universe. Hereafter I will tell you my story at full length; this is not the time for conversation; now devise, if you can, my beloved, some artifice for escaping from this place.” When I said this to the girl, she made the following proposal, which was just what the occasion demanded; “Let us slip out quietly from this house by the back-door; the garden belonging to the house of my father, a noble Kshatriya, is just outside: let us pass through it and go where chance may take us.” When she had said this, she hid her ornaments, and I left the house with her by the way which she recommended.

So in that night I went a long distance with her, for we feared detection, and in the morning we reached together a great forest. And as we were going along through that savage wilderness, with no comfort but our mutual conversation, noon gradually came on. The sun, like a wicked king, afflicted with his rays the earth that furnished no asylum for travellers, and no shelter.[19] By that time my beloved was exhausted with fatigue and tortured with thirst, so I slowly carried her into the shade of a tree, which it cost me a great effort to reach.

There I tried to restore her by fanning her with my garment, and while I was thus engaged, a buffalo that had escaped with a wound, came towards us. And there followed in eager pursuit of it a man on horseback armed with a bow, whose very appearance proclaimed him to be a noble-minded hero. He slew that great buffalo with a second wound from a crescent-headed arrow; striking him down as Indra strikes down a mountain with the dint of a thunder-bolt. When he saw us, he advanced towards us, and said kindly to me, “Who are you, my good sir; and who is this lady; and why have you come here?”

Then I shewed my Bráhmanical thread, and gave him an answer which was half truth and half falsehood; “I am a Bráhman, this is my wife: business led

us to a foreign land, and on the way our caravan was destroyed by bandits, and we, separating from it, lost our way, and so came to enter this forest; here we have met you, and all our fears are at an end." When I said this, he was moved by compassion for my Bráhmanical character, and said "I am a chief of the foresters, come here to hunt; and you way-worn travellers have arrived here as my guests; so now come to my house, which is at no great distance, to rest."

When he had said this, he made my wearied darling got up on his horse, and himself walked, and so he led us to his dwelling. There he provided us with food and other requisites, as if he had been a relation.[20] Even in bad districts some few noble-hearted men spring up here and there. Then he gave me attendants, who enabled me to get out of that wood, and I reached a royal grant to Bráhmans, where I married that lady. Then I wandered about from country to country, and meeting with a caravan, I have to-day come here with her to bathe in the water of the Ganges. And here I have found this man whom I selected for myself as a friend; and I have seen your Highness; this, prince, is my story."

When he had said this, he ceased, and the prince of Vatsa loudly praised that Bráhman, who had obtained the prize he desired, the fitting reward of his genuine goodness; and in the meanwhile the prince's ministers, Gomukha and the others, who had long been roaming about looking for him, came up and found him. And they fell at the feet of Naraváhanadatta, and tears of joy poured down their faces; while he welcomed them all with due and fitting respect. Then the prince, accompanied by Lalitalochaná, returned with those ministers to his city, taking with him those two young Bráhmans, whom he valued on account of the tact and skill they had displayed in attaining worthy objects.

1

There is of course an allusion to the Mánasa lake.

2

Here there is a pun; the word translated "bees" can also mean "arrows."

3

The god of love, the Buddhist devil.

4

The word "*rati*" in Sanskrit means "joy."

5

No. 1882 has *dhanyá sa cha naro*, No. 2166 *dhanyaḥ sa cha naro*, *i. e.*, Happy is that man.

6

Two of the India Office MSS. read *álinganadhikaṁ*.

7

I read *sammadaḥ* for *sampadaḥ*. I find it in MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166.

8

MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 give *cha tat* for *tathá*.

9

More literally "creeper-like chain."

10

I have followed Brockhaus's text, which is supported by MS. No 3003. The other two read *tatpremabhayasotkampam*.

11

The words denoting "reflection" "headache" and "ignorance" are feminine in Sanskrit and so the things denoted by them have feminine qualities attributed to them. Ignorance means perhaps "the having no news of the beloved." All the India Office MSS. read *vṛiddhayá* for *vṛittayá*.

12

Here the reading of MS. No. 1882 is *Pápamúlá yatah pápaphalabháraṁ prasúyate Tatkshaneṇaiva bhajyante śíghraṁdhanavishadrumáh*. No. 3003 reads *práptamulá*, *tadbhareṇaiva*, and *bhujyante*. No. 2166 agrees with No. 1882 in the main, but substitutes *tana* for *dhana*.

I have followed No. 1882, adopting *tadbhareṇaiva* from No. 3003.

13

I read *yaś chádharmyo 'gradútuḥ*. MS. No. 1882 reads *yaś chádhamyo*; No. 3003 reads *yaś chádharmo* and No. 2166 reads as I propose.

14

The word may mean “bridegroom.”

15

I adopt Dr. Kern’s conjecture *áropya sibikám*. It is found in two out of three India Office MSS. for the loan of which I am indebted to Dr. Rost.

16

The word which means “boddice,” means also “the skin of a snake;” and the word translated “beauty” means also “saltness.”

17

Because she really wanted to talk to Madirávatí about her own love affair.

18

I omit *cha* after *vinodayitum* as it is not found in the three India Office MSS.

19

The whole passage is an elaborate pun resting upon the fact that the same word means “tribute” and “ray” in Sanskrit. *Ákranda* sometimes means a protector.

20

I read *bándharavat so*. The late Professor Horace Hayman Wilson observes of this story. “The incidents are curious and diverting, but they are chiefly remarkable from being the same as the contrivances by which Mádhava and Makaranda obtain their mistresses in the drama entitled Málatí and Mádhava or the Stolen Marriage.”

Book XIV.

Chapter CV.

May Śiva, the granter of boons, who, when pleased, bestowed on Umá half his own body, grant you your desire!

May the vermilion-stained trunk which Gaṇeśa at night throws up in the dance, and so seems to furnish the moon-umbrella with a coral handle, protect you!

Then Naraváhanadatta, son of the king of Vatsa, possessing as his wives those various ladies, the most beautiful in the three worlds, and Madanamanchuká as his head-queen, dwelt with Gomukha and his other ministers in Kauśámbí, having his every want supplied by his father's magnificent resources. His days passed pleasantly in dancing, singing, and conversation, and were enlivened by the exquisite enjoyment of the society of the ladies whom he loved.

Then it happened one day that he could not find his principal charmer Madanamanchuká anywhere in the female apartments, nor could her attendants find her either.[1] When he could not see his beloved, he became pale from grief, as the moon loses its beauty in the morning, by being separated from the night. And he was distracted by an innumerable host of doubts, saying to himself, "I wonder whether my beloved has hidden herself somewhere to ascertain my sentiments towards her; or is she indignant with me for some trifling fault or other; or is she concealed by magic, or has she been carried off by some one?" When he had searched for her, and could not find her anywhere, he was consumed by violent grief for his separation from her, which raged in his bosom like a forest conflagration. His father, the king of Vatsa, who came to visit him, as soon as he knew the state of affairs, and his mothers, ministers, and servants were all beside themselves. The pearl necklace, sandal-wood ointment, the rays of the moon, lotus-

fibres and lotus-leaves did not alleviate his torture, but rather increased it. As for Kalingasená, when she was suddenly deprived of that daughter, she was confounded like a Vidyádharí, who has lost her magic power.

Then an aged female guardian of the women's apartments said in the presence of Naraváhanadatta, so that all there heard, "Long ago, that young Vidyádhara, named Mánasavega, having beheld Madanamanchuká, when she was a maiden, on the top of the palace, suddenly descended from heaven, and approaching Kalingasená, told her his name, and asked her to give him her daughter. When Kalingasená refused, he went as he came; but why should he not have now come secretly and carried her off by his magic power? It is of course true that heavenly beings do not carry off the wives of others; on the other hand, who, that is blinded by passion, troubles himself about the right or wrong of an action?" When Naraváhanadatta heard this, his heart was overwhelmed with anger, impatience, and the sorrow of bereavement, and became like a lotus in the waves.

Then Rumaṇvat said, "This palace is guarded all round, and it is impossible to enter or go out from it, except through the air. Moreover, by the favour of Śiva no misfortune can befall her; so we may be certain that she has hidden herself somewhere, because her affection has been wounded. Listen to a story which will make this clear."

Story of Sávitrí and Angiras.

Once on a time a hermit, named Angiras, asked Ashṭávakra for the hand of his daughter Sávitrí. But Ashṭávakra would not give him his daughter Sávitrí, though he was an excellent match, because she was already betrothed to some one else. Then Angiras married Aśrutá his brother's daughter, and lived a long time with her as his wife in great happiness; but she was well aware that he had previously been in love with Sávitrí.

One day that hermit Angiras remained muttering for a long time in an inaudible voice. Then his wife Aśrutá asked him again and again lovingly, "Tell me, my husband, why do you remain so long fixed in thought?" He said, "My dear, I am meditating on the Sávitrí;" and she, thinking that he meant Sávitrí, the hermit's daughter, was vexed in soul. She said to herself, "He is miserable," so she went off to the forest determined to abandon the body; and after she had prayed that good fortune might attend her husband, she fastened a rope round her neck. And at that moment Gáyatrí appeared with rosary of *aksha*-beads and ascetic's pitcher, and said to her, "Daughter, do not act rashly! Your husband was not thinking of any woman; he was meditating on me, the holy Sávitrí;" and with these words she freed her neck from the noose; and the goddess, merciful to her votaries, having thus consoled her, disappeared. Then her husband Angiras, searching for her, found her in the wood, and brought her home. So you see that women in this world cannot endure the wounding of their affections.

"So you may be certain that this wife of the prince is angry on account of some trifling injury, and is hidden somewhere in this place; for she is under the protection of Śiva; and we must again search for her."

When Rumaṇvat said this, the sovereign of Vatsa said, "It must be so: for no misfortune can befall her, inasmuch as a heavenly voice said 'This Madanamanchuká is an incarnation of Rati, appointed by the god to be the wife of Naraváhanadatta, who is an emanation of the god of Love, and he shall rule the Vidyádharas with her as his consort for a *kalpa* of the gods,' and this utterance cannot be falsified by the event. So let her be carefully looked for." When the king himself said this, Naraváhanadatta went out, though he was in such a miserable state.

But, however much he searched for her, he could not find her, so he wandered about in various parts of the grounds, like one distracted; when he went to her dwelling, the rooms with closed doors seemed as if they had shut their eyes in despair at beholding his grief; and when he went about in the groves asking for her, the trees, agitating their shoots like hands seemed to say, "We have not seen your beloved." When he searched in the gardens, the *sárasa*-birds, flying up to the sky, seemed to tell him that she had not

gone that way. And his ministers Marubhúti, Hariśikha, Gomukha, and Vasantaka wandered about in every direction to find her.

In the meanwhile an unmarried Vidyádharí, of the name of Vegavatí, having beheld Madanamanchuká in her splendid and glorious beauty, deliberately took her shape, and came and stood alone in the garden under an *aśoka*-tree. Marubhúti saw her, as he was roaming about in search of the queen, and she seemed at once to extract the dart from his pierced heart. And in his joy he went to Naraváhanadatta, and said to him, "Cheer up, I have seen your beloved in the garden." When he said this, Naraváhanadatta was delighted, and immediately went with him to that garden.

Then, exhausted with long bereavement, he beheld that semblance of Madanamanchuká, with feelings like those with which a thirsty traveller beholds a stream of water. And the moment he beheld her, the much afflicted prince longed to embrace her, but she, being cunning and wishing to be married by him, said to him, "Do not touch me now, first hear what I have to say. Before I married you, I prayed to the Yakshas to enable me to obtain you, and said, 'On my wedding-day I will make offerings to you with my own hand.' But, my beloved, when my wedding-day came, I forgot all about them. That enraged the Yakshas, and so they carried me off from this place. And they have just brought me here, and let me go, saying, 'Go and perform over again that ceremony of marriage, and make oblations to us, and then repair to your husband; otherwise you will not prosper.' So marry me quickly, in order that I may offer the Yakshas the worship they demand; and then fulfil all your desire."

When Naraváhanadatta heard that, he summoned the priest Śántisoma and at once made the necessary preparations, and immediately married the supposed Madanamanchuká, who was no other than the Vidyádharí Vegavatí, having been for a short time quite cast down by his separation from the real one. Then a great feast took place there, full of the clang of cymbals, delighting the king of Vatsa, gladdening the queens, and causing joy to Kahngasená. And the supposed Madanamanchuká, who was really the Vidyádharí Vegavatí, made with her own hand an offering of wine, flesh, and other dainties to the Yakshas. Then Naraváhanadatta, remaining

with her in her chamber, drank wine with her in his exultation, though he was sufficiently intoxicated with her voice. And then he retired to rest with her, who had thus changed her shape, as the sun with the shadow. And she said to him in secret, “My beloved, now that we have retired to rest, you must take care not to unveil my face suddenly and look at me while asleep[2].” When the prince heard this, he was filled with curiosity, to think what this might be, and the next day he uncovered her face while she was asleep, and looked at it, and lo! it was not Madanamanchuká, but some one else, who, when asleep, had lost the power of disguising her appearance by magic.[3] Then she woke up, while he was sitting by her awake. And he said to her, “Tell me, who are you?” And the discreet Vidyádharí seeing him sitting up awake, and being conscious that she was in her own shape and that her secret was discovered, began to tell her tale saying, “Listen, my beloved, I will now tell you the whole story.”

“There is in the city of the Vidyádharas a mountain of the name of Áśháḍhapura. There dwells a chief of the Vidyádharas, named Mánasavega, a prince puffed up with the might of his arm, the son of king Vegavat. I am his younger sister, and my name is Vegavatí. And that brother of mine hated me so much that he was not willing to bestow on me the sciences. Then I obtained them, though with difficulty, from my father, who had retired to a wood of ascetics, and, thanks to his favour, I possess them of greater power than any other of our race. I myself saw the wretched Madanamanchuká, in the palace of mount Áśháḍha, in a garden, surrounded by sentinels, I mean your beloved, whom my brother has carried off by magic, as Rávaṇa carried off the afflicted Sítá, the wife of Rámabhadra. And as the virtuous lady repels his caresses, he cannot subdue her to his will, for a curse has been laid upon him, that will bring about his death, if he uses violence to any woman.

“So that wicked brother of mine made use of me, to try and talk her over; and I went to that lady, who could do nothing but talk of you. And in my conversation with her, that virtuous lady mentioned your name,[4] which was like a command from the god of Love, and thus my mind then became fixed upon you alone. And then I remembered an announcement which Párvatí made to me in a dream, much to the following effect, ‘You shall be married

to that man the mere hearing of whose name overpowers you with love.' When I had called this to mind, I cheered up Madanamanchuká, and came here in her form, and married myself to you by an artifice. So come, my beloved, I am filled with such compassion for your wife Madanamanchuká that I will take you where she is; for I am the devoted servant of my rival, even as I am of you, because you love her. For I am so completely enslaved by love for you, that I am rendered quite unselfish by it."

When Vegavatí had said this, she took Naraváhanadatta, and by the might of her science flew up with him into the sky during the night. And next morning, while she was slowly travelling through the heaven, the attendants of the husband and wife were bewildered by their disappearance. And when the king of Vatsa came to hear of it, he was immediately, as it were, struck by a thunderbolt, and so were Vásavadattá, Padmávatí and the rest. And the citizens, and the king's ministers Yaugandharáyaṇa and the others, together with their sons Marubhúti and the rest, were altogether distracted.

Then the hermit Nárada, surrounded with a circle of light, descended there from heaven, like a second sun. The king of Vatsa offered him the *arghya*, and the hermit said to him, "Your son has been carried off by a Vidyádharí to her country, but he will soon return; and I have been sent by Śiva to cheer you up." And after this prelude he went on to tell the king of Vegavatí's proceedings, exactly as they took place; then the king recovered his spirits and the hermit disappeared.

In the meanwhile Vegavatí carried Naraváhanadatta through the air to the mountain Áśháḍhapura. And Mánasavega, hearing of it, hastened there to kill them both. Then Vegavatí engaged with her brother in a struggle which was remarkable for a great display of magic power; for a woman values her lover as her life, and much more than her own relations. Then she assumed by the might of her magic a terrible form of Bhairava, and at once striking Mánasavega senseless, she placed him on the mountain of Agni.[5] And she took Naraváhanadatta, whom at the beginning of the contest she had deposited in the care of one of her sciences,[6] and placed him in a dry well in the city of the Gandharvas, to keep him. And when he was there, she said to him, "Remain here a little while, my husband; good fortune will befall

you here; and do not despond in your heart, O man appointed to a happy lot, for the sovereignty over all the Vidyádharas is to be yours. But I must leave this for the present, to appease my sciences, impaired by my resistance to my elder brother; however, I will return to you soon." When the Vidhyádharí Vegavatí had said this, she departed somewhere or other.

1

I adopt the reading of MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166, *parijanaḥ*. This seems to make better sense.

2

This bears a slight resemblance to the story of Psyche.

3

Cp. Vol. I, p. 301.

4

I read with MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 *tvadnámnyudirite*; No. 3003 reads *tvattrásyudírite*. This seems to point to the same reading, which agrees with śl. 74, *a.* It is also found in a MS. lent me by the Principal of the Sanskrit College.

5

The god of fire.

6

Two of the India Office MSS. read *haste*. So also the Sanskrit College MS.

Chapter CVI.

Then a certain Gandharva, of the name of Vínádatta, saw Naraváhanadatta in that well. Truly if there were not great souls in this world, born for the benefit of others, relieving distress as wayside trees heat, the world would be a withered forest. Thus the good Gandharva, as soon as he saw Naraváhanadatta, asked him his name and lineage, and supporting him with his hand, drew him out of that well, and said to him,[1] "If you are a man and not a god, how did you reach this city of the Gandharvas inaccessible to man? Tell me!" Then Naraváhanadatta answered him, "A Vidyádharí brought me here, and threw me into the well by her power." Then the good Gandharva Vínádatta, seeing that he had the veritable signs of an emperor, took him to his own dwelling, and waited upon him with all the luxuries at his command. And the next day, Naraváhanadatta, perceiving that the inhabitants of the city carried lyres in their hands, said to his host, "Why have all these people, even down to the children, got lyres in their hands?"[2]

Then Vínádatta gave him this answer, "Ságaradatta the king of the Gandharvas, who lives here, has a daughter named Gandharvadattá, who eclipses the nymphs of heaven; it seems as if the Creator had blended nectar, the moon, and sandalwood, and other choice things, in order to compose her body, as a specimen of his skill in making all that is fair. She is always singing to the lyre the hymn of Vishṇu, which the god himself bestowed on her, and so she has attained supreme skill in music.[3] And the princess has firmly resolved that whoever is so well skilled in music, that he can play on the lyre, and sing perfectly in three scales a song in praise of Vishṇu, shall be her husband. The consequence is, that all here are trying to learn to play the lyre, but they have not acquired the amount of skill demanded by the princess."

Prince Naraváhanadatta was delighted at hearing this speech from the mouth of Vínádatta and he said to him, "All the accomplishments have chosen me for a husband, and I know all the music, that there is in the three

worlds." When he said this, his friend Vínádatta conducted him into the presence of king Ságaradatta, and said there, "Here is Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, who has fallen into your city from the hand of a Vidyádharí. He is an adept in music, and he knows the song in praise of Vishṇu, in which the princess Gandharvadattá takes so much pleasure." When the king heard this, he said, "It is true; I heard so much before from the Gandharvas; so I must to-day receive him with respect here. And he is an emanation of a divinity; he is not out of place in the abode of gods; otherwise, if he were a man, how could he have come here by associating with a Vidyádharí? So summon Gandharvadattá quickly and let us test him." When the king said this, the chamberlains went to fetch her.

And the fair one came there, all glorious with flower-ornaments, agitating with her beauty, as if with a wind, the creepers of spring. She sat down at her father's side, and the servants told her what had taken place, and immediately, at his command, she sang a song to the lyre. When she was joining the notes to the quarter-tones, like Sarasvatí the wife of Brahmá, Naraváhanadatta was astonished at her singing and her beauty. Then he said to her, "Princess, your lyre does not seem to me to sound well, I think there must be a hair on the string." Thereupon the lyre was examined, and they found the hair where he said, and that astonished even the Gandharvas. Then the king took the lyre from his daughter's hand, and gave it to him, saying, "Prince, take this, and pour nectar into our ears." Then he played on it, and sang the hymn of Vishṇu with such skill that the Gandharvas there became motionless as painted pictures.

Then Gandharvadattá herself threw on him a look tender with affection, as it were a garland of full-blown blue lotuses,[4] and therewith chose him as her husband. When the king saw it, and called to mind his promise of that import, he at once gave him his daughter Gandharvadattá in marriage. As for the wedding that thereupon took place, gladdened by the drums of the gods and other festal signs, to what could we compare it, as it served as the standard by which to estimate all similar rejoicings? Then Naraváhanadatta lived there with his new bride Gandharvadattá in heavenly bliss.

And one day he went out to behold the beauty of the city, and after he had seen all kinds of places, he entered the park attached to it. There he saw a heavenly female descending from the sky with her daughter, like the lightning with the rain in a cloudless atmosphere. And she was saying to her daughter, as she descended, recognising him by her knowledge, “This, my daughter, is your future husband, the son of the king of Vatsa.” “When he saw her alight and come towards him, he said to her, “Who are you, and why have you come?” And the heavenly female said to him, thus introducing the object of her desire:

“Prince, I am Dhanavatí, the wife of a chief of the Vidyádharas, named Sinha, and this is my unmarried daughter, the sister of Chaṇḍasinha, and her name is Ajinávatí. You were announced as her future husband by a voice that came from heaven. Then, learning by my magic science, that you, the future emperor of the Vidyádharas, had been deposited here by Vegavatí, I came to tell you my desire. You ought not to remain in such a place as this which is accessible to the Vidyádharas, for they might slay you out of enmity, as you are alone, and have not obtained your position of emperor. So come, let us now take you to a land which is inaccessible to them. Does not the moon delay to shine, when the circle of the sun is eclipsed? And when the auspicious day arrives you shall marry this daughter of mine.” When she had said this, she took him and flew up into the air with him, and her daughter accompanied them. And she took him to the city of Śrávastí, and deposited him in a garden, and then she disappeared with her daughter Ajinávatí.

There king Prasenajit, who had returned from a distant hunting expedition, saw that prince of noble form and feature. The king approached him full of curiosity, and asked him his name and lineage, and then, being much delighted, courteously conducted him to his palace. It was full of troops of elephants, adorned with lines of horses, and looked like a pavilion for the Fortune of empire to rest in, when wearied with her wanderings. Wherever a man born to prosperity may be, felicities eagerly approach him, as women do their beloved one. This accounts for the fact that the king, being an admirer of excellence, gave Naraváhanadatta his own daughter, named Bhagírathayaśas. And the prince lived happily there with her in great

luxury, as if with Good Fortune created by the Disposer in flesh and blood for his delectation.

One evening, when the lover of the night had arisen, raining joy into the eyes of men, looking like the full-orbed face[5] of the nymph of the eastern quarter, or rather the countenance of Bhagírathayaśas charming as nectar, reflected in the pure mirror of the cloudless heaven, he drank wine with that fair one at her request on the top of a palace silvered over with the elixir of moonlight. He quaffed the liquor which was adorned with the reflection of his beloved's face, and so gave pleasure to his eyes as well as to his palate. And then he considered the moon as far inferior in beauty to his charmer's face, for it wanted the intoxicating[6] play of the eyes and eyebrows. And after his drinking-bout was over he went inside the house, and retired to his couch with Bhagírathayaśas.

Then Naraváhanadatta awoke from sleep, while his beloved was still sleeping, and suddenly calling to mind his home, exclaimed, "Through love for Bhagírathayaśas I have, so to speak, forgotten my other wives; how can that have happened? But in this too Fate is all-powerful. Far away too are my ministers. Of them Marubhúti takes pleasure in nought but feats of prowess, and Hariśikba is exclusively devoted to policy; of those two I do not now feel the need, but it grieves me that the dexterous Gomukha, who has been my friend in all emergencies, is far away from me." While he was thus lamenting, he suddenly heard the words "Ah! how sad!" uttered in a low soft tone, like that of a woman, and they at once banished sleep. When he heard them, he got up, and lighted a candle, and looked about, and he saw in the window a lovely female face. It seemed as if the Disposer had determined out of playfulness to show him a second but spotless moon not in the sky, as he had that night seen the spot-beflecked moon of heaven. And not being able to discern the rest of her body, but eager to behold it, his eyes being attracted by her beauty, he immediately said to himself, "Long ago, when the Daitya Átápin was impeding the creation of Brahmá, that god employed the artifice of sending him to Nandana, saying to him, 'Go there and see a very curious sight;' and when he got there, he saw only the foot of a woman, which was of wonderful beauty; and so he died from an insane desire to see the rest of her body.[7] In the same way it may be that the

Disposer has produced this lady's face only to bring about my destruction." While he was making this momentary surmise, the lady displayed her shoot-like finger at the window, and beckoned to him to come towards her.

Then he deliberately went out of the chamber in which his beloved was sleeping, and with eager impatience approached that heavenly lady: and when he came near, she exclaimed, "Madanamanchuká, they say that your husband is in love with another woman: alas! you are undone." When Naraváhanadatta heard this, he called to mind his beloved, and the fire of separation flamed up in his bosom, and he said to that fair one, "Who are you? Where did you see my beloved Madanamanchuká? And why have you come to me? Tell me!" Then the bold lady took the prince away to a distance in the night, and saying to him, "Hear the whole story," she thus began to speak.

"There is in the city of Pushkarávatí a prince of the Vidyádharas named Pingalagándhára, who has become yellow with continually adoring the fire. Know that I am his unmarried daughter, named Prabhávatí, for he obtained me by the special favour of the god of fire, who was pleased with his adoration. I went to the city of Asháḍbapura to visit my friend Vegavatí, and I did not find her there, as she had gone somewhere to perform asceticism. But hearing from her mother Pṛithivídeví that your beloved Madanamanchuká was there, I went to her. I beheld her emaciated with fasting, pale and squalid, with only one lock, weeping, talking only of your virtues, surrounded by tearful bands of Vidyádhara princesses, who were divided between grief produced by seeing her, and joy produced by hearing of you. She told me what you were like, and I comforted her by promising to bring you, for my mind was overpowered by pity for her, and attracted by your excellences. And finding out by means of my magic skill that you were here at present, I came to you, to inserve her interests and my own also. But when I found that you had forgotten your first love and were talking here of other persons, I bewailed the lot of that wife of yours, and exclaimed 'Ah! how sad!'"

When the prince had been thus addressed by her, he became impatient and said, "Take me where she is, and impose on me whatever command you

think fit." When the Vidyádharí Prabhávatí heard that, she flew up into the air with him, and proceeded to journey on through the moonlit night. And as she was going along, she saw a fire burning in a certain place, so she took Naraváhanadatta's hand, and moved round it, keeping it on the right. In this way the bold lady managed by an artifice to go through the ceremony of marriage with Naraváhanadatta, for all the actions of heavenly beings have some important end in view.[8] Then she pointed out to her beloved from the sky the earth looking like a sacrificial platform, the rivers like snakes, the mountains like ant-hills, and many other wonders did she show him from time to time, until at last she had gradually accomplished a long distance.

Then Naraváhanadatta became thirsty with his long journey through the air, and begged for water; so she descended to earth from her airy path. And she took him to the corner of a forest, and placed him near a lake, which seemed to be full of molten silver, as its water was white with the rays of the moon. So his craving for water was satisfied by the draught which he drank in that beautiful forest, but there arose in him a fresh craving as he felt a desire to embrace that lovely lady.[9] But she, when pressed, would hardly consent; for her thoughts reverted with pity to Madanamanchuká, whom she had tried to comfort; in truth the noble-minded, when they have undertaken to forward the interests of others, put out of sight their own. And she said to him, "Do not think ill, my husband, of my coldness; I have an object in it; and now hear this story which will explain it."

Story of the child that died of a broken heart because his mother forgot to bring him a sweetmeat.

Once on a time, there lived in the city of Páṭaliputra a certain widow who had one child; she was young, and beautiful, but poor. And she was in the habit of making love to a strange man for her gratification, and at night she

used to leave her house and roam where she pleased. But, before she went, she used invariably to console her infant son by saying to him, “My boy, I will bring you a sweetmeat to-morrow morning,” and every day she brought him one. And the child used to remain quiet at home, buoyed up by the hope of that sweetmeat.

But one day she forgot, and did not bring him the sweetmeat. And when the child asked for the sweetmeat, she said to him, “Sweetmeat indeed! I know of no sweet, but my sweetheart.” Then the child said to himself, “She has not brought me a sweetmeat, because she loves another better than me.” So he lost all hope, and his heart broke.

“So if I were over-eager to appropriate you whom I have long loved, and if Madanamanchuká, whom I consoled with the hope of a joyful reunion with you, were to hear of it, and lose all hope through me, her heart, which is as soft as a flower, would break.[10] It is this desire to spare her feelings, which prevents me from being so eager now for your society, before I have consoled her, though you are my beloved, dearer to me than life.”

When Prabhávatí said this to Naraváhanadatta, he was full of joy and astonishment, and he said to himself, “Well! Fate seems to take a pleasure in perpetually creating new marvels, since it has produced Prabhávatí, whose conduct is so inconceivably noble.” With these thoughts in his mind, the prince lovingly praised her, and said, “Then take me where that Madanamanchuká is.” When Prabhávatí heard that, she took him up, and in a moment carried him through the air to the mountain Áśháḍhapura. There she bestowed him on Madanamanchuká, whose body had long been drying up with grief, as a shower bestows fullness on a river.

Then Naraváhanadatta beheld that fair one there, afflicted with separation, thin and pale, like a digit of the new moon. That reunion of those two seemed to restore them to life, and gave joy to the world, like the union of the night and the moon. And the pair embraced, scorched with the fire of separation, and as they were streaming with fatigue, they seemed to melt into one. Then they both partook at their ease of luxuries suddenly provided

in the night by the might of Prabhávatí's science. And thanks to her science, no one there but Madanamanchuká, saw Naraváhanadatta.

The next morning Naraváhanadatta proceeded to loose Madanamanchuká's one lock,[11] but she, overpowered with resentment against her enemy, said to her beloved, "Long ago I made this vow, 'That lock of mine must be loosed by my husband, when Mánasavega is slain, but not till then; and if he is not slain, I will wear it till my death, and then it shall be loosed by the birds, or consumed with fire.' But now you have loosed it, while this enemy of mine is still alive; that vexes my soul. For though Vegavatí flung him down on Agniparvata, he did not die of the fall. And you have now been made invisible here by Prabhávatí by means of her magic power; otherwise the followers of that enemy, who are continually moving near you here, would see you, and would not tolerate your presence."

When Naraváhanadatta had been thus addressed by his wife, he, recognising the fact that the proper time for accomplishing his object had not yet arrived, said to her by way of calming her, "This desire of yours shall be fulfilled; I will soon slay that enemy; but first I must acquire the sciences; wait a little, my beloved." With speeches of this kind Naraváhanadatta consoled Madanamanchuká; and remained there in that city of the Vidyádharas.

Then Prabhávatí disappeared herself, and, by the power of her magic science, bestowed in some incomprehensible way on Naraváhanadatta her own shape. And the prince lived happily there in her shape, and without fear of discovery, enjoying pleasures provided by her magic science. And all the people there thought, "This friend of Vegavatí's is attending on Madanamanchuká, partly out of regard for Vegavatí, and partly on account of the friendly feelings which she herself entertains for the captive princess;" for they all supposed that Naraváhanadatta was no other than Prabhávatí, as he was disguised in her shape: and this was the report that they carried to Mánasavega. Then, one day, something caused Madanamanchuká to relate to Naraváhanadatta her adventures in the following words,

Madanamanchuká's account of her treatment while in captivity.

When Mánasavega first brought me here, he tried to win me to his will by his magic power, endeavouring to alarm me by cruel actions. And then Śiva appeared in a terrible form, with drawn sword and lolling tongue, and making an appalling roar, said to Mánasavega; "How is it that, while I still exist, thou dost presume to treat disrespectfully the wife of him who is destined to be emperor over all the Vidyádhara kings?" When the villain Mánasavega had been thus addressed by Śiva, he fell on the earth vomiting blood from his mouth. Then the god disappeared, and that villain immediately recovered, and went to his own palace, and again began to practise cruelties against me.[12]

Then in my terror, and in the agony of separation, I was thinking of abandoning my life, but the attendants of the harem came to me, and said to me by way of consolation, "Long ago this Mánasavega beheld a certain beautiful hermit maiden and tried to carry her off by force but was thus cursed by her relations; 'When, villain, you approach another's wife against her will, your head shall split into a thousand fragments;' so he will never force himself on the wife of another, do not be afraid. Moreover you will soon be reunited with your husband, as the god announced." Soon after the maids had said this to me, Vegavatí, the sister of that Mánasavega, came to me to talk me over; but when she saw me, she was filled with compassion, and she comforted me by promising to bring you; and you already know how she found you.

Then Pṛithivídeví, the good mother of that wicked Mánasavega, came to me, looking, with her garments white as moonlight, like the orb of Luna without a spot, seeming to bathe me with nectar by her charming appearance; and with a loving manner she said to me, "Why do you refuse

food and so injure your bodily health, though you are destined to great prosperity? And do not say to yourself, ‘How can I eat an enemy’s food?’ For my daughter Vegavatí has a share in this kingdom, bestowed on her by her father, and she is your friend, for your husband has married her. Accordingly her wealth, as belonging to your husband, is yours as much as hers. So enjoy it. What I tell you is true, for I have discovered it by my magic knowledge.” This she said, and confirmed it with an oath, and then, being attached to me, on account of her daughter’s connexion, she fed me with food suited to my condition. Then Vegavatí came here with you, and conquered her brother, and saved you; the sequel I do not know.

So I, remembering the magic skill of Vegavatí and the announcement of the god, did not surrender my life, which was supported by the hope of regaining you, and, thanks to the power of the noble Prabhávatí, I have regained you, although I am thus beset by my enemies. But my only anxiety is as to what would happen to us, if Prabhávatí here were deprived of her power, and you were so to lose her shape, which she has bestowed on you by way of disguise.

This and other such things did Madanamanchuká say, while the brave Naraváhanadatta remained there with her, endeavouring to console her. But one night Prabhávatí went to her father’s palace, and in the morning Naraváhanadatta, owing to her being at a distance, lost her shape, which she had bestowed on him. And next day the attendants beheld him there in male form, and they all ran bewildered and alarmed to the king’s court and said, “Here is an adulterer crept in;” thrusting aside the terrified Madanamanchuká, who tried to stop them.

Then king Mánasavega came there at full speed, accompanied by his army, and surrounded him. Then the king’s mother Pṛithivídeví hurried thither and said to him, “It will not do for you or me either to put this man to death. For he is no adulterer, but Naraváhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, who has come here to visit his own wife. I know this by my magic power; why are you so blinded with wrath that you cannot see it? Moreover I am bound to honour him, as he is my son-in-law, and sprung from the race of the moon.” When Mánasavega’s mother said this to him, he flew into a passion,

and said, “Then he is my enemy.” Then his mother, out of love for her son-in-law, used another argument with him. She said, “My son, you will not be allowed to act wrongfully in the world of the Vidyádharas. For here there exists a court of the Vidyádharas to protect the right. So accuse him before the president of that court[13]. Whatever steps you take with regard to your captive in accordance with the court’s decision will be commendable; but if you act otherwise, the Vidyádharas will be displeased, and the gods will not tolerate it.”

Mánasavega, out of respect for his mother, consented to follow her advice, and attempted to have Naraváhanadatta bound, with the intention of taking him before the court. But he, unable to endure the indignity of being bound, tore a pillar from the arched gateway, and killed with it a great number of his captor’s servants. And the hero, whose valour was godlike, snatched a sword from one of those that he had killed, and at once slew with it some more of his opponents. Then Mánasavega fettered him by his superhuman powers, and took him, with his wife, before the court. Then the Vidyádharas assembled there from all quarters, summoned by the loud sound of a drum, even as the gods assemble in Sudharmá.

And the president of the court, king Váyupatha, came there, and sat down on a jewelled throne surrounded by Vidyádharas, and fanned by chowries which waved to and fro, as if to winnow away all injustice. And the wicked Mánasavega stood in front of him, and said as follows, “This enemy of mine, who though a mortal, has violated my harem, and seduced my sister, ought immediately to be put to death; especially as he actually wishes to be our sovereign.” When the president heard this, he called on Naraváhanadatta for an answer, and the hero said in a confident tone, “That is a court, where there is a president; he is a president, who says what is just; that is just, in which there is truth; that is truth in which there is no deceit. Here I am bound by magic, and on the floor, but my adversary here is on a seat, and free; what fair controversy can there be between us?”

When Váyupatha heard this, he made Mánasavega also sit upon the floor, as was just, and had Naraváhanadatta set free from his bonds. Then before Váyupatha, and in the hearing of all, Naraváhanadatta made the following

reply to the accusations of Mánasavega; “Pray, whose harem have I violated by coming to visit my own wife, Madanamanchuká here, who has been carried off by this fellow? And if his sister came and tricked me into marrying her by assuming my wife’s form, what fault have I committed in this? As for my desiring empire, is there any one that does not desire all sorts of things?” When king Váyupatha heard this, he reflected a little, and said, “This noble fellow says what is quite just; take care, my good Mánasavega, that you do not act unjustly towards one, whom great exaltation awaits.”

Though Váyupatha said this, Mánasavega, blinded with delusion, refused to turn from his wicked way; and then Váyupatha flew into a passion. Then, out of regard for justice, he engaged in a contest with Mánasavega, in which fully equipped armies were employed on both sides. For resolute men, when they sit on the seat of justice, keep only the right in view, and look upon the mighty as weak, and one of their own race as an alien.[14] And then Naraváhanadatta, looking towards the nymphs of heaven, who were gazing at the scene with intense interest, said to Mánasavega, “Lay aside your magic disguises, and fight with me in visible shape, in order that I may give you a specimen of my prowess by slaying you with one blow.”

Accordingly those Vidyádharas there remained quarrelling among themselves, when suddenly a splendid pillar in the court cleft asunder in the middle with a loud noise,[15] and Śiva issued from it in his terrific form. He filled the whole sky, in colour like antimony; he hid the sun; the gleams of his fiery eyes flickered like flashes of lightning; his shining teeth were like cranes flying in a long row; and so he was terrible like a roaring cloud of the great day of doom. The great god exclaimed “Villain, this future emperor of the Vidyádharas shall not be insulted,” and with these words he dismissed Mánasavega with face cast down, and encouraged Váyupatha. And then the adorable one took Naraváhanadatta up in his arms, and in order to preserve his life, carried him in this way to the beautiful and happy mountain Ṛishyamúka, and after setting him down there, disappeared. And then the quarrel among the Vidyádharas in that court came to an end, and Váyupatha went home again accompanied by the other Vidyádharas his friends. But Mánasavega, making Madanamanchuká, who was distracted

with joy and grief, precede him, went despondent to Ásháḍhapura his own dwelling.

1

I follow Dr. Kern in deleting the inverted commas, and the comma after *dṛishṭvá*.

2

Bernhard Schmidt in a note on page 12 of his Griechische Märchen informs us that he considers the connexion between the Vidyádharas and the Phæacians of Homer to be clearly proved. Here we have two points wherein the Gandharvas resemble them; (1) the love of music, (2) the right of ordinary citizens to aspire to the hand of the princess.

3

I read *satalaṃ sá cha gáyantí vínáyám Śauriná svayam Dattam svagítakaṃ káshtáṃ gándharve paramáṃ gatá*. In this all the three India Office MSS. substantially agree. No. 1882 writes *gáyantí* with both short and long *i* and *gandharva*, No. 2166 has *káshthaṃ* with short *a*, and all three have a short *a* in *Gandharve*. It is curious to see how nearly this agrees with Dr. Kern's conjecture. I find that the MS. lent me by the Principal of the Sanskrit College agrees with the reading I propose, except that it gives *gandharva*.

4

In the Swayamvara the election used to be made by throwing a garland on the neck of the favoured suitor.

5

MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 read *mukhamaṇḍane i. e.*, face-ornament.

6

Perhaps the word also conveys the meaning, "intoxicated." MSS. Nos. 1882 and 3166, give *samadátámranetra*, the other by mistake *átáma*. This would mean the "play of the eyes a little red with intoxication and of the eyebrow." The word I have translated "palate" means the tongue considered as the organ of taste. The MS. kindly lent me by the Principal of the Sanskrit College reads *samadáttámranetra-bhrúvibhramáḥ*.

7

The three India Office MSS., which Dr. Rost has kindly lent me, read *tadanyánga*. So does the Sanskrit College MSS.

8

I have altered the division of the words, as there appears to be a misprint in Brockhaus's text.

9

The three India Office MSS. give *Śrántamjalatṛishá*. In No. 1882 the line begins with *atra*, in the other two with *tatra*: I have given what I believe to be the sense taking *tṛishá* as the instrumental. *Śránta* appears to be sometimes used for *Śánta*. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *tatra śántaṃ jalatṛishá tasya pítámbhaso vane*. This exactly fits in with my rendering.

10

I delete the stop at the end of the 100th śloka. All the India Office MSS. read *kṛitáśvásá*, and so does the Sanskrit College MS., but *kṛitáśá sá* makes sense.

11

A single braid of hair worn by a woman as a mark of mourning for an absent husband. Monier Williams *s. v. ekaveṇi*.

12

MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 read *na cha for mayi*; "and did not practise cruelties;" No. 3003 has *mayí*. The Sanskrit College MS. has *mama krauryánnyavartatá* (*sic*).

13

I read *tatrásya tatpradhánágre doshaṃ śirasi pátaya*. The three India Office MSS. give *tatrásya*; No. 1882 has *prasádágre* and *dháraya*; No. 3003 *pradhánágre* and *dháraya*; No. 2166 *pradhánágre* and *pátaya*. The Sanskrit College MS. agrees with Brockhaus's text.

14

Dr. Kern would read *na cha* for *vata*. Righteous kings and judges see no difference between a feeble and powerful person, between a stranger and a kinsman. But the three India Office MSS. read *vata*. So does the MS. which the Principal of the Sanskrit College, Paṇḍit Maheśa Chandra Nyáyaratna, has kindly lent me.

15

The Petersburg lexicographers are of opinion that *riśad* should be *ṭaśad* or *ṭasad*. Two of the India Office MSS. seem to read *ṭasad*.

Chapter CVII.

I think, a hero's prosperity must be unequal; Fate again and again severely tests firmness by the ordeals of happiness and misery: this explains why the fickle goddess kept uniting Naraváhanadatta to wife after wife, when he was alone in those remote regions, and then separated him from them.

Then, while he was residing on the mountain Ṛishyamúka, his beloved Prabhávatí came up to him, and said, "It was owing to the misfortune of my not being present that Mánasavega carried you off on that occasion to the court, with the intention of doing you an injury. When I heard of it, I at once went there, and by means of my magic power I produced the delusion of an appearance of the god, and brought you here. For, though the Vidyádharas are mighty, their influence does not extend over this mountain, for this is the domain of the Siddhas.[1] Indeed even my science is of no avail here for that reason, and that grieves me, for how will you subsist on the products of the forest as your only food?" When she had said this, Naraváhanadatta remained with her there, longing for the time of deliverance, thinking on Madanamanchuká. And on the banks of the sanctifying Pampá-lake near that mountain, he ate fruits and roots of heavenly flavour, and he drank the holy water of the lake which was rendered delicious and fragrant by the fruits dropped from trees on its bank, as a relish to his meal of deer's flesh.[2] And he lived at the foot of trees and in the interior of caverns, and so he imitated the conduct of Ráma who once lived in the forests of that region. And Prabhávatí, beholding there various hermitages once occupied by Ráma, told him the story of Ráma for his amusement.

Story of Ráma.

In this forest Ráma once dwelt accompanied by Lakshmaṇa, and waited on by Sítá, in the society of hermits, making to himself a hut at the foot of a tree. And Sítá, perfuming the whole forest with the perfume given her by Anasúyá, remained here in the midst of the hermits' wives, wearing a robe of bark.

Here the Daitya Dundubhi was slain in a cave by Báli, which was the original cause of the enmity between Báli and Sugríva. For Sugríva, wrongly supposing that the Daitya had slain Báli, blocked up the entrance of the cave with mountains, and went away terrified. But Báli broke through the obstruction, and came out, and banished Sugríva, saying, "This fellow imprisoned me in the cave because he wanted to get my kingdom." But Sugríva fled, and came and established himself on this plateau of Ṛishyamúka with the lords of the monkeys, of whom Hanumán was the chief.

Then Rávaṇa came here, and beguiling the soul of Ráma with the phantom of a golden deer, he carried off his wife the daughter of Janaka. Then the descendant of Raghu, who longed for news of Sítá, made an alliance with Sugríva, who desired the slaughter of Báli. And in order to let his might be known, he cleft seven palm-trees here with an arrow, while the mighty Báli with great difficulty cleft one of them. And then the hero went hence to Kishkindhya, and after slaying Báli with a single arrow, which he launched as if in sport, gave his kingdom to Sugríva.

Then the followers of Sugríva, headed by Hanumán, went hence in every direction to gain information about Sítá. And Ráma remained here during the rainy season with the roaring clouds, which seemed to share his grief shedding showery tear-drops. At last Hanumán crossed the sea at the suggestion of Sampáti, and by great exertions obtained for Ráma the required information; whereupon he marched with the monkeys, and threw a bridge over the sea, and killed his enemy the lord of Lanká, and brought back queen Sítá in the flying chariot, passing over this place.

"So, my husband, you also shall attain good fortune: successes come of their own accord to heroes who remain resolute in misfortunes." This and

other such tales did Prabhávatí tell, while she roamed about here and there for her pleasure with Naraváhanadatta.

And one day, as he was in the neighbourhood of Pampá, two Vidyádharís, Dhanavatí and Ajinávatí, descended from heaven and approached him. These were the two ladies who carried him from the city of the Gandharvas to the city of Śrávastí, where he[3] married Bhagírathayaśas. And while Ajinávatí was conversing with Prabhávatí as an old friend, Dhanavatí thus addressed Naraváhanadatta, "I long ago bestowed on you this daughter of mine Ajinávatí, as far as promises could do it; so marry her; for the day of your exaltation is nigh at hand." Prabhávatí, out of love for her friend, and Naraváhanadatta both agreed to this proposal. Then Dhanavatí bestowed that daughter of hers Ajinávatí on that son of the king of Vatsa, with appropriate ceremonies. And she celebrated the great feast of her daughter's wedding in such style that the glorious and heavenly preparations she had accumulated by means of her magic knowledge made it really beautiful.

Then the next day she said to Naraváhanadatta, "My son, it will never do for you to remain long in a nondescript place like this: for the Vidyádharas are a deceitful race, and you have no business here. So depart now with your wife for your own city of Kauśámbí; and I will come there with my son Chaṇḍasinha and with the Vidyádhara chiefs that follow me, to ensure your success."[4] When Dhanavatí had said this, she mounted up into the sky, illuminating it, as it were, with moonlight, though it was day, by the gleam of her white body and raiment.

And Prabhávatí and Ajinávatí carried Naraváhanadatta through the air to his city of Kauśámbí. When he reached the garden of the city, he descended from heaven into his capital, and was seen by his attendants. And there arose there a cry from the people on all sides, "We are indeed happy; here is the prince come back." Then the king of Vatsa, hearing of it, came there quickly in high delight, as if irrigated with a sudden shower of nectar, with Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, and the prince's wives, Ratnaprabhá and the rest; and Yaugandharáyaṇa and the other ministers of the king of Vatsa, and Kalingasená and the prince's own ministers, Gomukha and his fellows, approached him in order of precedence as eagerly as travellers make for a

lake in the hot season. And they saw the hero, whose high birth qualified him for a lofty station, sitting between his two wives, like Kṛishṇa between Rukmiṇí and Satyabhámá. And when they saw him, they hid their eyes with tears of joy, as if for fear lest they should leap out of their skins in their delight. And the king of Vatsa and his queens embraced after a long absence that son of theirs, and could not let him go, for they were, as it were, riveted to him by the hairs of their bodies erect from joy.

Then a great feast began by beat of drum, and Vegavatí, the daughter of Vegavat, and sister of Mánasavega, who was married to Naraváhanadatta, finding it all out by the might of her recovered science, came down to Kauśámbí through the air, and fell at the feet of her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and prostrating herself before her husband, said to him, "Auspicious sir, after I had become weak by my exertions on your behalf, I recovered my magic powers by self-mortification in a grove of ascetics and now I have returned into your presence." When she had said this, she was welcomed by her husband and the others, and she repaired to her friends Prabhávatí, and Ajinávatí.

They embraced her and made her sit between them; and at that moment Dhanavatí, the mother of Ajinávatí, also arrived; and various kings of the Vidyádharas came with her, surrounded by their forces, that hid the heaven like clouds; her own heroic son, the strong-armed Chaṇḍasinha, and a powerful relation of hers, Amitagati by name, and Pingalagándhára the mighty father of Prabhávatí, and Váyupatha, the president of the court, who had previously declared himself on Naraváhanadatta's side, and the heroic king Hemaprabha, the father of Ratnaprabhá, accompanied by his son Vajraprabha and followed by his army. And Ságaradatta the king of the Gandharvas came there, accompanied by his daughter Gandharvadattá, and by Chitrángada. And when they arrived, they were becomingly honoured by the king of Vatsa and his son, and sat in due order on thrones.

And immediately king Pingalagándhára said to his son-in-law Naraváhanadatta, as he was in the hall of assembly, "King, you have been appointed by the god[5] emperor over us all, and it is owing to our great love for you, that we have all come to you. And queen Dhanavatí here, your

mother-in-law, a strict votary, possessing divine knowledge, wearing the rosary, and the skin of the black antelope, like an incarnation of Durgá, or Sávitrí having acquired magic powers, an object of reverence to the noblest Vidyádharas, has made herself ready to protect you; so you are certain to prosper in your undertaking; but listen to what I am about to say. There are two divisions of the Vidyádhara territory[6] on the Himálayas here, the northern and the southern, both extending over many peaks of that range; the northern division is on the other side of Kailása, but the southern is on this side of it. And this Amitagati here has just performed a difficult penance on mount Kailása, in order to obtain the sovereignty over the northern division, and propitiated Śiva. And Śiva made this revelation to him, 'Naraváhanadatta thy emperor will accomplish thy desire,' so he has come here to you. In that division there is a chief monarch, named Mandaradeva, who is evilly disposed, but though mighty, he will be easy for you to conquer, when you have obtained the sciences peculiar to the Vidyádharas.

"But the king named Gaurímuṇḍa, who rules in the midst of the southern division, is evil-minded and exceedingly hard to conquer on account of the might of his magic science. Moreover he is a great friend of your enemy Mánasavega. Until he is overcome, your undertaking will not prosper; so acquire as quickly as possible great and transcendent power of science."

When Pingalagándhára had said this, Dhanavatí spake, "Good, my son, it is as this king tells thee. Go hence to the land of the Siddhas[7] and propitiate the god Śiva, in order that thou mayest obtain the magic sciences, for how can there be any excelling without his favour? And these kings will be assembled there to protect thee." Then Chitrángada said, "It is even so; but I will advance in front of all; let us conquer our enemies."

Then Naraváhanadatta determined to do as they had advised, and he performed the auspicious ceremony before setting out, and bowed at the feet of his tearful parents, and other superiors, and received their blessing, and then ascended with his wives and ministers a splendid palanquin provided by the skill of Amitagati, and started on his expedition, obscuring the heaven with his forces, that resembled the water of the sea raised by the

wind at the end of a *kalpa*, as it were proclaiming by the echoes of his army's roar on the limits of the horizon, that the emperor of the Vidyádharas had come to visit them.

And he was rapidly conducted by the king of the Gandharvas and the chiefs of the Vidyádharas and Dhanavatí to that mountain, which was the domain of the Siddhas. There the Siddhas prescribed for him a course of self-mortification, and he performed asceticism by sleeping on the ground, bathing in the early morning, and eating fruits. And the kings of the Vidyádharas remained surrounding him on every side, guarding him unweariedly day and night. And the Vidyádhara princesses, contemplating him eagerly while he was performing his penance, seemed with the gleams of their eyes to clothe him in the skin of a black antelope. Others shewed by their eyes turned inwards out of anxiety for him, and their hands placed on their breasts, that he had at once entered their hearts.

And five more noble maidens of the Vidyádhara race, beholding him, were inflamed with the fire of love, and made this agreement together, "We five friends must select this prince as our common husband, and we must marry him at the same time, not separately; if one of us marries him separately, the rest must enter the fire on account of that violation of friendship."

While the heavenly maidens were thus agitated at the sight of him, suddenly great portents manifested themselves in the grove of ascetics. A very terrible wind blew, uprooting splendid trees, as if to shew that even thus in that place should heroes fall in fight; and the earth trembled as if anxious as to what all that could mean, and the hills cleft asunder, as if to give an opening for the terrified to escape, and the sky, rumbling awfully, though cloudless,[8] seemed to say, "Ye Vidyádharas, guard, guard to the best of your power, this emperor of yours." And Naraváhanadatta, in the midst of the alarm produced by these portents, remained unmoved, meditating upon the adorable three-eyed god; and the heroic kings of the Gandharvas and lords of the Vidyádharas remained guarding him, ready for battle, expecting some calamity; and they uttered war-cries, and agitated the forest of their lithe swords, as if to scare away the portents that announced the approach of evil.

And the next day after this the army of the Vidyádharas was suddenly seen in the sky, dense as a cloud at the end of the *kalpa*, uttering a terrible shout. Then Dhanavatí, calling to mind her magic science, said, “This is Gaurímuṇḍa come with Mánasavega.” Then those kings of the Vidyádharas and the Gandharvas raised their weapons, but Gaurímuṇḍa with Mánasavega rushed upon them exclaiming, “What right has a mere man to rank with beings like us? So I will to-day crush your pride, you sky-goers that take part with him.” When Gaurímuṇḍa said this, Chitrángada rushed upon him angrily, and attacked him.

And king Ságaradatta, the sovereign of the Gandharvas, and Chaṇḍasinha, and Amitagati, and king Váyupatha, and Pingalagándhára, and all the chiefs of the Vidyádharas, great heroes all, rushed upon the wicked Mánasavega, roaring like lions, followed by the whole of their forces. And right terrible was that storm of battle, thick with the clouds of dust raised by the army, with the gleams of weapons for flashes of lightning, and a falling rain of blood. And so Chitrángada and his friends made, as it were, a great sacrifice for the demons, which was full of blood for wine, and in which the heads of enemies were strewn as an offering. And streams of gore flowed away, full of bodies for alligators, and floating weapons for snakes, and in which marrow intermingled took the place of cuttle-fish bone.

Then Gaurímuṇḍa, as his army was slain, and he himself was nigh to death, called to mind the magic science of Gaurí, which he had formerly propitiated and made well-disposed to him; and that science appeared in visible form, with three eyes, armed with the trident,[9] and paralysed the chief heroes of Naraváhanadatta’s army. Then Gaurímuṇḍa, having regained strength, rushed with a loud shout towards Naraváhanadatta, and fell on him to try his strength in wrestling. And being beaten by him in wrestling, the cogging Vidyádhara again summoned up that science, and by its power he seized his antagonist in his arms and flew up to the sky. However, he was prevented by the might of Dhanavatí’s science from slaying the prince, so he flung him down on the mountain of fire.

But Mánasavega seized his comrades Gomukha and the rest, and flew up into the sky with them, and flung them at random in all directions. But, after

they had been flung up, they were preserved by a science in visible shape employed by Dhanavatí, and placed in different spots on the earth. And that science comforted those heroes, one by one, saying to them, “You will soon recover that master of yours successful and flourishing,” and having said this it disappeared. Then Gaurímuṇḍa went back home with Mánasavega, thinking that their side had been victorious.

But Dhanavatí said, “Naraváhanadatta will return to you after he has attained his object, no harm will befall him;” and thereupon the lords of the Gandharvas and princes of the Vidyádharas, Chitrángada and the others, flung off their paralysing stupor, and went for the present to their own abodes. And Dhanavatí took her daughter Ajinávatí, with all her fellow-wives, and went to her own home.

Mánasavega, for his part, went and said to Madanamanchuká, “Your husband is slain; so you had better marry me;” but she, standing in front of him, said to him laughing, “He will slay you, no one can slay him, as he has been appointed by the god.”

But when Naraváhanadatta was being hurled down by his enemy on the mountain of fire, a certain heavenly being came there, and received him; and after preserving his life, he took him quickly to the cool bank of the Mandákiní. And when Naraváhanadatta asked him who he was, he comforted him, and said to him, “I, prince, am a king of the Vidyádharas named Amṛitaprabha, and I have been sent by Śiva on the present occasion to save your life. Here is the mountain of Kailása in front of you, the dwelling-place of that god; if you propitiate Śiva there, you will obtain unimpeded felicity. So, come, I will take you there.” When that noble Vidyádhara had said this, he immediately conveyed him there, and took leave of him, and departed.

But Naraváhanadatta, when he had reached Kailása, propitiated with asceticism Gaṇeśa, whom he found there in front of him. And after obtaining his permission, he entered the hermitage of Śiva, emaciated with self-mortification, and he beheld Nandin at the door. He devoutly circumambulated him, and then Nandin said to him, “Thou hast well-nigh

attained all thy ends; for all the obstacles that hindered thee have now been overcome; so remain here, and perform a strict course of asceticism that will subdue sin, until thou shalt have propitiated the adorable god; for successes depend on purity." When Nandin had said this, Naraváhanadatta began a severe course of penance there, living on air and meditating on the god Śiva and the goddess Párvatí.

And the adorable god Śiva, pleased with his asceticism, granted him a vision of himself, and accompanied by the goddess, thus spake to the prince, as he bent before him, "Become now emperor over all the Vidyádharas, and let all the most transcendent sciences be immediately revealed to thee! By my favour thou shalt become invincible by thy enemies, and, as thou shalt be proof against cut or thrust, thou shalt slay all thy foes. And when thou appearest, the sciences of thy enemies shall be of no avail against thee. So go forth: even the science of Gaurí shall be subject to thee." When Śiva and Gaurí had bestowed these boons on Naraváhanadatta, the god also gave him a great imperial chariot, in the form of a lotus, made by Brahmá. Then all the sciences presented themselves to the prince in bodily form, and expressed their desire to carry out his orders by saying, "What do you enjoin on us, that we may perform it?"

Accordingly Naraváhanadatta, having obtained many boons, bowed before the great god, and ascended the heavenly lotus-chariot, after he had received permission from him to depart, and went first to the city of Amitagati, named Vakrapura; and as he went, the sciences shewed him the path, and the bards of the Siddhas sang his praises. And Amitagati, seeing him from a distance, as he came along through the air, mounted on a chariot, advanced to meet him and bowed before him, and made him enter his palace. And when he described how he had obtained all these magic powers, Amitagati was so delighted that he gave him as a present his own daughter named Sulochaná. And with her, thus obtained, like a second imperial fortune of the Vidyádhara race, the emperor joyfully passed that day as one long festival.

1

See Vol. I, pp. 136 and 142.

2

Here two of the India Office MSS. read *máṁsopadaṁśam*, the third *máṁsopadeśaṁ*.

3

Dr. Kern reads *tena* for *yena*. His conjecture is confirmed by the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

4

I have adopted Dr. Kern's conjecture of *saha* for *sahi* and separated with him *abhyudayáyate* into two words, *abhyudayáya te*. I find that his conjecture as to *saha* is confirmed by the three India Office MSS.

5

Probably *devanirmitaḥ* should be one word.

6

See Vol. I, p. 405.

7

In Sanskrit Siddhakshetra.

8

Perhaps we may compare Vergil Georgics, I, 487, and Horace, Od. I, 34, 5; and Vergil Aeneid VII, 141, with the passages there quoted by Forbiger. But MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 read *udbhúta*.

9

It is clear that the goddess did not herself appear, so *trinetrá* is not a proper name, unless we translate the passage "armed with the trident of Gaurí."

Chapter CVIII.

The next day, as the new emperor Naraváhanadatta was sitting in Vakrapura, in the hall of audience, a certain man descended from heaven, with a wand in his hand, and came up to him, and bowing before him, said to him, “Know, O king, that I am Pauraruehideva the hereditary warder of the emperor of the Vidyádharas, and I am come here to tender my services to you in that capacity.” When Naraváhanadatta heard this, he looked at the face of Amitagati; and he said, “It is true, my liege:” so Naraváhanadatta gladly admitted the new-comer to the office of warder.

Then Dhanavatí, finding out by her power what had occurred, with his wives Vegavatí and the others, and her son Chaṇḍasinha, and king Pingalagándhára with Váyupatha, and Chitrángada with Ságaradatta, and Hemaprabha and the others came there, obscuring the sun with their armies; as if declaring beforehand that they would endure no fire and heat in their foes. When they arrived, they fell at the feet of that emperor, and he honoured them with a welcome as their rank deserved, but, out of great veneration, he himself fell at the feet of Dhanavatí, and she, being highly pleased, loaded that son-in-law of her’s with blessings. And when he told the story of his obtaining magic powers, Chaṇḍasinha and the others were exceedingly gratified at their emperor’s success.

And the emperor, seeing that his wives had arrived in his presence, said to Dhanavatí, “Where are my ministers?” And she answered him, “When they had been flung in all directions by Mánasavega, I saved them by the help of a mighty science, and placed them in different spots.” Then he had them brought by a science incarnate in bodily form; and they came and enquired after his welfare and clung to his feet, and then he said to them, “Why and how and where have you spent so many days? Tell me one by one your marvellous tale.” Then Gomukha told his story first.

Gomukha’s account of his adventures.

When I was flung away by the enemy on that occasion, some goddess bore me up in her hands, and comforted me, and placed me in a distant forest, and disappeared. Then I was minded in my affliction to abandon the body by hurling myself from a precipice; but a certain ascetic came up to me and dissuaded me saying, “Do not act thus, Gomukha, you will again behold your master when he has gained his object.” Then I said to him, “Who are you, and how do you know that?” He answered, “Come to my hermitage, and there I will tell you.” Then I went with that man, who by his knowing my name had proved the greatness of his knowledge, to his hermitage, which was called Śivakshetra. There he entertained me and told me his story in the following words:

Story of Nágasvámin and the witches.

I am a Bráhman named Nágasvámin, from a city called Kuṇḍina. When my father went to heaven, I went to Páṭaliputra, and repaired to a teacher named Jayadatta, to acquire learning. But in spite of all the teaching that I got, I was so stupid that I did not manage to learn a single syllable; so all the pupils there made game of me. Then, being the victim of contempt, I set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the goddess Durgá in the Vindhya mountains; and when I had got halfway I came across a city named Vakrolaka.

I went into that city to beg; and in one house the mistress gave me with my alms a red lotus. I took it, and went on to another house, and there the

mistress said to me, when she saw me, “Alas! a witch has secured possession of you. See! she has given you a man’s hand,[1] which she has passed off on you for a red lotus.” When I heard that, I looked myself, and lo! it was no lotus, but a human hand. I flung it away, and fell at her feet, and said, “Mother, devise some expedient for me, that I may live.” When she heard this she said, “Go! in a village of the name of Karabha, three *yojanas* distant from this place, there is a Bráhman of the name of Devarakshita. He has in his house a splendid brown cow, an incarnation of Surabhi; she will protect you during this night, if you repair to her for refuge.”

When she said this, I ran full of fear, and reached, at the close of the day, the house of that Bráhman in the village of Karabha. When I had entered, I beheld that brown cow, and I worshipped her and said, “Being terrified, goddess, I have come to you for protection.” And just then, night having set in, that witch came there through the air with other witches, threatening me, longing for my flesh and blood. When the brown cow saw that, she placed me between her hoofs, and defended me, fighting against those witches all the livelong night. In the morning they went away, and the cow said to me with an articulate voice, “My son, I shall not be able to protect you the next night. So go on further; at a distance of five *yojanas* from this place there is a mighty Páśupata ascetic named Bhútiśiva, dwelling in a temple of Śiva in a forest. He possesses supernatural knowledge, and he will protect you for this one night, if you take refuge with him.”

When I heard that, I bowed before her, and set out from that place; and I soon reached that Bhútiśiva, and took refuge with him. And at night those very same witches came there also in the very same way. Then that Bhútiśiva made me enter the inner apartment of his house,[2] and taking up a position at the door, trident in hand, kept off the witches. Next morning, Bhútiśiva, having conquered them, gave me food, and said to me, “Bráhman, I shall not be able to protect you any longer; but in a village named Sandhyávása, at a distance of ten *yojanas* from this place, there is a Bráhman named Vasumati: go to him: and if you manage to get through this third night, you will escape altogether.”

When he said this to me, I bowed before him, and set out from that place. But on account of the length of the journey that I had to make, the sun set before I had reached my destination. And when night had set in, the witches pursued after me and caught me. And they seized me and went off with me through the air much pleased. But thereupon some other witches of great power flew past them in front. And suddenly there arose between the two parties a tumultuous fight. And in the confusion I escaped from the hands of my captors, and fell to the ground in a very desolate part of the country.[3]

And there I saw a certain great palace, which seemed to say to me with its open door, "Come in." So I fled into it bewildered with fear, and I beheld a lady of wonderful beauty, surrounded with a hundred ladies-in-waiting, gleaming with brightness, like a protecting herb[4] that shines in the night, made by the Creator out of pity for me. I immediately recovered my spirits and questioned her, and she said to me, "I am a Yakshiṇí named Sumitrá, and I am thus here owing to a curse. And in order that my curse may come to an end, I have been directed to marry a mortal: so marry me, as you have unexpectedly arrived here; fear not." When she had said this, she quickly gave orders to her servants; and she provided me, to my great delight, with baths and unguents, food and drink, and garments. Strange was the contrast between the terror caused by those witches and the happiness that immediately followed! Even fate itself cannot comprehend the principle that makes men fall into happiness or misery.

Then I remained there in happiness with that Yakshiṇí during those days; but at last one day she said to me of her own accord, "Bráhman, my curse is at an end; so I must leave this place at once. However, by my favour you shall have divine insight; and, though an ascetic, you shall have all enjoyments at your command, and be free from fear. But as long as you are here, do not visit the middle block of buildings of this palace of mine." When she had said this, she disappeared; and thereupon, I, out of curiosity, went up to the middle block of buildings, and there I saw a horse. I went up to the horse, and he flung me from him with a kick; and immediately I found myself in this temple of Śiva.[5]

Since that time I have remained here, and I have gradually acquired supernatural powers. Accordingly, though I am a mortal, I possess knowledge of the three times. In the same way do all men in this world find successes beset with difficulties. So do you remain in this place; Śiva will bestow on you the success that you desire.

When that wise being had told me all this, I conceived hopes of recovering you, and I remained there some days in his hermitage. And to-day, my lord, Śiva in a dream informed me of your success, and some heavenly nymph seized me up, and brought me here. This is the history of my adventures.

When Gomukha had said this, he stopped, and then Marubhúti began to tell his tale in the presence of Naraváhanadatta.

Marubhúti's account of his adventures.

When I was flung away on that occasion by Mánasavega, some divinity took me up in her hands, and placing me in a distant forest, disappeared. Then I wandered about afflicted and anxious to obtain some means of committing suicide, when I saw a certain hermitage encircled with a river. I entered it, and beheld an ascetic with matted hair sitting on a slab of rock, and I bowed before him and went up to him. He said to me, "Who are you, and how did you reach this uninhabited land?" Thereupon, I told him my whole story. Then he understood and said to me, "Do not slay yourself now! You shall learn here the truth about your master, and afterwards you shall do what is fitting."

In accordance with this advice of his I remained there, eager for tidings of you, my liege: and while I was there, some heavenly nymphs came to bathe in the river. Then the hermit said to me, "Go quickly and carry off the clothes of one of those nymphs bathing there;[6] and then you will learn tidings of your master." When I heard that, I did as he advised me, and that

nymph, whose garments I had taken, followed me, with her bathing-dress dripping with moisture,[7] and with her arms crossed in front of her breasts.

That hermit said to her, "If you tell us tidings of Naraváhanadatta, you may have back your two garments." Then she said, "Naraváhanadatta is at present on mount Kailása, engaged in worshipping Śiva, and in a few days he will be the emperor of the Vidyádharas."

After she had said this, that heavenly nymph became, in virtue of a curse, the wife of that ascetic, having made acquaintance with him by conversing with him.[8] So the ascetic lived with that Vidyádharí, and on account of her prophecy I conceived the hope of being reunited with you and I went on living there. And in a few days the heavenly nymph became pregnant, and brought forth a child, and she said to the ascetic, "My curse has been brought to an end by living with you.[9] If you desire to see any more of me, cook this child of mine with rice and eat it; then you will be reunited to me." When she had said this, she went away, and that ascetic cooked her child with rice, and ate it: and then he flew up into the air and followed her.

At first I was unwilling to eat of that dish, though he urged me to do so; but seeing that eating of it bestowed supernatural powers, I took two grains of rice from the cooking-vessel, and ate them. That produced in me the effect that wherever I spat, gold[10] was immediately produced. Then I roamed about relieved from my poverty, and at last I reached a town. There I lived in the house of a *hetæra*, and, thanks to the gold I was able to produce, indulged in the most lavish expenditure; but the *kuṭṭaní*, eager to discover my secret, treacherously gave me an emetic. That made me vomit, and in the process the two grains of rice, that I had previously eaten, came out of my mouth, looking like two glittering rubies. And no sooner had they come out, than the *kuṭṭaní* snapped them up, and swallowed them. So I lost my power of producing gold, of which the *kuṭṭaní* thus deprived me.

I thought to myself, "Śiva still retains his crescent and Vishṇu his *kaustubha* jewel; but I know what would be the result, if those two deities were to fall into the clutches of a *kuṭṭaní*.[11] But such is this world, full of marvels, full of frauds; who can fathom it, or the sea, at any time?" With such sad

reflections in my bosom I went despondent to a temple of Durgá, to propitiate the goddess with asceticism, in order to recover you. And after I had fasted for three nights, the goddess gave me this command in a dream, "Thy master has obtained all he desires: go, and behold him;" upon hearing this I woke up; and this very morning some goddess carried me to your feet; this, prince, is the story of my adventures.

When Marubhúti had said this, Naraváhanadatta and his courtiers laughed at him for having been tricked by a *kuṭṭaní*.

Hariśikha's account of his adventures.

Then Hariśikha said;—On that occasion when I was seized by my enemy, some divinity saved me and deposited me in Ujjayiní. There I was so unhappy that I conceived the design of abandoning the body; so at nightfall I went into the cemetery and proceeded to construct a pyre with the logs there. I lighted it and began to worship the fire, and while I was thus engaged, a prince of the demons, named Tálajangha, came up to me, and said to me, "Why do you enter the fire? Your master is alive, and you shall be united with him, now that he has obtained the supernatural powers he desired." With these words, the demon, though naturally cruel, lovingly dissuaded me from death; even some stones melt when fate is propitious. Then I went and remained for a long time performing asceticism in front of the god; and some divinity has to-day brought me to your side, my liege.

Thus Hariśikha told his tale, and the others in their turn told theirs, and then, at the suggestion of Amitagati, king Naraváhanadatta incited the venerable Dhanavatí, adored by the Vidyádharas, to bestow all the sciences on those ministers of his also. Then all his ministers also became Vidyádharas; and Dhanavatí said, "Now conquer your enemies;" so on a fortunate day the hero gave orders that the imperial troops should march out towards the city of Gaurímuṇḍa, called Govindakúṭa.

Then the army of the Vidyádharas mounted up into the sky, obscuring the sun, looking like a rising of Ráhu out of due time chilling to the foe. And Naraváhanadatta himself ascended the pericarp of the lotus-chariot, and placed his wives on the filaments, and his friends on the leaves, and preceded by Chaṇḍasinha and the others, set out through the air to conquer his enemies. And when he had completed half his journey, he came to the palace of Dhanavatí which was called Mátangapura, and he stayed there that day, and she did the honours of the house to him. And while he was there, he sent an ambassador to challenge to the combat the Vidyádhara princes Gaurímuṇḍa and Mánasavega.

The next day he deposited his wives in Mátangapura, and went with the Vidyádhara kings to Govindakúṭa. There Gaurímuṇḍa and Mánasavega came out to fight with them, and Chaṇḍasinha and his colleagues met them face to face. When the battle began, brave warriors fell like trees marked out for the axe, and torrents of blood flowed on the mountain Govindakúṭa. The combat, eager to devour the lives of heroes, yawned like a demon of destruction, with tongues in the form of flexible swords greedily licking up blood.[12] That great feast of slaughter, terrible with the rhythmic clapping of hands on the part of Vetálas drunk with blood and flesh, and covered with palpitating corpses for dancers, gave great delight to the demons.

Then Mánasavega met Naraváhanadatta face to face in the conflict, and the prince himself rushed on him in wrath. And having rushed on him, that emperor seized the villain by the hair, and at once cut off his head with his sword. When Gaurímuṇḍa saw that, he too sprang forward in a fury, and Naraváhanadatta dragged him along by the hair, for the power of his science left him as soon as he saw the prince, and flung him on the ground, and seizing his legs whirled him round in the air, and dashed him to pieces on a rock. In this way he slew Gaurímuṇḍa and Mánasavega; and the rest of their army, being terrified,[13] took to flight. And a rain of flowers fell into the lap of that emperor, and all the gods in heaven exclaimed, “Bravo! Bravo!” Then Naraváhanadatta, with all those kings that followed him, entered the palace of Gaurímuṇḍa; and immediately the chiefs of the Vidyádharas, who were connected with Gaurímuṇḍa’s party, came and submitted humbly to his sway.

Then Dhanavatí came up to that sovereign in the midst of the rejoicings on account of his having taken possession of his kingdom after slaying all his enemies, and said to him, “My liege, Gaurímuṇḍa has left a daughter named Ihátmatiká, the belle of the three worlds; you should marry that maiden.” When she said this to the king, he immediately sent for the girl, and married her, and passed the day very happily in her society.

The next morning he sent Vegavatí and Prabhávatí, and had Madanamanchuká brought by them from the town of Mánasavega. When brought, she looked upon that hero in his prosperity, who had destroyed the darkness of his enemies, with face expanded and wet with tears of joy; and at the end of her night of separation she enjoyed indescribable happiness, like a lotus-bed, the open flowers of which are wet with dew. Then he bestowed on her all the sciences, and having pined for her long, he exulted in the society of his beloved, who had thus in a moment attained the rank of a Vidyádharí. And in the garden of Gaurímuṇḍa’s city he spent those days with his wives in the joys of a banquet. And then he sent Prabhávatí, and had Bhagírathayaśas also brought there, and bestowed on her the sciences.

And one day, as the emperor was sitting in his hall of audience, two Vidyádharas came and said to him with due respect, “Your majesty, we went hence, by the orders of Dhanavatí, to the northern division of the land of the Vidyádharas, to find out the movements of Mandaradeva. And there we, being ourselves invisible, saw that king of the Vidyádharas in his hall of audience, and he happened to be saying with regard to your Highness, ‘I hear, that Naraváhanadatta has obtained the sovereignty over the Vidyádharas, and has slain Gaurímuṇḍa and the rest of his opponents; so it will not do for me to overlook that enemy; on the contrary, I must nip him in the bud.’ When we heard that speech of his, we came here to tell you.”

When the assembly of Naraváhanadatta’s partizans heard this from the spies, they were all beside themselves with anger, and appeared like a lotus-bed smitten by the wind. The arms of Chitrángada, frequently waved and extended, seemed with the tinkling of their bracelets to be demanding the signal for combat. The necklace of Amitagati, rising up on his breast, as he sighed with anger, seemed to say again and again, “Rouse thyself, rouse

thyself, hero." Pingalagándhára, striking the ground with his hand so that it resounded, seemed to be going through a prelude introductory to the crushing of his enemies. A frown took its seat upon the face of Váyupatha, looking like a bow strung by Fate for the destruction of his foes. Chaṇḍasinha, angrily pressing one hand against the other, seemed to say, "Even thus will I pulverize my enemies." The arm of Ságaradatta, struck by his hand, produced a sound that rang through the air, and seemed to challenge that foe. But Naraváhanadatta, though angry, was no whit disturbed; for imperturbability is the characteristic sign of the greatness of great ones.

Then he resolved to march forth to conquer his enemy, after obtaining the jewels essential to an emperor of the Vidyádharas. So the emperor mounted a chariot, with his wives and his ministers, and set out from that Govindakúṭa. And all his partizans, the kings of the Gandharvas and the chiefs of the Vidyádharas, accompanied by their armies, marched along with him, encircling him, as the planets do the moon. Then Naraváhanadatta reached the Himálayas, preceded by Dhanavatí, and found there a large lake. With its white lotuses like lofty umbrellas and its soaring swans like waving chowries, it seemed to have brought a present fit for a sovereign. With its lofty waves flung up towards him like beckoning hands at no great distance, it seemed to summon him again and again to take the bath which should ensure him supreme sovereignty. Then Váyupatha said to the king, "My emperor, you must go down and bathe in this lake;" so he went down to bathe in it. And a heavenly voice said, "None but an emperor can ever succeed in bathing in this lake, so now you may consider the imperial dignity secured to you."

When the emperor heard that, he was delighted, and he sported in the water of that lake with his wives, as Varuṇa does in the sea. He took pleasure in watching them with the moist garments clinging to their bodies, with the fastenings of their hair loosened, and their eyes reddened by the washing into them of antimony. The rows of birds, flying up with loud cries from that lake, appeared like the girdles of its presiding nymphs advancing to meet him. And the lotuses, eclipsed by the beauty of the lotus-like faces of his wives, plunged beneath the waves as if ashamed. And after bathing,

Naraváhanadatta, with his attendants, spent that day on the bank of that lake.

There the successful prince, with his wives and ministers, spent his time in jocose conversation, and next morning he set forth thence in his chariot with his army. And as he was going along, he reached the city of Váyupatha, which lay in his way; and he stayed there a day to please him. There he fell in love with a maiden, that he came across in a garden, the sister of Váyupatha, by name Váyuvegayaśas. She, while amusing herself in a garden on the bank of the Hemabáluka[14] river, saw him arrive, and though in love with him, disappeared at once. Then Naraváhanadatta, supposing that she had turned her back on him for some reason other than the real one, returned with downcast face to his quarters. There the queens found out the adventure that had befallen the king by means of Marubhúti who was with him, (for Gomukha was too clever for them to try him,) and then they made all kinds of jokes at the king's expense, while Gomukha stood by ashamed at the indiscretion of Marubhúti.

Then Gomukha, seeing the king out of countenance, consoled him, and, in order to ascertain the real sentiments of Váyuvegayaśas, went to her city. There Váyupatha saw him suddenly arrived as if to take a look at the city, and he lovingly entertained him, and taking him aside, said to him, "I have an unmarried sister named Váyuvegayaśas, and holy seers have prophesied that she is destined to be the wife of an emperor. So I am desirous of giving her as a present to the emperor Naraváhanadatta; pray do your best to bring about the accomplishment of my wish. And with this very object in view I was preparing to come to you." When the minister Gomukha had been thus addressed by Váyupatha, he said to him; "Although this prince of ours set out primarily with the object of conquering his enemies, still you have only to make the request, and I will arrange this matter for you." With these words Gomukha took leave of him, and going back informed Naraváhanadatta that he had gained his object without any solicitation.

And the next day Váyupatha came in person and requested the favour, and the sagacious Gomukha said to the king, "My prince, you must not refuse the request of Váyupatha; he is your faithful ally; your majesty should do

whatever he asks." Then the king consented to do it; and Váyupatha himself brought his younger sister, and bestowed her on the emperor against her will. And while the marriage was being performed, she exclaimed, "Ye guardians of the world, I am being bestowed in marriage by my brother by force, and against my will, so I have not committed any sin thereby." When she said this, all the females belonging to Váyupatha's household made such a noise that no outsiders heard what she said. But the king was put out of countenance by her speech, so Gomukha was anxious to find some means of ascertaining its import, and he roamed hither and thither with that object.

And after he had roamed about awhile, he saw in a certain retired spot four Vidyádhara maidens preparing to enter the fire at the same time. And when he asked them the cause, those fair ones told him how Váyuvegayaśas had broken her solemn agreement. Then Gomukha went and told it to king Naraváhanadatta in the presence of all there, exactly as he had seen and heard. When the king heard it, he smiled, but Váyuvegayaśas said, "Arise, my husband, let us two quickly go and save these maidens; afterwards I will tell you the reason of this act of theirs." When she said this to the king, he went with her and with all his followers to the spot where the tragedy was to take place.

And he saw those maidens with a blazing fire in front of them; and Váyuvegayaśas, after dragging them away from it, said to the king, "This first here is Káliká, the daughter of the lord of Kálakúṭa, and this second is Vidyutpunjá, the daughter of Vidyutpunja; and this third is Matanginí, the daughter of Mandara; and this fourth is Padmaprabhá the daughter of Mahádanshṭra; and I am the fifth; all we five, when we saw you performing asceticism in the domain of the Siddhas, were bewildered with love, and we made the following mutual agreement, 'We will all five[15] at the same time take this prince as our dear husband, and no one of us must surrender herself to him alone; if any one of us marries him separately, the others shall enter the fire to bring down vengeance on her who has been guilty of such treachery to friends.' It was out of respect for this agreement that I did not wish to marry you separately; indeed I did not even to-day give myself to you; you, my husband, and the guardians of the world can bear testimony

as to whether even now I have broken this agreement willingly. So now, my husband, marry also those friends of mine; and you, my friends, must not let any other lot befall you."[16]

When she said this, those maidens, who had escaped from death, rejoiced and embraced one another; and the king was delighted in his heart. And the fathers of the ladies, hearing what had taken place, came there immediately, and bestowed their daughters on Naraváhanadatta. And those chiefs of the Vidyádharas, headed by the lord of Kálakúṭa,[17] agreed to accept the sovereignty of their son-in-law. Thus Naraváhanadatta obtained at one stroke the daughters of five great Vidyádharas, and gained great importance thereby.

And the prince remained there some days with those wives, and then his Commander-in-Chief Hariśikha said, "Why, my liege, though you are versed in the approved treatises on the subject, do you act contrary to policy? What means this devotion on your part to the pleasures of love, when it is time to fight? This raising of an expedition to conquer Mandaradeva, and this your dallying for so many days with your wives, are things wholly incompatible." When Hariśikha said this, the great king answered him, "Your reproof is just, but I am not acting for my own pleasure in all this; this allying of myself with wives involves the acquisition of friends; and is so the most efficacious method at present of crushing the foe; this is why I have had recourse to it. So let these my troops now advance to the conquest of the enemy!"

When the king had given this order, his father-in-law Mandara said to him, "King, that Mandaradeva lives in a distant and difficult country, and he will be hard for you to overcome until you have achieved all the distinctive jewels of an emperor. For he is protected by the cave, called the cave of Triśírsha,[18] which forms the approach to his kingdom, and the entrance of which is guarded by the great champion Devamáya. But that cave can be forced by an emperor who has obtained the jewels. And the sandal-wood tree, which is one of the jewels of an emperor, is in this country, so quickly gain possession of it, in order that you may attain the ends you have in view. For no one who is not an emperor ever gets near that tree."

Having heard this from Mandara, Naraváhanadatta set out at night, fasting and observing a strict vow, for that sandal-wood tree. As the hero went along, very terrible portents arose to bewilder him, but he was not terrified at them, and so he reached the foot of that mighty tree. And when he saw that sandal-wood tree surrounded with a lofty platform made of precious jewels, he climbed up to it with ladders and adored it. The tree then said to him with bodiless voice, "Emperor, thou hast won me the sandal-wood tree, and when thou thinkest on me, I will appear to thee, so leave this place at present, and go to Govindakúṭa; thus thou wilt win the other jewels also; and then thou wilt easily conquer Mandaradeva." On hearing this, Naraváhanadatta, the mighty sovereign of the Vidyádharas, said, "I will do so," and being now completely successful, he worshipped that heavenly tree,[19] and went delighted through the air to his own camp.

There he spent that night; and the next morning in the hall of audience he related at full length, in the presence of all, his night's adventure by which he had won the sandal-wood tree. And when they heard it, his wives, and the ministers who had grown up with him from infancy, and those Vidyádharas who were devoted to him, namely, Váyupatha and the other chiefs with their forces, and the Gandharvas, headed by Chitrángada, were delighted at this sudden attainment of great success, and praised his heroism remarkable for its uninterrupted flow of courage, enterprise, and firmness. And after deliberating with them, the king, determined to overthrow the pride of Mandaradeva, set out in a heavenly chariot for the mountain of Govindakúṭa, in order to obtain the other jewels spoken of by the sandal-wood tree.

1

Compare Webster's play, The Duchess of Malfy, where the Duchess says

What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?

2

I read *antargṛiham* as one word.

3

In the above wild story the hero has to endure the assaults of the witches on three successive nights. So in the story of the Headless Princess (Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 271) the priest's son has to read the psalter over the dead princess three nights running. He is hardest pressed on the last night; and on each occasion at day-break the "devilry vanished." In the same way in The Soldier's Midnight Watch (ib. p. 274) the soldier has three nights of increasing severity. So in Southey's Old Woman of Berkeley, the assaults continue for three nights, and on the third are successful.

4

Kuhn in his Westfälische Sagen, Vol. II, p. 29, gives a long list of herbs that protect men from witches. The earliest instance in literature is perhaps that Moly,

"That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave."

See also Bartsch, Sagen aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, p. 37.

5

See Vol. I, pp. 224 and 576, and p. 268 of the present volume. To the parallels quoted by Ralston may be added, Prym and Socin's Syrische Sagen, p. 116; Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 94; and Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 63.

6

Cp. Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. II, pp. 341, 342. Here Hagen steals the clothes of some Meerweiber, who were bathing in the Danube; in this way he induces the elder of the two to prophesy the fate of himself and his companions at the court of Attila. In the Russian story of Vasilissa the Wise (Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 126,) the hero steals Vasilissa's shift. She promises to do him good service if he gives it back, which he does. She turned into a spoonbill and flew away after her companions. (See Ralston's remarks on p. 120.) We find the incident of stealing the robes of bathing nymphs in Prym and Socin's Syrische Sagen und Märchen, p. 116; in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 250; Veckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, pp. 119–130; Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Part I, p. 31, (with Köhler's notes). In the above tales the dress stolen is what our great folk-lore authority terms a "plumage-robe."

The Nereids in modern Greek stories are swan-maidens; see Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen und Sagen, p. 134. The subject of Swan Maidens is thoroughly worked out by Baring Gould in his Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, New edition, pp. 561–578. See also Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, pp. 263 and *ff*. He expresses his firm conviction that tales of this kind will be found in Indian collections.

7

Or possibly, “clothed in moisture.”

8

The three India Office MSS. read *saṃstavád*.

9

Cp. Vol. I, p. 250; and for what follows p. 230 of the same volume.

10

Cp. p. 8 of this volume and the note there. In Sagas from the Far East there is a story of a gold-spitting prince. In Gonzenbach’s Sicilianische Märchen, Quaddaruni’s sister drops pearls and precious stones from her hair whenever she combs it. Dr. Köhler in his note on this tale gives many European parallels. In a Swedish story a gold ring falls from the heroine’s mouth whenever she speaks, and in a Norwegian story gold coins. I may add to the parallels quoted by Dr. Köhler, No. 36 in Coelho’s Contos Portuguezes, in which tale pearls drop from the heroine’s mouth.

11

All the India Office MSS. read *’dyápi* for *yo ’pi* and two seem to read *ápátane*. I find *ápatana* in the Petersburg lexicon, but not *ápátana*. I have translated the passage loosely so as to make a good sense. The Sanskrit College MS. gives a reading which exactly suits my translation; *Sachandrárdhaḥ Śivo ’dyápi Harir yaś cha sakaustubhaḥ Tattayorvedmi kuṭṭanyá gochar ápatane phalam*.

12

More literally “smeared with blood and relishing it.” Böhtlingk and Roth seem to think *rasat* refers to some noise made by the swords.

13

All the India Office MSS. read *bhitam* for the *bhímam* of Brockhaus’s text.

14

The word means “having sands of gold.”

15

The word *asṃábhir* has been omitted in Brockhaus’s text. It follows *panchabhir* in the three India Office MSS. and in the Sanskrit College MS.

16

Two of the India Office MSS. have *bhárańiyaṃ*. In the third the passage is omitted. But the text of Brockhaus gives a good sense.

17

I read *prashṭhás* which I find in two of the India Office MSS. No. 1882 has *prasthás*.

18

An epithet of Śiva.

19

See Vol. I, pp. 153 and 575. *Cf.* also the story of Aschenkatze in the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 83; the Dummedhajátaka, Ed. Fausböll, Vol. I, p. 259; Preller, Römische Mythologie, p. 96; Kuhn, Westfälische Sagen, Vol. I, pp. 241, 242, 244, 245; Ovid's Metamorphoses VIII, 722–724, and 743 and *ff*; and Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, p. lii.

Book XV.

Chapter CIX.

May Gaṇeśa, who at night seems with the spray blown forth from his hissing trunk uplifted in the tumultuous dance, to be feeding the stars, dispel your darkness!

Then, as the emperor Naraváhanadatta was in his hall of audience on the mountain Govindakúṭa, a Vidyádhara named Amṛitaprabha came to him through the air, the same who had before saved him, when he was flung down by his enemy on the Mountain of Fire. That Vidyádhara came and humbly made himself known, and having been lovingly entertained by that emperor, said to him, "There is a great mountain named Malaya in the southern region; and in a hermitage on it lives a great hermit named Vámadeva. He, my liege, invites you to come to him alone for the sake of some important affair, and on this account he has sent me to you to-day. Moreover you are my sovereign, won by previous merits; and therefore have I come; so come along with me; let us quickly go to that hermit in order to ensure your success!"

When that Vidyádhara had said this, Naraváhanadatta left his wives and forces there, and himself flew up into the air with that Vidyádhara, and in that way quickly reached the Malaya mountain, and approached the hermit Vámadeva. And he beheld that hermit white with age, tall of stature, with eye-balls sparkling like bright jewels in the fleshless sockets of his eyes, the depository of the jewels of the emperor of the Vidyádharas, with his matted hair waving like creepers, looking like the Himálaya range accompanying the prince, to assist him in attaining success. Then the prince worshipped the feet of that sage, and he entertained him, and said to him, "You are the god of Love consumed long ago by Śiva, and appointed by him emperor of all the Vidyádhara chiefs, because he was pleased with Rati.[1] Now, I have in this my hermitage, within the deep recess of an inner cave, certain jewels, which I will point out to you, and you must seize them. For you will find Mandaradeva easy enough to conquer, after you have obtained the

jewels; and it was with this object that I invited you hither by the command of Śiva."

When the hermit had said this to him, and had instructed him in the right method of procedure, Naraváhanadatta joyfully entered that cave. In it the hero overcame many and various obstacles, and then he beheld a huge furious elephant charging him with a deep guttural roar. The king smote it on the forehead with his fist, and placed his feet on its tusks, and actively mounted that furious elephant. And a bodiless voice came from the cave, "Bravo, emperor! thou hast won the jewel of the mighty elephant." Then he saw a sword looking like a mighty snake, and he fell upon it, and seized it, as if it were the locks of the Fortune of Empire. Again a bodiless voice sounded in the cave, "Bravo, conqueror of thy foes! thou hast obtained the victorious sword-jewel." Then he obtained the moonlight-jewel and the wife-jewel, and the jewel of charms, named the destroying charm. And thus having achieved in all seven jewels (useful in time of need, and bestowers of majesty), taking into account the two first, the lake and the sandal-wood tree, he went out from that cave and told the hermit Vámadeva that he had succeeded in accomplishing all his objects.[2]

Then the hermit said lovingly to that emperor, "Go, my son, now that you have obtained the jewels of a great emperor, and conquer Mandaradeva on the north side of Kailása, and enjoy the glorious fortune of the sovereignty of both sides of that mountain." When the hermit had said this to him, the successful emperor bowed before him, and went off through the air with Amṛitaprabha. And in a moment he reached his camp on Govindakúṭa guarded by his mighty mother-in-law Dhanavatí. Then those kings of the Vidyádharas, that had sided with him, and his wives and his ministers, who were all watching for him, saw him, and welcomed him with delight. Then he sat down and they questioned him, and he told them how he had seen the hermit Vámadeva, and how he had entered the cave, and how he had obtained the jewels. Then a great festival took place there, in which celestial drums were joyfully beaten, and the Vidyádharas danced, and people generally were drunk with wine.

And the next day, in a moment in which a malignant planet stood in the house of his foe, and one which argued his own success[3] as a planet benignant to him, predominated over his enemy's house, and which was fraught with every other kind of prosperity, Naraváhanadatta performed the ceremonies for good fortune, and ascended that car made by Brahmá, which Śiva had bestowed on him, and set out with his army through the air, accompanied by his wives, to conquer Mandaradeva. And various heroes, his followers, marched surrounding him, and kings of the Gandharvas and chiefs of the Vidyádharas, fearless and faithful, obedient to the orders of the general Hariśikha, and Chaṇḍasinha, with his mother the wise Dhanavatí, and the brave Pingalagándhára, and Váyupatha the strong, and Vidyutpunja and Amitagati, and the lord of Kálakúṭa, and Mandara, and Mahádanshṭra and his own friend Amṛitaprabha, and the hero Chitrángada with Ságaradatta,—all these, and others who were there of the party of the slain Gaurímuṇḍa, pressed eagerly after him, with their hosts, as he advanced intent on victory. Then the sky was obscured by his army, and the sun hid his face, as if for shame, somewhere or other, his brightness being eclipsed by the splendour of the monarch.

Then the emperor passed the Mánasa lake haunted by troops of divine hermits, and left behind him Gaṇḍasáila the pleasure-garden of the nymphs of heaven, and reached the foot of mount Kailása gleaming white like crystal, resembling a mass of his own glory.[4] There he encamped on the bank of the Mandákiní, and while he was sitting there, the wise chief of the Vidyádharas, named Mandara, came up to him, and addressed to him the following pleasing speech, "Let your army halt here, king, on the bank of the river of the gods! It is not fitting that you should advance over this mountain Kailása. For all sciences are destroyed by crossing this dwelling-place of Śiva. So you must pass to the other side of the mountain by the cave of Triśírsha. And it is guarded by a king named Devamáya, who is exceedingly haughty; so how can you advance further without conquering him?" When Mandara said this, Dhanavatí approved it, and Naraváhanadatta waited there for a day.

While he was there, he sent an ambassador to Devamáya with a conciliatory message, but he did not receive the order it conveyed in a conciliatory

spirit. So the next day the emperor moved out against Devamáya with all the allied kings prepared for battle. And Devamáya too, when he heard it, marched out towards him to give battle, accompanied by numerous kings, Varáha, Vajramushṭi and others, and followed by his army. Then there took place on Kailása a battle between those two armies, and while it was going on, the sky was obscured by the chariots of the gods who came to look on. Terrible was that thunder-cloud of war, awful with the dense hailstorm of many severed heads, and loud with the shouting of heroes. That Chaṇḍasinha slew Varáha the general of Devamáya, as he fought in the front rank, was in truth by no means wonderful; but it was strange that Naraváhanadatta, without employing any magic power, took captive Devamáya himself, when exhausted by the wounds he received from him in the combat. And when he was captured, his army was broken, and fled, together with the great champions Vajramushṭi, Mahábáhu, Tikshṇadanshṭra and their fellows. Then the gods in their chariots exclaimed, “Bravo! Bravo!” and all present congratulated the victorious emperor. Then that mighty monarch consoled Devamáya, who was brought before him bound, and welcomed him kindly, and set him at liberty. But he, having been subdued by the emperor’s arm, humbly submitted to him, together with Vajramushṭi and the others.

Then, the battle having come to an end, that day passed away, and next morning Devamáya came to the place of audience, and stood by the side of the emperor, and when questioned by him about the cave of Triśírsha, which he wished to enter, related the following true history of it.

History of the cave of Triśírsha.

In old time, my liege, the two sides of mount Kailása, the north and the south side, formed different kingdoms, having been assigned to distinguished Vidyádharas. Then one, Ṛishabha by name, propitiated Śiva

with austerities, and was appointed by that god emperor over both of them. But one day he was passing over Kailása to go to the northern side, and lost his magic science owing to the anger of Śiva, who happened to be below, and so fell from the sky. Ṛishabha again propitiated Śiva with severe asceticism, and the god again appointed him Supreme Sovereign of both sides; so he thus humbly addressed the god, "I am not permitted to pass over Kailása, so by what path am I to travel in order to be able to exercise my prerogatives on both sides of the mountain?" When Śiva, the trident-bearing god, heard this, he cleft asunder Kailása, and made this cave-like opening for Ṛishabha to pass to the northern side.

Then mount Kailása, having been pierced, was despondent, and addressed this petition to Śiva, "Holy one, this north side of me used to be inaccessible to mortals, but it has now been made accessible to them by this cave-passage; so provide that this law of exclusion be not broken." When Śiva had been thus supplicated by the mountain, he placed in the cave as guards, elephants of the quarters, mighty basilisks,[5] and Guhyakas; and at its southern opening he placed Mahámáya the Vidyádhara chief, and at its northern opening Kálarátri the invincible Chaṇḍiká.[6]

When Śiva had thus provided for the guarding of the cave, he produced great jewels, and made this decree with regard to the cave, "This cave shall be open at both ends to any one who has obtained the jewels, and is emperor over the Vidyádharas with their wives and their messengers,[7] and to those who may be appointed by him as sovereigns over the northern side of the mountain,—by these, I say, it may be passed, but by no one else in the world." When the three-eyed god had made this decree, Ṛisbabha went on holding sway over the Vidyádharas, but in his pride made war on the gods and was slain by Indra. This is the history, my liege, of the cave, named the cave of Triśírsha; and the cave cannot be passed by any but persons like yourself.

And in course of time I Devamáya was born in the family of Mahámáya the keeper of the entrance of the cave. And at my birth a heavenly voice proclaimed, "There is now born among the Vidyádharas a champion hard for his foes to conquer in fight; and he, who shall conquer him, shall be

emperor over them; he shall be the master of this child now born, and shall be followed by him as a lord." I, that Devamáya, have been now conquered by you, and you have obtained the jewels, and are the mighty sole emperor of both sides of mount Kailása,—the lord of us all here. So, now pass the cave of Triśírsha, and conquer the rest of your enemies.

When Devamáya had told the story of the cave in these words, the emperor said to him, "We will march now and encamp for the present at the mouth of the cave, and to-morrow morning, after we have performed due ceremonies, we will enter it." When Naraváhanadatta had said this, he went and encamped with all those kings at the mouth of the cave. And he saw that underground passage with deep rayless cavity, looking like the birthplace of the sunless and moonless darkness of the day of doom.

And the next day he offered worship, and entered it in his chariot, with his followers, assisted by the glorious jewels, which presented themselves to him, when he thought of them. He dispelled the darkness with the moonlight jewel, the basilisks with the sandal-wood tree, the elephants of the quarters with the elephant-jewel, the Guhyakas with the sword-jewel, and other obstacles with other jewels; and so passed that cave with his army, and emerged at its northern mouth. And coming out from the bowels of the cave, he saw before him the northern side of the mountain, looking like another world, entered without a second birth. And then a voice came from the sky, "Bravo, emperor! thou hast passed this cave by means of the majesty conferred by the power of the jewels."

Then Dhanavatí and Devamáya said to the emperor, "Your Majesty, Kálarátri is always near this opening. She was originally created by Vishṇu, when the sea was churned for the nectar, in order that she might tear in pieces the chiefs of the Dánavas, who wished to steal that heavenly drink. And now she has been placed here by Śiva to guard this cave, in order that none may pass it, except those beings like yourself, of whom we spoke before. You are our emperor, and you have obtained the jewels, and have passed this cave; so, in order to gain the victory, you must worship this goddess, who is a meet object of worship."

In such words did Dhanavatí and Devamáya address Naraváhanadatta, and so the day waned for him there. And the northern peaks of Kailása were reddened with the evening light, and seemed thus to foreshadow the bloodshed of the approaching battle. The darkness, having gained power, obscured the army of that king, as if recollecting its animosity against him for his recent victory over it in its home the cave; an animosity which was still fresh and new. And goblins, vampires, jackals, and the sisterhood[8] of witches roamed about, as it were the first shoots of the anger of Kálarátri enraged on account of Naraváhanadatta having omitted to worship her. And in a moment the whole army of Naraváhanadatta became insensible, as if with sleep, but he alone remained in full possession of his faculties. Then the emperor perceived that this was a display of power on the part of Kálarátri, angry because she had not been worshipped, and be proceeded to worship her with flowers of speech.

"Thou art the power of life, animating all creatures, of loving nature, skilful in directing the discus to the head of thy foes; thee I adore. Hail! thou, that under the form of Durgá dost console the world with thy trident and other weapons streaming with the drops of blood flowing from the throat of the slain Mahisha. Thou art victorious dancing with a skull full of the blood of Ruru in thy agitated hand, as if thou wast holding the vessel of security of the three worlds. Goddess beloved of Śiva, with uplifted eyes, though thy name means the night of doom, still, with skull surmounted by a burning candle, and with a skull in thy hand, thou dost shine as if with the sun and moon."

Though he praised Kálarátri in these words, she was not propitiated, and then he made up his mind to appease her by the sacrifice of his head; and he drew his sword for that purpose. Then the goddess said to him, "Do not act rashly my son. Lo! I have been won over by thee, thou hero. Let this thy army be as it was before, and be thou victorious!" And immediately his army awoke as it were from sleep. Then his wives, and his companions, and all the Vidyádharas praised the might of that emperor. And the hero, having eaten and drunk and performed the necessary duties, spent that night, which seemed as long as if it consisted of a hundred watches instead of three.

And the next morning he worshipped Kálarátri, and marched thence to engage Dhúmaśikha, who had barred his further advance with an army of Vidyádharas. Then the emperor had a fight with that king, who was the principal champion of Mandaradeva, of such a desperate character, that the air was full of swords, the earth covered with the heads of warriors, and the only speech heard was the terrible cry of heroes shouting, “Slay! slay!” Then the emperor took Dhúmaśikha captive in that battle by force, and afterwards treated him with deference; and made him submit to his sway. And he quartered his army that night in his city, and the host seemed like fuel consumed with fire, as it had seen the extinction of Dhúmaśikha’s[9] pride.

And the next day, hearing from the scouts that Mandaradeva, having found out what had taken place, was advancing to meet him in fight, Naraváhanadatta marched out against him with the chiefs of the Vidyádharas, determined to conquer him. And after he had gone some distance, he beheld in front of him the army of Mandaradeva, accompanied by many kings, attacking in order of battle. Then Naraváhanadatta, with the allied kings at his side, drew up his forces in an arrangement fitted to encounter the formation of his enemies, and fell upon his army.

Then a battle took place between those two armies, which imitated the disturbed flood of the ocean overflowing its banks at the day of doom. On one side were fighting Chaṇḍasinha and other great champions, and on the other Kánchanadanshṭra and other mighty kings. And the battle waxed sore, resembling the rising of the wind at the day of doom, for it made the three worlds tremble, and shook the mountains. Mount Kailása, red on one side with the blood of heroes, as with saffron paint, and on the other of ashy whiteness, resembled the husband of Gaurí. That great battle was truly the day of doom for heroes, being grimly illuminated by innumerable orbs of the sun arisen in flashing sword-blades. Such was the battle that even Nárada and other heavenly beings, who came to gaze at it, were astonished, though they had witnessed the fights between the gods and the Asuras.

In this fight, which was thus terrible, Kánchanadanshṭra rushed on Chaṇḍasinha, and smote him on the head with a formidable mace. When

Dhanavatí saw that her son had fallen under the stroke of the mace, she cursed and paralysed both armies by means of her magic power. And Naraváhanadatta on one side, in virtue of his imperial might,[10] and on the other side, Mandaradeva were the only two that remained conscious. Then even the gods in the air fled in all directions, seeing that Dhanavatí, if angry, had power to destroy a world.

But Mandaradeva, seeing that the emperor Naraváhanadatta was left alone, ran upon him with uplifted weapon. Naraváhanadatta, for his part, descended from his chariot, and drawing the sword which was one of his imperial jewels, quickly met him. Then Mandaradeva, wishing to gain the victory by magic arts, assumed by his science the form of a furious elephant maddened with passion. When Naraváhanadatta, who was endowed with pre-eminent skill in magic, saw this, he assumed by his supernatural power the form of a lion. Then Mandaradeva flung off the body of an elephant, and Naraváhanadatta abandoned that of a lion, and fought with him openly in his own shape.[11] Armed with sabres, and skilled in every elaborate trick and attitude of fence, they appeared like two actors skilled in gesticulation, engaged in acting a pantomime. Then Naraváhanadatta by a dexterous sleight forced from the grasp of Mandaradeva his sword the material symbol of victory. And Mandaradeva, having been thus deprived of his sword, drew his dagger, but the emperor quickly made him relinquish that in the same way. Then Mandaradeva, being disarmed, began to wrestle with the emperor, but he seized him by the ancles, and laid him on the earth.

And then the sovereign set his foot on his enemy's breast, and laying hold of his hair, was preparing to cut off his head with his sword, when the maiden Mandaradeví, the sister of Mandaradeva, rushed up to him, and in order to prevent him, said, "When I saw you long ago in the wood of ascetics, I marked you for my future husband, so do not, my sovereign, kill this brother of mine, who is your brother-in-law." When the resolute king had been thus addressed by that fair-eyed one, he let go Mandaradeva, who was ashamed at having been conquered, and said to him, "I set you at liberty; do not be ashamed on that account, Vidyádhara chief; victory and defeat in war bestow themselves on heroes with varying caprice." When the king said this, Mandaradeva answered him, "Of what profit is my life to

me, now that I have been saved in war by a woman? So I will go to my father in the wood where he is, and perform asceticism; you have been appointed emperor over both divisions of our territory here. Indeed this occurrence was foretold long ago to me by my father as sure to take place." When the proud hero had said this, he repaired to his father in the grove of ascetics.

Then the gods, that were present in the air on that occasion, exclaimed, "Bravo! great emperor, you have completely conquered your enemies, and obtained sovereign sway." When Mandaradeva had gone, Dhanavatí by her power restored her own son and both armies with him to consciousness. So Naraváhanadatta's followers, ministers and all, arose as it were from sleep, and finding out that the foe had been conquered, congratulated Naraváhanadatta their victorious master. And the kings of Mandaradeva's party, Kánchanadanshṭra, Aśokaka, Raktáksha, Kálajihva and the others, submitted to the sway of Naraváhanadatta. And Chaṇḍasinha, when he saw Kánchanadanshṭra, remembered the blow of the mace, which he received from him in fight, and was wroth with him, brandishing his good sword firmly grasped in his strong hand. But Dhanavatí said to him, "Enough of wrath, my beloved son! Who could conquer you in the van of battle? But I myself produced that momentary glamour, in order to prevent the destruction of both armies." With these words she pacified her son and made him cease from wrath, and she delighted the whole army and the emperor Naraváhanadatta[12] by her magic skill. And Naraváhanadatta was exceedingly joyful, having obtained the sovereignty of the north side of Kailása, the mountain of Śiva, a territory now free from the scourge of war, since the heroes, who opposed him, had been conquered, or had submitted, or fled, and that too with all his friends unharmed. Then shrill kettle-drums were beaten for the great festival of his victory over his enemies,[13] and the triumphant monarch, accompanied by his wives and ministers, and girt with mighty kings, spent that day, which was honoured by the splendid dances and songs of the Vidyádhara ladies, in drinking wine, as it were the fiery valour of his enemies.

1

The Sanskrit College MS. has Ratyá.

2

The seven jewels of the Chakravartin are often mentioned in Buddhist works. In the Mahávastu, p. 108 (Ed. Senart) they are, chariot, elephant, horse, wife, householder, general. In a legend quoted by Burnouf (Introduction a l'Histoire du Buddhisme Indien, p. 343) the same six are enumerated as "les sept joyaux." In both cases the sword is omitted. They are also described in the Mahá-Sudassana-Sutta translated by Rhys Davids in the eleventh volume of the Sacred Books of the East Series.

3

For *átmasamarddhiná* the India Office MS. No. 1882 has *átmasamṛiddhiná*; No. 2166 has *samashṭiná*, and No. 3003 agrees with Brockhaus's text. So does the Sanskrit College MS.

4

We have often had occasion to remark that the Hindu poets conceive of glory as white.

5

See Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors, Book III, Chap. 7, Heliodorus, Æthiopica, III, 8.

6

One of the Śaktis.

7

Two of the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *cha cháránám* for *sadáránám*. This would mean, I suppose, that the cave might be passed by all the scouts and ambassadors of the Vidyádharas.

8

Or possibly "Gaṇas (Śiva's attendants) and witches."

9

Dhúmaśikha, literally the smoke-crested, means fire.

10

I read *śaptvá* which I find in MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2196, the other has *śasvá*. I also find *cakravartibalád* in No. 1882, (with a short i,) and this reading I have adopted. The Sanskrit College MS. seems to have *śaptvá*. In śl. 119 I think we ought to delete the *ḥ* in *Sangrámaḥ*. In 121 the apostrophe before *gra-bhásvaraḥ* is useless and misleading. In 122 *yad* should be separated from *vismayaṁ*.

11

Cp. Vol. I, p. 313.

12

All the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *chakravarti* with a short ĭ.

13

The India Office MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 and the Sanskrit College MS. read *táratúryam̲.* It makes the construction clearer, but no material difference in the sense.

Chapter CX.

Then, the next day, the emperor Naraváhanadatta, with his army, left that plateau of Kailása, and by the advice of king Kánchanadanshṭra, who shewed him the way, went to that city of Mandaradeva named Vimala. And he reached that city, which was adorned with lofty ramparts of gold, and looked like mount Sumeru come to adore Kailása, and entering it, found that it resembled the sea in all but the presence of water, being very deep, characterized by unfailing prosperity,[1] and an inexhaustible mine of jewels.

And as the emperor was sitting in the hall of audience in that city surrounded by Vidyádhara kings, an old woman of the royal harem came and said to him, "Since Mandaradeva has gone to the forest, having been conquered by you, his wives desire to enter the fire; your Highness has now been informed and will decide upon the proper course." When this had been announced, the emperor sent those kings to them, and dissuaded them from suicide, and bestowed upon them dwelling-houses and other gifts, treating them like sisters. By that step he caused the whole race of the Vidyádhara chiefs to be bound to him with bonds of affection.

And then the grateful monarch anointed Amitagati, who had been designated beforehand by Śiva, king over the realm of Mandaradeva, since he was loyal and could be trusted not to fall away, and he placed under him the princes who had followed Mandaradeva, namely, Kánchanadanshṭra and his fellows. And he diverted himself there in splendid gardens for seven days, being caressed by the fortune of the northern side of Kailása, as by a newly-married bride.

And then, though he had acquired the imperial authority over the Vidyádhara kings of both divisions, he began to long for more. He set out, though his ministers tried to dissuade him, to conquer the inaccessible fields of Meru situated in the northern region, the home of the gods. For high-spirited men, though abundantly loaded with possessions, cannot rest

without acquiring something still more glorious, advancing like blazing forest-fires.

Then the hermit Nárada came and said to the king, “Prince, what means this striving after things out of your reach, though you know policy? For one who out of overweening self-confidence attempts the impossible, is disgraced like Rávaṇa, who, in his pride, endeavoured to uproot Kailása. For even the sun and moon find Meru hard to overstep; moreover, Śiva has not bestowed on you the sway over the gods, but the sway over the Vidyádharas. You have already conquered the Himálayas, the home of the Vidyádharas, so what need have you of Meru the home of the gods? Dismiss from your mind this chimerical scheme. Moreover, if you desire good fortune, you must go and visit the father of Mandaradeva, Akampana by name, in the forest, where he is residing.” When the hermit Nárada had said this, the emperor consented to do as he directed, and so he took leave of him, and returned whence he came.

And the politic emperor, having been advised by Nárada to relinquish his enterprise,[2] and remembering the destruction of Ṛishabha, of which he had heard from Devamáya, and having reflected over the matter in his own mind, gave up the idea, and went to visit the kingly sage Akampana in the grove of ascetics. And when he reached that ascetic grove, it was crowded with great sages, engaged in contemplation, sitting in the posture called *padmásana*, and so resembled the world of Brahmá. There he saw that aged Akampana, wearing matted hair and a deerskin, looking like a great tree resorted to by hermits. So he went and worshipped the feet of that ascetic, and that royal sage welcomed him and said to him, “You have done well, king, in coming to this hermitage, for if you had passed on neglectful of it, these hermits here would have cursed you.”

While the royal sage was saying this to the emperor, Mandaradeva, who was staying in that grove of ascetics, having taken the vows of a hermit, came to his father, accompanied by his sister, the princess Mandaradeví. And Naraváhanadatta, when he saw him, embraced him, for it is fitting that truly brave men should show kindness to foes when conquered and pacified.

Then the royal sage Akampana, seeing Mandaradeví come with her brother, said to that emperor, “Here, king, is my daughter, Mandaradeví by name; and a heavenly voice said that she should be the consort of an emperor; so marry her, emperor, for I give her to you.”

When the royal sage said this, his daughter said, “I have four companions here, of like age, noble maidens; one is a maiden called Kanakavatí, the daughter of Kánchanadanshṭra; the second is the daughter of Kálajihva, Kálavatí by name; the third is the offspring of Dírghadanshṭra named Śrutá; the fourth is the daughter of the king of Pauṇḍra, named Ambaraprabhá; and I am the fifth of those Vidyádhara maidens. We five, when roaming about, saw previously in a grove of ascetics this my destined husband, and setting our hearts on him, we made an agreement together that we would all, at one and the same time, take him for our husband, but that, if any single one married him alone, the others should enter the fire, and lay the guilt at her door. So it is not fitting that I should marry without those friends of mine; for how could persons like myself commit the outrageous crime of breaking plighted faith?”

When that self-possessed lady had said this, her father Akampana summoned those four Vidyádhara chiefs, who were the fathers of the four maidens, and told them exactly what had occurred, and they immediately thought themselves very fortunate, and brought those maidens their daughters. Then Naraváhanadatta married the five in order, beginning with Mandaradeví. And he remained there with them many days, worshipping the hermits three times a day, at dawn, noon, and sunset, while his attendants held high festival.

And Akampana said to him, “King, you must now go to the Ṛishabha mountain for the great ceremony of your coronation,” and thereupon Devamáya also said to him, “King, you must indeed do so, for the emperors of old time, Ṛishabhaka and others, were anointed[3] on that mountain.” When Hariśikha heard that, he spoke in favour of Naraváhanadatta’s being anointed emperor on the splendid mountain of Mandara, which was near; but then a voice came from heaven, “King, all former emperors went through the ceremony of their coronation on the Ṛishabha mountain; do you

also go there, for it is a holy place."[4] When the heavenly voice said this, Naraváhanadatta bowed before the hermits and Akampana, and set out thence for that mountain on an auspicious day. And he reached that northern opening of the cave of Triśírsha, with many great chiefs of the Vidyádharas headed by Amitagati. There the emperor worshipped that Kálarátri, and entered the cave by that opening, and came out by the southern opening. And after he had come out with his forces, he rested, at Devamáya's request, in his palace for that day, together with his attendants.

And while he was there, he reflected that Śiva was near him on that mountain of Kailása, and he went of his own accord, with Gomukha, to visit the god. And when he reached his hermitage, he saw and adored the cow Surabhi and the sacred bull, and approached Nandin the door-keeper. And Nandin was pleased when the king circumambulated him, and opened the door to him, and then he entered and beheld Śiva accompanied by Deví. The god diffused gladness afar by the streams of rays from the moon on his crest, that seemed to dart hither and thither as if conquered by the splendour of Gaurí's face. He was playing with his beloved with dice, that, like eyes, were allowed at will to pursue their objects independently,—that, though under his command, were ever restlessly rolling. And when Naraváhanadatta saw that giver of boons, and that goddess the daughter of the Mountain, he fell at their feet, and circumambulated them three times. The god said to him, "It is well, my son, that thou hast come hither; for otherwise thou mightest have suffered loss. But now all thy magic powers shall ever be unfailing. So go thou to the Ṛishabha mountain, that holy place, and obtain there at once in fitting time thy great inauguration." When the emperor had received this command from the god, he hastened to obey it, exclaiming "I will do thy will," and bowed before him and his wife, and returned to that palace of Devamáya. The queen Madanamanchuká playfully said to him on his return, "Where have you been, my husband? You appear to be pleased. Have you managed to pick up here another set of five maidens?" When she made use of these playful taunts, the prince gladdened her by telling her the real state of affairs, and remained with her in happiness.

And the next day, Naraváhanadatta, accompanied by a host of Gandharvas and Vidyádharas, making, as it were, a second sun in the heavens by his glorious presence, ascended his splendid car, with his wives and his ministers, and made for the Ṛishabha mountain. And when he reached that heavenly hill, the trees, like hermits, with their creepers like matted hair waving in the wind, shed their flowers before him by way of a respectful offering. And there various kings of the Vidyádharas brought the preparations for the coronation on a scale suited to the might of their master. And the Vidyádharas came to his coronation from all quarters, with presents in their hands, all loyal, terrified, vanquished or respectful.

Then the Vidyádharas said to him, "Tell us, king; who is to occupy half your throne, and to be anointed as queen consort?" The king answered, "The queen Madanamanchuká is to be anointed together with me;" and this at once set the Vidyádharas thinking. Then a bodiless voice came from the air, "Hearken, Vidyádharas! This Madanamanchuká is not a mortal; for she is Rati become incarnate, in order to be the wife of this your master, who is the god of Love. She was not born to Madanavega by Kalingasená, but, being of superhuman origin, was immediately substituted by the gods, who employed their deluding power, for the infant to which Kalingasená gave birth.[5] But the infant to which she gave birth, was named Ityaka, and remained at the side of Madanavega, having been assigned to him by the Creator. So this Madanamanchuká is worthy to share the throne of her husband, for Śiva long ago granted her this honour as a boon, having been pleased with her asceticism." When the voice had said so much, it ceased, and the Vidyádharas were pleased, and praised the queen Madanamanchuká.

Then, on an auspicious day, the great hermits sprinkled with water from many sacred bathing-places, brought in pitchers of gold, Naraváhanadatta seated on the imperial throne, while Madanamanchuká occupied the left half of it. And during the ceremony Śántisoma the domestic chaplain was busily occupied, and the assembled cymbals of the heavenly nymphs resounded aloud, and the murmur made by Bráhmans reciting prayers filled the ten points of the sky. Strange to say! when the water, made more purifying by holy texts, fell on his head, the secret defilement[6] of enmity

was washed out from the minds of his foes. The goddess of fortune seemed to accompany in visible presence that water of consecration, under the impression that it came from the sea, and so was a connexion of her own, and to join with it in covering the body of that king. A series of flower-garlands flung by the hands of the nymphs of heaven, falling on him, appeared like the Ganges spontaneously descending on his body with a full stream. Adorned with red unguent and valour, he appeared like the sun in the glory of rising, washed in the water of the sea.[7]

And crowned with a garland of *mandára* flowers, resplendent with glorious raiment and ornaments, having donned a heavenly diadem, he wore the majesty of Indra. And queen Madanamanchuká, having been also anointed, glittered with heavenly ornaments at his side, like Śachí at the side of Indra.

And that day, though drums sounded like clouds, and flowers fell from the sky like rain, and though it was full[8] of heavenly nymphs like lightning gleams, was, strange to say, a fair one. On that occasion, in the city of the chief of mountains, not only did beautiful Vidyádhara ladies dance, but creepers shaken by the wind danced also; and when cymbals were struck by minstrels at that great festival, the mountain seemed to send forth responsive strains from its echoing caves; and covered all over with Vidyádharas moving about intoxicated with the liquor of heavenly cordials, it seemed to be itself reeling with wine; and Indra, in his chariot, having beheld the splendour of the coronation which has now been described, felt his pride in his own altogether dashed.

Naraváhanadatta, having thus obtained his long-desired inauguration as emperor, thought with yearning of his father. And having at once taken counsel with Gomukha and his other ministers, the monarch summoned Váyupatha and said to him, “Go and say to my father, ‘Naraváhanadatta thinks of you with exceeding longing,’ and tell him all that has happened, and bring him here, and bring his queens and his ministers too, addressing the same invitation to them.” When Váyupatha heard this, he said “I will do so,” and made for Kauśámbí through the air.

And he reached that city in a moment, beheld with fear and astonishment by the citizens, as he was encircled by seventy million Vidyádharas. And he had an interview with Udayana king of Vatsa, with his ministers and wives, and the king received him with appropriate courtesy. And the Vidyádhara prince sat down and asked the king about his health, and said to him, while all present looked at him with curiosity, "Your son Naraváhanadatta, having propitiated Śiva, and beheld him face to face, and having obtained from him sciences difficult for his enemies to conquer, has slain Mánasavega and Gaurímuṇḍa in the southern division of the Vidyádhara territory, and conquered Mandaradeva who was lord in the northern division, and has obtained[9] the high dignity of emperor over all the kings of the Vidyádharas in both divisions, who acknowledge his authority; and has now gone through his solemn coronation on the Ṛishabha mountain, and is thinking, king, with eager yearning of you and your queens and ministers. And I have been sent by him, so come at once; for fortunate are those who live to see their offspring elevate their race."

When the king of Vatsa heard Váyupatha say this, being full of longing for his son, he seemed like a peacock that rejoices when it hears the roaring of the rain-clouds. So he accepted Váyupatha's invitation, and immediately mounted a palanquin with him, and by the might of his sciences travelled through the air, accompanied by his wives and ministers, and reached that great heavenly mountain called Ṛishabha. And there he saw his son on a heavenly throne, in the midst of the Vidyádhara kings, accompanied by many wives; resembling the moon reclining on the top of the eastern mountain, surrounded by the planetary host, and attended by a company of many stars. To the king the sight of his son in all this splendour was a shower of nectar, and when he was bedewed with it, his heart swelled with joy, and he closely resembled the sea when the moon rises.

Naraváhanadatta, for his part, beholding that father of his after a long separation, rose up hurriedly and eager, and went to meet him with his train. And then his father embraced him, and folded him to his bosom, and he went through a second sprinkling,[10] being bathed in a flood of his father's tears of joy. And the queen Vásavadattá long embraced her son, and bathed him with the milk that flowed from her breasts at beholding him, so that he

remembered his childhood. And Padmávatí, and Yaugandharáyaṇa, and the rest of his father's ministers, and his uncle Gopálaka, beholding him after a long interval, drank in with thirsty eyes his ambrosial frame, like partridges; while the king treated them with the honour which they deserved. And Kalingasená, beholding her son-in-law and also her daughter, felt as if the whole world was too narrow for her, much less could her own limbs contain her swelling heart. And Yaugandharáyaṇa and the other ministers, beholding their sons, Hariśikha and the others, on whom celestial powers had been bestowed by the favour of their sovereign, congratulated them.[11]

And queen Madanamanchuká wearing heavenly ornaments, with Ratnaprabhá, Alankáravatí, Lalitalochaná, Karpúriká, Śaktiyaśas and Bhagírathayaśas, and the sister of Ruchiradeva, who bore a heavenly form, and Vegavatí, and Ajinávatí with Gandharvadattá, and Prabhávatí and Átmaniká and Váyuvegayaśas, and her four beautiful friends, headed by Káliká, and those five other heavenly nymphs, of whom Mandaradeví was the chief,—all these wives of the emperor Naraváhanadatta bowed before the feet of their father-in-law the king of Vatsa, and also of Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, and they in their delight loaded them with blessings, as was fitting.

And when the king of Vatsa and his wives had occupied seats suited to their dignity, Naraváhanadatta ascended his lofty throne. And the queen Vásavadattá was delighted to see those various new daughters-in-law, and asked their names and lineage. And the king of Vatsa and his suite, beholding the godlike splendour of Naraváhanadatta, came to the conclusion that they had not been born in vain.

And in the midst of this great rejoicing[12] at the reunion of relations, the brave warder Ruchideva entered and said "The banqueting-hall is ready, so be pleased to come there." When they heard it, they all went to that splendid banqueting-hall. It was full of goblets made of various jewels, which looked like so many expanded lotuses, and strewn with many flowers, so that it resembled a lotus-bed in a garden; and it was crowded with ladies with jugs full of intoxicating liquor, who made it flash like the nectar appearing in the arms of Garuḍa. There they drank wine that snaps those fetters of shame

that bind the ladies of the harem; wine, the essence of Love's life, the ally of merriment. Their faces, expanded and red with wine, shone like the lotuses in the lakes, expanded and red with the rays of the rising sun. And the goblets of the rosy hue of the lotus, finding themselves surpassed by the lips of the queens, and seeming terrified at touching them, hid with their hue the wine.

Then the queens of Naraváhanadatta began to show signs of intoxication, with their contracted eye-brows and fiery eyes, and the period of quarrelling seemed to be setting in;[13] nevertheless they went thence in order to the hall[14] of feasting, which was attractive with its various viands provided by the power of magic. It was strewed with coverlets, abounding in dishes, and hung with curtains and screens, full of all kinds of delicacies and enjoyments, and it looked like the dancing-ground of the goddesses of good fortune.

There they took their meal, and the sun having retired to rest with the twilight on the western mountain, they reposed in sleeping pavilions. And Naraváhanadatta, dividing himself by his science into many forms, was present in the pavilions of all the queens. But in his true personality he enjoyed the society of his beloved Madanamanchuká, who resembled the night in being moon-faced, having eyes twinkling like stars, and being full of revelry. And the king of Vatsa too, and his train, spent that night in heavenly enjoyments, seeming as if they had been born again without changing their bodies. And in the morning all woke up, and delighted themselves in the same way with various enjoyments in splendid gardens and pavilions produced by magic power.

Then, after they had spent many days in various amusements, the king of Vatsa, wishing to return to his own city, went full of affection to his son the king of all the Vidyádharas, who bowed humbly before him, and said to him, "My son, who, that has sense, can help appreciating these heavenly enjoyments? But the love of dwelling in one's mother-country naturally draws every man;[15] so I mean to return to my own city; but do you enjoy this fortune of Vidyádhara royalty, for these regions suit you as being half god and half man. However, you must summon me again some time, when

a suitable occasion presents itself; for this is the fruit of this birth of mine, that I behold this beautiful moon of your countenance, full of nectar worthy of being drunk in with the eyes, and that I have the delight of seeing your heavenly splendour.

When king Naraváhanadatta heard this sincere speech of his father the king of Vatsa, he quickly summoned Devamáya the Vidyádhara prince, and said to him in a voice half-choked with a weight of tears, "My father is returning to his own capital with my mothers, and his ministers, and the rest of his train, so send on in front of him a full thousand *bháras*[16] of gold and jewels, and employ a thousand Vidyádhara serfs to carry it." When Devamáya had received this order given in kind tones by his master, he bowed and said, "Bestower of honour, I will go in person with my attendants to Kauśámbí to perform this duty." Then the emperor sent Váyupatha and Devamáya to attend on their journey his father and his followers, whom he honoured with presents of raiment and ornaments. Then the king of Vatsa and his suite mounted a heavenly chariot, and he went to his own city, after making his son, who followed him a long way, turn back. And queen Vásavadattá, whose longing regret rose at that moment with hundred-fold force, turned back her dutiful son with tears, and looking back at him, with difficulty tore herself away. And Naraváhanadatta, who, accompanied by his ministers, had followed his parents and elders, returned to that mountain of Ṛishabha with his eyes blinded with tears. There that emperor remained with his ministers, Gomukha and the rest, who had grown up with him from his youth, and with hosts of Vidyádhara kings, with his wives, and with Madanamanchuká at his side, in the perpetual enjoyment of heavenly pleasures, and he was ever free from satiety.

1

Or adorned with Vishṇu's Lakshmí. Here we have a pun, as she sprang from the sea.

2

Herein he shewed himself wiser than king Mándhátar the hero of the first tale in Ralston's Tibetan tales. He connects it with No. 19 in Grimm's collection, and many other European

stories. It is probable that the story of Naraváhanadatta's conquests is only another form of the tale of Mándhátar.

3

Of course in the original the word expresses the idea of sprinkling with water.

4

It may possibly mean, "land of the Siddhas". In Chapter 107 the Siddhas are mentioned as directing Naraváhanadatta's devotions on their holy mountain.

5

See Vol. I, p 305.

6

I read *vairamalaṃ*. The reading in Brockhaus's text is a misprint.

7

Cp. Holinshed's account of Richard II's coronation. "The Archbishop, having stripped him, first anointed his hands, after his head, breast, shoulders, and the joints of his arms, with the sacred oil, saying certain prayers, and in the meanwhile did the choir sing the anthem, beginning 'Unxerunt regem Salomonem.' The above quotation comes from the Clarendon Press Edition of King Richard II, p. 137, *sub calcem*.

8

I read *vṛitam* which appears to be the reading of the three India Office MSS. and of the Sanskrit College MS. It is clear enough in No. 2166. In śloka 85 I think that the reading of MS. No. 3003 *náaṛityatkevalaṃ yávad vátoddhútalatá api* must be something near the truth, as *yával* in Brockhaus's text gives no meaning. (The Sanskrit College MS. gives *Anṛityannaiva vátena dhutá yával latá api*.) Of course the plural must be substituted for the singular. I have translated accordingly. Two MSS. have *valgad* for *vallad* in śl. 87.

9

Two of the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *ásádya*; the line appears to be omitted in the third.

10

An allusion to the sprinkling at his coronation. The king "put him on his lap."

11

I read *dṛishṭvá prabhuprasádáptadiryatván* which I find in two of the India Office MSS. No 3003 has *prata* for *prabhu*.

12

All the India Office MSS. read *sangamahotsave*. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *bandhúnáṃ sangamotsave*.

13

Here Brockhaus supposes a lacuna.

14

Literally “ground.” No doubt they squatted on the ground at the feast as well as at the banquet; which preceded it, instead of following it, as in the days of Shakespeare.

15

The king of Vatsa feels like Ulysses in the island of Calypso.

16

A *bhára* is 20 *tulás*.

Book XVI.

Chapter CXI.

May Gaṇeśa protect you, the ornamental streaks of vermilion on whose cheeks fly up in the dance, and look like the fiery might of obstacles swallowed and disgorged by him.

While Naraváhanadatta was thus living on that Ṛishabha mountain with his wives and his ministers, and was enjoying the splendid fortune of emperor over the kings of the Vidyádharas, which he had obtained, once on a time spring came to increase his happiness. After long intermission the light of the moon was beautifully clear, and the earth, enfolded by the young fresh grass, shewed its joy by sweating dewy drops, and the forest trees, closely embraced again and again by the winds of the Malaya mountain, were all trembling, bristling with thorns, and full of sap.[1] The warder of Cupid, the cuckoo, beholding the stalk of the mango-tree, with his note seemed to forbid the pride of coy damsels; and rows of bees fell with a loud hum from the flowery creepers, like showers of arrows shot from the bow of the great warrior Eros. And Naraváhanadatta's ministers, Gomukha and the others, beholding at that time this activity of Spring, said to Naraváhanadatta; "See, king, this mountain of Ṛishabha is altogether changed, and is now a mountain of flowers, since the dense lines of forest with which it is covered, have their blossoms full-blown with spring. Behold, king, the creepers, which, with their flowers striking against one another, seem to be playing the castanets; and with the humming of their bees, to be singing, as they are swayed to and fro by the wind; while the pollen, that covers them, makes them appear to be crowned with garlands; and the garden made ready by spring, in which they are, is like the Court of Cupid. Look at this mango shoot with its garland of bees; it looks like the bow of the god of love with loosened string, as he reposes after conquering the world. So come, let us go and enjoy this festival of spring on the bank of the river Mandákiní where the gardens are so splendid."

When Naraváhanadatta had been thus exhorted by his ministers, he went with the ladies of his harem to the bank of the Mandákiní. And there he diverted himself in a garden resounding with the song of many birds, adorned with cardamom-trees, clove-trees, *vakulas*, *aśokas*, and *mandáras*. And he sat down on a broad slab of moonstone, placing queen Madanamanchuká at his left hand, accompanied by the rest of his harem, and attended by various princes of the Vidyádharas, of whom Chaṇḍasinha and Amitagati were the chief; and while drinking wine and talking on various subjects, the sovereign, having observed the beauty of the season, said to his ministers, "The southern breeze is gentle and soft to the feel; the horizon is clear; the gardens in every corner are full of flowers and fragrant; sweet are the strains of the cuckoo, and the joys of the banquet of wine; what pleasure is wanting in the spring? Still, separation from one's beloved is during that season hard to bear. Even animals[2] find separation from their mates in the spring a severe affliction. For instance, behold this hen-cuckoo here distressed with separation! For she has been long searching for her beloved, that has disappeared from her gaze, with plaintive cries, and not being able to find him, she is now cowering on a mango, mute and like one dead."

When the king had said this, his minister Gomukha said to him, "It is true, all creatures find separation hard to bear at this time; and now listen, king; I will tell you in illustration of this something that happened in Śrávastí."

Story of the devoted couple, Śúrasena and Susheṇá.[3]

In that town there dwelt a Rájpút, who was in the service of the monarch, and lived on the proceeds of a village. His name was Śúrasena, and he had a wife named Susheṇá, who was a native of Málava. She was in every respect well suited to him, and he loved her more than life. One day the king

summoned him, and he was about to set out for his camp, when his loving wife said to him, “My husband, you ought not to go off and leave me alone; for I shall not be able to exist here for a moment without you.” When Śúrasena’s wife said this to him, he replied, “How can I help going, when the king summons me? Do you not understand my position, fair one? You see, I am a Rájpút, and a servant, dependent on another for my subsistence.” When his wife heard this, she said to him with tears in her eyes, “If you must of necessity go, I shall manage to endure it somehow, if you return not one day later than the commencement of spring.” Having heard this, he at last said to her, “Agreed, my dear! I will return on the first day of the month Chaitra, even if I have to leave my duty.”

When he said this, his wife was at last induced to let him go; and so Śúrasena went to attend on the king in his camp. And his wife remained at home, counting the days in eager expectation, looking for the joyful day on which spring begins, on which her husband was to return. At last, in the course of time, that day of the spring-festival arrived, resonant with the songs of cuckoos, that seemed like spells to summon the god of love. The humming of bees drunk with the fragrance of flowers, fell on the ear, like the twanging of Cupid’s bow as he strung it.

On that day Śúrasena’s wife Susheṇá said to herself, “Here is that spring-festival arrived; my beloved will, without fail, return to-day. So she bathed, and adorned herself, and worshipped the god of Love, and remained eagerly awaiting his arrival. But the day came to an end and her husband did not return, and during the course of that night she was grievously afflicted by despondency, and said to herself, “The hour of my death has come, but my husband has not returned; for those whose souls are exclusively devoted to the service of another do not care for their own families.” While she was making these reflections, with her heart fixed upon her husband, her breath left her body, as if consumed by the forest-fire of love.

In the meanwhile Śúrasena, eager to behold his wife, and true to the appointed day, got himself, though with great difficulty, relieved from attendance on the king, and mounting a swift camel, accomplished a long journey, and arriving in the last watch of the night, reached his own house.

There he beheld that wife of his lying dead, with all her ornaments on her, looking like a creeper, with its flowers full blown, rooted up by the wind. When he saw her, he was beside himself, and he took her up in his arms, and the bereaved husband's life immediately left his body in an outburst of lamentation.

But when their family goddess Chaṇḍí, the bestower of boons, saw that that couple had met their death in this way, she restored them to life out of compassion. And after breath had returned to them, having each had a proof of the other's affection, they continued inseparable for the rest of their lives.

"Thus, in the season of spring, the fire of separation, fanned by the wind from the Malaya mountain, is intolerable to all creatures." When Gomukha had told this tale, Naraváhanadatta, thinking over it, suddenly became despondent. The fact is, in magnanimous men, the spirits, by being elevated or depressed, indicate beforehand the approach of good or evil fortune.[4]

Then the day came to an end, and the sovereign performed his evening worship, and went to his bedroom, and got into bed, and reposed there. But in a dream at the end of the night[5] he saw his father being dragged away by a black female towards the southern quarter. The moment he had seen this, he woke up, and suspecting that some calamity might have befallen his father, he thought upon the science named Prajnapti, who thereupon presented herself, and he addressed this question to her, "Tell me, how has my father the king of Vatsa been going on? For I am alarmed about him on account of a sight which I saw in an evil dream." When he said this to the science that had manifested herself in bodily form, she said to him, "Hear what has happened to your father the king of Vatsa.

"When he was in Kauśámbí, he suddenly heard from a messenger, who had come from Ujjayiní, that king Chaṇḍamahásena was dead, and the same person told him that his wife the queen Angáravatí had burnt herself with his corpse. This so shocked him, that he fell senseless upon the ground: and when he recovered consciousness, he wept for a long time, with queen Vásavadattá and his courtiers, for his father-in-law and mother-in-law who had gone to heaven. But his ministers roused him by saying to him, 'In this

transient world what is there that hath permanence? Moreover you ought not to weep for that king, who has you for a son-in-law, and Gopálaka for a son, and whose daughter's son is Naraváhanadatta.' When he had been thus admonished and roused from his prostration, he gave the offering of water to his father-in-law and mother-in-law.

"Then that king of Vatsa said, with throat half-choked with tears, to his afflicted brother-in-law Gopálaka, who remained at his side out of affection,[6] 'Rise up, go to Ujjayiní, and take care of your father's kingdom, for I have heard from a messenger that the people are expecting you.' When Gopálaka heard this, he said, weeping, to the king of Vatsa, 'I cannot bear to leave you and my sister, to go to Ujjayiní. Moreover, I cannot bring myself to endure the sight of my native city, now that my father is not in it. So let Pálaka, my younger brother, be king there with my full consent.' When Gopálaka had by these words shown his unwillingness to accept the kingdom, the king of Vatsa sent his commander-in-chief Rumaṇvat to the city of Ujjayiní, and had his younger brother-in-law, named Pálaka, crowned king of it, with his elder brother's consent.

"And reflecting on the instability of all things, he became disgusted with the objects of sense, and said to Yangandharáyaṇa and his other ministers, 'In this unreal cycle of mundane existence all objects are at the end insipid; and I have ruled my realm, I have enjoyed pleasures, I have conquered my enemies; I have seen my son in the possession of paramount sway over the Vidyádharas; and now my allotted time has passed away together with my connections; and old age has seized me by the hair to hand me over to death; and wrinkles have invaded my body, as the strong invade the kingdom of a weakling;[7] so I will go to mount Kálinjara, and abandoning this perishable body, will there obtain the imperishable mansion of which they speak.' When the ministers had been thus addressed by the king, they thought over the matter; and then they all and queen Vásavadattá said to him with calm equanimity, 'Let it be, king, as it has pleased your highness; by your favour we also will try to obtain a high position in the next world.'

"When they had said this to the king, being like-minded with himself, he formed a deliberate resolution, and said to his elder brother-in-law

Gopálaka, who was present, ‘I look upon you and Naraváhanadatta as equally my sons; so take care of this Kauśámbí, I give you my kingdom.’ When the king of Vatsa said this to Gopálaka, he replied, ‘My destination is the same as yours, I cannot bear to leave you.’ This he asserted in a persistent manner, being ardently attached to his sister; whereupon the king of Vatsa said to him, assuming[8] an anger, that he did not feel, ‘To-day you have become disobedient, so as to affect a hypocritical conformity to my will; and no wonder, for who cares for the command of one who is falling from his place of power.’ When the king spoke thus roughly to him, Gopálaka wept, with face fixed on the ground, and though he had determined to go to the forest, he turned back for a moment from his intention.

“Then the king mounted an elephant, and accompanied by the queens Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, set out with his ministers. And when he left Kauśámbí, the citizens followed him, with their wives, children, and aged sires, crying aloud and raining a tempest of tears. The king comforted them by saying to them, ‘Gopálaka will take care of you,’ and so at last he induced them to return, and passed on to mount Kálinjara. And he reached it, and went up it, and worshipped Śiva, and holding in his hand his lyre Ghoshavatí, that he had loved all his life, and accompanied by his queens that were ever at his side, and Yangandharáyaṇa and his other ministers, he hurled himself from the cliff. And even as they fell, a fiery chariot came and caught up the king and his companions, and they went in a blaze of glory to heaven.”

When Naraváhanadatta heard this from the science, he exclaimed, “Alas! my father!” and fell senseless on the ground. And when he recovered consciousness, he bewailed his father and mother and his father’s ministers, in company with his own ministers, who had lost their fathers.

But the chiefs of the Vidyádharas and Dhanavatí admonished him, saying, “How is it, king, that you are beside yourself, though you know the nature of this versatile world that perishes in a moment, and is like the show of a juggler? And how can you lament for your parents that are not to be lamented for, as they have done all they had to do on earth; who have seen

you their son sole emperor over all the Vidyádharas?" When he had been thus admonished, he offered water to his parents, and put another question to that science, "Where is my uncle Gopálaka now? What did he do?" Then that science went on to say to the king,

"When the king of Vatsa had gone to the mountain from which he meant to throw himself, Gopálaka, having lamented for him and his sister, and considering all things unstable, remained outside the city, and summoning his brother Pálaka from Ujjayiní, made over to him that kingdom of Kauśámbí also. And then, having seen his younger brother established in two kingdoms, he went to the hermitage of Kaśyapa in the ascetic-grove on the Black Mountain,[9] bent on abandoning the world. And there your uncle Gopálaka now is, clothed with a dress of bark, in the midst of self-mortifying hermits."

When Naraváhanadatta heard that, he went in a chariot to the Black Mountain, with his suite, eager to visit that uncle. There he alighted from the sky, surrounded by Vidyádhara princes, and beheld that hermitage of the hermit Kaśyapa. It seemed to gaze on him with many roaming black antelope like rolling eyes, and to welcome him with the songs of its birds. With the lines of smoke ascending into the sky, where pious men were offering the Agnihotra oblations, it seemed to point the way to heaven to the hermits. It was full of many mountain-like huge elephants, and resorted to by troops of monkeys[10]; and so seemed like a strange sort of Pátála, above ground, and free from darkness.

In the midst of that grove of ascetics, he beheld his uncle surrounded by hermits, with long matted locks, clothed in the bark of a tree, looking like an incarnation of patience. And Gopálaka, when he saw his sister's son approach, rose up and embraced him, and pressed him to his bosom with tearful eyes. Then they, both of them, lamented their lost dear ones with renewed grief; whom will not the fire of grief torture, when fanned by the blast of a meeting with relations? When even the animals there were pained to see their grief, Kaśyapa and the other hermits came up and consoled those two. Then that day came to an end, and next morning the emperor entreated Gopálaka to come and dwell in his kingdom. But Gopálaka said to

him, “What, my child, do you not suppose that I have all the happiness I desire by thus seeing you? If you love me, remain here in this hermitage, during this rainy season, which has arrived.”

When Naraváhanadatta had been thus entreated by his uncle, he remained in the hermitage of Kaśyapa on the Black Mountain, with his attendants, for the term mentioned.

1

There is a play on words here. Sanskrit poets suppose that joy produces in human beings, trembling, horripilation, and perspiration.

2

For *anyonyasya* the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *anyasyástám*, which means, “Not to speak of other beings, even animals &c.”

3

This is only another form of the story on page 105 of Vol. I.

4

Cp. Hamlet Act V, Sc. II, 1. 223; Julius Cæsar Act V, Sc. I, 1 71 and *ff.*

5

See Vol. I, p. 441. Dante seems to have considered that dreams immediately before morning were true. See Inferno, XXVI, 7; and Purgatorio, IX, 13–18. Fraticelli quotes from Horace—

Quirinus
Post mediam noctem visus cum somnia vera.

6

I read *párśvasthitaṃ* for *pársvaśthaṃ*. The former is found in the three India Office MSS. and in the Sanskrit College MS.

7

The word, which means “wrinkles,” also means “strong.”

8

The three India Office MSS. read *kritvaiva* for *kritveva*.

9

Asitagiri.

10

This passage is full of lurking puns. It may mean “full of world-upholding kings of the snakes, and of many Kapilas.”

Chapter CXII.

Now, one day, when Naraváhanadatta was in the hall of audience on the Black Mountain, his Commander-in-chief came before him, and said, “Last night, my sovereign, when I was on the top of my house, looking after my troops, I saw a woman being carried off through the air by a heavenly being, crying out, ‘Alas! my husband!’ and it seemed as if the moon, which is powerful at that season, had taken her and carried her off, finding that she robbed it of all its beauty. I exclaimed, ‘Ah villain! where will you go, thus carrying off the wife of another? In the kingdom of king Naraváhanadatta the protector, which is the territory of the Vidyádharas, extending over sixty thousand *yojanas*, even animals do not work wickedness, much less other creatures.’ When I had said this, I hastened with my attendants and arrested that swift-footed[1] one, and brought him down from the air with the lady: and when we looked at him, after bringing him down, we found that it was your brother-in-law, the Vidyádhara Ityaka, the brother of your principal queen, born to Madanavega by queen Kalingasená. We said to him, ‘Who is this lady, and where are you taking her?’ and then he answered; ‘This is Suratamanjarí the daughter of the Vidyádhara chief Matangadeva by Chútamanjarí. Her mother promised her to me long ago; and then her father bestowed her on another, a mere man. So, if I have to-day recovered my own wife, and carried her off, what harm have I done?’ When Ityaka had said so much, he was silent.

“Then I said to Suratamanjarí, ‘Lady, by whom were you married, and how did this person get possession of you?’ Then she said, ‘There is in Ujjayiní a fortunate king named Pálaka, he has a son, a prince named[2] Avantivardhana; by him I was married; and this night, when I was asleep on the top of the palace, and my husband was asleep also, I was carried off by this villain.’ When she said this, I kept both of them here, the lady and Ityaka, the latter in fetters; it now remains for your majesty to decide what is to be done.”

When the emperor heard this from his Commander-in-chief Harišikha, he went in some perplexity to Gopálaka, and told him the story. Gopálaka said, “My dear nephew, I do not know about this; I know so much, that the lady was lately married to Pálaka’s son; so let the prince be summoned from Ujjayiní, together with the minister Bharataroha; then we shall get at the truth.” When the emperor received this advice from his uncle, he sent the Vidyádhara Dhúmaśikha to Pálaka his younger uncle, and summoned from Ujjayiní that prince, his son, and the minister. When they arrived and bowed before the emperor, he and Gopálaka received them with love and courtesy, and questioned them about the matter under consideration.

Then, in the presence of Avantivardhana, who looked like the moon robbed of the night,[3] of Suratamanjarí, her father, and of Ityaka, of Váyupatha and his peers, and the hermit Kaśyapa, and the men-at-arms, Bharataroha began to speak as follows, “Once on a time all the citizens of Ujjayiní met together and said to Pálaka the king of that city ‘To-morrow the festival, called the giving of water, will take place in this city, and if your majesty has not heard the true account of the origin of this festival, please listen to it now.’”

Story of king Chaṇḍamahásena and the Asura’s daughter.[4]

Long ago your father Chaṇḍamahásena propitiated the goddess Chaṇḍí with asceticism, in order to obtain a splendid sword and a wife. She gave him her own sword, and about a wife said to him, “Thou shalt soon slay, my son, the Asura called Angáraka, and obtain his beautiful daughter Angáravatí for a wife.” When the king had been favoured with this revelation from the goddess, he remained thinking on the Asura’s daughter.

Now, at this time, everybody that was appointed head police officer in Ujjayiní, was at once carried off by some creature at night and devoured. And this went on night after night. Then Chaṇḍamahásena roaming leisurely about the city at night, to investigate the matter for himself, found an adulterer. He cut off with his sword his oiled and curled head, and no sooner was his neck severed than a certain Rákshasa came and laid hold of him. The king exclaimed, “This is the gentleman that comes and eats the heads of the police at night,” and laying hold of that Rákshasa by the hair, he prepared to slay him.

Then the Rákshasa said “King, do not slay me under a false impression! There is another creature in this neighbourhood that eats the heads of the police.” The king said, “Tell me! who is it?” and the Rákshasa continued, “There is in this neighbourhood an Asura of the name of Angáraka, whose home is in Pátála. He it is that eats your police-officers at the dead of night, O smiter of your foes. Moreover, prince, he carries off by force the daughters of kings from every quarter, and makes them attend on his daughter Angáravatí. If you see him roaming about in the forest, slay him, and attain your object in that way.”

When the Rákshasa had said this, the king let him go, and returned to his palace. And one day he went out to hunt. And in the place where he was hunting he saw a monstrous boar, with eyes red with fury, looking like a piece of the mountain of Antimony fallen from heaven. The king said to himself, “Such a creature cannot be a real boar, I wonder whether it is the Asura Angáraka that has the power of disguising himself:” so he smote the boar with shafts. But the boar recked not of his shafts, and overturning his chariot, entered a wide opening in the earth.

But the heroic king entered after him, and did not see that boar, but saw in front of him a splendid castle. And he sat down on the bank of a lake, and saw there a maiden with a hundred others attending on her, looking like an incarnation of Rati. She came up to him and asked him the reason of his coming there, and having conceived an affection for him, said to him, looking at him with tearful eyes; “Alas! What a place have you entered! That boar that you saw, was really a Daitya, Angáraka by name, of

adamantine frame and vast strength. At present he has abandoned the form of a boar and is sleeping, as he is tired, but when the time for taking food comes, he will wake up and do you a mischief. And I, fair sir, am his daughter, Angáravatí by name; and fearing that some misfortune may befall you, I feel as if my life were in my throat."

When she said this to the king, he, remembering the boon that the goddess Chaṇḍí had given him, felt that he had now a good hope of accomplishing his object, and answered her, "If you have any love for me, do this which I tell you: when your father awakes, go and weep at his side, and when he asks you the reason, say, fair one, 'Father, if any one were to kill you in your reckless daring, what would become of me?' If you do this, you will ensure the happiness of both of us."

When the king said this to her, she went, bewildered with love, and sat down and wept at the side of her father who had woke up; and when he asked her the cause of her weeping, she told him how she was afraid that some one would slay him.[5] Then the Daitya said to her, "Why, who can slay me who am of adamantine frame? the only vulnerable and vital point I have is in my left hand, and that the bow protects." This speech of his was heard by the king, who was at the time concealed near.

Then the Daitya bathed and proceeded to worship Śiva. At that moment the king appeared with his bow strung, and challenged to mortal combat the Daitya, who was observing religious silence. The Daitya lifted up his left hand, his right hand being engaged, and made a sign to the king to wait a little. That very moment the king smote him in that hand, which was his vital point, with a well-aimed arrow, and the Daitya fell on the earth. And just before he expired, he said, "If that man who has thus slain me when thirsty, does not every year offer water to my *manes*, his five ministers shall perish." The Daitya being thus slain, the king took his daughter Angáravatí, and returned to this city of Ujjayiní.

"And after that king, your father, had married that queen, he used every year to have an offering of water made to the *manes* of Angáraka; and all

here celebrate the feast called the giving of water; and to-day it has come round; so do, king, what your father did before you."

Story of prince Avantivardhana and the daughter of the Mátanga who turned out to be a Vidyádharí.

"When king Pálaka heard this speech of his subjects', he proceeded to set going in that city the festival of the giving of water. When the festival had begun, and the people had their attention occupied by it, and were engaged in shouting, suddenly an infuriated elephant, that had broken its fastenings, rushed in among them. That elephant, having got the better of its driving-hook, and shaken off its driver, roamed about in the city, and killed very many men in a short time. Though the elephant-keepers ran forward, accompanied by professional elephant-drivers, and the citizens also, no man among them was able to control that elephant. At last, in the course of its wanderings, the elephant reached the quarter of the Chaṇḍálas, and there came out from it a Chaṇḍála maiden. She illuminated the ground with the beauty of the lotus that seemed to cling to her feet, delighted because she surpassed with the loveliness of her face the moon its enemy.[6] She looked like the night that gives rest to the eyes of the world, because its attention is diverted from other objects, and so it remains motionless at that time.[7]

That maiden struck that mighty elephant, that came towards her, with her hand, on its trunk; and smote it with those sidelong looks askance of hers. The elephant was fascinated with the touch of her hand and penetrated with her glance, and remained with head bent down, gazing at her, and never moved a step.[8] Then that fair lady made a swing with her upper garment, which she fastened to its tusks, and climbed up and got into it, and amused herself with swinging. Then the elephant, seeing that she felt the heat, went into the shade of a tree; and the citizens, who were present, seeing this great

wonder, exclaimed, “Ah! This is some glorious heavenly maiden, who charms even animals by her power, which is as transcendent as her beauty.”

And in the meanwhile the prince Avantivardhana, hearing of it, came out to see the wonderful sight, and beheld that maiden. As he gazed, the deer of his heart ran into that net of the hunter Love, and was entangled by it. She too, when she saw him, her heart being charmed by his beauty, came down from that swing, which she had put up on the elephant’s tusks, and took her upper garment. Then a driver mounted the elephant, and she went home, looking at the prince with an expression of shame and affection.

And Avantivardhana, for his part, the disturbance caused by the elephant having come to an end, went home to his palace with his bosom empty, his heart having been stolen from it by her. And when he got home, he was tortured by no longer seeing that lovely maiden, and forgetting the feast of the giving of water, which had begun, he said to his companions, “Do you know whose daughter that maiden is, and what her name is?” When his friends heard that, they said to him, “There is a certain Mátanga[9] in the quarter of the Chaṇḍálas, named Utpalahasta, and she is his daughter, Suratamanjarí by name. Her lovely form can give pleasure to the good[10] only by being looked at, like that of a pictured beauty, but cannot be touched without pollution.” When the prince heard that from his friends, he said to them, “I do not think she can be the daughter of a Mátanga, she is certainly some heavenly maiden; for a Chaṇḍála maiden would never possess such a beautiful form. Lovely as she is, if she does not become my wife, what is the profit of my life?” So the prince continued to say, and his ministers could not check him, but he was exceedingly afflicted with the fire of separation from her.

Then queen Avantivatí and king Pálaka, his parents, having heard that, were for a long time quite bewildered. The queen said, “How comes it that our son, though born in a royal family, has fallen in love with a girl of the lowest[11] caste?” Then king Pálaka said, “Since the heart of our son is thus inclined, it is clear that she is really a girl of another caste, who for some reason or other has fallen among the Mátangas. The minds of the good tell

them by inclination or aversion what to do and what to avoid. In illustration of this, queen, listen to the following tale, if you have not already heard it."

Story of the young Chaṇḍála who married the daughter of king Prasenajit.[12]

Long ago king Prasenajit, in a city named Supratishṭhita, had a very beautiful daughter named Kurangí. One day she went out into the garden, and an elephant, that had broken from its fastenings, charged her, and flung her up on his tusks litter and all. Her attendants dispersed shrieking, but a young Chaṇḍála snatched up a sword and ran towards the elephant. The brave fellow cut off the trunk of that great elephant with a sword-stroke, and killed it, and so delivered the princess. Then her retinue came together again, and she returned to her palace with her heart captivated by the great courage and striking good looks of the young Chaṇḍála. And she remained in a state of despondency at being separated from him, saying to herself, "Either I must have that man who delivered me from the elephant for a husband, or I must die."

The young Chaṇḍála, for his part, went home slowly, and having his mind captivated by the princess, was tortured by thinking on her. He said to himself, "What a vast gulf is fixed between me, a man of the lowest caste, and that princess! How can a crow and a female swan ever unite? The idea is so ridiculous that I cannot mention it or consider it, so, in this difficulty, death is my only resource." After the young man had gone through these reflections, he went at night to the cemetery, and bathed, and made a pyre, and lighting the flame thus prayed to it, "O thou purifying fire, Soul of the Universe, may that princess be my wife hereafter in a future birth, in virtue of this offering up of myself as a sacrifice to thee!" When he had said this, he prepared to fling himself into the fire, but the Fire-god, pleased with him, appeared in visible shape before him, and said to him, "Do not act

rashly, for she shall be thy wife, for thou art not a Chaṇḍála by birth, and what thou art I will tell thee, listen!

“There is in this city a distinguished Bráhman of the name of Kapilaśarman; in his fire-chamber I dwell in visible bodily shape. One day his maiden daughter came near me, and smitten with her beauty, I made her my wife, inducing her to forego her objections by promising her immunity from disgrace. And thou, my son, wert immediately born to her by virtue of my power, and she thereupon, out of shame, flung thee away in the open street; there thou wast found by some Chaṇḍálas and reared on goat’s milk.[13] So thou art my son, born to me by a Bráhman lady. Therefore thou canst not be deemed impure, as thou art my son; and thou shalt obtain that princess Kurangí for a wife.”

When the god of fire had said this, he disappeared, and the Mátanga’s adopted child was delighted, and conceived hope, and so went home. Then king Prasenajit, having been urged by the god in a dream, investigated the case, and finding out the truth, gave his daughter to the son of the Fire-god.

“Thus, queen, there are always to be found heavenly beings in disguise upon the earth, and you may be assured Suratamanjarí is not a woman of the lowest caste, but a celestial nymph. For such a pearl, as she is, must belong to some other race than that of the Mátangas, and without doubt she was the beloved of my son in a former birth, and this is proved by his falling in love with her at first sight.” When king Pálaka said this in our presence, I proceeded to relate the following story about a man of the fisher-caste.

Story of the young fisher man who married a princess.

Long ago there lived in Rájagṛiha a king named Malayasinha, and he had a daughter named Máyávatí of matchless beauty. One day a young man of the fisher-caste, named Suprahára, who was in the bloom of youth and good looks, saw her as she was amusing herself in a spring-garden. The moment he saw her, he was overpowered by love; for destiny never considers whether a union is possible or impossible. So he went home, and abandoning his occupation of catching fish, he took to his bed, and refused to eat, thinking only on the princess. And when persistently questioned, he told his wish to his mother named Rakshitiká, and she said to her son, "My son, abandon your despondency, and take food; I will certainly compass this your end for you by my ingenuity."

When she said this to him, he was consoled, and cherished hopes, and took food; and his mother went to the palace of the princess with fish from the lake.[14] There that fisher-wife was announced by the maids, and went in, on the pretext of paying her respects, and gave the princess that present of fish. And in this way she came regularly day after day, and made the princess a present, and so gained her goodwill, and made her desirous of speaking. And the pleased princess said to the fisher-wife, "Tell me what you wish me to do; I will do it, though it be ever so difficult."

Then the fisher-wife begged that her boldness might be pardoned, and said in secret to the princess, "Royal lady, my son has seen you in a garden, and is tortured by the thought that he cannot be near you; and I can only manage to prevent his committing suicide by holding out hopes to him; so, if you feel any pity for me, restore my son to life by touching him." When the princess was thus entreated by the fisher-wife, hesitating between shame and a desire to oblige, after reflection, she said to her, "Bring your son to my palace secretly at night." When the fisher-wife heard this, she went in high spirits to her son.

And when night came, she deliberately adorned her son as well as she could, and brought him to the private apartments of the princess. There the princess took Suprahára, who had pined for her so long, by the hand, and affectionately welcomed him, and made him lie down on a sofa, and comforted him whose limbs were withered by the fire of separation, by

shampooing him with her hand, the touch of which was cool as sandal-wood. And the fisher-boy was thereby, as it were, bedewed with nectar, and thinking that after long waiting he had attained his desire, he took his rest, and was suddenly seized by sleep. And when he was asleep, the princess escaped, and slept in another room, having thus pleased the fisher-boy, and having avoided being disgraced through him.

Then that son of the fisher-folk woke up, owing to the cessation of the touch of her hand, and not seeing his beloved, who had thus come within his grasp, and again vanished, like a pot of treasure in the case of a very poor man, who is despondent for its loss, he was reft of all hope, and his breath at once left his body. When the princess found that out, she came there, and blamed herself, and made up her mind to ascend the funeral pyre with him next morning.

Then her father, king Malayasinha, heard of it, and came there, and finding that she could not be turned from her resolve, he rinsed his mouth, and spake this speech; "If I am really devoted to the three-eyed god of gods, tell me, ye guardians of the world, what it is my duty to do." When the king said this, a heavenly voice answered him, "Thy daughter was in a former life the wife of this son of the fisher-folk.

"For, long ago, there lived in a village, called Nágasthala, a virtuous Bráhman of the name of Baladhara, the son of Mahídhara. When his father had gone to heaven, he was robbed of his wealth by his relations, and being disgusted with the world, he went with his wife to the bank of the Ganges. While he was remaining there without food, in order to abandon the body, he saw some fishermen eating fish, and his hunger made him long for it in his heart. So he died with his mind polluted by that desire, but his wife kept her aspirations pure, and continuing firm in penance, followed him in death.[15]

"That very Bráhman, owing to that pollution of his desires, has been born in the fisher-caste. But his wife, who remained firm in her asceticism, has been born as thy daughter, O king. So let this blameless daughter of thine, by the gift of half her life,[16] raise up this dead youth, who was her husband

in a former life. For, owing to the might of her asceticism, this youth, who was thus purified by the splendour of that holy bathing-place, shall become thy son-in-law, and a king."

When the king had been thus addressed by the divine voice, he gave his daughter in marriage to that youth Suprahára, who recovered his life by the gift of half hers. And Suprahára became a king by means of the land, elephants, horses, and jewels, which his father-in-law gave him, and, having obtained his daughter as a wife, lived the life of a successful man.

Story of the Merchant's daughter who fell in love with a thief.[17]

"In this way a connexion in a former birth usually produces affection in embodied beings; moreover, in illustration of this truth, listen to the following story about a thief."

In Ayodhyá there lived of old time a king named Vírabáhu, who always protected his subjects as if they were his own children. And one day the citizens of his capital came to him and said, "King, some thieves plunder this city every night, and though we keep awake for the purpose, we cannot detect them." When the king heard that, he placed scouts in the city at night to keep watch. But they did not catch the thieves and the mischief did not abate. Accordingly the king went out himself at night to investigate the matter.

And as he was wandering about in every direction, alone, sword in hand, he saw a man going along on the top of the rampart; he seemed to tread lightly out of fear; his eyes rolled rapidly like those of a crow; and he looked round like a lion, frequently turning his neck. He was rendered visible by the steel-gleams that flashed from his naked sword, which seemed like binding ropes sent forth to steal those jewels which men call stars.[18] And the king

said to himself; “I am quite certain that this man is a thief; no doubt he sallies out alone and plunders this my city.”

Having come to this conclusion, the wily monarch went up to the thief; and the thief said to him with some trepidation, “Who are you, Sir?” Then the king said to him, “I am a desperate robber, whose many vices make him hard to keep;[19] tell me in turn, who you are.” The thief answered, “I am a robber, that goes out to plunder alone; and I have great wealth; so come to my house: I will satisfy your longing for riches.” When the thief made him this promise, the king said, “So be it,” and went with him to his dwelling, which was in an underground excavation. It was inhabited by beautiful women, it gleamed with many jewels, it was full of ever new delights, and seemed like the city of the snakes.[20] Then the thief went into the inner chamber of his dwelling, and the king remained in the outer room; and while he was there, a female servant, compassionating him, came and said to him, “What kind of place have you entered? Leave it at once, for this man is a treacherous assassin, and as he goes on his expeditions alone, will be sure to murder you, to prevent his secrets being divulged.”[21] When the king heard that, he went out at once, and quickly repaired to his palace; and summoning his commander-in-chief, returned with his troops. And he came and surrounded the thief’s dwelling, and made the bravest men enter it, and so brought the thief back a prisoner, and carried off all his wealth.

When the night had come to an end, the king ordered his execution; and he was led off to the place of execution through the middle of the market. And as he was being led along through that part of the town, a merchant’s daughter saw him, and fell in love with him at first sight, and she immediately said to her father, “Know that if this man, who is being led off to execution preceded by the drum of death, does not become my husband, I shall die myself.”

Then her father, seeing that she could not be dissuaded from her resolution, went and tried to induce the king to spare that thief’s life by offering ten millions of coins. But the king, instead of sparing the thief’s life, ordered him to be immediately impaled,[22] and was very angry with the merchant.

Then the merchant's daughter, whose name was Vámadattá, took the corpse of that robber, and out of love for him entered the fire with it.

"So, you see, creatures are completely dependent upon connexions in previous births, and this being the case, who can avoid a destiny that is fated to him, and who can prevent such a destiny's befalling anybody? Therefore, king, it is clear that this Suratamanjarí is some excellent being that was the wife of your son Avantivardhana in a previous birth, and is therefore destined to be his wife again; otherwise how could such a high-born prince have formed such an attachment for her, a woman of the Mátanga caste? So let this Mátanga, her father Utpalahasta, be asked to give the prince his daughter; and let us see what he says."

When I had said this to king Pálaka, he at once sent messengers to Utpalahasta to ask for his daughter. And the Mátanga, when entreated by those messengers to give her in marriage, answered them, "I approve of this alliance, but I must give my daughter Suratamanjarí to the man who makes eighteen thousand of the Bráhmans, that dwell in this city, eat in my house." When the messengers heard this speech of the Mátanga's, that contained a solemn promise, they went back and reported it faithfully to king Pálaka.

Thinking that there was some reason for this,[23] the king called together all the Bráhmans in the city of Ujjayiní, and telling them the whole story, said to them, "So you must eat here in the house of the Mátanga Utpalahasta, eighteen thousand of you; I will not have it otherwise." When the Bráhmans had been thus commanded by the king, being at the same time afraid of touching the food of a Chaṇḍála, and therefore at a loss what to do, they went to the shrine of Mahákála and performed self-torture. Then the god Śiva, who was present there in the form of Mahákála, commanded those Bráhmans in a dream, saying, "Eat food here in the house of the Mátanga Utpalahasta, for he is a Vidyádhara; neither he nor his family are Chaṇḍálas." Then those Bráhmans rose up and went to the king, and told him the dream, and went on to say, "So let this Utpalahasta cook pure food for us in some place outside the quarter of the Chaṇḍálas, and then we will eat it at his hands." When the king heard this, he had another house made for Utpalahasta, and being highly delighted, he had food cooked for him

there by pure cooks: and then eighteen thousand Bráhmans ate there, while Utpalahasta stood in front of them, bathed, and clothed in a pure garment.

And after they had eaten, Utpalahasta came to king Pálaka, in the presence of his subjects, and bowing before him, said to him, "There was an influential prince of the Vidyádharas, named Gaurímuṇḍa; I was a dependent of his, named Matangadeva; and when, king, that daughter of mine Suratamanjarí had been born, Gaurímuṇḍa secretly said to me, 'The gods assert that this son of the king of Vatsa, who is called Naraváhanadatta, is to be our emperor: so go quickly, and kill that foe of ours by means of your magic power, before be has attained the dignity of emperor.'

"When the wicked Gaurímuṇḍa had sent me on this errand, I went to execute it, and while going along through the air, I saw Śiva in front of me. The god, being displeased, made an angry roar, and immediately pronounced on me this curse, 'How is it, villain, that thou dost plot evil against a noble-minded man? So go, wicked one, and fall with this same body of thine into the midst of the Chaṇḍálas in Ujjayiní, together with thy wife and daughter. And when some one shall make eighteen thousand of the Bráhmans, that dwell in that city, eat in thy house by way of a gift to purchase thy daughter; then thy curse shall come to an end, and thou must marry thy daughter to the man who bestows on thee that gift.'

"When Śiva had said this, he disappeared, and I, that very Matangadeva, assuming the name of Utpalahasta, fell among men of the lowest caste, but I do not mix with them. However, my curse is now at an end, owing to the favour of your son, so I give him my daughter Suratamanjarí. And now I will go to my own dwelling-place among the Vidyádharas, in order to pay my respects to the emperor Naraváhanadatta." When Matangadeva had said this, he solemnly gave the prince his daughter, and flying up into the air with his wife, repaired, king, to thy feet.

"And king Pálaka, having thus ascertained the truth, celebrated with great delight the marriage of Suratamanjarí and his son. And his son

Avantivardhana, having obtained that Vidyádharí for a wife, felt himself fortunate in having gained more than he had ever hoped for.

“Now, one day, that prince went to sleep on the top of the palace with her and at the end of the night he woke up, and suddenly discovered that his beloved was nowhere to be seen. He looked for her, but could not find her anywhere, and then he lamented, and was so much afflicted that his father the king came, and was exceedingly discomposed. We all, being assembled there at that time, said, ‘This city is well-guarded, no stranger could enter it during the night; no doubt she must have been carried off by some evilly disposed wanderer of the air;’ and even while we were saying that, your servant the Vidyádhara Dhúmaśikha descended from the sky. He brought here this prince Avantivardhana, and king Pálaka also was asked to part with me, in order that I might state the facts of the case. Here too is Suratamanjarí with her father, and the facts concerning her are such as I have said: your Majesty is the best judge of what ought to be done now.”

When Bharataroha the minister of Pálaka had told this tale, he stopped speaking; and the assessors put this question to Matangadeva in the presence of Naraváhanadatta, “Tell us, to whom did you give this daughter of yours Suratamanjarí?” He answered, “I gave her to Avantivardhana.” Then they put this question to Ityaka, “Now do you tell us why you carried her off?” He answered, “Her mother promised her to me originally.” The assessors said to Ityaka, “While the father is alive, what authority has the mother? Moreover, where is your witness to prove the fact of the mother having promised her to you? So she is with regard to you the wife of another, villain!” When Ityaka was thus put to silence by the assessors, the emperor Naraváhanadatta, being angry with him, ordered his immediate execution on the ground of his misconduct. But the good hermits, with Kaśyapa at their head, came and entreated him, saying, “Forgive now this one fault of his: for he is the son of Madanavega, and therefore your brother-in-law.” So the king was at last induced to spare his life, and let him off with a severe reprimand.

And he reunited that son of his maternal uncle, Avantivardhana, to his wife, and sent them off with their ministers to their own city, in the care of

1

For *supád* No 1182 reads *pumán* and No. 2166 *sumán*.

2

Two of the India Office MSS. have *sunámávantivaráhanaḥ* in śl. 13. In the third there is a lacuna.

3

In Sanskrit the moon is masculine and the night feminine.

4

This story is found in Vol. I, pp. 69–71; where see notes. Some additional notes will be found on p. 572 of the same volume. *Cp.* also Schöppner, Sagen der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, p. 258.

5

So, in this story of Ohimé, No. 23, in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Maruzza says to Ohimé, "Tell me, dear master, if by ill luck any one wished to kill you, how ought he to set about it?" The Indian story is much less clumsy than the Sicilian, which is, no doubt, derived from it.

6

The moon hates the *kamala* and loves the *kumuda*.

7

I read *stimitasthiteḥ* which I find in MS. No. 2166, and in the Sanskrit College MS.

8

Cp. Vol. I, p. 328 and *ff.* The story in the Gesta Romanorum to which reference is there made, bears a close resemblance to the present story; but in the present case it appears as if beauty had more to do with fascinating the elephant than modesty.

9

The Petersburg lexicographers explain this as a Chaṇḍála, a man of the lowest rank, a kind of Kiráta.

10

The word “good” is used in a sense approximating to that in which it is used by Theognis, and the patricians in Coriolanus.

11

I read *antyajáṃ* which I find in two of the Indian Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. In No. 3003 there is, apparently, a lacuna.

12

Cp. the Sigálujátaka, Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 5. A barber’s son dies of love for a Lichchhavi maiden. The Buddha then tells the story of a jackal whose love for a lioness cost him his life.

13

Compare the story of the birth of Servius Tullius, as told by Ovid. The following are Ovid’s lines:

Namque pater Tulli Vulcanus, Ocresia mater
Præsignis facie Corniculana fuit.
Hanc secum Tanaquil sacris de more peractis
Jussit in ornatum fundere vina focum.
Hic inter cineres obscæni forma virilis
Aut fuit aut visa est, sed fuit illa magis.
Jussa loco captiva sedet. Conceptus ab illa
Servius a cælo semina gentis habet.

14

All the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *kṛidyán* “delicious fish.”

15

See Vol. I, p. 241.

16

See Vol. I, p. 98. In śloka 143 the India Office MSS. Nos. 2166 and 1882 and the Sanskrit College MS give *pramayát* for *prabhayá*. I suppose it means “from dying in that holy place.”

17

This is another version of the story which begins on page 297 of this volume. I have not omitted it, as my object is to reproduce the original faithfully, with the exception of a few passages repugnant to modern European taste. In the same way in Játaka No. 318,

beginning on page 58 of Fausböll's third Volume, a lady falls in love with a criminal who is being led to execution.

18

I read *iva seraṇa*: I suppose *seraṇa* comes from *si*. Dr. Kern would read *ahrasva-saṇa*: (the former word hesitatingly). But *iva* is required. *Preraṇa* would make a kind of sense. See Taranga 48, śl. 26, a. The śloka is omitted in all the three India Office MSS. and in the Sanskrit College MS.

19

The Petersburg lexicographers translate *durbharaḥ* by *Schwer beladen*. I think it means that the supposed thief had many costly vices, which he could not gratify without stealing. Of course it applies to the king in a milder sense.

20

In the realms below the earth.

21

I read after Dr. Kern *viśvastaghátakaḥ* a slayer of those who confide in him. I also read *kvási* for *kvápi*; as the three India Office MSS. give *kvási*.

22

The three India Office MSS. give *tu* for *taṃ*.

23

I take *sakáranam* as one word.

Chapter CXIII.

When Naraváhanadatta on the Black Mountain had thus taken away the virtuous Suratamanjarí from his brother-in-law Ityaka, who had carried her off, and had reprimanded him, and had given her back to her husband, and was sitting in the midst of the hermits, the sage Kaśyapa came and said to him, "There never was, king, and there never will be an emperor like you, since you do not allow passion and other feelings of the kind to influence your mind, when you are sitting on the seat of judgment. Fortunate are they who ever behold such a righteous lord as you are; for, though your empire is such as it is, no fault can be found with you.

"There were in former days Ṛishabha and other emperors; and they, being seized with various faults, were ruined and fell from their high estate. Ṛishabha, and Sarvadamana, and the third Bandhujívaka, all these, through excessive pride, were punished by Indra. And the Vidyádhara prince Jímútaváhana, when the sage Nárada came and asked him the reason of his obtaining the rank of emperor, told him how he gave away the wishing-tree and his own body,[1] and thus he fell from his high position by revealing his own virtuous deeds. And the sovereign named Viśvántara, who was emperor here, he too, when his son Indívaráksha had been slain by Vasantatilaka, the king of Chedi, for seducing his wife, being wanting in self-control, died on account of the distracting sorrow which he felt for the death of his wicked son.

"But Tárávaloka alone, who was by birth a mighty human king, and obtained by his virtuous deeds the imperial sovereignty over the Vidyádharas, long enjoyed the high fortune of empire without falling into sin, and at last abandoned it of his own accord, out of distaste for all worldly pleasures, and went to the forest. Thus in old times did most of the Vidyádhara emperors, puffed up with the attainment of their high rank, abandon the right path, and fall, blinded with passion. So you must always

be on your guard against slipping from the path of virtue, and you must take care that your Vidyádhara subjects do not swerve from righteousness."

When the hermit Kaśyapa said this to Naraváhanadatta, the latter approved his speech, and said to him with deferential courtesy, "How did Tárávaloka, being a man, obtain in old time the sway over the Vidyádharas? Tell me, reverend Sir." When Kaśyapa heard this, he said, "Listen, I will tell you his story."

Story of Tárávaloka.

There lived among the Śivis[2] a king of the name of Chandrávaloka; that sovereign had a head-wife named Chandralekhá. Her race was as spotless as the sea of milk, she was pure herself, and in character like the Ganges. And he had a great elephant that trampled the armies of his enemies, known on the earth as Kuvalayapíḍa. Owing to the might of that elephant, the king was never conquered by any enemy in his realm, in which the real power was in the hands of the subjects.

And when his youth came to an end, that king had a son, with auspicious marks, born to him by his queen Chandralekhá. He gave the son the name of Tárávaloka, and he gradually grew up, and his inborn virtues of liberality, self-control, and discernment grew with him. And the mighty-minded youth learnt the meaning of all words except one; but he was so liberal to suppliants that he cannot be said ever to have learnt the meaning of the word "No." Gradually he became old in actions, though young in years; and though like the sun in fire of valour, he was exceedingly pleasing to look at;[3] like the full moon, he became beautiful by the possession of all noble parts; like the god of Love, he excited the longing of the whole world; in obedience to his father he came to surpass Jímútaváhana, and he was distinctly marked with the signs of a great emperor.

Then his father, the king Chandrávaloka, brought for that son of his the daughter of the king of the Madras, named Mádrí. And when he was married, his father, pleased with the supereminence of his virtues, at once appointed him Crown-prince. And when Tárávaloka had been appointed Crown-prince, he had made, with his father's permission, alms-houses for the distribution of food and other necessaries. And every day, the moment he got up, he mounted the elephant Kuvalayapíḍa, and went round to inspect those alms-houses.[4] To whosoever asked anything he was ready to give it, even if it were his own life: in this way the fame of that Crown-prince spread in every quarter.

Then he had two twin sons born to him by Mádrí, and the father called them Ráma and Lakshmaṇa. And the boys grew like the love and joy of their parents, and they were dearer than life to their grandparents. And Tárávaloka and Mádrí were never tired of looking at them, as they bent before them, being filled with virtue, like two bows of the prince, being strung.[5]

Then the enemies of Tárávaloka, seeing his elephant Kuvalayapíḍa, his two sons, and his reputation for generosity, said to their Bráhmans, "Go and ask Tárávaloka to give you his elephant Kuvalayapíḍa. If he gives it you, we shall be able to take from him his kingdom, as he will be deprived of that bulwark; if he refuses to give it, his reputation for generosity will be at an end." When the Bráhmans had been thus entreated, they consented, and asked Tárávaloka, that hero of generosity, for that elephant. Tárávaloka said to himself, "What do Bráhmans mean by asking for a mighty elephant? So I know for certain that they have been put up to asking me by some one. Happen what will, I must give them my splendid elephant, for how can I let a suppliant go away without obtaining his desire, while I live?" After going through these reflections, Tárávaloka gave the elephant to those Bráhmans with unwavering mind.

Then Chandrávaloka's subjects, seeing that splendid elephant being led away by those Bráhmans, went in a rage to the king, and said, "Your son has now abandoned this kingdom, and surrendering all his rights has taken upon him the vow of a hermit. For observe, he has given to some suppliants

this great elephant Kuvalayapíḍa, the foundation of the kingdom's prosperity, that scatters with its mere smell all other elephants. So you must either send your son to the forest to practise asceticism, or take back the elephant, or else we will set up another king in your place."[6]

When Chandrávaloka had been thus addressed by the citizens, he sent his son a message in accordance with their demands through the warder. When his son Tárávaloka heard that, he said, "As for the elephant, I have given it away, and it is my principle to refuse nothing to suppliants; but what do I care for such a throne as this, which is under the thumb of the subjects, or for a royal dignity which does not benefit others,[7] and anyhow is transient as the lightning? So it is better for me to live in the forest, among trees which give the fortune of their fruits to be enjoyed by all, and not here among such beasts of men as these subjects are."[8] When Tárávaloka had said this, he assumed the dress of bark, and after kissing the feet of his parents and giving away all his wealth to suppliants, he went out from his own city, accompanied by his wife, who was firm in the same resolution as himself, and his two children, comforting, as well as he could, the weeping Bráhmans. Even beasts and birds, when they saw him setting forth, wept so piteously that the earth was bedewed with their rain of tears.

Then Tárávaloka went on his way, with no possessions but a chariot and horses for the conveyance of his children; but some other Bráhmans asked him for the horses belonging to the chariot; he gave them to them immediately, and drew the chariot himself, with the assistance of his wife to convey those tender young sons to the forest. Then, as he was wearied out in the middle of the forest, another Bráhman came up to him, and asked him for his horseless chariot. He gave it to him without the slightest hesitation, and the resolute fellow, going along on his feet, with his wife and sons, at last with difficulty reached the grove of mortification. There he took up his abode at the foot of a tree, and lived with deer for his only retinue, nobly waited on by his wife Mádrí. And the forest regions ministered to the heroic prince, while living in this kingdom of devotion; their clusters of flowers waving in the wind were his beautiful *chowries*, broad-shaded trees were his umbrellas, leaves his bed, rocks his thrones, bees his singing-women, and various fruits his savoury viands.

Now, one day, his wife Mádrí left the hermitage to gather fruits and flowers for him with her own hands, and a certain old Bráhman came and asked Tárávaloka, who was in his hut, for his sons Ráma and Lakshmaṇa. Tárávaloka said to himself, "I shall be better able to endure letting these sons of mine, though they are quite infants, be led away,[9] than I could possibly manage to endure the sending a suppliant away disappointed: the fact is, cunning fate is eager to see my resolution give way": then he gave those sons to the Bráhman. And when the Bráhman tried to take them away, they refused to go; then he tied their hands and beat them with creepers; and as the cruel man took them away, they kept crying for their mother, and turning round and looking at their father with tearful eyes. Even when Tárávaloka saw that, he was unmoved, but the whole world of animate and inanimate existences was moved at his fortitude.

Then the virtuous Mádrí slowly returned tired from a remote part of the forest to her husband's hermitage, bringing with her flowers, fruits and roots. And she saw her husband, who had his face sadly fixed on the ground, but she could not see anywhere those sons of hers, though their toys, in the form of horses, chariots, and elephants of clay, were scattered about. Her heart foreboded calamity, and she said excitedly to her husband "Alas! I am ruined! Where are my little sons?" Her husband slowly answered her, "Blameless one, I gave those two little sons away to a poor Bráhman, who asked for them." When the good lady heard that, she rose superior to her distraction, and said to her husband, "Then you did well: how could you allow a suppliant to go away disappointed?" When she said this, the equally matched goodness of that married couple made the earth tremble, and the throne of Indra rock.

Then Indra saw by his profound meditation that the world was made to tremble by virtue of the heroic generosity of Mádrí and Tárávaloka. Then he assumed the form of a Bráhman, and went to Tárávaloka's hermitage, to prove him, and asked him for his only wife Mádrí. And Tárávaloka was preparing to give without hesitation, by the ceremony of pouring water over the hands,[10] that lady who had been his companion in the wild forest, when Indra, thus disguised as a Bráhman, said to him, "Royal sage, what object do you mean to attain by giving away a wife like this?" Then Tárávaloka

said, “I have no object in view, Bráhman; so much only do I desire, that I may ever give away to Bráhmans even my life.” When Indra heard this, he resumed his proper shape, and said to him, “I have made proof of thee, and I am satisfied with thee; so I say to thee, thou must not again give away thy wife; and soon thou shalt be made emperor over all the Vidyádharas.” When the god had said this, he disappeared.

In the meanwhile that old Bráhman took with him those sons of Tárávaloka, whom he had received as a Bráhman’s fee, and losing his way, arrived, as Fate would have it, at the city of that king Chandrávaloka, and proceeded to sell those princes in the market. Then the citizens recognised those two boys, and went and informed king Chandrávaloka, and took them with the Bráhman into his presence. The king, when he saw his grandsons, shed tears, and after he had questioned the Bráhman, and had heard the state of the case from him, he was for a long time divided between joy and grief. Then, perceiving the exceeding virtue of his son, he at once ceased to care about a kingdom, though his subjects entreated him to remain, but with his wealth he bought those two grandsons from the Bráhman, and taking them with him, went with his retinue to the hermitage of his son Tárávaloka.

There he saw him with matted hair, wearing a dress of bark, looking like a great tree, the advantages of which are enjoyed by birds coming from every quarter, for he in like manner had bestowed all he had upon expectant Bráhmans.[11] That son ran towards him, while still a long way off, and fell at his feet, and his father bedewed him with tears, and took him up on his lap; and thus gave him a foretaste of his ascent of the throne, as emperor over the Vidyádharas, after the solemn sprinkling with water.

Then the king gave back to Tárávaloka his sons Ráma and Lakshmaṇa, saying that he had purchased them, and while they were relating to one another their adventures, an elephant with four tusks and the goddess Lakshmí descended from heaven. And when the chiefs of the Vidyádharas had also descended, Lakshmí, lotus in hand, said to that Tárávaloka, “Mount this elephant, and come to the country of the Vidyádharas, and there enjoy the imperial dignity[12] earned by your great generosity.”

When Lakshmí said this, Tárávaloka, after bowing at the feet of his father, mounted that celestial elephant, with her, and his wife, and his sons, in the sight of all the inhabitants of the hermitage, and surrounded by the kings of the Vidyádharas went through the air to their domain. There the distinctive sciences of the Vidyádharas repaired to him, and he long enjoyed supreme sway, but at last becoming disgusted with all worldly pleasures, he retired to a forest of ascetics.

"Thus Tárávaloka, though a man, acquired in old time by his deeds of spotless virtue the sovereignty of all the Vidyádharas. But others, after acquiring it, lost it by their offences: so be on your guard against unrighteous conduct either on your own part or on that of another."[13]

When the hermit Kaśyapa had told this story, and had thus admonished Naraváhanadatta, that emperor promised to follow his advice. And he had a royal proclamation made all round the mountain of Śiva, to the following effect, "Listen, Vidyádharas; whoever of my subjects after this commits an unrighteous act, will certainly be put to death by me." The Vidyádharas received his commands with implicit submission, and his glory was widely diffused on account of his causing Suratamanjarí to be set at liberty; and so he lived with his retinue in the hermitage of that excellent sage, on the Black Mountain,[14] in the society of his maternal uncle, and in this manner spent the rainy season.

1

See Vol. I, p. 174, and *ff.* and Vol. II, p. 307, and *ff.*

2

The Petersburg lexicographers spell the word Śibi. This story is really the same as the XVIth of Ralston's Tibetan Tales which begins on page 257. Dr. Kern points out that we ought to read *dugdhábdinirmalá*. The India Office MSS. give the words correctly. This story is also found in the Chariyá Piṭaka. See Oldenberg's Buddha, p. 302.

3

The word *saumya* means "pleasing" and also "moon-like"; *kalá* in the next line means "digit of the moon" and also "accomplishment."

4

I read *satráṇi* or *sattráṇi* for *pátráṇi* which would mean “fit recipients.” I find *sattráṇi* in MS. No. 1882.

5

A perpetually recurring pun! *Guṇa* in Sanskrit means “bowstring” and also “virtue,” and is an unfailing source of temptation to our author.

6

This story was evidently composed at a time when the recollections of the old clan-system were vivid in the minds of the Hindus. See Rhys David’s Buddhism, p. 28. Gautama’s relations “complained in a body to the Rájá Suddhodana that his son, devoted to home pleasures, neglected those manly exercises necessary for one who might hereafter have to lead his kinsmen in case of war.”

7

I read *anyánupayoginyá* which I find in MS. No. 3003. No. 1882 has *anyánupabhoginyá*. In the other MS. the passage is omitted. Another syllable is clearly required. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *kiṃ chányánupayoginyatra*.

8

Cp. Richard II, V. 1. 35.

9

India Office MS. No. 1882 reads *nitau*; the other two seem to omit the lines altogether.

10

As Anáthapiṇḍika gives the Jetavana garden to Buddha in the Bharhut Sculptures; see also p. 329 of this volume.

11

The pun is intelligible enough: *dvija* means “Bráhman” and also “bird”: *áśágata* means “coming from every quarter” and “coming in hope to get something.”

12

tat should not be separated from the next word.

13

The three India Office MSS. read *apacháraṃ tvaṃ*. The Sanskrit College MS. gives *apavdraṃ*.

14

The metre shows that *'sta* is a misprint for *'sita*. All the three India Office MSS. read *'sita*. So does the Sanskrit College MS.

Book XVII.

Chapter CXIV.

Glory to Śiva, who assumes various forms; who, though his beloved takes up half his body,[1] is an ascetic, free from qualities, the due object of a world's adoration! We worship Gaṇeśa, who, when fanning away the cloud of bees, that flies up from his trunk, with his flapping ears, seems to be dispersing the host of obstacles.

Thus Naraváhanadatta, who had been established in the position of lord paramount over all the kings of the Vidyádharas, remained on that Black Mountain in order to get through the rainy season, spending the time in the hermitage of that sage Kaśyapa, and in the society of his maternal uncle Gopálaka, who was living the life of an ascetic. He was accompanied by his ministers, and surrounded by twenty-five of his wives, and attended by various Vidyádhara princes, and he occupied himself in telling tales. One day, the hermits and his wives said to him, "Tell us now! When Mánasavega took away queen Madanamanchuká by his magic power, who amused you impatient of separation, and how did he do it?"

When Naraváhanadatta had been asked this question by those hermits and by his wives, he proceeded to speak as follows; "Can I tell now how great grief I endured, when I found out that that wicked enemy had carried off my queen? There was no building, and no garden, or room, into which I did not roam seeking for her in my grief, and all my ministers with me. Then I sat down, as if beside myself, in a garden at the foot of a tree, and Gomukha, having obtained his opportunity, said to me, in order to console me, 'Do not be despondent, my sovereign; you will soon recover the queen; for the gods promised that you should rule the Vidyádharas with her as your consort; that must turn out as the gods predicted, for their promises are never falsified; and resolute men, after enduring separation, obtain reunion with those they love. Were not Rámabhadra, king Nala, and your own

grandfather,[2] after enduring separation, reunited to their beloved wives? And was not Muktáphalaketu, emperor of the Vidyádharas, reunited to Padmávatí, after he had been separated from her? And now listen, king; I will tell you the story of that couple.' When Gomukha had said this, he told me the following tale."

Story of king Brahmadatta and the Swans.[3]

There is in this country a city famous over the earth by the name of Váráṇasí, which, like the body of Śiva, is adorned with the Ganges, and bestows emancipation. With the flags on its temples swayed up and down by the wind, it seems to be ever saying to men "Come hither, and attain salvation." With the pinnacles of its white palaces it looks like the plateau of mount Kailása, the habitation of the god with the moon for a diadem, and it is full of troops of Śiva's devoted servants.[4]

In that city there lived of old time a king named Brahmadatta,[5] exclusively devoted to Śiva, a patron of Bráhmans, brave, generous, and compassionate. His commands passed current through the earth, they stumbled not in rocky defiles, they were not whelmed in seas, there were no continents which they did not cross. He had a queen named Somaprabhá,[6] who was dear and delightful to him as the moonlight to the *chakora*, and he was as eager to drink her in with his eyes. And he had a Bráhman minister named Śivabhúti, equal to Vṛihaspati in intellect, who had fathomed the meaning of all the Śástras.

One night, that king, as he was lying on a bed on the top of a palace exposed to the rays of the moon, saw a couple of swans crossing through the air, with bodies of gleaming gold, looking like two golden lotuses opened in the water of the heavenly Ganges,[7] and attended by a train of

king-geese. When that wonderful pair had passed from his eyes, the king was for a long time afflicted, and his mind was full of regret at no longer enjoying that sight. He passed that night without sleeping, and next morning he told his minister Śivabhúti what he had seen, and said to him, “So, if I cannot feast my eyes on those golden swans to my heart’s content, of what profit to me is my kingdom or my life?”

When the king said this to his minister Śivabhúti, he answered him, “Do not be anxious; there is a means of bringing about what you desire; listen, king; I will tell you what it is. Owing to the various influence of actions in a previous birth, various is this infinite host of sentient beings produced by the Creator in this versatile world. This world is really fraught with woe, but owing to delusion there arises in creatures the fancy that happiness is to be found in it, and they take pleasure in house, and food, and drink, and so become attached to it. And Providence has appointed that different kinds of food, drink, and dwellings, should be agreeable to different creatures, according to the classes to which they respectively belong. So have made, king, a great lake to be the dwelling-place of these swans, covered with various kinds of lotuses, and watched by guards, where they will be free from molestation. And keep always scattering on the bank food of the kind that birds love, in order that water-birds may quickly come there from various quarters. Among them these two golden swans will certainly come; and then you will be able to gaze on them continually: do not be despondent.”

When king Brahmadatta’s minister said this to him, he had that great lake made according to his directions, and it was ready in a moment. The lake was frequented by swans, *sárasas* and *chakravákas*,[8] and after a time that couple of swans came there, and settled down on a clump of lotuses in it. Then the guards set to watch the lake came and informed the king of that fact, and he went down to the lake in a state of great delight, considering that his object had been accomplished. And he beheld those golden swans, and worshipped them from a distance, and ministered to their comfort by scattering for them grains of rice dipped in milk. And the king took so much interest in them that he spent his whole time on the bank of that lake watching those swans with their bodies of pure gold, their eyes of pearl,

their beaks and feet of coral, and the tips of their wings of emerald,[9] which had come there in perfect confidence.

Now, one day, as the king was roaming along the bank of the lake, he saw in one place a pious offering made with unfading flowers. And he said to the guards there, “Who made this offering?” Then the guards of the lake said to the king, “Every day, at dawn, noon, and sunset, these golden swans bathe in the lake, and make these offerings, and stand absorbed in contemplation: so we cannot say, king, what is the meaning of this great wonder.” When the king heard this from the guards, he said to himself, “Such a proceeding is quite inconsistent with the nature of swans; surely there must be a reason for this. So, I will perform asceticism until I find out who these swans are.” Then the king and his wife and his minister gave up food, and remained performing penance and absorbed in meditation on Śiva. And after the king had fasted for twelve days, the two heavenly swans came to him, and said to him in a dream with articulate voice, “Rise up, king; to-morrow we will tell you and your wife and minister, after you have broken your fast, the whole truth of the matter in private.” When the swans had said this, they disappeared, and next morning the king and his wife and his minister, as soon as they awoke, rose up, and broke their fast. And after they had eaten, the two swans came to them, as they were sitting in a pleasure-pavilion near the water. The king received them with respect, and said to them, “Tell me who you are.” Then they proceeded to tell him their history.

How Párvatí condemned her five attendants to be reborn on earth.

There is a monarch of mountains famous on the earth under the name of Mandara, in whose groves of gleaming jewels all the gods roam, on whose table-lands, watered with nectar from the churned sea of milk, are to be found flowers, fruits, roots, and water, that are antidotes to old age and

death. Its highest peaks, composed of various precious stones, form the pleasure-grounds of Śiva, and he loves it more than mount Kailása.

There, one day, that god left Párvatí, after he had been diverting himself with her, and disappeared, to execute some business for the gods. Then the goddess, afflicted by his absence, roamed in the various places where he loved to amuse himself, and the other gods did their best to console her.

And one day the goddess was much troubled by the advent of spring, and she was sitting surrounded by the Gaṇas at the foot of a tree, thinking about her beloved, when a noble Gaṇa, named Maṇipushpeśvara, looked lovingly at a young maiden, the daughter of Jayá, called Chandralekhá, who was waving a *chowrie* over the goddess. He was a match for her in youth and beauty, and she met his glance with a responsive look of love, as he stood by her side. Two other Gaṇas, named Pingeśvara and Guheśvara, when they saw that, interchanged glances, and a smile passed over their faces. And when the goddess saw them smiling, she was angry in her heart, and she cast her eyes hither and thither, to see what they were laughing at in this unseemly manner. And then she saw that Chandralekhá and Maṇipushpeśvara were looking lovingly in one another's faces.

Then the goddess, who was quite distracted with the sorrow of separation, was angry, and said, "These young people have done well to look lovingly[10] at one another in the absence of the god, and these two mirthful people have done well to laugh when they saw their glances: so let this lover and maiden, who are blinded with passion, fall into a human birth; and there the disrespectful pair shall be man and wife; but these unseasonable laughers shall endure many miseries on the earth; they shall be first poor Bráhmans, and then[11] Bráhman-Rákshasas, and then Piśáchas, and after that Chaṇḍálas, and then robbers, and then bob-tailed dogs, and then they shall be various kinds of birds,—shall these Gaṇas who offended by laughing; for their minds were unclouded, when they were guilty of this disrespectful conduct.

When the goddess had uttered this command, a Gaṇa of the name of Dhúrjaṭa said, "Goddess, this is very unjust; these excellent Gaṇas do not

deserve so severe a curse, for a very small offence." When the goddess heard that, she said in her wrath to Dhúrjaṭa also, "Fall thou also, great sir, that knowest not thy place, into a mortal womb." When the goddess had inflicted these tremendous curses, the female warder Jayá, the mother of Chandralekhá, clung to her feet, and addressed this petition to her, "Withdraw thy anger, goddess; appoint an end to the curse of this daughter of mine, and of these thy own servants, that have through ignorance committed sin." When Párvatí had been thus entreated by her warder Jayá, she said, "When all these, owing to their having obtained insight, shall in course of time meet together, they shall, after visiting Śiva the lord of magic powers, in the place[12] where Brahmá and the other gods performed asceticism, return to our court, having been freed from their curse. And this Chandralekhá, and her beloved, and that Dhúrjaṭa shall, all three of them, be happy in their life as mortals, but these two shall be miserable."

When the goddess had said this, she ceased; and at that very moment the Asura Andhaka came there, having heard of the absence of Śiva. The presumptuous Asura hoped to win the goddess, but having been reproached by her attendants he departed, but he was slain on that account by the god, who discovered the reason of his coming, and pursued him.[13] Then Śiva returned home having accomplished his object, and Párvatí delighted told him of the coming of Andhaka, and the god said to her, "I have to-day slain a former mind-born son of thine, named Andhaka, and he shall now be a Bhṛingin here, as nothing remains of him but skin and bone." When Śiva had said this, he remained there diverting himself with the goddess, and Maṇipushpeśvara and the other five descended to earth.

"Now, king, hear the long and strange story of these two, Pingeśvara and Guheśvara."

Story of the metamorphoses of Pingeśvara and Guheśvara.

There is on the earth a royal grant to Bráhmans, named Yajnasthala. In it there lived a rich[14] and virtuous Bráhman named Yajnasoma. In his middle age he had two sons born to him; the name of the elder was Harisoma and of the younger Devasoma. They passed through the age of childhood, and were invested with the sacred thread, and then the Bráhman their father lost his wealth, and he and his wife died.

Then those two wretched sons, bereaved of their father, and without subsistence, having had their grant taken from them by their relations, said to one another, "We are now reduced to living on alms, but we get no alms here. So we had better go to the house of our maternal grandfather, though it is far off. Though we have come down in the world, who on earth would welcome us, if we arrive of our own accord. Nevertheless let us go. What else indeed are we to do, for we have no other resource?"

After deliberating to this effect they went, begging their way, by slow stages, to that royal grant, where the house of their grandfather was. There the unfortunate young men found out, by questioning people, that their grandfather, whose name was Somadeva, was dead, and his wife also.

Then, begrimed with dust, they entered despairing the house of their maternal uncles named Yajnadeva and Kratudeva. There those good Bráhmans welcomed them kindly, and gave them food and clothing, and they remained engaged in study. But in course of time the wealth of their maternal uncles diminished, and they could keep no servants, and then they came and said to those nephews in the most affectionate way, "Dear boys, we can no longer afford to keep a man to look after our cattle, as we have become poor, so do you look after our cattle for us." When Harisoma and Devasoma's uncles said this to them, their throats were full of tears, but they agreed to their proposal. Then they took the cattle to the forest every day, and looked after them there, and at evening they returned home with them, wearied out.

Then, as they went on looking after the cattle, owing to their falling asleep in the day, some animals were stolen, and others were eaten by tigers. That made their uncles very unhappy: and one day a cow and goat intended for

sacrifice, belonging to their uncles, both disappeared somewhere or other. Terrified at that, they took the other animals home before the right time, and running off in search of the two that were missing, they entered a distant forest. There they saw their goat half eaten by a tiger, and after lamenting, being quite despondent, they said, “Our uncles were keeping this goat for a sacrifice, and now that it is destroyed, their anger will be something tremendous. So let us dress its flesh with fire, and eat enough of it to put an end to our hunger, and then let us take the rest, and go off somewhere and support ourselves by begging.”

After these reflections they proceeded to roast the goat, and while they were so engaged, their two uncles arrived, who had been running after them, and saw them cooking the goat. When they saw their uncles in the distance, they were terrified, and they rose up in great trepidation, and fled from the spot. And those two uncles in their wrath pronounced[15] on them the following curse, “Since, in your longing for flesh, you have done a deed worthy of Rákshasas, you shall become flesh-eating Bráhman-Rakshasas.” And immediately those two young Bráhmans became Brahman-Rákshasas, having mouths formidable with tusks, flaming hair, and insatiable hunger; and they wandered about in the forest catching animals and eating them.

But one day they rushed upon an ascetic, who possessed supernatural power, to slay him, and he in self-defence cursed them, and they became Piśáchas. And in their condition as Piśáchas, they were carrying off the cow of a Bráhman, to kill it, but they were overpowered by his spells, and reduced by his curse to the condition of Chaṇḍálas.

One day, as they were roaming about in their condition as Chaṇḍálas, bow in hand, tormented with hunger, they reached, in their search for food, a village of bandits. The warders of the village, supposing them to be thieves, arrested them both, as soon as they saw them, and cut off their ears and noses. And they bound them, and beat them with sticks, and brought them in this condition before the chiefs of the bandits. There they were questioned by the chiefs, and being bewildered with fear, and tormented with hunger and pain,[16] they related their history to them. Then the chiefs of the gang, moved by pity, set them at liberty, and said to them, “Remain

here and take food; do not be terrified. You have arrived here on the eighth day of the month, the day on which we worship Kártikeya, and so you are our guests; and should have a share in our feast."[17] "When the bandits had said this, they worshipped the goddess Durgá, and made the two Chaṇḍálas eat in their presence,[18] and having, as it happened, taken a fancy to them, they would not let them out of their sight. Then they lived with those bandits by robbing, and thanks to their courage, became eventually the chiefs of the gang.

And one night those chiefs marched with their followers to plunder a large town, a favourite abode of Śiva, which some of their spies had selected for attack. Though they saw an evil omen, they did not turn back, and they reached and plundered the whole city and the temple of the god. Then the inhabitants cried to the god for protection, and Śiva in his wrath bewildered the bandits by making them blind. And the citizens suddenly perceiving that, and thinking that it was due to the favour of Śiva, assembled and smote those bandits with sticks and stones. And Gaṇas, moving about invisibly, flung some of the bandits into ravines, and dashed others to pieces against the ground.

And the people, seeing the two leaders, were about to put them to death, but they immediately turned into bob-tailed dogs. And in this transformation they suddenly remembered their former birth, and danced in front of Śiva, and fled to him for protection. When the citizens, Bráhmans, merchants, and all, saw that, they were delighted at being free from fear of robbers, and went laughing to their houses. And then the delusion, that had possessed those two beings now turned into dogs, disappeared, and they awoke to reality, and in order to put an end to their curse, they fasted, and appealed to Śiva by severe asceticism. And the next morning, the citizens, making high festival and worshipping Śiva, beheld those dogs absorbed in contemplation, and though they offered them food, the creatures would not touch it.

And the two dogs remained in this state for several days, beheld by all the world, and then Śiva's Gaṇas preferred this prayer to him, "O god, these two Gaṇas, Pingeśvara and Guheśvara, who were cursed by the goddess,

have been afflicted for a long time, so take pity on them." When the holy god heard that, he said, "Let these two Gaṇas be delivered from their canine condition and became crows!" Then they became crows, and broke their fast upon the rice of the offering, and lived happily, remembering their former state, exclusively devoted to Śiva.

After some time, Śiva having been satisfied by their devotion to him, they became by his command first vultures, and then peacocks; then those noble Gaṇas, in course of time, became swans; and in that condition also they strove with the utmost devotion to propitiate Śiva. And at last they gained the favour of that god by bathing in sacred waters, by performing vows, by meditations, and acts of worship, and they became all composed of gold and jewels, and attained supernatural insight.

"Know that we are those very two, Pingeśvara and Guheśvara, who by the curse of Párvatí endured a succession of woes, and have now become swans. But the Gaṇa Maṇipushpeśvara, who was in love with the daughter of Jayá, and was cursed by the goddess, has become a king upon earth, even yourself, Brahmadatta. And that daughter of Jayá has been born as this lady, your wife Somaprabhá; and that Dhúrjaṭa has been born as this your minister Śivabhúti. And therefore we, having attained insight, and remembering the end of the curse appointed by Párvatí, appeared to you at night. By means of that artifice we have all been re-united here to-day; and we will bestow on you the perfection of insight.

"Come, let us go to that holy place of Śiva on the Tridaśa mountain, rightly named Siddhíśvara,[19] where the gods performed asceticism in order to bring about the destruction of the Asura Vidyuddhvaja. And they slew that Asura in fight, with the help of Muktáphalaketu, the head of all the Vidyádhara princes, who had been obtained by the favour of Śiva. And that Muktáphalaketu, having passed through the state of humanity brought upon him by a curse, obtained reunion with Padmávatí by the favour of the same god. Let us go to that holy place, which has such splendid associations connected with it, and there propitiate Śiva, and then we will return to our own home, for such was the end of the curse appointed to all of us by the goddess, to take place at the same time." When the two heavenly swans said

this to king Brahmadatta, he was at once excited with curiosity to hear the tale of Muktáphalaketu.

1

An allusion to the *Arddhanárísa* form of Śiva.

2

Pitámaháḥ must be a misprint for *pitámahaḥ*, as is apparent from the India Office MSS.

3

This story is in the original prefaced by "*Iti Padmávatí kathá*." It continues to the end of the book, but properly speaking, the story of *Padmávatí* does not commence until chapter 115.

4

There is a reference to the sectaries of Śiva in Benares, and the Gaṇas of Śiva on mount Kailása.

5

Here we have a longer form of the story of Brahmadatta found on pp. 12 and 13 of Vol. I. Dr. Rajendralál Mitra informs me that it is also found in a MS. called the Bodhisattva Avadána, one of the Hodgson MSS.

6

i. e., moonlight.

7

There is probably a double meaning. The clouds are compared to the Ganges, and it is obvious that geese would cluster round lotuses.

8

The *sárasa* is a large crane; the *chakraváka* the Brahmany duck.

9

i. e., *Tárkshyaratna*. I have no idea what the jewel is. B. and R. give *ein bestimmter dunkelfarbiger Edelstein*. In Játaka No. 136 there is a golden goose who had been a Bráhman. He gives his feathers to his daughters to sell, but his wife pulls out all the feathers at once; they become like the feathers of a *baka*. Afterwards they all grow white. See Rhys David's Buddhist Birth Stories, p. ix, note. In Śloka, 4. 1, I read *tadrasád* for *tatra sadá*, with MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166; No. 3003 has *tatrasád*.

10

It may possibly mean “acted a love-drama.” I cannot find the sense I have assigned to it in any Dictionary.

11

Before *anu* we should with the India Office MSS. insert *tad*. Monier Williams explains Brahma-Rákshasa as a “fiend of the Bráhmanical class.”

12

It is worth while remarking that all the India Office MSS. here read *kshetraṃ* which would make Siddhíśvara the name of a place here.

13

All the India Office MSS. read *gatvá* for *jnátvá*. I have adopted this; and I take *tatkóraṇaṃ* adverbially. MS. No. 1882 has *gatovijnáta*.

14

It appears from the India Office MSS. that *dhanaván* should be inserted after *bráhmaṇo*. In śloka 82, the India Office MSS. read *chitráyatam* which I have adopted.

15

The three India Office MSS. have *viteratuḥ*.

16

Dr. Kern would read *kshudduḥkáváptasaṃkleśau*. I find that all the three India Office MSS. confirm his conjecture, so I have adopted it.

17

Cp. Vergil’s Aeneid VIII. 172 and *ff.*

18

All the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *svágra*, which I have endeavoured to translate. Perhaps it may mean, “before they took any food themselves.”

19

Here the name of a place sacred to Śiva. Before we have had it as the god’s title. See B. & R. *s. v.* It means “lord of magic powers.”

Chapter CXV.

Then king Brahmadatta said to those celestial swans, “How did Muktáphalaketu kill that Vidyuddhvaja? And how did he pass through the state of humanity inflicted on him by a curse, and regain Padmávatí? Tell me this first, and afterwards you shall carry out your intentions.” When those[1] birds heard this, they began to relate the story of Muktáphalaketu as follows.

Story of Muktáphalaketu and Padmávatí.

Once on a time there was a king of the Daityas named Vidyutprabhá, hard for gods to conquer. He, desiring a son, went to the bank of the Ganges, and with his wife performed asceticism for a hundred years to propitiate Brahmá. And by the favour of Brahmá, who was pleased with his asceticism, that enemy of the gods obtained a son named Vidyuddhvaja, who was invulnerable at their hands.

That son of the king of the Daityas, even when a child, was of great valour; and one day seeing that their town was guarded on all sides by troops, he said to one of his companions, “Tell me, my friend, what have we to be afraid of, that this town is thus guarded on all sides by troops?” Then his companion said to him, “We have an adversary in Indra the king of the gods; and it is on his account that this system of guarding the town is kept up. Ten hundred thousand elephants, and fourteen hundred thousand chariots, and thirty hundred thousand horsemen, and a hundred millions of footmen guard the city in turn for one watch of the night, and the turn of guarding comes round for every division in seven years.”

When Vidyuddhvaja heard this, he said, “Out on such a throne, that is guarded by the arms of others, and not by its own might! However, I will perform such severe asceticism, as will enable me to conquer my enemy with my own arm, and put an end to all this insolence of his.” When Vidyuddhvaja had said this, he put aside that companion of his, who tried to prevent him, and without telling his parents, went to the forest to perform penance.

But his parents heard of it, and in their affection for their child, they followed him, and said to him, “Do not act rashly, son; severe asceticism ill befits a child like you. Our throne has been victorious over its enemies; is there one more powerful in the whole world? What do you desire to get by withering yourself in vain? Why do you afflict us?” When Vidyuddhvaja’s parents said this to him, he answered them, “I will acquire, even in my childhood, heavenly arms by the force of asceticism; as for our empire over the world being unopposed by enemies, do I not know so much from the fact that our city is guarded by troops ever ready in their harness?”

When the Asura Vidyuddhvaja, firm in his resolution, had said so much to his parents, and had sent them away, he performed asceticism to win over Brahmá. He continued for a period of three hundred years living on fruits only, and successively for similar periods living on water, air, and nothing at all. Then Brahmá, seeing that his asceticism was becoming capable of upsetting the system of the world, came to him, and at his request gave him the weapons of Brahmá. He said, “This weapon of Brahmá cannot be repelled by any weapon except the weapon of Paśupati Rudra, which is unattainable by me. So, if you desire victory, you must not employ it unseasonably.” When Brahmá had said this, he went away, and that Daitya went home.

Then Vidyuddhvaja marched out to conquer his enemies with his father, and with all his forces, who came together to that great feast of war. Indra, the ruler of the gods’ world, heard of his coming, and kept guard in heaven, and when he drew near, marched out to meet him, eager for battle, accompanied by his friend Chandraketu, the king of the Vidyádharas, and by the supreme lord of the Gandharvas, named Padmaśekhara. Then Vidyuddhvaja

appeared, hiding the heaven with his forces, and Rudra and others came there to behold that battle. Then there took place between those two armies a battle, which was involved in darkness[2] by the sun's being eclipsed with the clashing together of missiles; and the sea of war swelled high, lashed by the wind of wrath, with hundreds of chariots for inflowing streams, and rolling horses and elephants for marine monsters.

Then single combats took place between the gods and Asuras, and Vidyutprabhá, the father of Vidyuddhvaja, rushed in wrath upon Indra. Indra found himself being gradually worsted by the Daitya in the interchange of missiles; so he flung his thunderbolt at him. And then that Daitya, smitten by the thunderbolt, fell dead. And that enraged Vidyuddhvaja so that he attacked Indra. And, though his life was not in danger, he began by discharging at him the weapon of Brahmá; and other great Asuras struck at him with other weapons. Then Indra called to mind the weapon of Paśupati, presided over by Śiva himself, which immediately presented itself in front of him; he worshipped it, and discharged it among his foes. That weapon, which was of the nature of a destroying fire, consumed the army of the Asuras; but Vidyuddhvaja, being a child, only fell senseless when smitten by it; for that weapon does not harm children, old men, or fugitives. Then all the gods returned home victorious.

And Vidyuddhvaja, for his part, who had fallen senseless, recovered his senses after a very long time, and fled weeping, and then said to the rest of his soldiers, who had assembled; "In spite of my having acquired the weapon of Brahmá, we were not victorious to-day, though victory was in our grasp; on the contrary we were defeated. So I will go and attack Indra, and lose my life in battle. Now that my father is slain, I shall not be able to return to my own city." When he said this, an old minister of his father's said to him, "The weapon of Brahmá, discharged unseasonably, is too languid to contend with other weapons discharged, for that great weapon was to-day overcome by the weapon of Śiva, which will not brook the presence of others. So you ought not unseasonably to challenge your victorious enemy, for in this way you will strengthen him and destroy yourself. The calm and resolute man preserves his own life, and in due time

regains might, and takes revenge on his enemy, and so wins a reputation esteemed by the whole world."

When that old minister said this to Vidyuddhvaja, he said to him, "Then go you and take care of my kingdom, but I will go and propitiate that supreme lord Śiva."

When he had said this, he dismissed his followers, though they were loth to leave him, and he went with five young Daityas, companions of equal age, and performed asceticism on the bank of the Ganges, at the foot of mount Kailása. During the summer he stood in the midst of five fires, and during the winter in the water, meditating on Śiva; and for a thousand years he lived on fruits only. For a second thousand years he ate only roots, for a third he subsisted on water, for a fourth on air, and during the fifth he took no food at all.

Brahmá once more came to grant him a boon, but he did not shew him any respect: on the contrary he said, "Depart, I have tested the efficiency of thy boon." And he remained fasting for another period of equal duration, and then a great volume of smoke rose up from his head; and Śiva manifested himself to him, and said to him, "Choose a boon." When thus addressed, that Daitya said to him, "May I, Lord, by thy favour slay Indra in fight!" The god answered, "Rise up! There is no distinction between the slain[3] and the conquered; so thou shalt conquer Indra and dwell in his heaven."

When the god had said this, he disappeared, and Vidyuddhvaja, considering that the wish of his heart was attained, broke his fast, and went to his city. There he was welcomed by the citizens, and met by that minister of his father's, who had endured suffering for his sake, and who now made great rejoicing. He then summoned the armies of the Asuras, and made preparation for battle, and sent an ambassador to Indra to warn him to hold himself in readiness for fight. And he marched out, hiding with his banners the sky, which he clove with the thunderous roar of his host, and so he seemed to be fulfilling the wish[4] of the inhabitants of heaven. And Indra, for his part, knowing that he had returned from winning a boon, was

troubled, but after taking counsel with the adviser of the gods,[5] he summoned his forces.

Then Vidyuddhvaja arrived, and there took place between those two armies a great battle, in which it was difficult to distinguish between friend and foe. Those Daityas, who were headed by Subáhu, fought with the wind-gods, and Pingáksha and his followers with the gods of wealth, and Mahámáya and his forces with the gods of fire, and Ayaḥkáya and his hosts with the sun-gods, and Akampana and his warriors with the Siddhas; some other Daityas fought with the Vidyádharas, and the rest with the Gandharvas and their allies. So a great battle continued between them for twenty days, and on the twenty-first day the gods were routed in fight by the Asuras.

And when routed, they fled, and entered heaven: and then Indra himself issued, mounted on Airávaṇa. And the forces of the gods rallied round him, and marched out again, with the leaders of the Vidyádharas, headed by Chandraketu. Then a desperate fight took place, and Asuras and gods[6] were being slain in great numbers, when Vidyuddhvaja attacked Indra, to revenge the slaughter of his father. The king of the gods cleft over and over again the bow of that chief of the Asuras, who kept repelling his shafts with answering shafts. Then Vidyuddhvaja, elated with the boon of Śiva, seized his mace, and rushed furiously on Indra. He leapt up, planting his feet on the tusks of Airávaṇa, and climbed up on his forehead, and killed his driver. And he gave the king of the gods a blow with his mace, and he quickly returned it with a similar weapon. But when Vidyuddhvaja struck him a second time with his mace, Indra fell senseless on to the chariot of the Wind-god. And the Wind-god carried him away in his chariot out of the fight with the speed of thought; and Vidyuddhvaja, who sprang after him,[7] fell on the ground.

At that moment a voice came from the air, “This is an evil day, so carry Indra quickly out of the fight.” Then the Wind-god carried off Indra at the utmost speed of his chariot, and Vidyuddhvaja pursued them, mounted on his; and in the meanwhile Airávaṇah, infuriated and unrestrained by the driver’s hook, ran after Indra, trampling and scattering the forces. And the

army of the gods left the field of battle and followed Indra; and Bṛihaspati carried off his wife Śachí, who was much alarmed, to the heaven of Brahmá. Then Vidyuddhvaja, having gained the victory, and having found Amarávatí empty, entered it, accompanied by his shouting troops.

And Indra, having recovered consciousness, and seeing that it was an evil time, entered that heaven of Brahmá with all the gods. And Brahmá comforted him, saying, "Do not grieve; at present this boon of Śiva is predominant; but you will recover your position." And he gave him, to dwell in, a place of his own, furnished with all delights, named Samádhisthala, situated in a region of the world of Brahmá. There the king of the gods dwelt, accompanied by Śachí and Airávaṇa: and by his orders the Vidyádhara kings went to the heaven of the Wind-god. And the lords of the Gandharvas went to the inviolable world of the moon; and others went to other worlds, abandoning severally their own dwellings. And Vidyuddhvaja, having taken possession of the territory of the gods with beat of drum, enjoyed sway over heaven,[8] as an unlimited monarch.

At this point of the story, Chandraketu the Vidyádhara king, having remained long in the world of the Wind-god, said to himself, "How long am I to remain here, fallen from my high rank? The asceticism of my enemy Vidyuddhvaja has not even now spent its force; but I have heard that my friend Padmaśekhara, the king of the Gandharvas, has gone from the world of the Moon to the city of Śiva to perform asceticism. I do not know as yet, whether Śiva has bestowed a boon on him, or not; when I have discovered that, I shall know what I myself ought to do."

While he was going through these reflections, his friend, the king of the Gandharvas, came towards him, having obtained a boon. That king of the Gandharvas, having been welcomed with an embrace by Chandraketu, and questioned,[9] told him his story, "I went to the city of Śiva and propitiated Śiva with asceticism; and he said to me, 'Go, thou shalt have a noble son; and thou shalt recover thy kingdom, and obtain a daughter of transcendent beauty, whose husband shall be the heroic slayer of Vidyuddhvaja.'[10] Having received this promise from Śiva, I have come here to tell you."

When Chandraketu had heard this from the king of the Gandharvas he said, “I too must go and propitiate Śiva in order to put an end to this sorrow; without propitiating him we cannot obtain the fulfilment of our desires. “When Chandraketu had formed this resolution, he went with his wife Muktávalí to the heavenly abode of Śiva, to perform asceticism.

And Padmaśekbara told the story of his boon to Indra, and having conceived a hope of the destruction of his enemy, went to the world of the moon. Then that king of the gods in Samádhisthala, having also conceived a hope of the destruction of his enemy, called to mind the counsellor of the immortals. And he appeared as soon as he was thought upon, and the god, bowing before him, and honouring him, said to him, “Śiva, pleased with the asceticism of Padmaśekhara, has promised that he shall have a son-in-law who shall slay Vidyuddhvaja. So we shall eventually see an end put to his crimes; in the meanwhile I am despondent, dwelling here in misery on account of my having fallen from my high position. So devise, holy sir, some expedient that will operate quickly.” When the adviser of the gods heard this speech of Indra’s, he said to him; “It is true that that enemy of ours has nearly exhausted his asceticism by his crimes; so now we have an opportunity of exerting ourselves against him. Come, then; let us tell Brahmá; he will point out to us an expedient.”

When Bṛihaspati had said this to Indra, he went with him to Brahmá, and after worshipping him, he told him what was in his mind. Then Brahmá said, “Am I not also anxious to bring about the same end? But Śiva alone can remove the calamity that he has caused. And that god requires a long propitiation:[11] so let us go to Vishṇu, who is like-minded with him; he will devise an expedient.”

When Brahmá and Indra and Bṛihaspati had deliberated together to this effect, they ascended a chariot of swans, and went to Śvetadvípa;[12] where all the inhabitants carried the conch, discus, lotus, and club, and had four arms, being assimilated to Vishṇu in appearance as they were devoted to him in heart. There they saw the god in a palace composed of splendid jewels, reposing on the serpent Śesha, having his feet adored by Lakshmí. After bowing before him, and having been duly welcomed by him, and

venerated by the divine sages, they took the seats befitting them. When the holy one asked the gods how they prospered, they humbly said to him, “What prosperity can be ours, O god, as long as Vidyuddhvaja is alive? For you know all that he has done to us, and it is on his account that we have come here now: it now rests with you to determine what further is to be done in this matter.”

When the gods said this to Vishṇu, he answered them, “Why, do I not know that my regulations are broken by that Asura? But what the great lord, the slayer of Tripura has done, he alone can undo: I cannot. And from him must proceed the overthrow of that wicked Daitya. You must make haste, provided I tell you an expedient; and I will tell you one; listen! There is a heavenly abode of Śiva, named Siddhíśvara. There the god Śiva is found ever manifest. And long ago that very god manifested to me and Prajápati[13] his form as the flame-*linga*, and told me this secret. So come, let us go there and entreat him with asceticism: he will put an end to this affliction of the worlds.” When the god Vishṇu had uttered this behest, they all went to Siddhíśvara by means of two conveyances, the bird Garuḍa and the chariot of swans. That place is untouched by the calamities of old age, death, and sickness, and it is the home of unalloyed happiness, and in it beasts, birds, and trees are all of gold. There they worshipped the *linga* of Śiva, that exhibits in succession all his forms,[14] and is in succession of various jewels; and then Vishṇu, Brahmá, Indra, and Bṛihaspati, all four, with their minds devoted to Śiva, proceeded to perform a severe course of asceticism in order to propitiate him.

And in the meanwhile Śiva, propitiated by the severe asceticism of Chandraketu, bestowed a boon on that prince of the Vidyádharas, “Rise up, king, a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a great hero, and shall slay in fight thy enemy Vidyuddhvaja; he shall become incarnate among the human race by a curse, and shall render a service to the gods, and shall recover his position by virtue of the asceticism of Padmávatí, the daughter of the king of the Gandharvas: and with her for a wife he shall be emperor over all the Vidyádharas for ten *kalpas*.”[15] When the god had granted this boon, he disappeared, and Chandraketu went back to the world of the Wind-god with his wife.

In the meanwhile Śiva was pleased with the severe asceticism of Vishṇu and his companions in Siddhíśvara, and he appeared to them in the *linga* and delighted them by the following speech, “Rise up, afflict yourselves no longer; I have been fully propitiated with self-torture by your partizan Chandraketu, the prince of the Vidyádharas. And he shall have a heroic son, sprung from a part of me, who shall soon slay in fight that Daitya Vidyuddhvaja. Then, in order that he may perform another service to the gods, he shall fall[16] by a curse into the world of men, and the daughter of the Gandharva Padmaśekhara shall deliver him from that condition. And he shall rule the Vidyádharas with that lady, who shall be an incarnation of a portion of Gaurí, and shall be named Padmávatí, for his consort, and at last he shall come to me. So bear up for a little: this desire of yours is already as good as accomplished.” “When Śiva had said this to Vishṇu and his companions, he disappeared; then Vishṇu, Brahmá, Indra and Bṛihaspati went, in high delight, back to the places from which they came.

Then Muktávalí the wife of that king of the Vidyádharas, named Chandraketu, became pregnant, and in time she brought forth a son, illuminating the four quarters with his irresistible splendour,[17] like the infant sun arisen to remove the oppression under which those ascetics were groaning. And as soon as he was born this voice was heard from heaven, “Chandraketu, this son of thine shall slay the Asura Vidyuddhvaja, and know that he is to be by name Muktáphalaketu, the terror of his foes.”

When the voice had said so much to the delighted Chandraketu, it ceased; and a rain of flowers fell; and Padmaśekhara, and Indra, hearing what had taken place, came there, and the other gods, who were lurking concealed. Conversing to one another of the story of the boon of Śiva, and having rejoiced thereat, they went to their own abodes. And Muktáphalaketu had all the sacraments performed for him, and gradually grew up; and as he grew, the joy of the gods increased.

Then, some time after the birth of his son, a daughter was born to Padmaśekhara, the supreme lord of the Gandharvas. And when she was born, a voice came from the air, “Prince of the Gandharvas, this daughter of thine Padmávatí shall be the wife of that king of the Vidyádharas who shall

be the foe of Vidyuddhvaja." Then that maiden Padmávatí gradually grew up, adorned with an overflowing effulgence of beauty, as if with billowy nectar acquired by her being born in the world of the moon.[18]

And that Muktáphalaketu, even when a child, was high-minded, and being always devoted to Śiva, he performed asceticism, in the form of vows, fasts, and other penances. And once on a time, when he had fasted twelve days, and was absorbed in meditation, the adorable Śiva appeared to him, and said, "I am pleased with this devotion of thine, so by my special favour the weapons, the sciences, and all the accomplishments shall manifest themselves to thee. And receive from me this sword named Invincible,[19] by means of which thou shalt hold sovereign sway, unconquered by thy enemies." When the god had said this, he gave him the sword and disappeared, and that prince at once became possessed of powerful weapons and great strength and courage.

Now, one day, about this time, that great Asura Vidyuddhvaja, being established in heaven, was disporting himself in the water of the heavenly Ganges. He saw the water of that stream flowing along brown with the pollen of flowers, and remarked that it was pervaded by the smell of the ichor of elephants, and troubled with waves. Then, puffed up with pride of his mighty arm, he said to his attendants, "Go and see who is disporting himself in the water above me." When the Asuras heard that, they went up the stream, and saw the bull of Śiva sporting in the water with the elephant of Indra. And they came back and said to that prince of the Daityas, "King, the bull of Śiva has gone higher up the stream, and is amusing himself in the water with Airávaṇa: so this water is full of his garlands and of the ichor of Airávaṇa." When that Asura heard this, he was wroth, in his arrogance making light of Rudra, and infatuated by the full ripening of his own evil deeds he said to his followers, "Go and bring that bull and Airávaṇa here bound." Those Asuras went there, and tried to capture them, and thereupon the bull and elephant ran upon them in wrath and slew most of them. And those who escaped from the slaughter went and told Vidyuddhvaja; and he was angry, and sent a very great force of Asuras against those two animals. And those two trampled to death that army, upon which destruction came as

the result of matured crime, and then the bull returned to Śiva, and the elephant to Indra.

Then Indra heard about that proceeding of the Daitya's from the guards, who followed Airávaṇa to take care of him, and he concluded that the time of his enemy's destruction had arrived, as he had treated with disrespect even the adorable Śiva. He told that to Brahmá, and then he united himself with the assembled forces of the gods, and the Vidyádharas, and his other allies; and then he mounted the chief elephant of the gods, and set out to slay that enemy of his; and on his departure Śachí performed for him the usual ceremony to ensure good fortune.

1

It appears from the India Office MSS. that *táv* should be inserted after *evaṁ*.

2

I have adopted the reading *andhakáritaṁ* which I find in the three India Office MSS.

3

I read *nihatasya* which I find supported by two of the India Office MSS. No. 1882 has *nihitasya*, No. 2166 *nihatasya* and No. 3003 has *anihatasya*. The Sanskrit College MS. has *tihatasya*.

4

Perhaps there is a pun here. The word *ishṭa* may also mean sacrifice, sacred rite.

5

I. e., Bṛihaspati.

6

The word for god here is *amara*, literally immortal. This may remind the classical reader of the passage in the Birds where Iris says ἀλλ' ἀθάνατός εἰμ', and Peisthetærus imperturbably replies, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἄν ἀπέθανες.

7

I read *dattajhampo* which I find in MS. No. 3003. The other two have *dattajampo*. The Sanskrit College MS. has *dattajhampo*.

8

Cp. Ovid's Metamorphoses, V, 321–331, for the flight of the inhabitants of the Grecian heaven from the giant Typhoeus.

9

All the India Office MSS. read *pṛishṭas*.

10

All the India Office MSS. read *Vidyuddhvajántako*.

11

MS. No. 1882 here reads *chiraprápyas*: the other two agree with Brockhaus.

12

I suspect this island is the same as the Whiteman's land of the Icelandic chronicles. See Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages (New Edition) p. 550 and following.

13

A title of Brahmá. See Muir's Sanskrit Texts, Vol. IV, p. 18.

14

For *anyonya* I read *anyánya*, but all the MSS. confirm Brockhaus's text.

15

The three India Office MSS. have *daśa kalpán*.

16

I read *cyutaṃ* for *cyutá*. See Taranga 117, śl. 152 and *ff*. But all the India Office MSS. agree with Brockhaus's text. The tale itself will justify my correction.

17

The word *tejasá* also means valour.

18

Literally "the nectar-rayed one."

19

Cp. Vol. I, p. 69 and Vol. II, p. 172. also Prym und Socin Syrische Märchen, p. 205, and Silius Italicus I, 430, quoted by Preller, Griechische Mythologie, II, 354.

Chapter CXVI.

Then Indra reached heaven and surrounded it with his forces, that were rendered confident by the favour of Śiva, and had gained the suitable opportunity and the requisite strength. When Vidyuddhvaja saw that, he marched out with his army ready for battle; but as he marched out evil omens manifested themselves to him; lightning flashes struck his banners, vultures circled above his head, the state-umbrellas were broken, and jackals uttered boding howls.[1] Disregarding these evil omens, nevertheless that Asura sallied forth; and then there took place a mighty battle between the gods and the Asuras.

And Indra said to Chandraketu the king of the Vidyádharas, "Why has Muktáphalaketu not yet come?" Then Chandraketu humbly made answer, "When I was marching out I was in such a hurry that I forgot to tell him; but he is sure to hear of it, and will certainly follow me quickly." When the king of the gods heard this, he quickly sent the dexterous charioteer of the Wind-god to bring the noble Muktáphalaketu. And his father Chandraketu sent with Indra's messenger his own warder, with a force and a chariot, to summon him.

But Muktáphalaketu, hearing that his father had gone to battle with the Daityas, was eager to set out for that fight with his followers. Then he mounted his elephant of victory, and his mother performed for him the ceremony to ensure good fortune, and he set out from the world of the Wind, bearing the sword of Śiva. And when he had set out, a rain of flowers fell on him from heaven, and the gods beat their drums, and favouring breezes blew. And then the hosts of the gods, that had fled and hid themselves out of fear of Vidyuddhvaja, assembled and surrounded him. As he was marching along with that large army, he saw in his way a great temple of Párvatí named Meghavana. His devotion to the goddess would not allow him to pass it without worshipping[2]; so he got down from his

elephant, and taking in his hand heavenly flowers, he proceeded to adore the goddess.

Now it happened that, at that very time, Padmávatí the daughter of Padmaśekhara the king of the Gandharvas, who had now grown up, had taken leave of her mother, who was engaged in austerities to bring good fortune to her husband who had gone to war, and had come, with her attendant ladies, in a chariot, from the world of Indra, to that temple of Gaurí, with the intention of performing asceticism in order to ensure success to her father in battle, and to the bridegroom on whom she had set her heart.

On the way one of her ladies said to her, “You have not as yet any chosen lover, who might have gone to the war, and your mother is engaged in asceticism for the well-being of your father; for whose sake, my friend, do you, a maiden, seek to perform asceticism?” When Padmávatí had been thus addressed by her friend on the way, she answered, “My friend, a father is to maidens a divinity procuring all happiness; moreover there has already been chosen for me a bridegroom of unequalled excellence. That Muktáphalaketu, the son who has been born to the Vidyádhara king, in order that he may slay Vidyuddhvaja, has been destined for my husband by Śiva. This I heard from the mouth of my father, when questioned by my mother. And that chosen bridegroom of mine has either gone, or certainly is going to battle: so I am about to propitiate with asceticism the holy Gaurí, desiring victory for my future husband[3] as well as for my father.”

When the princess said this, her attendant lady answered her, “Then this exertion on your part, though directed towards an object still in the future, is right and proper; may your desire be accomplished!” Just as her friend was saying this to her, the princess reached a large and beautiful lake in the neighbourhood of the temple of Gaurí. It was covered all over with bright full-blown golden lotuses, and they seemed as if they were suffused with the beauty flowing forth from the lotus of her face. The Gandharva maiden went down into that lake, and gathered lotuses with which to worship Ambiká, and was preparing to bathe, when two Rákshasís came that way, as all the Rákshasas were rushing to the battle between the gods and Asuras,

eager for flesh. They had up-standing hair, yellow as the flames vomited forth from their mouths terrible with tusks, gigantic bodies black as smoke, and pendulous breasts and bellies. The moment that those wanderers of the night saw that Gandharva princess, they swooped down upon her, and seized her, and carried her up towards the heaven.

But the deity, that presided over her chariot, impeded the flight of those Rákshasís, and her grieving retinue cried for help; and while this was going on, Muktáphalaketu issued from the temple of the goddess, having performed his worship; and hearing the lamentation, he came in that direction. When the great hero beheld Padmávatí gleaming bright in the grasp of that pair of Rákshasís, looking like a flash of lightning in the midst of a bank of black clouds, he ran forward and delivered her, hurling the Rákshasís senseless to earth by a blow from the flat of his hand. And he looked on that torrent river of the elixir of beauty, adorned with a waist charming with three wave-like wrinkles, who seemed to have been composed by the Creator of the essence of all beauty, when he was full of the wonderful skill he had acquired by forming the nymphs of heaven. And the moment he looked on her, his senses were benumbed by love's opiate, though he was strong of will; and he remained for a moment motionless, as if painted in a picture.

And Padmávatí too, now that the alarm caused by the Rákshasís was at an end, at once recovered her spirits, and looked on the prince, who possessed a form that was a feast to the eyes of the world, and who was one fitted to madden womankind, and seemed to have been created by Fate by a blending together in one body of the moon and the god of Love. Then, her face being cast down with shame, she said of her own accord to her friend, "May good luck befall him! I will depart hence, from the presence of a strange man."

Even while she was saying this, Muktáphalaketu said to her friend, "What did this young lady say?" And she answered, "This lovely maiden bestowed a blessing on you, the saver of her life, and said to me, "Come, let us depart from the presence of a strange man." When Muktáphalaketu heard this, he

said to her with eager excitement, “Who is she? Whose daughter is she? To what man of great merit in a former life is she to be given in marriage?[4]”

When he addressed this question to the princess’s companion, she answered him, “Fair sir, this my friend is the maiden named Padmávatí, the daughter of Padmaśekhara the king of the Gandharvas, and Śiva has ordained that her husband is to be Muktáphalaketu, the son of Chandraketu, the darling of the world, the ally of Indra, the destined slayer of Vidyuddhvaja. Because she desires the victory for that future husband of hers and for her father in the battle now at hand, she has come to this temple of Gaurí to perform asceticism.”

When the followers of Chandraketu’s son heard this, they delighted the princess by exclaiming, “Bravo! here is that future husband of yours.” Then the princess and her lover had their hearts filled with joy at discovering one another, and they both thought, “It is well that we came here to-day,” and they continued casting loving sidelong timid glances at one another; and while they were thus engaged, the sound of drums was heard, and then a host appeared, and a chariot with the wind-god,[5] and the warder of Chandraketu coming quickly.

Then the wind-god and the warder respectfully left the chariot, and went up to that Muktáphalaketu, and said to him, “The king of the gods and your father Chandraketu, who are in the field of battle, desire your presence: so ascend this chariot, and come quickly.” Then the son of the Vidyádhara king, though fettered by love of Padmávatí, ascended the chariot with them, out of regard for the interests of his superiors. And putting on a heavenly suit of armour[6] sent by Indra, he set out quickly, often turning back his head to look at Padmávatí.

And Padmávatí followed with her eyes, as long as he was in sight, that hero, who with one blow from the flat of his hand had slain the two Rákshasís, and with him ever in her thoughts, she bathed and worshipped Śiva and Párvatí, and from that time forth kept performing asceticism in that very place, to ensure his success.

And Muktáphalaketu, still thinking on his sight of her, which was auspicious and portended victory, reached the place where the battle was going on between the gods and Asuras. And when they saw that hero arrive well-armed and accompanied by a force, all the great Asuras rushed to attack him. But the hero cut their heads to pieces with a rain of arrows, and made with them an offering to the gods of the cardinal points, by way of inaugurating the feast of battle.

But Vidyuddhvaja, seeing his army being slain by that Muktáphalaketu, himself rushed in wrath to attack him. And when he smote with arrows that Daitya, as he came on, the whole army of the Asuras rushed upon him from every quarter. When Indra saw that, he at once attacked the army of the Daityas, with the Siddhas, Gandharvas, Vidyádharas, and gods at his back.

Then a confused battle arose, with dint of arrow, javelin, lance, mace and axe, costing the lives of countless soldiers; rivers of blood flowed along, with the bodies of elephants and horses for alligators, with the pearls from the heads of elephants[7] for sands, and with the heads of heroes for stones. That feast of battle delighted the flesh-loving demons, who, drunk with blood instead of wine, were dancing with the palpitating trunks. The fortune of victory of the gods and Asuras in that sea of battle, swayed hither and thither from time to time, fluctuating like a tide-wave. And in this way the fight went on for twenty-four days, watched by Śiva, Vishṇu, and Brahmá, who were present in their chariots.

And at the end of the twenty-fifth day a series of single combats was taking place between the principal warriors of both armies along the greater part of the line of fight. And then a duel began between the noble Muktáphalaketu, and Vidyuddhvaja, the former in a chariot, the latter on an elephant. Muktáphalaketu repelled the weapon of darkness with the weapon of the sun, the weapon of cold with the weapon of heat, the rock-weapon with the thunderbolt-weapon, the serpent-weapon with the weapon of Garuḍa, and then he slew the elephant-driver of that Asura with one arrow, and his elephant with another. Then Vidyuddhvaja mounted a chariot, and Muktáphalaketu killed the charioteer and the horses. Then Vidyuddhvaja took refuge in magic. He ascended into the sky invisible with his whole

army, and rained stones and weapons on all sides of the army of the gods. And as for the impenetrable net of arrows which Muktáphalaketu threw around it, that Daitya consumed it with showers of fire.

Then Muktáphalaketu sent against that enemy and his followers the weapon of Brahmá, which was capable of destroying the whole world, after he had pronounced over it the appropriate spells. That weapon killed the great Asura Vidyuddhvaja and his army, and they fell down dead from the sky. And the rest, namely, Vidyuddhvaja's son and his followers, and Vajradanshṭra and his crew fled in fear to the bottom of Rasátala.[8]

And then the gods from heaven exclaimed, "Bravo! Bravo!" and they honoured the noble Muktáphalaketu with a rain of flowers. Then Indra, having recovered his sway, as his enemy was slain, entered heaven, and there was great rejoicing in the three worlds. And Prajápati[9] himself came there, making Śachí precede him, and fastened a splendid crest-jewel on the head of Muktáphalaketu. And Indra took the chain from his own neck, and placed it on the neck of that victorious prince, who had restored his kingdom to him. And he made him sit on a throne equal in all respects to his own; and the gods, full[10] of joy, bestowed upon him various blessings. And Indra sent on his warder to the city of the Asura Vidyuddhvaja, and took possession of it in addition to his own city, with the intention of bestowing it on Muktáphalaketu, when a fitting time presented itself.

Then the Gandharva Padmaśekhara, wishing to bestow Padmávatí on that prince, looked meaningly at the face of the Disposer. And the Disposer, knowing what was in his heart, said to that prince of the Gandharvas, "There is still a service remaining to be done, so wait a little." Then there took place the triumphal feast of Indra, with the songs of Háhá and Húhú, and the dances of Rambhá and others, which they accompanied with their own voices. And when the Disposer had witnessed the festive rejoicing, he departed, and Indra honoured the Lokapálas and dismissed them to their several stations.[11] And after honouring that Gandharva monarch Padmaśekhara and his train, he dismissed them to their own Gandharva city. And Indra, after treating with the utmost respect the noble Muktáphalaketu and Chandraketu, sent them to their own Vidyádhara city to enjoy

themselves. And then Muktáphalaketu, having destroyed the plague of the universe, returned to his palace, accompanied by his father, and followed by many Vidyádhara kings. And on account of the prince having returned victorious with his father, after a long absence, that city displayed its joy, being adorned with splendid jewels, and garlanded with flags. And his father Chandraketu at once bestowed gifts on all his servants and relations, and kept high festival in the city for the triumph of his son, showering wealth on it, as a cloud showers water. But Muktáphalaketu, though he had gained glory by conquering Vidyuddhvaja, derived no satisfaction from his enjoyments without Padmávatí. However, being comforted in soul by a friend named Saṃyata, who reminded him of the decree of Śiva, and consoling topics of that kind, he managed, though with difficulty, to get through those days.

1

See the note in Vol. I, p. 465, also p. 578, and Zimmer's Alt-Indisches Leben p. 60, Preller, Römische Mythologie, pp. 102 and 103; the vultures will remind the English reader of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, V, I, 84 and ff.; for the ominous import of lightning see Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities, Art. Bidental; and Preller, Römische Mythologie, p. 172. There is a very similar passage in Achilles Tatius, Lib. V. C. 3. Ὡς οὖν προήλθομεν τῶν θυρῶν, οἰωνὸς ἡμῖν γίνεται πονηρὸς· χελιδόνα κίρκος διώκων τὴν Λευκίππην πατάσσει τῷ πτερῷ εἰς τὴν κεφαλήν. See also Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors, Book V, Chapter 23, Sec. 1; Webster's Duchess of Malfi, Act II, Sc. II.

How superstitiously we mind our evils!
The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
Or singing of a cricket, are of power
To daunt whole man in us.

2

I read *tadanullanghayan* with MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 and the Sanskrit College MS. No. 3003 has *anullanghaya*.

3

I read *patyus* for *pitus* with the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

4

The India Office MSS. have *kasmai dattá vá*; but the sense is much the same.

5

It appears from the beginning of the chapter that this was the charioteer of Váyu the chief god of the Wind. In Chapter 115, śl. 57, the wind-gods are opposed to the Daityas. B. and R. identify these wind-gods with the Maruts, *s.v.* Váyu.

6

Dr. Kern corrects *kavachanam* to *kavacham*. The latter word is found in the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

7

I read *mauktika* for *maulika*. The three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS have *mauktika*.

8

One of the seven hells, (not places of torment).

9

A title of Brahmá.

10

But the three India Office MSS. read *ghúrṇad* for *purṇa*. It could, I suppose, mean, "reeling with joy." The Sanskrit College MS. has *púruva*.

11

The Lokapálas are the guardians of the four cardinal and four intermediate points of the compass. They appear to be usually reckoned as Indra, guardian of the East, Agni of the South-East, Varuṇa of the West, Yama of the South, Súrya of the South-West, Pavana or Váyu of the North-West, Kuvera of the North, Soma or Chandra of the North-East. Some substitute Nirṛiti for Súrya and Iśání or Ṛithiví for Soma.

Chapter CXVII.

In the meanwhile, that king of the Gandharvas, Padmaśekhara, re-entered his city, celebrating a splendid triumph; and hearing from his wife that his daughter Padmávatí had performed asceticism in the temple of Gaurí, to procure for him victory, he summoned her. And when his daughter came, emaciated with asceticism and separation from her lover, and fell at his feet, he gave her his blessing, and said to her, “Dear girl, for my sake you have endured great hardship in the form of penance, so obtain quickly for a husband the noble Muktáphalaketu, the son of the king of the Vidyádharas, the slayer of Vidyuddhvaja, the victorious protector of the world, who has been appointed to marry you by Śiva himself.”

When her father said this to her, she remained with face fixed on the ground, and then her mother Kuvalayávali said to him, “How, my husband, was so terrible an Asura, that filled the three worlds with consternation, slain by that prince in fight?” When the king heard that, he described to her the valour of that prince, and the battle between the gods and Asuras. Then Padmávatí’s companion, whose name was Manohárikà, described the easy manner in which he slew the two Rákshasís. Then the king and queen, finding out that he and their daughter had met and fallen in love, were pleased, and said, “What could those Rákshasís do against one, who swallowed the whole army of the Asuras, as Agastya swallowed the sea?” Then the fire of Padmávatí’s love blazed up more violently, being fanned by this description of her lover’s surpassing courage, as by a breeze.

Then the princess left her parents’ presence, and immediately ascended in eager longing a jewelled terrace in the women’s apartments, which had pillars of precious stone standing in it, and lattices of pearl fastened to them, and had placed on its pavement, of costly mosaic, luxurious couches and splendid thrones, and was rendered still more delightful by means of the various enjoyments which there presented themselves as soon as thought of. Even when there, she was exceedingly tortured with the fire of separation.

And she saw from the top of this terrace a magnificent heavenly garden, planted with trees and creepers of gold, and full of hundreds of tanks adorned with costly stone. And when she saw it, she said to herself, “Wonderful! This splendid city of ours is more beautiful even than the world of the moon in which I was born. And yet I have not explored this city which is the very crest-jewel of the Himálayas, in which there is such a splendid suburban garden excelling Nandana. So I will go into this lovely shrubbery, cool with the shade of trees, and alleviate a little the scorching of the fires of separation.”

After the young maiden had gone through these reflections, she dexterously managed to descend slowly from the terrace alone, and prepared to go to that city garden. And as she could not go on foot, she was carried there by some birds that were brought to her by her power, and served as her conveyance. When she reached the garden, she sat in an arbour formed of plantains growing together, on a carpet of flowers, with heavenly singing and music sounding in her ears. And even there she did not obtain relief, and her passion did not abate; on the contrary, the fire of her love increased still more, as she was separated from her beloved.

Then in her longing she was eager to behold that loved one, though only in a picture, so by her magic power she summoned for herself a tablet for painting and colour-pencils. And she said to herself, “Considering even the Disposer is unable to create a second like my beloved, how can I, reed[1] in hand, produce a worthy likeness of him? Nevertheless, I will paint him as well as I can for my own consolation.” After going through these reflections she proceeded to paint him on a tablet, and while she was thus engaged, her confidante Manohárikā, who had been troubled at not seeing her, came to that place to look for her. She stood behind the princess, and saw her languishing alone in the bower of creepers, with her painting-tablet in her hand. She said to herself, “I will just see now what the princess is doing here alone.” So the princess’s confidante remained there concealed.

And then Padmávatí, with her lotus-like eyes gushing with tears, began to address in the following words her beloved in the painting. “When thou didst slay the formidable Asuras and deliver Indra, how comes it that thou

dost not deliver me from my woe, though near me, by speaking to me at any rate? To one whose merits in a former life are small, even a wishing-tree is ungenerous, even Buddha is wanting in compassion, and even gold becomes a stone. Thou knowest not the fever of love, and canst not comprehend my pain; what could the poor archer Love, whose arrows are but flowers, do against one whom the Daityas found invincible? But what am I saying? Truly Fate is adverse to me, for Fate stops my eyes with tears, and will not allow me to behold thee for long together, even in a picture." When the princess had said this, she began to weep with teardrops that were so large that it appeared as if her necklace were broken, and great pearls were falling from it.

At that moment her friend Manohárikâ advanced towards her, and the princess concealed the picture and said to her, "My friend, I have not seen you for ever so long; where have you been?" When Manohárikâ heard this, she laughed and said, "I have been wandering about, my friend, for a long time to look for you; so, why do you hide the picture? I saw a moment ago a wonderful picture."[2]

When Padmávatí's friend said this to her, she seized her hand, and said to her with a face cast down from shame, and a voice choked with tears, "My friend, you knew it all long ago; why should I try to conceal it?[3] The fact is, that prince, though on that occasion, in the sacred enclosure of Gaurí, he delivered me from the terrible fire of the Rákshasí's wrath, plunged me nevertheless in the fire of love, with its intolerable flame of separation. So I do not know, where to go, whom to speak to, what to do, or what expedient I must have recourse to, since my heart is fixed on one hard to obtain."

When the princess said this, her friend answered her, "My dear, this attachment of your mind is quite becoming and suitable; your union would certainly be to the enhancement of one another's beauty, as the union of the digit of the new moon with the hair of Śiva matted into the form of a diadem. And do not be despondent about this matter: of a truth he will not be able to live without you; did you not see that he was affected in the same way as yourself? Even women, who see you,[4] are so much in love with your beauty that they desire to become men; so what man would not be a

suitor for your hand? Much more will he be, who is equal to you in beauty. Do you suppose that Śiva, who declared that you should be man and wife, can say what is false? However, what afflicted one feels quite patient about an object much desired, even though it is soon to be attained? So cheer up! He will soon become your husband. It is not hard for you to win any husband, but all men must feel that you are a prize hard to win."

When the princess's attendant said this to her, she answered her, "My friend, though I know all this, what am I to do? My heart cannot endure to remain for a moment without that lord of my life, to whom it is devoted, and Cupid will not bear to be trifled with any further. For when I think of him, my mind is immediately refreshed,[5] but my limbs burn, and my breath seems to leave my body with glowing heat."

Even as the princess was saying this, she, being soft as a flower, fell fainting with distraction into the arms of that friend of hers. Then her weeping friend gradually brought her round by sprinkling her with water and fanning her with plantain-leaves. Her friend employed with her the usual remedies of a necklace and bracelet of lotus-fibres, a moist anointing with sandal-wood unguent, and a bed of lotus-leaves; but these contracted heat by coming in contact with her body, and seemed by their heating and withering to feel the same pain as she felt.

Then Padmávatí, in her agitation, said to that friend, "Why do you weary yourself in vain? My suffering cannot be alleviated in this way. It would be a happy thing, if you would take the only step likely to alleviate it." When she said this in her pain, her friend answered her, "What would not I do for your sake? Tell me, my friend, what that step is."

When the princess heard this, she said with difficulty, as if ashamed, "Go, my dear friend, and bring my beloved here quickly; for in no other way can my suffering be allayed, and my father will not be angry; on the contrary, as soon as he comes here, he will give me to him." When her friend heard that, she said to her in a tone of decision, "If it be so, recover your self-command. This is but a little matter. Here am I, my friend, setting out for Chandrapura the famous and splendid city of Chandraketu the king of the

Vidyádharas, the father of your beloved, to bring your beloved to you. Be comforted! What is the use of grief?"

When the princess had been thus comforted by Manohárikā, she said, "Then rise up, my friend, may your journey be prosperous! Go at once! And you must say courteously from me to that heroic lord of my life, who delivered the three worlds, 'When you delivered me so triumphantly in that temple of Gaurí from the danger of the Rákshasís, how is that you do not deliver me now, when I am being slain by the god Cupid, the destroyer of women? Tell me, my lord, what kind of virtue is this in persons like yourself able to deliver the worlds—to neglect in calamity one whom you formerly saved, though she is devoted to you.'[6] This is what you must say, auspicious one, or something to this effect as your own wisdom may direct." When Padmávatí had said this, she sent that friend on her errand. And she mounted a bird which her magic knowledge brought to her, to carry her, and set out for that city of the Vidyádharas.

And then Padmávatí, having to a certain extent recovered her spirits by hope, took the painting-tablet, and entered the palace of her father. There she went into her own apartment surrounded by her servants, and bathed and worshipped Śiva with intense devotion, and thus prayed to him, "Holy one, without thy favouring consent no wish, great or small, is fulfilled for any one in these three worlds. So if thou wilt not give me for a husband that noble son of the emperor of the Vidyádharas, on whom I have set my heart, I will abandon my body in front of thy image."

When she addressed this prayer to Śiva, her attendants were filled with grief and astonishment, and said to her, "Why do you speak thus, princess, regardless of your body's weal? Is there anything in these three worlds difficult for you to obtain? Even Buddha would forget his self-restraint, if loved by you. So he must be a man of exceptional merit, whom you thus love." When the princess heard this, carried away by the thought of his virtues, she said, "How can I help loving him, who is the only refuge of Indra and the rest of the gods, who alone destroyed the army of the Asuras, as the sun destroys the darkness, and who saved my life?" Saying such

things, she remained there full of longing, engaged in conversation about her beloved with her confidential attendants.

In the meanwhile her friend Manohárikā, travelling at full speed, reached Chandrapura, that city of the king of the Vidyádharas; which Viśvakarman made wonderful, and of unparalleled magnificence, as if dissatisfied with the city of the gods, though of that also he was the architect. There she searched for Muktáphalaketu, but could not find him, and then, riding on her bird, she went to the garden belonging to that city. She derived much pleasure from looking at that garden, the magic splendour of which was inconceivable; the trees of which were of glittering jewels, and had this peculiarity that one tree produced a great many flowers of different kinds; which was rendered charming by the blending of the notes of various birds with the sound of heavenly songs; and which was full of many slabs of precious stone.

And then, various gardeners, in the form of birds, saw her, and came up to her, speaking with articulate voice, and addressing her kindly, and they invited her to sit down on a slab of emerald at the foot of a *párijáta*-tree, and when she was seated, served her with appropriate luxuries. And she received that attention gratefully, and said to herself, "Wonderful are the magic splendours of the princes of the Vidyádharas, since they possess such a garden in which enjoyments present themselves unlooked for, in which the servants are birds, and the nymphs of heaven keep up a perpetual concert." When she had said this to herself, she questioned those attendants, and at last, searching about, she found a thicket of *párijáta* and other trees of the kind, and in it she saw Muktáphalaketu appearing to be ill,[7] lying on a bed of flowers sprinkled with sandal-wood juice. And she recognized him, as she had become acquainted with him in the hermitage of Gaurí, and she said to herself, "Let me see what his illness is, that he is lying here concealed."

In the meanwhile Muktáphalaketu began to say to his friend Saṃyataka, who was attempting to restore him with ice, and sandal-wood, and fanning, "Surely this god of love has placed hot coals in the ice for me, and in the sandal-wood juice a flame of chaff, and in the air of the fan a fire as of a

burning forest, since he produces a scorching glow on every side of me, who am tortured with separation. So why, my friend, do you weary yourself in vain? In this garden, which surpasses Nandana, even the delightful songs and dances and other sports of heavenly nymphs afflict my soul. And without Padmávatí, the lotus-faced, the daughter of Padmaśekhara, this fever produced by the arrows of love cannot be alleviated. But I do not dare to say this, and I do not find a refuge in any one; indeed I know only of one expedient for obtaining her. I will go to the temple of Gaurí, where I saw my beloved, and where she tore out my heart with the arrows of her sidelong glances, and carried it away. There Śiva, who is united with the daughter of the king of mountains, will, when propitiated with penance, shew me how to become united with my beloved."

When the prince had said this, he was preparing to rise up, and then Manohárikā, being much pleased, shewed herself; and Saṃyataka, delighted, said to that prince, "My friend, you are in luck; your desire is accomplished. Look! here is that beloved's female attendant come to you. I beheld her at the side of the princess in the hermitage of the goddess Ambiká." Then the prince, beholding the friend of his beloved, was in a strange state, a state full of the bursting forth of joy, astonishment, and longing. And when she came near him, a rain of nectar to his eyes, he made her sit by his side, and asked her about the health of his beloved.

Then she gave him this answer, "No doubt my friend will be well enough, when you become her husband; but at present she is afflicted. For ever since she saw you, and you robbed her of her heart, she has been despondent, and neither hears nor sees. The maiden has left off her necklace, and wears a chain of lotus-fibres; and has abandoned her couch, and rolls on a bed of lotus-leaves. Best of conquerors, I tell you, her limbs, now white with the sandal-wood juice which is drying up with their heat, seem laughingly[8] to say, 'That very maiden, who formerly was too bashful to endure the mention of a lover[9], is now reduced to this sad condition by being separated from her dear one.' And she sends you this message." Having said so much, Manohárikā recited the two verses which Padmávatí had put into her mouth.

When Muktáphalaketu heard all that, his pain departed, and he joyfully welcomed Manohárikā, and said to her, “This my mind has been irrigated by your speech, as by nectar, and is refreshed; and I have recovered my spirits, and got rid of my languor: my good deeds in a former life have to-day borne fruit, in that that daughter of the Gandharva king is so well-disposed towards me. But, though I might possibly be able to endure the agony of separation, how could that lady, whose body is as delicate as a *śirísha*-flower, endure it? So I will go to that very hermitage of Gaurí; and do you bring your friend there, in order that we may meet at once. And go quickly, auspicious one, and comfort your friend, and give her this crest-jewel, which puts a stop to all grief, which the Self-existent gave me, when pleased with me. And this necklace, which Indra gave me, is a present for yourself.” When the prince had said this, he gave her the crest-jewel from his head, and he took the necklace from his neck, and put it on hers.

Then Manohárikā was delighted, and she bowed before him, and set out, mounted on her bird, to find her friend Padmávatí. And Muktáphalaketu, his languor having been removed by delight, quickly entered his own city with Saṃyataka.

And Manohárikā, when she came into the presence of Padmávatí, told her of the love-pain of her beloved, as she had witnessed it, and repeated to her his speech, sweet and tender with affection, as she had heard it; and told her of the arrangement to meet her in the hermitage of Gaurí, which he had made, and then gave her the crest-jewel which he had sent, and shewed her the chain which he had given herself as a present. Then Padmávatí embraced and honoured that friend of hers who had been so successful; and forgot that pain of the fire of love which had tortured her before, and she fastened that crest-jewel on her head, as if it were joy, and began to prepare to go to the wood of Gaurí.

In the meanwhile it happened that a hermit, of the name of Tapodhana, came to that grove of Gaurí, with his pupil, named Dṛiḍhavrata. And while there, the hermit said to his pupil Dṛiḍhavrata, “I will engage in contemplation for a time in this heavenly garden. You must remain at the gate, and not let any one in, and after I have finished my contemplation, I

will worship Párvatí." When the hermit had said this, he placed that pupil at the gate of the garden, and began to engage in contemplation under a *párijáta*-tree. After he rose up from his contemplation, he went into the temple to worship Ambiká, but he did not tell his pupil, who was at the gate of the garden.

And in the meanwhile Muktáphalaketu came there adorned, with Saṃyataka, mounted on a heavenly camel. And as he was about to enter that garden, that pupil of the hermit forbade him, saying, "Do not do so! My spiritual superior is engaged in contemplation within." But the prince, longing to see his beloved, said to himself, "The area of this garden is extensive, and it is possible that she may have arrived and may be somewhere within it, whereas the hermit is only in one corner of it." So he got out of sight of that hermit's pupil, and with his friend entered the garden by flying through the air.

And while he was looking about, the hermit's pupil came in to see if his spiritual superior had completed his meditation. He could not see his superior there, but he did see the noble Muktáphalaketu with his friend, who had entered the garden by a way by which it was not meant to be entered. Then that pupil of the hermit cursed the prince in his anger, saying to him, "As you have interrupted the meditation of my spiritual guide, and driven him away, go with your friend to the world of men on account of this disrespect." After he had pronounced this curse, he went in search of his superior. But Muktáphalaketu was thrown into great despondency by this curse having fallen on him like a thunderbolt, when his desire was on the point of being fulfilled. And in the meanwhile, Padmávatí, eager to meet her beloved, came mounted on a bird, with Manohárikā and her other attendants. And when the prince saw that lady, who had come to meet him of her own accord, but was now separated from him by a curse, he was reduced to a painful frame of mind in which sorrow and joy were blended. And at that very moment Padmávatí's right eye throbbed, boding evil fortune, and her heart fluttered. Then the princess, seeing that her lover was despondent, thought that he might be annoyed because she had not come before he did, and approached him with an affectionate manner. Then the prince said to her, "My beloved, our desire, though on the point of

fulfilment, has been again baffled by Fate." She said excitedly, "Alas! how baffled?" And then the prince told her how the curse was pronounced on him.

Then they all went, in their despondency, to entreat the hermit, who was the spiritual guide of him who inflicted the curse, and was now in the temple of the goddess, to fix an end to the curse. When the great hermit, who possessed supernatural insight, saw them approach in humble guise, he said with a kind manner to Muktáphalaketu, "You have been cursed by this fool who acted rashly before he had reflected;[10] however you have not done me any harm, since I rose up of myself. And this curse can only be an instrument, not the real reason of your change; in truth you have in your mortal condition to do the gods a service. You shall come in the course of destiny to behold this Padmávatí, and sick with love, you shall abandon your mortal body, and be quickly released from your curse. And you shall recover this lady of your life, wearing the same body that she wears now; for being a deliverer of the universe, you do not deserve to lie long under a curse. And the cause of all this that has befallen you is the slight stain of unrighteousness which attaches to you, on account of your having slain with that weapon of Brahmá, which you employed, old men and children."

When Padmávatí heard this, she said, with tears in her eyes, to that sage, "Holy Sir, let me now have the same lot as my future husband! I shall not be able to live for a moment without him." When Padmávatí made this request, the hermit said to her, "This cannot be: do you remain here for the present engaged in asceticism, in order that he may be quickly delivered from his curse, and may marry you. And then, as the consort of that Muktáphalaketu, you shall rule the Vidyádharas and Asuras for ten *kalpas*. And while you are performing asceticism, this crest-jewel, which be gave you, shall protect you; for it is of great efficacy, having sprung from the water-pot of the Disposer."

When the hermit, possessing divine insight, had said this to Padmávatí, Muktáphalaketu, bending low, addressed this prayer to him, "Holy Sir, may my faith in Śiva be unwavering during my life as a man, and may my mind never be inclined to any lady but Padmávatí." The hermit replied, "So let it

be!" and then Padmávatí, sorely grieved, pronounced on that pupil, whose fault had entailed these misfortunes, the following curse, "Since you cursed in your folly my destined husband, you shall be a vehicle for him to ride on in his human condition, possessing the property of going with a wish and changing your shape at will." When the pupil had been thus cursed, he was despondent, and then the hermit Tapodhana disappeared with him.

Then Muktáphalaketu said to Padmávatí, "I will now go to my city, and see what will happen to me there." When Padmávatí heard this, being terrified at separation, she at once fell on the earth with all her ornaments, as a creeper, broken by the wind, falls with all its flowers. And Muktáphalaketu comforted, as well as he could, his crying love, and departed with his friend, frequently turning round his eyes to look at her. And after he was gone, Padmávatí was much grieved, and weeping, said to her friend Manohárikā, who tried to comfort her, "My friend, I am certain that I saw the goddess Párvatí to-day in a dream, and she was about to throw a garland of lotuses round my neck, when she said, 'Never mind! I will give it you on some future occasion,' and desisted from her intention. So I understand that she wished in this way to let me know that my union with my beloved would be hindered." When she was mourning in this way over what had occurred, her friend said to her, "This dream was no doubt sent to you when you say, by the goddess, in order to comfort you. And the hermit said the very same to you, and the gods have clearly thus ordained: so, be of good cheer, you will soon be reunited with your beloved."

This and other speeches from her friend, and the magic efficacy of the crest-jewel made Padmávatí recover her self-command, and she remained there in the hermitage of Gaurí. And she performed asceticism, worshipping there Śiva and Párvatí, three times a day, and also the picture of her beloved, which she had brought from her own city, looking upon it as the image of a divinity. Her parents, hearing what had taken place, came to her in tears, and tried to prevent her, saying, "Do not uselessly fatigue yourself with penance, to bring about a desired end, which will anyhow take place." But she said to them, "How could I live here with any comfort, now that the husband recently appointed for me by the god has fallen into misery owing to a curse? For to ladies of good family a husband is a god. And no doubt,

this calamity may soon be brought to an end by austerities, and Śiva may be propitiated, and then I may be reunited with my beloved, for there is nothing[11] that austerities cannot accomplish." When Padmávatí had said this with firm resolution, her mother Kuvalayávalí said to her father the king, "King, let her perform this severe asceticism! Why trouble her further on false grounds? This is appointed for her by destiny: there is a reason for it; listen. Long ago, in the city of Śiva, the daughter of the king of the Siddhas, named Devaprabhá, was performing a very severe penance, in order to obtain the husband she desired. Now my daughter Padmávatí had gone there with me to visit the shrine of the god, and she went up to the Siddha maiden and laughed at her, saying, 'Are you not ashamed to practise austerities in order to obtain a husband?' Then the Siddha maiden cursed her in her rage, saying, 'Fool! your laughter proceeds from childishness: you also shall perform painful austerities to your heart's content to obtain a husband.' Accordingly she must of necessity endure the misery which the curse of the Siddha maiden has entailed; who can alter that? So let her do what she is doing?" When the queen had said this to the king of the Gandharvas, he took leave at last, though reluctantly, of his daughter, who bowed at his feet, and went to his own city. And Padmávatí remained in that hermitage of Párvatí, intent on religious observances and prayers, and every day she went through the air and worshipped that Siddhíśvara, that was worshipped by Brahmá and the other gods, of which Śiva had told her in a dream.

1

The reed was no doubt used as a brush or pencil. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *utkaṇṭhá-sannapáṇir ahaṃ kathaṃ*.

2

The three India Office MSS. read *atha śrutam*, which, I suppose, means, "and I heard something too."

3

This line in Brockhaus's text is unmetrical. Nos. 1882 and 3003 read *kim nu gáhyate*, No. 2166 has *na* for *nu*.

4

I adopt Dr. Kern's conjecture of *yáṃ* for *yá*. It is confirmed by the three India Office MSS. and by the Sanskrit College MS.

5

This meaning is assigned by Böhtlingk and Roth to the word *nerváti* in this passage.

6

I follow MSS. Nos. 3003 and 2166 which give *jano' nuvritto'pi*.

7

Böhtlingk and Roth consider that *sákalyaka* is the true rending. One MS. certainly has *y* and I think probably the others.

8

By the canons of Hindu rhetoric a smile is white. Hence this frigid conceit.

9

I read *na* for *tu*. Two out of the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. give *na*.

10

Here MSS. Nos. 3003 and 2166 and the Sanskrit College MS. read *aprekshápúrvakáriṇá*, the nominative case of which word is found in Taranga 64, ślokas 20 and 26. No. 1882 has *aprekshyápúrvakáriṇá*.

11

Two of the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. insert *kinchit* before *tapasám*.

Chapter CXVIII.

While Padmávatí was engaged in asceticism, in order that she might be reunited to Muktáphalaketu, the son of the emperor of the Vidyádharas, that prince, feeling that his descent into the world of men was nigh at hand owing to the curse of the Bráhman, in his fear, fled to Śiva as a refuge.

And while he was worshipping Śiva, he heard a voice issue from the inner cell of his temple, "Fear not, for thou shalt not have to endure misery while dwelling in the womb, and thou shalt not have to suffer during thy life as a mortal, nor shalt thou long remain in that condition.[1] Thou shalt be born as a strong and valorous prince. Thou shalt obtain from the hermit Tapodhana the control of all weapons, and my Gaṇa named Kinkara shall be thy younger brother. With his help thou shalt conquer thy enemies, and accomplish the required service for the gods, and thou shalt be reunited with Padmávatí and rule the Vidyádharas." When that prince had heard this voice, he conceived hope, and remained waiting for the ripening, so to speak, of the fruit of the curse pronounced upon him.

At this point of my story there was a city in the eastern region named Devasabha, that surpassed in splendour the court of the gods. In it there lived a universal monarch named Merudhvaja, the comrade of Indra when war arose between the gods and Asuras. That great-hearted prince was greedy of glory, not of the goods of others; his sword was sharp, but not his punishments; he feared sin, but not his enemy. His brows were sometimes curved in anger, but there was no crookedness in his heart. His arm was hard, where it was marked with the horny thickening produced by the bowstring, but there was no hardness in his speech. He spared his helpless enemies in battle, but he did not exhibit any mean parsimony with regard to his treasure;[2] and he took pleasure in virtuous deeds and not in women.

That king had always two anxieties in his heart, the first was that not even one son was as yet born to him, the second was that the Asuras, who

escaped from the slaughter in the great fight long ago between the gods and Asuras, and fled to Pátála, kept continually sallying out to a distance from it, and treacherously destroying holy places, temples, and hermitages in his land, and then retiring into Pátála again; and the king could not catch them, as they could move through the air as well as through Pátála; that afflicted the brave monarch, though he had no rivals upon earth.

It happened that once, when he was afflicted with these anxieties, he went to the assembly of the gods, on the day of the full moon in the month Chaitra, in Indra's splendid chariot, which he sent to fetch him; for Indra always held a general assembly in the early part of that day, and king Merudhvaja always went to it in his chariot. But on that occasion the king kept sighing, though he was amused with the dances and songs of the heavenly nymphs, and honoured by Indra.

When the king of the gods saw that, knowing what was in his heart, he said to him, "King, I know what thy grief is; dismiss it from thy mind. One son shall be born to thee, who shall be called Muktáphaladhvaja, and shall be a portion of Śiva, and a second named Malayadhvaja, who shall be an incarnation of a Gaṇa. Muktáphaladhvaja and his younger brother shall obtain from the hermit Tapodhana the sciences and all weapons and a creature to ride on, that shall possess the power of assuming any shape. And that invincible warrior shall again obtain the great weapon of Paśupati, and shall slay the Asuras, and get into his power the earth and Pátála. And receive from me these two air-going elephants Kánchanagiri and Kánchanaśekhara, together with mighty weapons." When Indra had said this to Merudhvaja, he gave him the arms and the elephants, and dismissed him, and he went delighted to his own city on the earth. But those Asuras, who had managed by their treachery to cast discredit upon the king, escaped being caught by him, even when mounted on the sky-going elephant, for they took refuge in Pátála.

Then the king, desiring a son, went, on his heavenly elephant, to the hermitage of that hermit Tapodhana, of whom Indra had told him. There he approached that hermit, and told him that command of Indra, and said to him, "Reverend Sir, quickly tell me what course I ought to take to gain my

end." And the hermit recommended that the king and his wife should immediately take upon them a vow for the propitiation of Śiva, in order that they might attain their end. The king then proceeded to propitiate Śiva with that vow, and then that god, being pleased, said to the king in a dream, "Rise up, king, thou shalt soon[3] obtain one after another two invincible sons for the destruction of the Asuras." When the king had heard this, he told it to the hermit when he woke up in the morning, and after he and his wife had broken their fast, he returned to his own city.

Then that august and beautiful lady, the queen of Merudhvaja, became pregnant within a few days. And Muktáphalaketu was in some mysterious way conceived in her, having been compelled by the curse to abandon his Vidyádhara body. And that body of his remained in his own city of Chandrapura, guarded by his relations, kept by magic from corrupting.

So the queen of king Merudhvaja, in the city of Devasabha, delighted her husband by becoming pregnant. And the more the queen was oppressed by her condition, the more sprightly was her husband the king. And when the time came, she gave birth to a boy resembling the sun, who, though an infant, was of great might, even as Párvatí gave birth to the god of war. And then not only did rejoicing take place over the whole earth, but in the heaven also in which the gods struck their drums. And the hermit Tapodhana, who possessed heavenly insight, came there in person, to congratulate that king Merudhvaja. With the help of that hermit, the rejoicing king gave his son the name Muktáphaladhvaja mentioned by Indra.

Then the hermit departed; but after the lapse of a year a second son was born to the king by that queen, and the king, with the help of that hermit, who, in the same way, came there out of joy, named him Malayadhvaja.

Then Saṃyataka was born as the son of the king's minister in accordance with the curse, and his father gave him the name of Mahábuddhi. Then those two princes gradually grew up, like lions' whelps, with that minister's son, and as they grew, their might developed also.

And after eight years only had passed, the hermit Tapodhana came and invested those princes with the sacred thread. And during eight more years he instructed them[4] in knowledge, and in the accomplishments, and in the use of all the mighty weapons. Then king Merudhvaja, seeing that his sons were young men, able to fight with all weapons, considered that he had not lived in vain.

Then the hermit was about to return to his hermitage, but the king said to him, “Reverend Sir, now take whatever present you desire.” The great sage answered, “This is the present I desire from you, king, that, with your sons, you would slay the Asuras that impede my sacrifices. The king said to him, “Then, reverend sir, you must now take your present; so begin a sacrifice; the Asuras will come to impede it, and then I will come with my sons. For formerly those Daityas, after they had treacherously wrought you wrong, used to fly up into the air, and dive into the sea, and go to Pátála. But now I have two air-going elephants given me by Indra, by means of those two I and my sons will catch them, even if they do fly through the air.”

When the hermit heard that, he was pleased and he said to the king, “Then do you make in the mean time fit preparation for my sacrifice, in order that I may go and begin a long sacrificial session that will be famous in every corner of the earth. And I will send you, as a messenger, this my pupil Dṛiḍhavrata, who has acquired the shape of an unrestrained mighty bird going with a wish; and on him shall Muktáphaladhvaja ride.”

When the hermit had said this, he returned to his hermitage, and the king sent after him the preparations for the sacrifice. With those he began a sacrifice, at which the gods and *ṛishis* assembled in a body, and the Dánavas, dwelling in Pátála, were excited when they heard of it.

When the hermit knew that, he sent his pupil Dṛiḍhavrata, who had been made by the curse to assume the form of a bird, to the city of Devasabha. When king Merudhvaja saw him arrive there, he remembered the words of the hermit, and got ready those two heavenly elephants. And he himself mounted the chief one, which was named Kánchanagiri, and the lesser one, which was named Kánchanaśekhara, he gave to the younger of his sons.

But Muktáphaladhvaja, taking with him the heavenly weapons, mounted the great bird Dṛiḍhavrata, and the bards hailed him with songs. Then those three heroes sent their armies on in front, and set forth, mounted on air-going steeds, and blessed by holy Bráhmans. And when they reached the hermitage, the hermit, being pleased with them, granted them this boon, that they should be invulnerable by all weapons.

In the meanwhile the army of the Asuras came to impede the sacrifice, and the soldiers of Merudhvaja, when they saw the Asuras, charged them with a shout. Then a battle took place between the Daityas and the men, but the Daityas, being in the air, pressed sore the men who were on the ground. Then Muktáphaladhvaja, mounted on his winged steed, rushed forward, and cut and crushed the Daityas with a shower of arrows. And those Daityas who escaped his destroying hand, seeing him mounted on a bird, and resplendent with brightness, took to flight, supposing that he was Náráyaṇa. And all of them fled in fear to Pátála, and told what had happened to Trailokyamálin, who was at that time king of the Daityas.

When the king of the Asuras heard that, he quickly enquired into the matter by means of his spies, and found out that Muktáphaladhvaja was a mortal; and unable to endure the disgrace of having been defeated by a man, he collected all the Dánavas in Pátála, and though warned by omens to desist, he went to that hermitage to fight. But Muktáphaladhvaja and his men, who were on the alert there, rushed to attack the king of the Dánavas, as soon as they saw him arrive with his army. Then a second great battle took place between the Asuras and the men; and the gods, headed by Rudra and Indra, came in their chariots to witness it.

And then Muktáphaladhvaja saw instantly presenting itself before him there a great weapon of Paśupati, of irresistible might, of huge size, with a flame of fire streaming up from it, with three eyes, with four faces, with one leg, and eight arms, looking like the fire which is to burn up the world at the end of the *kalpa*. The weapon said, “Know that I have come by the command of Śiva, to ensure your victory.” When the weapon said this, the prince worshipped it and clutched it.

In the meanwhile those Asuras in the air, raining arrows, pressed hard the fainting army of Merudhvaja that was below them. Then Muktáphaladhvaja, who fought in various manners, came to deliver that army and fought with the Asuras, placing a net of arrows between them and his own men.

And when Trailokyamálin, the king of the Asuras, saw him and his father and brother, mounted on their air-going steeds, he sent forth the snake-weapon. Innumerable terrible venomous snakes came out of it, and these Malayadhvaja slew with Garuḍa-birds, that came out of the Garuḍa-weapon. Then Muktáphalaketu repelled with case every weapon that the king of the Daityas and his son sent forth.

Then that enemy of the gods, and his son, and the other Dánavas were enraged, and they all at one time launched at him their fiery weapons. But those weapons, seeing the weapon of Paśupati blazing in front of him, were immediately terrified and fled.

Then the Daityas were terrified and tried to escape, but the hero Muktáphaladhvaja perceived their intention, and immediately constructed above them, and on all sides of them, an impenetrable net of arrows, like a cage of adamant. And while the Dánavas were circling within this, like birds, Muktáphaladhvaja with the help of his father and brother, smote them with sharp arrows. And the severed hands, feet, bodies, and heads of those Daityas fell on the ground, and streams of blood[5] flowed. Then the gods exclaimed “Bravo!” and followed up their acclamation with a rain of flowers, and Muktáphaladhvaja used the bewildering weapon against those enemies. That made the Asuras and their king fall senseless on the earth, and then by means of the weapon of Varuṇa the prince bound them all with nooses.

Then the hermit Tapodhana said to king Merudhvaja, “You must by no means kill those Asura warriors that have escaped the slaughter: but you must win them over and enter Rasátala with them. As for this king of the Daityas, and his son, and his ministers, you must take them with the great Asuras, and the malignant Nágas, and the principal Rákshasas, and

imprison them in the cave of Śvetaśaila in Devasabha."[6] When the hermit had said this to Merudhvaja, he said to the Daitya warriors, "Do not be afraid, we must not slay you, but you must henceforth be subject to the sway of this Muktáphaladhvaja and his brother." When the king said this to the Dánavas, they joyfully consented to his proposal. Then the king had Trailokyamálin, the sovereign of the Daityas, with his son and the others, conveyed to Śvetaśaila. And he placed them in confinement in that cave, and had them guarded by his principal minister, who was backed by a force of many brave warriors.

Then, the battle having come to an end, and the gods, who were present in their chariots, having departed, after showering *mandára* flowers, an universal rejoicing took place over the whole world, and the victorious king Merudhvaja said to his two sons, "I will remain here for the present to guard the sacrifice, and do you march to Pátála with these soldiers of ours, who have possessed themselves of many chariots belonging to the Daityas, and with those soldiers of the Asura army who have escaped destruction. And conciliate and win over to our allegiance the inhabitants of Pátála, and appoint chief governors throughout the territory, and having thus taken possession of it you must return here."

When the heroic Muktáphaladhvaja, who was mounted on his heavenly steed, that went with a wish, and Malayadhvaja heard this, the two brothers, with their forces, entered Rasátala, together with that portion of the army of the Dánavas, that had made submission, which marched in front of them. And they killed the guards that opposed them in various places, and proclaimed an amnesty to the others by beat of drum. And, as the people shewed confidence and were submissive, they took possession of the seven Rasátalas, adorned with splendid palaces[7] built of various jewels, and they enjoyed those palaces which were rendered delightful by gardens that gratified every wish, and had in them lakes of heavenly wine with many ladders of precious stone. And there they beheld Dánava ladies of wonderful beauty, and their daughters, who by means of magic concealed their forms within trees.

And then Svayamvaraprabhá, the wife of Trailokyamálin, began austerities in order to bring about the welfare of her imprisoned husband, and in the same way her daughters, Trailokyaprabhá and Tribhuvanaprabhá, began austerities for the welfare of their father.

And those princes honoured with various favours all the inhabitants of Pátála, who were happy now that they had obtained repose; and they appointed Sangrámasinha and others governors, and went to their father in the hermitage of Tapodhana.

And in the meanwhile the sacrifice of the hermit there reached completion, and the gods and the *ṛishis* prepared to go to their own abodes.[8] And as Indra was exceedingly pleased, Merudhvaja said to him, "Come with me to my city, king of heaven, if thou be pleased with me." When Indra heard that, he went, in order to please him, with the king and his son to the city of Devasabha, after taking leave of the hermit. And there the king, who was sovereign of two worlds, entertained Indra so sumptuously, that he forgot his happiness in heaven. Then Indra too, being gratified, took the king and his sons in his own heavenly chariot to his celestial abode, and in that place which was charming with the pleasures of a concert in which Nárada, Rambhá and others performed, he made Merudhvaja, with Muktáphaladhvaja and Malayadhvaja, forget their toils, and gave them garlands from the Párijáta-tree, and celestial diadems, and after honouring them, sent them home.

And they, when they returned, kept going to and fro between the earth and Pátála, and though kings of men, bare sway in two worlds. Then Merudhvaja said to Muktáphaladhvaja, "Our enemies are conquered; you two brothers are young men, and I have various princesses who are subject to my sway, and I have sent for some of them: the fitting time has come; so take to yourselves wives."

When Muktáphaladhvaja's father said this to him, he answered, "Father, my mind is not inclined to marriage at present. I will now perform a course of austerities to propitiate[9] Śiva; but let this Malayadhvaja my dear younger brother, be married." When his younger brother Malayadhvaja heard this,

he said, “Noble brother, is it fitting that I should be married, before you have taken a wife, or that I should hold sway while you are without a kingdom? I follow in your footsteps.”

When Malayadhvaja said this, king Merudhvaja said to his eldest son Muktáphaladhvaja, “Your younger brother here has spoken rightly, but what you have just said is not right; it is no time for asceticism in this fresh youth of yours; the present should be to you a time of enjoyment; so abandon, my son, this perverse crotchet of yours, which is most inopportune.” Though the king addressed these admonitions to his eldest son, that prince resolutely refused to take a wife: so the king remained silent, to wait for a more favourable time.

In the meanwhile, in Pátála, the two daughters of Trailokyamálin’s wife, Svayamprabhá, who were engaged in austerities, said to their mother, “Mother, when one of us was seven and the other eight years old, owing to our want of merits,[10] our father was imprisoned, and we were hurled from the royal rank. It is now the eighth year, that we have been engaged in austerities, and yet Śiva is not pleased with us, and our father has not, as yet, been released from his imprisonment. So let us even consume these unlucky bodies in the fire, before we also are imprisoned, or experience some other insult at the hands of our enemy.”

When Svayamprabhá’s daughters said this to her, she answered them, “Wait a while, my daughters, we shall regain our former glory. For I know that, while I was engaged in austerities, the god Śiva said to me in a dream, ‘My child, be of good courage; thy husband shall recover his kingdom, and the princes Muktáphaladhvaja and Malayadhvaja shall be the husbands of thy two daughters. And do not suppose that they are men; for one of them is a noble Vidyádhara, and the other is a Gaṇa of mine.’ When I had received this revelation from Śiva, I woke up at the close of night; and supported by this hope I have borne great suffering. So I will inform the king your father of this matter, and with his consent, I will endeavour to bring about your marriage.”

When the queen Svayamprabhá had in these words comforted her daughters, she said to Indumatí, an old woman of the harem, “Go to my husband in the cave of Śvetaśaila, and fall at his feet, and say to him from me, ‘My husband, the Creator has formed me of such strange wood, that, though the fire of separation from you burns fiercely, I have not yet been consumed by it. But it is because I entertain a hope of seeing you again that I have not abandoned life.’ When you have said this, tell him the revelation that Śiva made to me in a dream, then ask him about the marriage of our daughters, and come back, and tell me what he says; I will then act accordingly.”

When she had said this, she sent off Indumatí; and she left Pátála and reached the well-guarded entrance of that mountain-cave. She entreated the guards and entered, and seeing Trailokyamálin there a prisoner, she burst into tears, and embraced his feet; and when he asked her how she was, she slowly told him all his wife’s message; then that king said, “As for what Śiva says about my restoration to my kingdom, may that turn out as the god announced, but the idea of my giving my daughters to the sons of Merudhvaja is preposterous. I would rather perish here than give my daughters as a present to enemies and men too, while myself a prisoner.”

When Indumatí had been sent away by the king with this message, she went and delivered it to his wife Svayamprabhá. And when Trailokyaprabhá and Tribhuvanaprabhá the daughters of the Daitya sovereign heard it, they said to their mother Svayamprabhá, “Anxiety lest our youthful purity should be outraged makes the fire seem our only place of safety, so we will enter it, mother, on the fourteenth day, that is now approaching.” When they had thus resolved, their mother and her suite also made up their minds to die. And when the fourteenth day arrived, they all worshipped Háṭakeśvara, and made pyres in a holy bathing-place called Páparipu.

Now it happened that on that very day king Merudhvaja, with his son, and his wife, was coming there to worship Háṭakeśvara. And as he was going to the holy water of Páparipu, with his suite, to bathe, he saw smoke rising from the midst of a grove on its bank. And when the king asked, “How comes smoke to be rising here?” those governors he had set over Pátála,

Sangrámasinha and the others, said to him, “Great king, Svayamprabhá, the wife of Trailokyamálin, is engaged in austerities here with her daughters the princesses. Without doubt they are now performing here some sacrificial rite in honour of the fire, or possibly they are wearied out with excessive asceticism, and are immolating themselves by entering it.”

When the king heard that, he went to see what was going on, with his sons, and his wife, and those governors of Pátála, ordering the rest of his suite to remain behind. And concealing himself there, he beheld those Daitya maidens, with their mother, worshipping the fire of the pyres, which was burning brightly.[11] They seemed with the effulgence of the great beauty of their faces which shone out in all directions, to be creating in the lower world a hundred discs of the moon: and to be installing the god of love as king after the conquest of the three worlds, with their swiftly-moving necklaces that looked like liquid streams poured down from the golden pitchers of their breasts. Their broad hips, surrounded with the girdles which they wore, looked like the head of the elephant of love adorned with a girdle of constellations. The long wavy masses of hair which they bore, seemed like snakes made by the Creator to guard the treasure of their beauty. When the king saw them, he was astonished, and he said, “The creation of the Maker of All is surprising for the novelty that is ever being manifested in it:[12] for neither Rambhá, nor Urvaśí, nor Tilottamá is equal in beauty to these two daughters of the Asura king.”

While the king was making these reflections to himself, Trailokyaprabhá, the elder of the two Daitya maidens, after worshipping the god present in the Fire, addressed this prayer to him, “Since, from the time that my mother told me of the revelation of Śiva received by her in a dream, my mind has been fixed upon prince Muktáphaladhvaja, that treasure-house of virtue, as my chosen husband, I pray, holy one, that he may be my husband in a future birth, inasmuch as, though in this birth my mother wishes to give me to him, my haughty father, being a captive, will not consent to it.” When Tribhuvanaprabhá heard that, she, in the same way, prayed to the Fire-god that Malayadhvaja might be her husband in a future life.

Then king Merudhvaja, who was delighted at hearing that, and the queen his wife said to one another, “If our two sons could obtain these two maidens for their wives, they would reap fruit from their conquest of the two worlds. So let us go to them and their mother, before they have cast themselves into the fire, as they intend to do in a moment, and dissuade them from doing so.” When the king, in consultation with the queen, had made up his mind to this, he went up to them, and said, “Do not act rashly: for I will put a stop to your sorrow.” When all the Asura ladies heard this speech of the king’s, that seemed like a rain of nectar to their ears, and afterwards saw him, they all bowed before him.

And Svayamprabhá said to him, “Before we were concealed by magic, and you did not see us, though we saw you, but now we have been seen here by you, the sovereign of the two worlds. And now that we have been seen by you, our sorrow will soon come to an end; much more since you have bestowed on us by your own mouth a boon we never craved; so take a seat and receive the *arghya* and water for the feet.[13] For you deserve to be honoured by the three worlds; and this is our hermitage.” When she said this, the king answered laughing, “Give the *arghya* and water for the feet to these your sons-in-law.” Then Svayamprabhá said, “To them the god Śiva will give the *arghya* and soon, but do you receive it to-day.” Then Merudhvaja said, “I have already received it all; but do you, ladies, immediately give up your intention of committing suicide; and go and dwell in one of your cities where every wish can be gratified; then I will take steps to ensure your welfare.”

When the king said this, Svayamprabhá said to him, “In accordance with your Majesty’s order we have given up our intention of abandoning the body, but while our lord is in prison, how would it be becoming for us to live in our palace? So we will remain here, king, for the present, until your Highness shall perform the promise which you spontaneously made to us, and shall cause our lord to be set free with his servants and ministers. And he will hold sway as your Majesty’s zealous officer, and will make over his realm to you if you desire it; indeed he will make a strict agreement[14] with you to this effect. And for this we and all the inhabitants of Pátála will be

your sureties, so take our jewels from the regions of Pátála, and make them your own."

When she said this, king Merudhvaja said to her, "I will see about that, but you must remember your promise." When the king had said this, he bathed and worshipped Háṭakeśa. And those Daitya princesses, having now seen his sons with their own eyes, had their minds entirely fixed on them. Then all the inhabitants of Rasátala[15] fell at the feet of the virtuous king Merudhvaja, and asked that Trailokyamálin should be set at liberty; and then king Merudhvaja, with his wife, sons, and servants, left the world of the Asuras, and returned to his own city, covering the regions with his umbrellas white as his own glory. There his son Malayadhvaja spent the night in thinking on the younger daughter of the king of the Dánavas, being tortured with the fever of love, and though he closed his eyes, he never slept. But that sea of self-control Muktáphaladhvaja, though he thought upon the elder daughter of the Asura monarch who was deeply in love with him, and though he was young, and she was fair enough to shake with love the saintly minds of anchorites, still in virtue of the boon he had craved from the hermit, was no whit disturbed in mind. But Merudhvaja, finding that his elder son was determined not to take a wife, while Malayadhvaja was desperately in love, and that on the other hand that great Asura was averse to giving him his daughters, remained with his mind bewildered as to how to devise an expedient.

1

MS. No. 1882 reads *garbhaváse kleśo*; and this seems to give a sense more clearly in accordance with the sequel of the story.

2

Literally, too careful guarding of his *dináras*. *Dinára* is the Latin *denarius*.

3

Of course we must read *avilambitaṁ* which is found in two out of the three India Office MSS. and in the Sanskrit College MS. No. 1882 has *vilambitaṁ*.

4

Viníyate is a misprint for *viniyete*.

5

We should probably read *asranimnagáḥ* with two India Office MSS. No 3003 has *asrunimnagáḥ*.

6

The three India Office MSS. give *Devasabhásanne*, “near Devasabha.”

7

The three India Office MSS., read *puraśatair*, “hundreds of cities?” In any case *varais* should he *varair*.

8

Böhtlingk and Roth would read *svadhishṇyáni* for *swádhisṭháni* in Taranga 120, 25. Here Brockhaus reads *svádhisṭhán ṛishayas* which I find in MS. No 1882; No 3003 has what, judging from the way *shṇ* is written in this MS., I take to be *svadhishṇyányashayas*. No 2166 has what for similar reasons I take to be *svadhishṇánṛishayas*. The Sanskrit College MS. has *svadhishṭányṛishayas*.

9

For *árádhayituṃ* Nos. 1882 and 2166 give *árádhayan* which satisfies the metre. The Sanskrit College MS. has *árádhituṃ*.

10

I read *akṛitapuṇyayoḥ*, not having done meritorious actions. This is the reading of all the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

11

The three India Office MSS. give *susamiddhaṃ*, which is perhaps preferable to the reading of Brockhaus’s text. The Sanskrit College MS. gives *susamitaṃ*.

12

MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 and the Sanskrit College MS. give *lasannavanavádbhutá* “is ever displaying new marvels.” No. 3003 gives *lasannavatavádbhutá*. The *t* is no doubt a mere slip of the pen for *n*.

13

I read *arghyapádyádi* in śl. 180, 6; as in śl. 181, 6. The *y* is found in the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. I also read in śl. 179 *svagirá datte devenánarthite vare*, which I find in the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

14

Two of the India Office MSS. read *samayapratibandham̲*; No. 3003 has *samayaprativa*; clearly some letters have been omitted. The sense would remain the same.

15

Pátála and Rasátala seem to be used indiscriminately to denote “the nether world” in this passage. Strictly speaking, Rasátala is one of the seven Pátálas. The words in śl. 189 which I have translated “regions of Pátála” mean literally “the Pátálas.” In śl. 192 the three India Office MSS. read *sudṛishṭayoḥ* “having had a good look at them.”

Chapter CXIX.

Then king Merudhvaja, seeing that Malayadhvaja was thus overpowered with the fever of love, said to his queen, “If those two daughters of Trailokyamálin, whom I saw in Pátála, do not become the wives of my two sons, what advantage shall I have gained? And my son Malayadhvaja is consumed with smouldering flame, because he cannot obtain the younger of the two, though shame makes him conceal the fire of love. It is for this very reason that, though I promised Trailokyamálin’s queen that I would set him at liberty, I do not at once make my promise good. For, if he is set free from his imprisonment, his pride as an Asura will prevent his ever giving his daughters to my sons as being men. So it is now advisable to propose this matter to him in a conciliatory manner.”

When he had gone through these reflections with the queen, he said to his warder, “Go to the cave of Śvetaśaila, and say, as from me, in a kind manner to Trailokyamálin, the king of the Daityas, who is imprisoned there, ‘King of the Daityas, by the appointment of Destiny you have been long afflicted here, so now do what I advise, and bring your affliction to an end. Give to my two sons your two daughters, who fell in love with them at first sight, and thus procure your release, and rule your kingdom, after you have given security for your fidelity.’”

With this message the king sent off his warder, and he went and delivered it to the Daitya monarch in that cave. The monarch answered, “I will not give my two daughters to two men;” and the warder returned and reported his answer to the king.

Then king Merudhvaja began to look about for some other means of attaining his end, and in the course of some days Svayamprabhá heard how he had sped, so she again sent Indumatí from Pátála to his palace with a message.

And Indumatí arrived, and had herself announced by the female warder, and went into the presence of the great queen, who received her graciously. And she bowed before her, and said to her, “Queen, queen Svayamprabhá sends you this message, ‘Have you forgotten your own promise? The seas and the principal mountains will suffer change at the day of doom, but the promises of people like you will not change even then. Although my husband has not consented to bestow our daughters as you wished, reflect, how could he have given them as a present while himself a prisoner? If you release him in a proper way as an act of kindness,[1] he will certainly make you a return by giving you his daughters. Otherwise Svayamprabhá and her daughters will abandon their lives, and in this way you will fail to obtain daughters-in-law, and also to keep your promise? So manage, queen, to make the king set our lord free on the conditions of compact and security and so on, in order that all may turn out well; and accept this ornament sent by Svayamprabhá, studded with various gems, that confer the power of becoming a Vidyádhara, and other advantages.’”

When Indumatí said this, the queen answered her, “How can I take this from your mistress now that she is in trouble?” But Indumatí urged her vehemently to take it, saying, “We shall be quite unhappy if you refuse to accept it, but if you take it, we shall consider our affliction alleviated.” Being thus strongly urged by Indumatí, the queen took from her that jewelled ornament, to comfort her; and she made her wait there, saying to her, “Remain here, noble lady, until the king shall come this way.”

In the meanwhile the king came there, and Indumatí rose up, and having been introduced by the queen, bowed before him, and he received her graciously. And she gave to that king a crest-jewel sent by Svayamprabhá, that was a talisman against poison, Rákshasas, old age, and disease.[2] The king said, “I will accept this jewel when I have kept my promise; but the ready-witted Indumatí said to him, “A promise made by the king is as good as kept. But, if your Majesty will accept this, we shall be very much comforted.” When she made this speech, the queen observed, “Well said,” and took that crest-jewel, and fastened it on the king’s head.

Then Indumatí repeated to the king the message of Svayamprabhá, as she had delivered it to the queen; then the king, being entreated to the same effect by the queen, went on to say to Indumatí, "Remain here for to-day; to-morrow morning I will give you an answer."

Having said this, king Merudhvaja allowed a night to pass, and the next morning he summoned his ministers, and said to Indumatí, "Noble lady, go with these ministers of mine, and after informing Trailokyamálin, bring from Pátála those Asura ladies, Svayamprabhá and the others, and all the principal inhabitants of Pátála, and the water of ordeal connected with Háṭakeśvara, in a sealed vessel. And let Svayamprabhá and the others touch the feet of Svayamprabhá's husband, in the presence of my ministers, and by solemn oaths make themselves sureties for this, namely, that Trailokyamálin, with his friends and servants, shall ever remain firm in his allegiance to me, and that the Nágas shall not injure the crops. And let all the lords in Pátála be sureties to the same effect, and let them all, with their king, give their children as hostages,[3] and let them all, with their king, put this in writing, and drink the water of ordeal in which the image of Háṭakeśvara has been washed: then I will release Trailokyamálin from prison."

Having said so much, the king sent off Indumatí with his ministers. She went with them, and informed Trailokyamálin of what was being done, and as he approved of her proceedings, she went in the same way to Pátála, and she brought there Svayamprabhá and the others, and the water of ordeal,[4] and she made them all do in the presence of the king's ministers all that he had prescribed. And when king Trailokyamálin had in this way given security, king Merudhvaja set him free from prison with his suite. And he had brought him to his own palace with his family and his attendants, and courteously entertained him; and then he took possession of all the jewels of the Asuras, and sent Trailokyamálin back to his kingdom. And Trailokyamálin returned to Rasátala his home, and having recovered his kingdom, rejoiced with his servants and relations. And Merudhvaja filled the earth with abundant treasures that came from Pátála, as a rain-cloud showers water.

Then Trailokyamálin, the king of the Daityas, took counsel with his wife, desiring to bestow his two beautiful daughters on Merudhvaja's sons, and he invited him to his palace, with his relations, and came himself to escort him there, remembering the benefit conferred on him. So he came to king Merudhvaja, who entertained him, and then he said to him, "On a former occasion, your great joy prevented your seeing Rasátala properly. But now come and see it, while we give ourselves up to attending on you; and accept from me my two beautiful daughters for your sons."

When the Asura king had said this to Merudhvaja, the latter summoned his wife and his two sons. And he told them the speech of the Asura king, and how he proposed to give his two daughters; then his eldest son Muktáphaladhvaja said to him, "I will not marry until I have propitiated Śiva; I said this long ago; you must pardon this fault in me. When I have gone, let Malayadhvaja marry; for he will never be happy without that Pátála maiden." When the younger son heard this, he said to his elder brother, "Noble sir, while you are alive, I will never perform such a disgraceful and unrighteous act." Then king Merudhvaja earnestly exhorted Muktáphaladhvaja to marry, but he would not consent to do so; and therefore Trailokyamálin took leave of the king, who was in a state of despondency, and went back with his suite to Pátála as he had come.

There he told what had taken place and said to his wife and son, "Observe how exclusively bent on humiliating us Fortune is. Those very men, to whom formerly I refused to give my daughters in marriage when they asked for them, now refuse to accept them, though I ask them to do so." When they heard it, they said, "Who can tell how this matter is in the mind of Destiny? Can Śiva's promise be falsified?"

While they were saying these things, those maidens, Trailokyaprabhá and Tribhuvanaprabhá, heard what had happened, and took upon them the following vow, "We will remain without food for twelve days, and if at the end of that time the god does not shew us favour by bringing about our marriage, we will enter the fire together, and we will not preserve our bodies for insult, or merely for the sake of continuing in life." When the daughters of the Daitya sovereign had made this vow, they remained fasting

in front of the god, engaged in meditation and muttering prayers. And their mother and their father the sovereign of the Daityas, hearing of it, and being very fond of their daughters, remained fasting in the same way.

Then Svayamprabhá their mother quickly sent off Indumatí once more to Merudhvaja's queen consort, to tell her how matters were going. She went and told that queen the trouble in her master's house, and so Merudhvaja also came to hear of it. Then that couple abandoned food out of regard for the other royal couple, and their sons did so as well, out of regard for their parents.

Thus in two worlds the royal families were in trouble. And Muktáphaladhvaja remained without eating, and meditated on Śiva as his refuge. And, after six nights had passed, in the morning the prince woke up, and said to his friend Mahábuddhi, who had formerly been Saṃyataka, "My friend, I remember that last night in a dream I mounted my steed given me by the hermit Tapodhana, that changes its shape at will, and goes where the mind directs, and had become a flying chariot, and, in my despondency I went to a heavenly temple of Śiva, very far from here, on the slope of Meru. There I saw a certain celestial maiden emaciated with austerities; and a certain man with matted hair, pointing to her, said to me laughing, 'You have come here in this way to escape from one maiden, and lo! here is another waiting for you.' When I heard this speech of his, I remained gazing at the beauty of that maiden, but found it impossible to gaze my fill, and so at the end of the night I suddenly woke up.

"So I will go there to obtain that heavenly maiden, and if I do not find her there, I will enter the fire. What can Destiny mean, by causing my mind to become attached to this maiden seen in a dream, after rejecting, in the way I did, the Daitya maiden, offered to me a short time ago? At any rate, I am persuaded that, if I go there, good fortune will certainly befall me."

Having said this, he called to mind that vehicle given to him by the hermit, which would carry him to any place conceived in the mind, and assume any desired form. It turned into an air-going chariot, and he mounted it, and set out for that heavenly temple of Śiva, and when he reached it, he saw that it

was just as it had seemed in his dream, and he rejoiced. Then he proceeded to perform religious ablution with all the attendant rites, in the holy water there, named Siddhodaka, with no one to wait on him but his friend.

Then his father king Merudhvaja, who was in his own city, emaciated with fasting, accompanied by his wife, son, and suite, heard that he had gone off somewhere secretly, and became bewildered with grief. And all this was at once known in Pátála, exactly as it had taken place. Then Trailokyamálin took with him his two daughters, and came fasting, with his wife and suite, to visit king Merudhvaja. And they all resolved on the following course of action; "Surely, as it is the fourteenth day, the prince has gone somewhere to worship Śiva; so we will wait for him here this day. But to-morrow, if he has not returned, we will go where he is: then, happen what will."

In the meanwhile Padmávatí, who was in that hermitage of Śiva, named Meghavana, said that very day to her ladies-in-waiting; "My friends, I remember that last night I went in a dream to Siddhíśvara, and a certain man wearing matted hair came out of the temple of the god, and said to me, 'My daughter, thy sorrow is at an end, thy reunion with thy husband is nigh at hand.' When he had said this, he departed, and night and sleep left me together. So come, let us go there." When Padmávatí had said this, she went to that temple of Gaurí on the slope of Meru.

There she saw with astonishment that Muktáphaladhvaja at a distance bathing in Siddhodaka, and she said to her friends, "This man is like my beloved. Observe how very like he is. Wonderful! Can he be the very same? It cannot be, for he is a mortal." When her ladies-in-waiting heard that, and saw him, they said to her, "Princess, not only is this man very like your beloved, but observe, his companion also bears a resemblance to your lover's friend Saṃyataka. So we know for certain that, in accordance with your last night's dream which you related to us, Śiva has by his power brought those two here, after their becoming incarnate as men owing to a curse. Otherwise, how, being mortals, could they have come to this region of the gods?" When Padmávatí had been thus addressed by her ladies-in-waiting, she worshipped Śiva, and in a state of eager excitement, remained concealed near the god's symbol to find out who the stranger was.

In the meanwhile Muktáphaladhvaja, having bathed, came into the temple to worship the god, and after looking all round, said to Mahábuddhi, "Strange to say, here is that very temple, which I saw in my dream, made of precious stone, with the form of Śiva visible within the *linga*. And now I behold here those very localities, which I saw in my dream, full of jewel-gleaming trees, which are alive with heavenly birds. But I do not see here that heavenly maiden, whom I then saw; and if I do not find her, I am determined to abandon the body in this place."

When he said this, Padmávatí's ladies-in-waiting said to her in a whisper, "Listen! it is certain that he has come here, because he saw you here in a dream, and if he does not find you, he intends to surrender his life; so let us remain here concealed, and see what he means to do."

And while they remained there in concealment, Muktáphaladhvaja entered, and worshipped the god, and came out. And when he came out, he devoutly walked round the temple three times, keeping his right hand towards it, and then he and his friend remembered their former birth, and in their joy they were telling to one another the events of their life as Vidyádharas, when Padmávatí met their view. And Muktáphaladhvaja, remembering the occurrences of his former life, as soon as he saw her, was filled with joy, and said to his friend, "Lo! this very princess Padmávatí, the lady I saw in my dream! and she has come here by good luck; so I will at once go and speak to her."

When he had said this, he went up to her weeping and said, "Princess, do not go away anywhere now; for I am your former lover Muktáphalaketu. I became a man by the curse of the hermit Dṛiḍhavrata, and I have now remembered my former birth." When he had said this, he tried, in his eagerness, to embrace her. But she was alarmed and made herself invisible, and remained there with her eyes full of tears: and the prince, not seeing her, fell on the ground in a swoon.

Then his friend sorrowfully spoke these words into the air, "How is it, princess Padmávatí, that, now this lover has come, for whom you suffered such severe austerities, you will not speak to him? I too am Saṃyataka the

comrade of your beloved: why do you not say something kind to me, as I was cursed for you?" After saying this, he restored the prince, and said to him, "This punishment has come upon you as the result of the crime you committed in not accepting the Daitya princess, who offered herself to you out of love."

When Padmávatí, who was concealed, heard this, she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "Listen, he has no inclination for Asura maidens." Then her ladies said to her, "You see that all tallies together. Do you not remember that long ago, when your beloved was cursed, he craved as a boon from the hermit Tapodhana, that while he was a man, his heart might never be inclined to any one but Padmávatí. It is in virtue of that boon that he now feels no love for other women." When the princess heard this, she was bewildered with doubt.

Then Muktáphaladhvaja, who had no sooner seen his beloved, than she disappeared from his eyes, cried out, "Ah! my beloved Padmávatí, do you not see that when I was a Vidyádhara, I incurred a curse in Meghavana for your sake? And now be assured that I shall meet my death here."

When Padmávatí heard him utter this and other laments, she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "Though all indications seem to tally, still these two may possibly have heard these things at some time or other by communication from mouth to mouth, and therefore my mind is not convinced. But I cannot bear to listen to his sorrowful exclamations, so I will go to that temple of Gaurí; moreover it is the hour of worship for me there." When Padmávatí had said this, she went with her ladies-in-waiting to that hermitage of Ambiká, and after worshipping the goddess she offered this prayer, "If the man I have just seen in Siddhíśvara is really my former lover, bring about for me, goddess, my speedy reunion with him."

And while Padmávatí was there, longing for her beloved, Muktáphaladhvaja, who had remained behind in Siddhíśvara, said to his friend Mahábuddhi, who had been in a former life his friend Saṃyataka, "I am convinced, my friend, that she has gone to her own haunt, that temple of Gaurí; so come, let us go there." When he had said this, he ascended that

chariot of his, which went wherever the mind desired, and flew to that hermitage of Ambiká.

When Padmávatí's ladies-in-waiting saw him afar off, coming down in the chariot from the sky, they said to Padmávatí, "Princess, behold this marvel. He has come here also, travelling in an air-going chariot; how can he, a mere man, have such power?" Then Padmávatí said, "My friends, do you not remember that on Dṛiḍhavrata, who cursed him, I laid the following curse, 'When my beloved is incarnate as a man, you shall be his vehicle, assuming any desired shape, and moving in obedience to a wish.' So, no doubt, this is that hermit's pupil, his vehicle, wearing at present the form of an air-going chariot, and by means of it he roams everywhere at will."

When she said this, her ladies-in-waiting said to her, "If you know this to be the case, princess, why do you not speak to him? What are you waiting for?" When Padmávatí heard this speech of her ladies', she went on to say, "I think that this probably is the case, but I am not absolutely certain as yet. But, even supposing he really is my beloved, how can I approach him, now that he is not in his own body, but in another body? So, let us for a time watch his proceedings, being ourselves concealed." When the princess had said this, she remained there concealed, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting.

Then Muktáphaladhvaja descended from the chariot in that hermitage of Ambiká, and being full of longing, said to his friend, "Here I had my first interview with my beloved, when she had been terrified by the Rákshasís; and I again saw her in the garden here, when she came having chosen me for her own; and here I received the curse, and she wished to follow me by dying; but was, though with difficulty, prevented by that great hermit: and now, see, that very same lady flies out of reach of my eyes."

When Padmávatí heard him speak thus, she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "True, my friends, it is really my beloved, but how can I approach him, before he has entered his former body? In this matter Siddhíśvara is my only hope. He sent me the dream, and he will provide for me a way out of my difficulties." When she had formed this resolution, she went back to

Siddhíśvara. And she worshipped that manifestation of Śiva, and offered this prayer to him, “Unite me with my beloved in his former body, or bestow death on me. I see no third way of escape from my woe.” And then she remained with her friends in the court of the god’s temple.

In the meanwhile Muktáphaladhvaja searched for the princess in the temple of Gaurí, and not finding her was despondent, and said to that friend, “I have not found her here; let us go back to that temple of Śiva; if I cannot find her there, I will enter the fire.”

When that friend heard it, he said, “Good luck will befall you! The word of the hermit and Śiva’s promise in your dream cannot be falsified.” With those words did Muktáphaladhvaja’s friend try to comfort him; and then Muktáphaladhvaja ascended the chariot, and went with him to Siddhíśvara.

When Padmávatí saw him arrive, she still remained there invisible, and she said to her ladies-in-waiting, “Look! he has come to this very place.” He too entered, and seeing that offerings had been recently placed in front of the god, prince Muktáphaladhvaja said to that companion of his, “Look, my friend, some one has been quite recently worshipping this symbol of the god; surely, that beloved of mine must be somewhere here, and she must have done this worship.” When he had said this, he looked for her, but could not find her; and then in the anguish of separation he cried out again and again, “Ah! my beloved Padmávatí!”

Then, thinking that the cry of the cuckoo was her voice, and that the tail of the peacock was her hair, and that the lotus was her face, the prince ran wildly about, overpowered with an attack of the fever of love, and with difficulty did his friend console him; and coaxing him, he said to him, “What is this that you have taken up, being weak with much fasting? Why do you disregard your own welfare, though you have conquered the earth and Pátála? Your father Merudhvaja, and king Trailokyamálin, the king of the Dánavas, your future father-in-law, and his daughter Trailokyaprabhá, who wishes to marry you, and your mother Vinayavatí, and your younger brother Malayadhvaja will, if you do not go to them, suspect that some

misfortune has happened, and fasting as they are, will give up their breath. So come along! Let us go and save their lives, for the day is at an end."

When Muktáphaladhvaja's friend said this to him, he answered him, "Then go yourself in my chariot and comfort them." Then his friend said, "How will that hermit's pupil, who has been made your vehicle by a curse, submit to me?" When the prince's friend said this, he replied, "Then wait a little, my friend; let us see what will happen here."

When Padmávatí heard this conversation of theirs, she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "I know that this is my former lover by all the notes tallying, but he is degraded by the curse, being enclosed in a human body, and I too am thus afflicted with a curse, because I laughed at the Siddha-maiden." While she was saying this, the moon rose, red in hue, the fire that devours the forest of separated lovers. And gradually the moonlight filled the world on every side, and the flame of love's fire filled the heart of Muktáphaladhvaja.

Then the prince began to lament like a *chakraváka* at the approach of night; and Padmávatí, who was concealed, being despondent, said to him, "Prince, though you are my former lover, still, as you are now in another body, you are to me a strange man, and I am to you as the wife of another; so why do you lament again and again? Surely some means will be provided, if that speech of the hermit's was true."

When Muktáphaladhvaja heard this speech of hers, and could not see her, he fell into a state which was painful from the contending emotions of joy and despondency; and he said to her, "Princess, my former birth has returned to my recollection, and so I recognised you, as soon as I saw you, for you still wear your old body, but as you saw me when I was dwelling in my Vidyádhara[5] body, how can you recognise me, now that I am in a mortal body? So I must certainly abandon this accursed frame." When he had said this, he remained silent, and his beloved continued in concealment.

Then, the night being almost gone, and his friend Mahábuddhi, who was formerly Saṃyataka, having gone to sleep out of weariness, prince Muktáphaladhvaja, thinking that he could never obtain Padmávatí, as long

as he continued in that body, collected wood,[6] and lighted a fire; and worshipped Śiva embodied in the *linga*, uttering this prayer, “Holy one, may I by thy favour return to my former body, and soon obtain my beloved Padmávatí!” And having said this, he consumed his body in that blazing fire.

And in the meanwhile Mahábuddhi woke up, and not being able, in spite of careful search, to find Muktáphaladhvaja, and seeing the fire blazing up, he came to the conclusion that his friend, distracted with separation, had burnt himself, and out of regret for his loss, he flung himself into that same fire.

When Padmávatí saw that, she was tortured with grief, and she said to her ladies-in-waiting, “Alas! Fie! the female heart is harder than the thunderbolt, otherwise my breath must have left me beholding this horror. So, how long am I to retain this wretched life? Even now, owing to my demerits, there is no end to my woe; moreover, the promise of that hermit has been falsified; so it is better that I should die. But it is not fitting that I should enter this fire and be mixed up with strange men, so in this difficult conjuncture hanging, which gives no trouble, is my best resource.” When the princess had said this, she went in front of Śiva, and proceeded to make a noose by means of a creeper, which she fastened to an *aśoka*-tree.

And while her ladies-in-waiting were trying to prevent her by encouraging speeches, that hermit Tapodhana came there. He said, “My daughter, do not act rashly, that promise of mine will not be falsified. Be of good courage, you shall see that husband of yours come here in a moment. His curse has been just now cancelled by virtue of your penance; so why do you now distrust the power of your own austerities? And why do you shew this despondency when your marriage is at hand? I have come here because I learnt all this by my power of meditation.” When Padmávatí saw the hermit approaching uttering these words, she bowed before him, and was for a moment, as it were, swung to and fro by perplexity. Then her beloved Muktáphalaketu, having by the burning of his mortal body entered his own Vidyádhara body, came there with his friend. And Padmávatí, seeing that son of the king of the Vidyádharas coming through the air, as a female *chátaka* beholds a fresh rain-cloud, or a *kumudvatí* the full moon newly

risen, felt indescribable joy in her heart. And Muktáphalaketu, when he saw her, rejoiced, and so to speak, drank her in with his eyes, as a traveller, wearied with long wandering in a desert, rejoices, when he beholds a river. And those two, reunited like a couple of *chakravákas* by the termination of the night of their curse, took their fill of falling at the feet of that hermit of glowing brilliancy.[7] Then that great hermit welcomed them in the following words, "My heart has been fully gratified to-day by seeing you reunited, happy at having come to the end of your curse."

And when the night had passed, king Merudhvaja came there in search of them, mounted on the elephant of Indra, accompanied by his wife and his youngest son, and also Trailokyamálin the sovereign of the Daityas, with his daughter Trailokyaprabhá, mounted on a chariot, attended by his *harem* and his suite. Then the hermit pointed out Muktáphalaketu to those two kings and described what had taken place, how he had become a man by a curse, in order to do a service to the gods, and how he had been delivered from his human condition. And when Merudhvaja and the others heard that, though they were before eager to throw themselves into the fire, they bathed in Siddhodaka and worshipped Śiva, by the hermit's direction, and were at once delivered from their sorrow. Then that Trailokyaprabhá suddenly called to mind her birth and said to herself "Truly I am that same Devaprabhá, the daughter of the king of the Siddhas, who, when undergoing austerities[8] in order that the emperor of all the Vidyádharas might be my husband, was ridiculed by Padmávatí, and entered the fire to gain the fulfilment of my desire. And now I have been born in this Daitya race, and here is this very prince with whom I was in love, who has recovered his Vidyádhara body. But it is not fitting that, now that his body is changed, he should be united to this body of mine, so I will consume my Asura body also in the fire, in order to obtain him."

Having gone through these reflections in her mind, and having communicated her intention to her parents, she entered[9] the fire which had consumed Muktáphaladhvaja; and then the god of fire himself appeared with her, on whom out of pity he had bestowed her former body, and said to Muktáphaladhvaja, "Muktáphaladhvaja, this lady Devaprabhá, the daughter of the king of the Siddhas, for thy sake abandoned her body in me; so

receive her as thy wife." When the god of fire had said this, he disappeared; and Brahmá came there with Indra and the rest of the gods, and Padmaśekhara the king of the Gandharvas, with Chandraketu, the sovereign of the Vidyádharas. Then that prosperous king of the Gandharvas[10] gave his daughter Padmávatí, with due rites and much activity on the part of his followers, as wife to Muktáphalaketu, who bowed before him, congratulated by all. And then that prince of the Vidyádharas, having obtained that beloved, whom he had so long desired, considered that he had gathered the fruit of the tree of his birth, and married also that Siddha-maiden. And prince Malayadhvaja was united to that Daitya princess, his beloved Tribhuvanaprabhá, whom her father bestowed on him with due rites. Then Merudhvaja, having, on account of his son Malayadhvaja's complete success, anointed him to be sole ruler of a kingdom extending over the earth with all its islands, went with his wife to the forest to perform austerities. And Trailokyamálin, the king of the Daityas, went with his wife to his own region, and Indra gave to Muktáphalaketu the splendid kingdom of Vidyuddhvaja. And this voice came from heaven, "Let this Muktáphalaketu enjoy the sovereignty over the Vidyádharas and Asuras, and let the gods go to their own abodes!" When they heard that voice, Brahmá and Indra and the other gods went away delighted, and the hermit Tapodhana went with his pupil, who was released from his curse, and Chandraketu went to his own Vidyádhara home, with his son Muktáphalaketu who was graced by two wives. And there the king, together with his son, long enjoyed the dignity of emperor over the Vidyádharas, but at last he threw on him the burden of his kingdom, and, disgusted with the world and its pleasures, went with the queen to an ascetic grove of hermits. And Muktáphalaketu, having before obtained from Indra the rule over the Asuras, and again from his father the empire over the Vidyádharas, enjoyed, in the society of Padmávatí, who seemed like an incarnation of happiness, for ten *kalpas*, the good fortune of all the pleasures which the sway of those two wealthy realms could yield, and thus obtained the highest success. But he saw that passions are in their end distasteful, and at last he entered a wood of mighty hermits, and by the eminence of his asceticism obtained the highest glory, and became a companion of the lord Śiva.

Thus king Brahmadatta and his wife and his minister heard this romantic tale from the couple of swans, and gained knowledge from their teaching, and obtained the power of flying through the air like gods; and then they went accompanied by those two birds to Siddhíśvara,[11] and there they all laid aside the bodies they had entered in consequence of the curse, and were reinstated in their former position as attendants upon Śiva.[12]

Hearing this story from Gomukha in the absence of Madanamanchuká, for a moment only, hermits, I cheered my heart with hope.

When the emperor Naraváhanadatta had told this story, those hermits in the hermitage of Kaśyapa, accompanied by Gopálaka, rejoiced exceedingly.

1

I read *muchyate* with the three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS.

2

The κακῶν καὶ γήραος ἄλκαρ of Empedocles. Sir Thomas Browne in his Vulgar Errors, Book II. Ch. V, Sec. 11, makes mention of the supposed magic virtues of gems. He will not deny that bezoar is antidotal, but will not believe that a "sapphire is preservative against enchantments."

3

All the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *apatyáni* for *asatyáni*. I have adopted it. In śl. 29 two MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. have *sarvánga* the other *sarvángaṃ*. I do not understand the passage.

4

Perhaps we may compare this water with that of the river Styx. Háṭakí appears to be the name of a river in the underworld.

5

The Sanskrit adjective corresponding to the noun Vidyádhara, is, of course, Vaidyádhara, but perhaps it is better to retain the noun in English.

6

I read *áhṛitya* for *áhatya*. The three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. have *áhṛitya*.

7

Probably the passage also means that they sunned themselves in his rays.

8

I read *tapasyantí* for *na paśyantí*. See Taranga 117, śl. 177 and *ff.* The three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. have *tapasyantí*.

9

All the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. read *anupravishṭám*.

10

Gandharvarájáya in Brockhaus's text must be a misprint. MS. No. 1882 has *Gandharvaráḍvyagraparigrahas* which satisfies the metre and makes sense. This is also the reading of the Sanskrit College MS. No. 3003 seems to have the same but it is not quite clear. No. 2166 has *vyadra* for *vyagra*.

11

I read *tadbháryásachivau*; the three words should be joined together.

12

In the original we find inserted here—"Here ends the story of Padmávatí."

Book XVIII.

Chapter CXX.

Glory be to that god, half of whose body is the moon-faced Párvatí, who is smeared with ashes white as the rays of the moon, whose eyes gleam with a fire like that of the sun and moon, who wears a half-moon on his head!

May that elephant-faced god protect you, who, with his trunk bent at the end, uplifted in sport, appears to be bestowing successes!

Then Naraváhanadatta, in the hermitage of the hermit Kaśyapa, on that Black Mountain, said to the assembled hermits, “Moreover, when, during my separation from the queen, Vegavatí, who was in love with me, took me and made me over to the protection of a Science, I longed to abandon the body, being separated from my beloved and in a foreign land; but while, in this state of mind, I was roaming about in a remote part of the forest, I beheld the great hermit Kanva.

“That compassionate hermit, seeing me bowing at his feet, and knowing by the insight of profound meditation that I was miserable, took me to his hermitage, and said to me, ‘Why are you distracted, though you are a hero sprung from the race of the Moon? As the ordinance of the god standeth sure, why should you despair of reunion with your wife?

“‘The most unexpected meetings do take place for men in this world; I will tell you, to illustrate this, the story of Vikramáditya; listen.’”

The story of Vikramáditya.

There is in Avanti a famous city, named Ujjayiní, the dwelling-place of Śiva, built by Viśvakarman in the commencement or the Yuga; which, like a virtuous woman, is invincible by strangers; like a lotus-plant is the resort of the goddess of prosperity; like the heart of the good, is rich in virtue; like the earth, is full of many wonderful sights.

There dwelt in that city a world-conquering king, named Mahendráditya, the slayer of his enemies' armies, like Indra in Amarávatí. In regard of prowess he was a wielder of many weapons; in regard of beauty he was the flower-weaponed god[1] himself; his hand was ever open in bounty, but was firmly clenched on the hilt of his sword. That king had a wife named Saumyadarśaná, who was to him as Śachí to Indra, as Gaurí to Śiva, as Śrí to Vishṇu. And that king had a great minister named Sumati, and a warder named Vajráyudha, in whose family the office was hereditary. With these the king remained ruling his realm, propitiating Śiva, and ever bearing various vows in order to obtain a son.

In the meanwhile, as Śiva was with Párvatí on the mighty mountain Kailása, the glens of which are visited by troops of gods, which is beautiful with the smile that the Northern quarter smiles joyous at vanquishing all the others, all the gods with Indra at their head came to visit him, being afflicted by the oppression of the Mlechchhas; and the immortals bowed, and then sat down and praised Śiva; and when he asked them the reason of their coming, they addressed to him this prayer: "O god, those Asuras, who were slain by thee and Vishṇu, have been now again born on the earth in the form of Mlechchhas. They slay Bráhmans, they interfere with the sacrifices and other ceremonies, and they carry off the daughters of hermits: indeed, what crime do not the villains commit? Now, thou knowest, lord, that the world of gods is ever nourished by the earth, for the oblation offered in the fire by Bráhmans nourishes the dwellers in heaven. But, as the Mlechchhas have overrun the earth, the auspicious words are nowhere pronounced over the burnt-offering, and the world of gods is being exhausted by the cutting off of their share of the sacrifice and other supplies.[2] So devise an expedient in this matter; cause some hero to become incarnate on the earth, mighty enough to destroy those Mlechchhas."

When Śiva had been thus entreated by the gods, he said to them, “Depart; you need not be anxious about this matter; be at your ease. Rest assured that I will soon devise an expedient which will meet the difficulty.” When Śiva had said this, he dismissed the gods to their abodes.[3]

And when they had gone, the Holy one, with Párvatí at his side, summoned a Gaṇa, named Mályavat, and gave him this order, “My son, descend into the condition of a man, and be born in the city of Ujjayiní as the brave son of king Mahendráditya. That king is a portion of me, and his wife is sprung from a portion of Ambiká; be born in their family, and do the heaven-dwellers the service they require. Slay all those Mlechchhas that obstruct the fulfilment of the law contained in the three Vedas. And by my favour thou shalt be a king ruling over the seven divisions of the world; moreover the Rákshasas, the Yakshas and the Vetálas shall own thy supremacy;[4] and after thou hast enjoyed human pleasures, thou shalt again return to me.”

When the Gaṇa Mályavat received this command from Śiva, he said “The command of you two divine beings cannot be disobeyed by me: but what enjoyments are there in the life of a man, which involves separations from relations, friends, and servants, very hard to bear, and the pain arising from loss of wealth, old age, disease, and the other ills of humanity?” When the Gaṇa said this to Śiva, the god thus replied, “Go, blameless one! These woes shall not fall to thy lot; by my favour thou shalt be happy throughout the whole of thy sojourn on earth.” When Śiva said this to Mályavat, that virtuous Gaṇa immediately disappeared. And he went and was conceived in Ujjayiní, in the proper season, in the womb of the queen of king Mahendráditya.

And at that time the god, whose diadem is fashioned of a digit of the moon, said to that king in a dream, “I am pleased with thee, king, so a son shall be born to thee, who by his might shall conquer the earth with all its divisions; and that hero shall reduce under his sway the Yakshas, Rákshasas, Piśáchas and others, even those that move in the air, and dwell in Pátála, and shall slay the hosts of the Mlechchhas; for this reason he shall be named Vikramáditya; and also Vishamaśíla on account of his stern hostility[5] to his enemies.”

When the god had said this, he disappeared; and next morning the king woke up, and joyfully related his dream to his ministers. And they also told the king, one after another, with great delight, that Śiva had made a revelation to each of them in a dream that he was to have a son. And at that moment a handmaid of the harem came and shewed the king a fruit, saying, "Śiva gave this to the queen in a dream." Then the king rejoiced, saying, again and again, "Truly, Śiva has given me a son," and his ministers congratulated him.

Then his illustrious queen became pregnant, like the eastern quarter in the morning, when the orb of the sun is about to arise, and she was conspicuous for the black tint of the nipples of her breasts, which appeared like a seal to secure the milk for the king with whom she was pregnant. In her dreams at that time she crossed seven seas, being worshipped by all the Yakshas, Vetálas, and Rákshasas. And when the due time was come, she brought forth a glorious son, who lit up the chamber, as the rising sun does the heaven. And when he was born, the sky became indeed glorious, laughing with the falling rain of flowers, and ringing with the noise of the gods' drums. And on that occasion the city was altogether distracted with festive joy, and appeared as if intoxicated, as if possessed by a demon, as if generally wind-struck. And at that time the king rained wealth there so unceasingly, that, except the Buddhists, no one was without a god.[6] And king Mahendráditya gave him the name of Vikramáditya, which Śiva had mentioned, and also that of Vishamaśíla.

When some more days had passed, there was born to that king's minister, named Sumati, a son of the name of Mahámati, and the warder Vajráyudha had a son born to him, named Bhadhráyudha, and the chaplain Mahídhara had a son of the name of Śrídhara. And that prince Vikramáditya grew up with those three minister's sons, as with spirit, courage, and might. When he was invested with the sacred thread, and put under teachers, they were merely the occasions of his learning the sciences, which revealed themselves to him without effort. And whatever science or accomplishment he was seen to employ, was known by those, who understood it, to be possessed by him to the highest degree of excellence. And when people saw that prince fighting with heavenly weapons, they even began to pay less

attention to the stories about the great archer Ráma and other heroes of the kind. And his father brought for him beautiful maidens, given by kings who had submitted after defeat, like so many goddesses of Fortune.

Then his father, king Mahendráditya, seeing that his son was in the bloom of early manhood, of great valour, and beloved by the subjects, duly anointed him heir to his realm, and being himself old, retired with his wife and ministers to Várán̤así,[7] and made the god Śiva his refuge.

And king Vikramáditya, having obtained that kingdom of his father, began in due course to blaze forth, as the sun, when it has occupied the sky. Even haughty kings, when they saw the string fitted into the notch of his bending bow,[8] learnt a lesson from that weapon, and bent likewise on every side. Of godlike dignity, having subdued to his sway even Vetálas, Rákshasas and other demons, he chastised righteously those that followed evil courses. The armies of that Vikramáditya roamed over the earth like the rays of the sun, shedding into every quarter the light of order. Though that king was a mighty hero, he dreaded the other world, though a brave warrior, he was not hard-handed,[9] though not uxorious, he was beloved by his wives. He was the father of all the fatherless, the friend of all the friendless, and the protector of all the unprotected among his subjects. Surely his glory furnished the Disposer with the material out of which he built up the White Island, the Sea of Milk, Mount Kailása, and the Himálayas.[10]

And one day, as the king Vikramáditya was in the hall of assembly, the warder Bhadráyudha came in and said to him, “Your Majesty despatched Vikramaśakti with an army to conquer the southern region and other territories, and then sent to him a messenger named Anangadeva; that messenger has now returned, and is at the gate with another, and his delighted face announces good tidings, my lord.” The king said, “Let him enter,” and then the warder respectfully introduced Anangadeva, with his companion. The messenger entered and bowed, and shouted “Victory”[11] and sat down in front of the king; and then the king said to him, “Is it well with king Vikramaśakti, the general of my forces, and with Vyághrabala and the other kings? And does good fortune attend on the other chief Rájpúts in his army, and on the elephants, horses, chariots and footmen?”

When Anangadeva had been thus questioned by the king, he answered, “It is well with Vikramaśakti and the whole of the army. And Your Majesty has conquered the Dekkan and the western border, and Madhyadeśa and Sauráshṭra and all the eastern region of the Ganges; and the northern region and Kaśmíra have been made tributary, and various forts and islands have been conquered, and the hosts of the Mlechchhas have been slain, and the rest have been reduced to submission, and various kings have entered the camp of Vikramaśakti, and he himself is coming here with those kings, and is now, my lord, two or three marches off.”

When the messenger had thus told his tale, king Vikramáditya was pleased and loaded[12] him with garments, ornaments, and villages. Then the king went on to say to that noble messenger, “Anangadeva, when you went there, what regions did you see, and what object of interest did you meet with anywhere? Tell me, my good fellow!” When Anangadeva had been thus questioned by the king, he began to recount his adventures, as follows:—

The adventures of Anangadeva.

Having set out hence by Your Majesty’s orders, I reached in course of time that army of yours assembled under Vikramaśakti, which was like a broad sea resorted to by allied kings, adorned by many princes of the Nágas that had come together with horses and royal magnificence.[13] And when I arrived there, that Vikramaśakti bowed before me, and treated me with great respect, because I had been sent by his sovereign; and while I was there considering the nature of the triumphs he had gained, a messenger from the king of Sinhala[14] came there.

And that messenger, who had come from Sinhala, told to Vikramaśakti in my presence his master’s message as follows, “I have been told by messengers, who have been sent by me to your sovereign and have returned, that your sovereign’s very heart Anangadeva is with you, so send

him to me quickly, I will reveal to him a certain auspicious affair, that concerns your king." Then Vikramaśakti said to me, "Go quickly to the king of Sinhala; and see what he wishes to say to you when he has you before him."

Then I went through the sea in a ship to the island of Sinhala with that king of Sinhala's ambassador. And in that island I saw a palace all made of gold, with terraces of various jewels, like the city of the gods. And in it I saw that king of Sinhala, Vírasena, surrounded by obedient ministers, as Indra is by the gods. When I approached him, he received me politely, and asked me about Your Majesty's health, and then he refreshed me with most sumptuous hospitality.

The next day the king summoned me, when he was in his hall of audience; and showing his devotion to you, said to me in the presence of his ministers, "I have a maiden daughter, the peerless beauty of the world of mortals, Madanalekhá by name, and I offer her to your king. She is a fitting wife for him, and he is a suitable husband for her; for this reason I have invited you; so accept her in the name of your king.[15] And go on in front with my ambassador to tell your master; I will send my daughter here close after you."

When the king had said this, he summoned into that hall his daughter whose load of ornaments was adorned by her graceful shape, loveliness, and youth. And he made her sit on his lap, and shewing her, said to me, "I offer this girl to your master, receive her." And when I saw that princess, I was astonished at her beauty, and I said joyfully, "I accept this maiden on behalf of my sovereign," and I thought to myself, "Well, the Creator is never tired of producing marvels, since even after creating Tilottamá, he has produced this far superior beauty."

Then, having been honoured by that king, I set forth from that island, with this ambassador of his, Dhavalasena. So we embarked on a ship, and as we were sailing along in it, through the sea, we suddenly saw a great sandbank in the middle of the ocean. And on it we saw two maidens of singular beauty; one had a body as dark as *priyangu*, the other gleamed white like

the moon, and they both looked more splendid from having put on dresses and ornaments suited to their respective hues. They made a sound like the clashing of cymbals with their bracelets adorned with splendid gems, and they were making a young toy-deer, which, though of gold and studded with jewels to represent spots, possessed life, dance in front of them.[16] When we saw this, we were astonished and we said to one another, "What can this wonder mean? Is it a dream, magic, or delusion? Who would ever expect to see a sandbank suddenly start up in the middle of the ocean, or such maidens upon it? And who would ever have thought of seeing such a thing as this living golden deer studded with jewels, which they possess? Such things are not usually found together."

While we were saying this to one another, king, in the greatest astonishment, a wind suddenly began to blow, tossing up the sea. That wind broke up our ship, which was resting on the surging waves, and the people in it were whelmed in the sea, and the sea-monsters began to devour them. But those two maidens came and supported both of us in their arms, and lifted us up and carried us to the sandbank, so that we escaped the jaws of the sea-monsters. And then that bank began to be covered with waves, at which we were terrified, but those two ladies cheered us, and made us enter what seemed like the interior of a cave. There we began to look at a heavenly wood of various trees, and while we were looking at it, the sea disappeared, and the bank, and the young deer, and the maidens.

We wandered about there for a time, saying to ourselves, "What is this strange thing? It is assuredly some magic." And then we saw there a great lake, transparent, deep, and broad, like the heart of great men, looking like a material representation of Nirváṇa that allays the fire of desire.[17]

And we saw a certain beautiful woman, coming to bathe in it, accompanied by her train, looking like an incarnation of the beauty of the wood. And that lady alighted from her covered chariot,[18] and gathered lotuses in that lake, and bathed in it, and meditated on Śiva. And thereupon, to our astonishment, Śiva arose from the lake, a present god, in the form of a *linga*, composed of splendid jewels, and came near her; and that fair one worshipped him with various luxuries suited to her majesty, and then took

her lyre. And she played upon it, singing skilfully to it with rapt devotion, following the southern style in respect of notes, time, and words. So splendid was her performance that even the Siddhas and other beings appeared there in the air, having their hearts attracted by hearing it, and remained motionless as if painted. And after she had finished her music,[19] she dismissed the god, and he immediately sank in the lake. Then the gazelle-eyed lady rose up, and mounted her chariot, and proceeded to go away slowly with her train.

We followed her, and eagerly asked her train over and over again, who she was, but none of them gave us any answer. Then, wishing to shew that ambassador of the king of Sinhala your might, I said to her aloud, "Auspicious one, I adjure thee by the touch of king Vikramáditya's feet, that thou depart not hence without revealing to me who thou art." When the lady heard this, she made her train retire, and alighted from her chariot, and coming up to me, she said with a gentle voice, "Is my lord the noble king Vikramáditya well? But why do I ask, Anangadeva, since I know all about him? For I exerted magic power, and brought you here for the sake of that king, for I must honour him, as he delivered me from a great danger. So come to my palace; there I will tell you all, who I am, and why I ought to honour that king, and what service he needs to have done him."

When she had said this, having left her chariot out of courtesy, that fair one went along the path on foot and respectfully conducted me to her castle, which looked like heaven; it was built of various jewels and different kinds of gold; its gates were guarded on every side by brave warriors wearing various forms, and bearing various weapons; and it was full of noble ladies of remarkable beauty, looking as if they were charms that drew down endless heavenly enjoyments. There she honoured us with baths, unguents, splendid dresses and ornaments, and made us rest for a time.

1

Káma, the god of love.

2

The central idea of the Birds of Aristophanes.

3

Here Böhtlingk and Roth would read *svadhishṇyány*. Two of the three India Office MSS. seem to read this, judging from the way in which they form the combination *shṇ*. No. 1882 is not quite clear.

4

He is a kind of Hindu Solomon.

5

I adopt the correction of the Petersburg lexicographers, *vaishamyato* for *vaiśasyato*. I find it in No. 1882 and in the Sanskrit College MS.

6

The word *aníśvara*, when applied to the Buddhists, refers to their not believing in a Disposer, but its other meaning is "wanting in wealth."

7

I. q. Benares.

8

As Dr. Kern points out, there is a misprint here, *namatyá* should be *namaty*.

9

Or "not cruel in exacting tribute."

10

Glory is white according to the canons of Hindu rhetoric.

11

It might merely mean, cried "All-Hail," but here I think there is more in the expression than the usual salutation.

12

Dr. Kern would read *abhyapújayat* = honoured. The three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. confirm Brockhaus's text.

13

A most elaborate pun! There is an allusion to the sea having proved the refuge of the mountains that wished to preserve their wings, to the serpent Vásuki's having served as a rope with which to whirl round mount Mandara, when the sea was churned and produced Śrí or Lakshmí. In this exploit Hari or Vishṇu bore a distinguished part.

14

I. q., Ceylon.

15

Böhtlingk und Roth explain *pratípsa* in this passage as *werben um*.

16

Cp. Iliad XVIII, 417–420. I read *pranartayantyau* with Dr. Kern for the obvious misprint in the text. The *y* is found in the three India Office MSS. and in the Sanskrit College MS.

17

In the original *tṛishṇá*.

18

All the India Office MSS. give *karṇírathávatírṇá*.

19

The word *Gandharvá* should be *Gándharvá*; see B. and R. s. v. *har* with *upa* and *saṃ*. No. 2166 has *Gándháras*; the other two MSS. agree with Brockhaus's text.

Chapter CXXI.

When Anangadeva had told this to king Vikramáditya in his hall of audience, he continued as follows:—

Then, after I had taken food, that lady, sitting in the midst of her attendants, said to me, “Listen, Anangadeva, I will now tell you all.”

Story of Madanamanjarí.

I am Madanamanjarí, the daughter of Dundubhi the king of the Yakshas, and the wife of Maṇibhadra the brother of Kuvera. I used always to roam about happily with my husband on the banks of rivers, on hills, and in charming groves.

And one day I went with my beloved to a garden in Ujjayiní called Makaranda to amuse myself. There it happened that in the dawn a low hypocritical scoundrel of a *kápálika*[1] saw me, when I had just woke up from a sleep brought on by the fatigue of roaming about. That rascal, being overcome with love, went into a cemetery, and proceeded to try and procure me for his wife by means of a spell, and a burnt-offering. But I by my power found out what he was about, and informed my husband; and he told his elder brother Kuvera. And Kuvera went and complained to Brahmá, and the holy Brahmá, after meditating, said to him, “It is true that *kápálika* intends to rob your brother of his wife, for such is the power of those spells for mastering Yakshas, which he possesses. But when she feels herself being drawn along by the spell, she must invoke the protection of king Vikramáditya; he will save her from him.” Then Kuvera came and told this

answer of Brahmá's to my husband, and my husband told it to me, whose mind was troubled by that wicked spell.

And in the meanwhile that hypocritical *kápálika*, offering a burnt-offering in the cemetery, began to draw me to him by means of a spell, duly muttered in a circle. And I, being drawn by that spell, reached in an agony of terror that awful cemetery, full of bones and skulls, haunted by demons. And then I saw there that wicked *kápálika*: he had made an offering to the fire, and he had in a circle a corpse lying on its back, which he had been worshipping. And that *kápálika*, when he saw that I had arrived, was beside himself with pride, and with difficulty tore himself away to rinse his mouth in a river, which happened to be near.

At that moment I called to mind what Brahmá had said, and I thought, "Why should I not call to the king for aid? He may be roaming about in the darkness somewhere near." When I had said this to myself, I called aloud for his help in the following words, "Deliver me, noble king Vikramáditya! See, protecting talisman of the world, this *kápálika* is bent on outraging by force, in your realm, me a chaste matron, the Yakshí Madanamanjarí by name, the daughter of Dundubhi, and the wife of Maṇibhadra the younger brother of Kuvera."

No sooner had I finished this plaintive appeal, than I saw that king coming towards me, sword in hand; he seemed to be all resplendent with brightness of valour, and he said to me, "My good lady, do not fear; be at ease; I will deliver you from that *kápálika*, fair one. For who is able to work such unrighteousness in my realm?" When he had said this, he summoned a Vetála, named Agniśikha. And he, when summoned, came, tall, with flaming eyes, with upstanding hair; and said to the king, "Tell me what I am to do." Then the king said, "Kill and eat this wicked *kápálika*, who is trying to carry off his neighbour's wife." Then that Vetála Agniśikha entered the corpse that was in the circle of adoration, and rose up, and rushed forward, stretching out his arms and mouth. And when the *kápálika*, who had come back from rinsing his mouth, was preparing to fly, he seized him from behind by the legs; and he whirled him round in the air and then dashed him

down with great force on the earth, and so at one blow crushed his body and his aspirations.

When the demons saw the *kápálika* slain, they were all eager for flesh, and a fierce Vetála, named Yamaśikha, came there. As soon as he came, he seized the body of the *kápálika*; then the first Vetála Agniśikha said to him, "Hear, villain! I have killed this *kápálika* by the order of king Vikramáditya; pray what have you to do with him?" When Yamaśikha heard that, he said to him, "Then tell me, what kind of power has that king?" Then Agniśikha said, "If you do not know the nature of his power, listen, I will tell you."

Story of the gambler Dágineya, who was too cunning for the Vetála Agniśikha, and of Agniśikha's submission to king Vikramáditya.

There once lived in this city a very resolute gambler of the name of Dágineya. Once on a time some gamblers, by fraudulent play, won from him all he possessed, and then bound him in order to obtain from him the borrowed money which he had lost in addition. And as he had nothing, they beat him with sticks and other instruments of torture,[2] but he made himself like a stone, and seemed as rigid as a corpse. Then all those wicked gamblers took him and threw him into a large dark well, fearing that, if he lived, he might take vengeance on them.

But that gambler Dágineya, when flung down into that very deep well, saw in front of him two great and terrible men. But they, when they saw him fall down terrified, said to him kindly, "Who are you, and how have you managed to fall into this deep well? Tell us!" Then the gambler recovered his spirits, and told them his story, and said to them "Do you also tell me who you are and whence you come." When those men, who were in the pit,

heard that, they said, “Good Sir, we were Bráhman demons[3] dwelling in the cemetery belonging to this city, and we possessed two maidens in this very city; one was the daughter of the principal minister, the other of the chief merchant. And no conjurer on the earth, however powerful his spells, was able to deliver those maidens from us.

“Then king Vikramáditya, who had an affection for their fathers, heard of it, and came to the place, where those maidens were with a friend of their fathers’. The moment we saw the king, we left the maidens, and tried to escape, but we were not able to do so, though we tried our utmost. We saw the whole horizon on fire with his splendour. Then that king, seeing us, bound us by his power. And seeing us unhappy, as we were afraid of being put to death, he gave us this order, ‘Ye wicked ones, dwell for a year in a dark pit, and then ye shall be set at liberty. But when freed, ye must never again commit such a crime; if ye do, I will punish you with destruction.’ After king Vishamaśíla had given us this order, he had us flung into this dark pit; but out of mercy he did not destroy us.

“And in eight more days the year will be completed, and with it the period during which we were to dwell in this cave, and we shall then be released from it. Now, friend, if you engage to supply us with some food during those days, we will lift you out of this pit, and set you down outside it; but if you do not, when lifted out, supply us with food according to your engagement, we will certainly, when we come out, devour you.”

When the Bráhman demons made this proposal to the gambler, he consented to it, and they put him out of the pit. When he got out of it, he went to the cemetery at night to deal in human flesh, as he saw no other chance of getting what he wanted. And I, happening to be there at that time, saw that gambler, who was crying out, “I have human flesh for sale; buy it somebody.” Then I said, “I will take it off your hands; what price do you want for it?” And he answered, “Give me your shape and power.” Then I said again to him, “My fine fellow, what will you do with them?” The gambler then told me his whole story, and said to me, “By means of your shape and power I will get hold of those enemies of mine, the gamblers, together with the keeper of the gambling-house, and will give them to the

Bráhman demons to eat." When I heard that, I was pleased with the resolute spirit of that gambler, and gave him my shape and my power for a specified period of seven days. And by means of them he drew those men that had injured him into his power, one after another, and flung them into the pit, and fed the Bráhman demons on them during seven days.

Then I took back from him my shape and power, and that gambler Dágineya, beside himself with fear, said to me, "I have not given those Bráhman demons any food this day, which is the eighth, so they will now come out and devour me. Tell me what I must do in this case, for you are my friend." When he said this, I, having got to like him from being thrown with him, said to him, "If this is the case, since you have made those two demons devour the gamblers, I for your sake will in turn eat the demons. So shew them to me, my friend." When I made the gambler this offer, he at once jumped at it, and took me to the pit where the demons were.

I, suspecting nothing, bent my head down to look into the pit, and while I was thus engaged, the gambler put his hand on the back of my neck, and pushed me into it. When I fell into it, the demons took me for some one sent for them to eat, and laid hold of me, and I had a wrestling-match with them. When they found that they could not overcome the might of my arms, they desisted from the struggle, and asked me who I was.

Then I told them my own story from the point where my fortunes became involved with those of Dágineya,[4] and they made friends with me, and said to me, "Alas! What a trick that evil-minded gambler has played you, and us two, and those other gamblers! But what confidence can be placed in gamblers, who profess exclusively the science of cheating, whose minds are proof against friendship, pity, and gratitude for a benefit received? Recklessness and disregard of all ties are ingrained in the nature of gamblers; hear in illustration of this the story of Ṭhiṇṭhákarála."

Story of Ṭhiṇṭhákarála the bold gambler.

Long ago there lived in this very city of Ujjayiní a ruffianly gambler, who was rightly named Ṭhiṇṭhákarála.[5] He lost perpetually, and the others, who won in the game, used to give him every day a hundred *cowries*. With those he bought wheat-flour from the market, and in the evening made cakes by kneading them somewhere or other in a pot with water, and then he went and cooked them in the flame of a funeral pyre in the cemetery, and ate them in front of Mahákála, smearing them with the grease from the lamp burning before him: and he always slept at night on the ground in the court of the same god's temple, pillowing his head on his arm.

Now, one night, he saw the images of all the Mothers and of the Yakshas and other divine beings in the temple of Mahákála trembling from the proximity of spells, and this thought arose in his bosom, "Why should I not employ an artful device here to obtain wealth? If it succeeds, well and good; if it does not succeed, wherein am I the worse?" When he had gone through these reflections, he challenged those deities to play, saying to them, "Come now, I will have a game with you, and I will act as keeper of the gaming-table, and will fling the dice; and mind, you must always pay up what you lose." When he said this to the deities they remained silent; so Ṭhiṇṭhákarála staked some spotted *cowries*, and flung the dice. For this is the universally accepted rule among gamblers, that, if a gambler does not object to the dice being thrown, he agrees to play.

Then, having won much gold, he said to the deities, "Pay me the money I have won, as you agreed to do." But though the gambler said this to the deities over and over again, they made no answer. Then he flew in a passion and said to them, "If you remain silent, I will adopt with you the same course as is usually adopted with a gambler, who will not pay the money he has lost, but makes himself as stiff as a stone.[6] I will simply saw through your limbs with a saw as sharp as the points of Yama's teeth, for I have no respect for anything." When he had said this, he ran towards them, saw in hand; and the deities immediately paid him the gold he had won. Next morning he lost it all at play, and in the evening he came back again, and extorted more money from the Mothers in the same way by making them play with him.

He went on doing this every day, and those deities, the Mothers, were in very low spirits about it; then the goddess Chámuṇḍá said to them, "Whoever, when invited to gamble, says 'I sit out of this game' cannot be forced to play; this is the universal convention among gamblers, ye Mother deities. So when he invites you, say this to him, and so baffle him." When Chámuṇḍá had said this to the Mothers, they laid her advice up in their minds. And when the gambler came at night and invited them to play with him, all the goddesses said with one accord "We sit out of this game."

When Ṭhiṇṭhákarála had been thus repulsed by those goddesses, he invited their sovereign Mahákála himself to play. But that god, thinking that the fellow had taken this opportunity of trying to force him to gamble, said, "I sit out of this game." Even gods, you see, like feeble persons, are afraid of a thoroughly self-indulgent, ruffianly scoundrel, flushed with impunity.

Then that Ṭhiṇṭhákarála, being depressed at finding his gambler's artifice baffled by a knowledge of the etiquette of play, was disgusted, and said to himself, "Alas! I am baffled by these deities through their learning the conventions of gamblers; so I must now flee for refuge to this very sovereign of the gods." Having formed this resolution in his heart, Ṭhiṇṭhákarála embraced the feet of Mahákála, and praising him, addressed to him the following petition; "I adore thee that sittest naked[7] with thy head resting on thy knee; thy moon, thy bull, and thy elephant-skin having been won at play by Deví. When the gods give all powers at thy mere desire, and when thou art free from longings, having for thy only possessions the matted lock, the ashes and the skull, how canst thou suddenly have become avaricious with regard to hapless me, in that thou desirest to disappoint me for so small a gain? Of a truth the wishing-tree no longer gratifies the hope of the poor, as thou dost not support me, lord Bhairava, though thou supportest the world. So, as I have fled to thee as a suppliant, holy Sthánu, with my mind pierced with grievous woe, thou oughtest even to pardon presumption in me. Thou hast three eyes, I have three dice,[8] so I am like thee in one respect; thou hast ashes on thy body, so have I; thou eatest from a skull, so do I; shew me mercy. When I have conversed with you gods, how can I afterwards bear to converse with gamblers? So deliver me from my calamity."

With this and similar utterances the gambler praised that Bhairava, until at last the god was pleased, and manifesting himself, said to him, "Ṭhiṇṭhákarála, I am pleased with thee; do not be despondent. Remain here with me; I will provide thee with enjoyments." In accordance with this command of the god's that gambler remained there, enjoying all kinds of luxuries provided by the favour of the deity.

Now, one night, the god saw certain Apsarases, that had come to bathe in that holy pool of Mahákála, and he gave this command to Ṭhiṇṭhákarála, "While all these nymphs of heaven are engaged in bathing, quickly snatch up the clothes, which they have laid on the bank, and bring them here; and do not give them back their garments, until they surrender to you this young nymph, named Kalávatí."[9]

"When Ṭhiṇṭhákarála had received this command from Bhairava, he went and carried off the garments of those heavenly beauties, while they were bathing; and they said to him, "Give us back our garments, please; do not leave us naked." But he answered them, confident in the power which Śiva gave, "If you will give me the young nymph Kalávatí, I will give you back these garments, but not otherwise." When they heard that, seeing that he was a stubborn fellow to deal with, and remembering that Indra had pronounced a curse of this kind upon Kalávatí, they agreed to his demand. And on his giving back the garments, they bestowed on him, in due form, Kalávatí the daughter of Alambushá.

Then the Apsarases departed, and Ṭhiṇṭhákarála remained there with that Kalávatí in a house built by the wish of Śiva. And Kalávatí went in the day to heaven to attend upon the king of the gods, but at night she always returned[10] to her husband. And one day she said to him in the ardour of her affection, "My dear, the curse of Śiva, which enabled me to obtain you for a husband, has really proved a blessing." Thereupon her husband Ṭhiṇṭhákarála asked her the cause of the curse, and the nymph Kalávatí thus answered him:

"One day, when I had seen the gods in a garden, I praised the enjoyments of mortals, depreciating the pleasures of the dwellers in heaven, as giving joys

that consist only in seeing.[11] When the king of the gods heard that, he cursed me, saying, 'Thou shalt go and be married by a mortal, and enjoy those human pleasures.' In this way has come about our union that is mutually agreeable. And to-morrow I shall return to heaven after a long absence; do not be unhappy about it; for Rambhá is going to dance a new piece before Vishṇu, and I must remain there, my beloved, until the exhibition is at an end."

Then Ṭhiṇṭhákarála, whom love had made like a spoiled child, said to her, "I will go there and look at that dance unperceived, take me there." When Kalávatí heard that, she said, "How is it fitting for me to do this? The king of the gods might be angry, if he found it out." Though she said this to him, he continued to press her; then out of love she agreed to take him there.

So the next morning Kalávatí by her power concealed Ṭhiṇṭhákarála in a lotus, which she placed as an ornament in her ear, and took him to the palace of Indra. When Ṭhiṇṭhákarála saw that palace, the doors of which were adorned by the elephant of the gods, which was set off by the garden of Nandana, he thought himself a god, and was highly delighted. And in the court of Indra, frequented by gods, he beheld the strange and delightful spectacle of Rambhá's dance, accompanied by the singing of all the nymphs of heaven. And he heard all the musical instruments played by Nárada and the other minstrels; for what is hard to obtain in this world if the supreme god[12] is favourable to one?

Then, at the end of the exhibition a mime, in the shape of a divine goat, rose up, and began to dance with heavenly[13] movements. And Ṭhiṇṭhákarála, when he saw him, recognized him, and said to himself, "Why, I see this goat in Ujjayiní, figuring as a mere animal, and here he is dancing as a mime before Indra. Of a truth this must be some strange incomprehensible heavenly delusion." While Ṭhiṇṭhákarála was going through these reflections in his mind, the dance of the goat-mime came to an end, and then Indra returned to his own place. And then Kalávatí, in high spirits, also took back Ṭhiṇṭhákarála to his own home, concealed in the lotus-ornament of her ear.

And the next day Ṭhiṇṭhákarála beheld in Ujjayiní that goat-formed mime of the gods, who had returned there, and he insolently said to him, “Come, dance before me, as you dance before Indra. If you do not, I shall be angry with you; show off your dancing powers, you mime.” When the goat heard this, he was astonished, and remained silent, saying to himself, “How can this mere mortal know so much about me?” But when, in spite of persistent entreaties, the goat refused to dance, Ṭhiṇṭhákarála beat him on the head with sticks.

Then the goat went with bleeding head to Indra, and told him all that had taken place. And Indra by his supernatural powers of contemplation discovered the whole secret, how Kalávatí had brought Ṭhiṇṭhákarála to heaven when Rambhá was dancing, and how that profane fellow had there seen the goat dancing. Then Indra summoned Kalávatí, and pronounced on her the following curse, “Since, out of love, thou didst secretly bring here the man who has reduced the goat to this state, to make him dance, depart and become an image on a pillar in the temple built by king Narasinha in the city of Nágapura.”

When Indra had said this, Alambushá, the mother of Kalávatí, tried to appease him, and at last he was with difficulty appeased, and he thus fixed an end to the curse, “When that temple, which it has taken many years to complete, shall perish and be levelled with the ground, then shall her curse come to an end.” So Kalávatí came weeping and told to Ṭhiṇṭhákarála the curse Indra had pronounced, together with the end he had appointed to it, and how he himself was to blame, and then, after giving him her ornaments, she entered into an image on the front of a pillar in the temple in Nágapura.

Ṭhiṇṭhákarála for his part, smitten with the poison of separation from her, could neither hear nor see, but rolled swooning on the ground. And when that gambler came to his senses, he uttered this lament, “Alas! fool that I was, I revealed the secret, though I knew better all the time; for how can people like myself, who are by nature thoughtless, shew self-restraint? So now this intolerable separation has fallen to my lot.” However in a moment he said to himself, “This is no time for me to despond; why should I not recover firmness and strive to put an end to her curse?”

After going through these reflections, the cunning fellow thought carefully over the matter, and assuming the dress of a mendicant devotee, went with rosary, antelope-skin, and matted hair, to Nágapura. There he secretly buried in a forest outside the city, four pitchers containing his wife's ornaments, one towards each of the cardinal points; and one full of sets of the five precious things[14] he deliberately buried within the city, in the earth of the market-place, in front of the god himself.

When he had done this, he built a hut on the bank of the river, and remained there, affecting a hypocritical asceticism, pretending to be meditating and muttering. And by bathing three times in the day, and eating only the food given him as alms, after washing it with water on a stone, he acquired the character of a very holy man.

In course of time his fame reached the ears of the king, and the king often invited him, but he never went near him: so the king came to see him, and remained a long time in conversation with him. And in the evening, when the king was preparing to depart, a female jackal suddenly uttered a yell at a distance. When the cunning gambler, who was passing himself off as an ascetic, heard that, he laughed. And when the king asked him the meaning of the laugh, he said, "Oh! never mind." But when the king went on persistently questioning him, the deceitful fellow said, "In the forest to the east of this city, under a *ratan*, there is a pitcher full of jewelled ornaments; so take it. This, king, is what that female jackal told me, for I understand the language of animals."

Then the king was full of curiosity: so the ascetic took him to the spot, and dug up the earth, and took out that pitcher, and gave it to him. Then the king, having obtained the ornaments, began to have faith in the ascetic, and considered that he not only possessed supernatural knowledge but was a truthful and unselfish devotee. So he conducted him to his cell, and prostrated himself at his feet again and again, and returned to his palace at night with his ministers, praising his virtues.

In the same way, when the king again came to him, the ascetic pretended to understand the cry of an animal, and in this way made over to the king the

other three pitchers, buried towards the other three cardinal points. Then the king, and the citizens, and the king's wives became exclusively devoted to the ascetic, and were, so to speak, quite absorbed in him.

Now, one day, the king took that wicked ascetic to the temple for a moment; so he contrived to hear in the market-place the cry of a crow. Then he said to the king, "Did you hear what the crow said? 'In this very market-place there is a pitcher full of valuable jewels buried in front of the god: why do you not take it up also?' This was the meaning of his cry; so come, and take possession of it." When the deceitful ascetic had said this, he conducted him there, and took up out of the earth the pitcher full of valuable jewels, and gave it to the king. Then the king, in his excessive satisfaction, entered the temple holding that pretended seer by the hand.

There the mendicant brushed against that image on the pillar, which his beloved Kalávatí had entered, and saw her. And Kalávatí, wearing the form of the image on the pillar, was afflicted when she saw her husband, and began to weep then and there. When the king and his attendants saw this, they were amazed, and cast down, and said to that pretended seer, "Reverend Sir, what is the meaning of this?" Then the cunning rascal, pretending to be despondent and bewildered, said to the king, "Come to your palace: there I will tell you this secret, though it is almost too terrible to be revealed."

When he had said this, he led the king to the palace, and said to him, "Since you built this temple on an unlucky spot and in an inauspicious moment, on the third day from now a misfortune will befall you. It was for this reason that the image on the pillar wept when she saw you. So, if you care for your body's weal, my sovereign, take this into consideration, and this very day quickly level this temple with the earth; and build another temple somewhere else, on a lucky spot, and in an auspicious moment. Let the evil omen be averted, and ensure the prosperity of yourself and your kingdom." When he had said this to the king, he, in his terror, gave command to his subjects, and in one day levelled that temple with the earth, and he began to build another temple in another place. So true is it that rogues with their tricks gain the confidence of princes, and impose upon them.

Accordingly, the gambler Ṭhiṇṭhákarála, having gained his object, abandoned the disguise of a mendicant, and fled, and went to Ujjayiní. And Kalávatí, finding it out, went to meet him on the road, freed from her curse and happy, and she comforted him, and then went to heaven to visit Indra. And Indra was astonished, but when he heard from her mouth the artifice of her husband the gambler, he laughed and was highly delighted. Then Vṛihaspati, who was at his side, said to Indra, "Gamblers are always like this, abounding in every kind of trickery."

Story of the gambler who cheated Yama.[15]

For instance, in a previous *kalpa* there was in a certain city a gambler, of the name of Kuṭṭaníkapaṭa, accomplished in dishonest play. When he went to the other world, Indra said to him, "Gambler, you will have to live a *kalpa* in hell on account of your crimes, but owing to your charity you are to be Indra for one day, for once on a time you gave a gold coin to a knower of the Supreme Soul. So say, whether you will take out first your period in hell or your period as Indra." When the gambler heard that, be said, "I will take out first my period as Indra."

Then Yama sent the gambler to heaven, and the gods deposed Indra for a day, and crowned him sovereign in his stead. He, having obtained sovereign sway, summoned to heaven the gamblers his friends and his female favourites, and in virtue of his regal authority gave this order to the gods, "Carry us all in a moment to all the holy bathing-places,[16] those in heaven, and those on earth, and those in the seven *dvípas*: and enter this very day into all the kings on the earth, and bestow without ceasing, great, gifts for our benefit."

When he gave this order to the gods, they did everything as he had desired, and by means of those holy observances his sins were washed[17] away, and

he obtained the rank of Indra permanently. And by his favour his friends and his female favourites, that he had summoned to heaven, had their sins destroyed and obtained immortality. The next day Chitragupta informed Yama that the gambler had by his discretion obtained the rank of Indra permanently. Then Yama, hearing of his meritorious actions, was astonished, and said, "Dear me! this gambler has cheated us."

When Vṛihaspati had told this story, he said, "Such, O wielder of the thunderbolt, are gamblers," and then held his peace. And then Indra sent Kalávatí to summon Ṭhiṇṭhákarála to heaven. There the king of the gods, pleased with his cleverness and resolution, honoured him, and gave him Kalávatí to wife, and made him an attendant on himself. Then the brave Ṭhiṇṭhákarála lived happily, like a god, in heaven, with Kalávatí, by the favour of Śiva.

"So, you see, such is the style in which gamblers exhibit their treachery and audacity; accordingly Agniśikha the Vampire, what is there to be surprised at in your having been treacherously thrown into this well by Dágineya the gambler? So come out of this pit, friend, and we will come out also."

When the Bráhman demons said this to me, I came up out of that pit, and being hungry, I came across a Bráhman traveller that night in the city. So I rushed forward and seized that Bráhman to eat him, but he invoked the protection of king Vikramáditya. And the moment the king heard his cry, he rushed out like flame, and while still at a distance, checked me by exclaiming "Ah villain! do not kill the Bráhman:" and then he proceeded to cut off the head of a figure of a man he had drawn; that did not sever my neck, but made it stream with blood.

Then I left the Bráhman and clung to the king's feet, and he spared my life.

"Such is the power of that god, king Vikramáditya. And it is by his orders that I have slain this hypocritical *kápálika*. So he is my proper prey, to be devoured by me as being a Vetála; let him go, Yamaśikha!"

Though Agniśikha made this appeal to Yamaśikha, the latter proceeded contumaciously to drag with his hand the corpse of that hypocritical

kápálika. Then king Vikramáditya appeared there, and drew the figure of a man on the earth and then cut off its hand with his sword. That made the hand of Yamaśikha fall severed; so he left the corpse, and fled in fear. And Agniśikha immediately devoured the corpse of that *kápálika*. And I witnessed all this, securely protected by the might of the king.[18]

"In these words did that wife of the Yaksha, Madanamanjarí by name, describe your power, O king, and then she went on to say to me."

Then, Anangadeva, the king said to me in a gentle voice, "Yakshí, being delivered from the *kápálika*, go to the house of your husband." Then I bowed before him, and returned to this my own home, thinking how I might repay to that king the benefit he had conferred on me. In this way your master gave me life, family and husband; and when you tell him this story of mine, it will agree with his own recollections.

Moreover, I have to-day found out that the king of Sinhala has sent to that king his daughter, the greatest beauty in the three worlds, who has of her own accord elected to marry him. And all the kings, being jealous, have gathered themselves together and formed the intention of killing Vikramaśakti, and the dependent kings,[19] and of carrying off that maiden. So, do you go, and make known that their intention to Vikramaśakti, in order that he may be on his guard and ready to repel their attack. And I will exert myself to enable king Vikramáditya to conquer those enemies and gain the victory.

"For this reason I brought you here by my own deluding power, in order that you might tell all this to king Vikramaśakti and the dependent monarchs; and I will send to your sovereign such a present as shall to a certain small extent be a requital for the benefit that he conferred on me."

While she was saying this, the two maidens, that we had seen in the sea, came there with the deer; one had a body white as the moon, the other was dark as a *priyangu*; so they seemed like Gangá and Yamuná returned from worshipping the ocean, the monarch of rivers. When they had sat down, I put this question to the Yakshí, "Goddess, who are these maidens, and what

is the meaning of this golden deer?" When the Yakshiṇí heard this, king, she said to me, "Anangadeva, if you feel any curiosity about the matter, listen, I will tell you."

Story of Ghaṇṭa and Nighaṇṭa and the two maidens.

Long ago there came to impede Prajápati, in his creation of creatures, two terrible Dánavas, named Ghaṇṭa and Nighaṇṭa, invincible even by gods. And the Creator, being desirous of destroying them, created these two maidens, the splendour of whose measureless beauty seemed capable of maddening the world. And those two mighty Asuras, when they saw these two exceedingly wonderful maidens, tried to carry them off; and fighting with one another, they both of them met their death.[20]

Then Brahmá bestowed these maidens on Kuvera, saying, "You must give these girls to some suitable husband;" and Kuvera made them over to my husband, who is his younger brother; and in the same way my husband passed these fair ones[21] on to me; and I have thought of king Vikramáditya as a husband for them, for, as he is an incarnation of a god, he is a fit person for them to marry.

"Such are the facts with regard to these maidens, now hear the history of the deer."

Story of the golden deer.

Indra has a beloved son, named Jayanta. Once on a time, when he, still an infant, was being carried about in the air by the celestial nymphs, he saw some princes in a wood on earth playing with some young deer. Then Jayanta[22] went to heaven, and cried in the presence of his father because he had not got a deer to play with, as a child would naturally do. Accordingly Indra had a deer made for him by Viśvakarman of gold and jewels, and life was given to the animal by sprinkling it with nectar. Then Jayanta played with it, and was delighted with it, and the young deer was continually roaming about in heaven.

In course of time that son of Rávaṇa, who was rightly named Indrajit,[23] carried off the young deer from heaven and took it to his own city Lanká. And after a further period had elapsed, Rávaṇa and Indrajit having been slain by the heroes Ráma and Lakshmaṇa, to avenge the carrying off of Sítá, and Vibhíshaṇa having been set upon the throne of Lanká, as king of the Rákshasas, that wonderful deer of gold and jewels remained in his palace. And once on a time, when I was taken by my husband's relations to Vibhíshaṇa's palace on the occasion of a festival, he gave me the deer as a complimentary present. And that young heaven-born deer is now in my house, and I must bestow it on your master.

And while the Yakshiṇí was telling me this string of tales, the sun, the friend of the *kamaliní*, went to rest. Then I and the ambassador of the king of Sinhala went to sleep, both of us, after the evening ceremonies, in a palace which the Yakshiṇí assigned to us.

In the morning we woke up and saw, my sovereign, that the army of Vikramaśakti, your vassal, had arrived. We reflected that that must be a display of the Yakshiṇí's power, and quickly went wondering into the presence of Vikramaśakti. And he, as soon as he saw us, showed us great honour, and asked after our welfare; and was on the point of asking us what message the king of Sinhala had sent, when the two heavenly maidens, whose history the Yakshiṇí had related to us, and the young deer arrived there, escorted by the army of the Yakshas. When king Vikramaśakti saw this, he suspected some glamour of malignant demons, and he said to me apprehensively "What is the meaning of this?" Then I told him in due

course the commission of the king of Sinhala, and the circumstances connected with the Yakshiṇí, the two maidens, and the deer. Moreover I informed him of the hostile scheme of your majesty's enemies, which was to be carried out by all the kings in combination, and which I had heard of from the Yakshí. Then Vikramaśakti honoured us two ambassadors, and those two heavenly maidens; and being delighted made his army ready for battle with the assistance of the other vassal kings.

And immediately, king, there was heard in the army the loud beating of drums, and immediately there was seen the mighty host of hostile kings, accompanied by the Mlechchhas. Then our army and the hostile army, furious at beholding one another, closed with a rush, and the battle began. Thereupon some of the Yakshas sent by the Yakshí entered our soldiers, and so smote the army of the enemies, and others smote them in open fight.[24] And there arose a terrible tempest of battle, overspread with a cloud formed of the dust raised by the army, in which sword-blades fell thick as rain, and the shouts of heroes thundered. And the heads of our enemies flying up, as they were cut off, and falling again, made it seem as if the Fortune of our victory were playing at ball. And in a moment those kings that had escaped the slaughter, their troops having been routed, submitted and repaired for protection to the camp of your vassal.

Then, lord of earth, as you had conquered the four cardinal points and the *dvípas*, and had destroyed all the Mlechchhas, that Yakshiṇí appeared, accompanied by her husband, and said to king Vikramaśakti and to me, "You must tell your master that what I have done has been done merely by way of service to him, and you must also request him, as from me, to marry these two god-framed maidens, and to look upon them with favour, and to cherish this deer also, for it is a present from me." When the Yakshí had said this, she bestowed a heap of jewels, and disappeared with her husband, and her attendants. The next day, Madanalekhá, the daughter of the king of Sinhala, came with a great retinue and much magnificence. And then Vikramaśakti went to meet her, and bending low, joyfully conducted her into his camp. And on the second day Vikramaśakti, having accomplished his object, set out with the other kings from that place, in order to come here and behold your Majesty's feet, bringing with him that princess and the

two heavenly maidens, and that deer composed of gold and jewels, a marvel for the eyes of the three worlds. And now, sovereign, that vassal prince has arrived near this city, and has sent us two on in front to inform Your Highness. So let the king, out of regard for the lord of Sinhala and the Yakshí, go forth to meet those maidens and the deer, and also the subject kings.

When Anangadeva had said this to king Vikramáditya, though the king recollected accomplishing that difficult rescue of the Yakshiṇí, he did not consider it worth a straw, when he heard of the return she had made for it; great-souled men, even when they have done much, think it worth very little. And, being much pleased, he loaded[25] Anangadeva for the second time, with elephants, horses, villages, and jewels, and bestowed similar gifts on the ambassador of the king of Sinhala.

And after he had spent that day, the king set out from Ujjayiní, with his warriors mounted on elephants and horses, to meet that daughter of the king of Sinhala, and those two maidens created by Brahmá. And the following speeches of the military officers, assigning elephants and horses, were heard in the neighbourhood of the city when the kings started, and within the city itself when the sovereign started; “Jayavardhana must take the good elephant Anangagiri, and Raṇabhaṭa the furious elephant Kálamegha, and Sinhaparákrama Sangrámasiddhi, and the hero Vikramanidhi Ripurákshasa, and Jayaketu Pavanajava, and Vallabhaśakti Samudrakallola, and Báhu and Subáhu the two horses Śaravega and Garuḍavega, and Kírtivarman the black Konkan mare Kuvalayamálá, and Samarasinha the white mare Gangálaharí of pure Sindh breed.”

When that king, the supreme sovereign of all the *dvípas*, had started on his journey, the earth was covered with soldiers, the quarters were full of nothing but the shouts that they raised, even the heaven was obscured with the dust that was diffused by the trampling of his advancing army, and all men’s voices were telling of the wonderful greatness of his might.

1

B. and R. explain the word *khaṇḍakápálika* as—"*ein Stück von einem Kápálika, ein Quasi-kápálika*." A *kápálika* is, according to Monier Williams s. v., a worshipper of Śiva of the left-hand order, characterized by carrying skulls of men as ornaments, and by eating and drinking from them.

2

For *aruntudaiś* MS. No. 1882 has *adadanstachcha*, No. 2166 has *adadattaścha* and 3003 *adadattuścha*. These point I suppose to a reading *adadattachcha*; which means "not paying what he owed."

3

Skṛit. Brahma-Rákshasa.

4

They had heard Dágineya's story up to this point from his own lips.

5

This may be loosely translated "Terror of the gambling saloon."

6

See page 323 of this Vol. s. c.

7

Two of the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. have *indu* for *Indra*; the other has *inmu*. I have adopted *indu*. In śloka 100 for *dadate* No. 1882 and the Sanskrit College MS. read *dadhate*, which means that the gods' possession of wealth and power depends on the will of Śiva. In śloka 89 the Sanskrit College MS. reads *ekadá* for the unmetrical *devatáḥ*.

8

Tryaksha can probably mean "having three dice," as well as "having three eyes."

9

Cp. Vol. II, p. 452.

10

Upáyau is a misprint for *upáyayau* as is evident from the MSS.

11

The three India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. give *dṛishṭi*.

12

i.e., Śiva in this instance.

13

For the second *ditya* in śl. 132, b, MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166 give *navya*, new.

14

Gold, diamond, sapphire, ruby and pearl. The Buddhists usually enumerate seven: see Burnouf, Lotus de La Bonne Loi, p. 319.

15

Cp. the story that begins on page 186 of this volume.

16

No. 1882 reads *snapayata tatkshaṇát* at the end of śl. 194, a. It seems to remove a tautology but is unmetrical. "Take us and cause us to bathe." The Sanskrit MS. had *snapayata taṭshanaṁ*.

17

I read *dhúta* for *dyúta* No. 1882 (the Taylor MS.) and the Sanskrit College MS. have *dhúta*; No. 3003 has *dhuta*; the other MS. does not contain the passage.

18

I read *álikhya purushaṁ bhúmau*. This is the reading of the Taylor MS. the other has *átikhya*. The Sanskrit College MS. has *álikhya purushaṁ*.

19

Both the India Office MSS. in which this passage is found give *tatsámantaṁ*. So Vikramaśakti would himself be a "dependent king."

20

Cp. the story of Sunda and Upasunda, Vol. I, p. 108; and Preller, Griechische Mythologie, Vol. I, p. 81, note 1.

21

For *ete manorame* No. 3003 and the Sanskrit College MS. have *varakáraṇaṁ*; in order that I might find a husband for them. No. 1882 has *váraṇam* for *káruṇaṁ*.

22

For *Jayanto* MSS. Nos. 1882 and 3003 and the Sanskrit College MS. give *hevákí*, *i. e.*, "full of longing".

23

i. e., conqueror of Indra.

24

It is just possible that *sankhyád* ought to be *sákshád*.

25

This expression is very similar to that in Tarnanga 120, śl. 80, *b*, to which Dr. Kern objects.

Chapter CXXII.

Then king Vikramáditya reached that victorious army commanded by that Vikramaśakti his general, and he entered it at the head of his forces, accompanied by that general, who came to meet him, eager and with loyal mind, together with the vassal kings.

The kings were thus announced by the warders in the tent of assembly, "Your Majesty, here is Śaktikumára the king of Gauḍa come to pay you his respects, here is Jayadhvaja the king of Karṇáṭa, here is Vijayavarman of Láṭa, here is Sunandana of Kaśmíra, here is Gopála king of Sindh, here is Vindhyabala the Bhilla, and here is Nirmúka the king of the Persians." And when they had been thus announced, the king honoured them, and the feudal chiefs, and also the soldiers. And he welcomed in appropriate fashion the daughter of the king of Sinhala, and the heavenly maidens, and the golden deer, and Vikramaśakti. And the next day the successful monarch Vikramáditya set out with them and his forces, and reached the city of Ujjayiní.

Then, the kings having been dismissed with marks of honour[1] to their own territories, and the world-gladdening festival of the spring season having arrived, when the creepers began, so to speak, to adorn themselves with flowers for jewels, and the female bees to keep up a concert with their humming, and the ranges of the wood to dance embraced by the wind, and the cuckoos with melodious notes to utter auspicious prayers, king Vikramáditya married on a fortunate day that daughter of the king of Sinhala, and those two heavenly maidens. And Sinhavarman, the eldest brother of the princess of Sinhala, who had come with her, bestowed at the marriage-altar a great heap of jewels.

And at that moment the Yakshiṇí Madanamanjarí appeared, and gave those two heavenly maidens countless heaps of jewels. The Yakshí said, "How can I ever, king, recompense you for your benefits? But I have done this

unimportant service to testify my devotion to you. So you must shew favour to these maidens, and to the deer." When the Yakshí had said this, she departed honoured by the king.

Then the successful king Vikramáditya, having obtained those wives and the earth with all its *dvípas*, ruled a realm void of opponents; and he enjoyed himself roaming in all the garden grounds; during the hot season living in the water of tanks and in artificial fountain-chambers, during the rains in inner apartments charming on account of the noise of cymbals that arose in them, during the autumn on the tops of palaces, joyous with banquets under the rising moon, during the winter in chambers where comfortable couches were spread, and which were fragrant with black aloes, being ever surrounded by his wives.

Story of Malayavatí the man-hating maiden.

Now this king, being such as I have described, had a painter named Nagarasvámin, who enjoyed the revenues of a hundred villages, and surpassed Viśvakarman. That painter used every two or three days to paint a picture of a girl, and give it as a present to the king, taking care to exemplify different types of beauty.

Now, once on a time, it happened that that painter had, because a feast was going on, forgotten to paint the required girl for the king. And when the day for giving the present arrived, the painter remembered and was bewildered, saying to himself, "Alas! what can I give to the king?" And at that moment a traveller come from afar suddenly approached him and placed a book in his hand, and went off somewhere quickly. The painter out of curiosity opened the book, and saw within a picture of a girl on canvas. Inasmuch as the girl was of wonderful beauty, no sooner did he see her picture then he

took it and gave it to the king, rejoicing that, so far from having no picture to present that day, he had obtained such an exceedingly beautiful one. But the king, as soon as he saw it, was astonished, and said to him, "My good fellow, this is not your painting, this is the painting of Viśvakarman: for how could a mere mortal be skilful enough to paint such beauty?" When the painter heard this, he told the king exactly what had taken place.

Then the king kept ever looking at the picture of the girl, and never took his eyes off it, and one night he saw in a dream a girl exactly like her, but in another *dvípa*. But as he eagerly rushed to embrace her, who was eager to meet him, the night came to an end, and he was woke up by the watchman.[2] When the king awoke, he was so angry at the interruption of his delightful interview with that maiden, that he banished that watchman from the city. And he said to himself, "To think that a traveller should bring a book, and that in it there should be the painted figure of a girl, and that I should in a dream behold this same girl apparently alive! All this elaborate dispensation of destiny makes me think that she must be a real maiden, but I do not know in what *dvípa* she lives; how am I to obtain her?"

Full of such reflections, the king took pleasure in nothing,[3] and burnt with the fever of love so that his attendants were full of anxiety. And the warder Bhadráyudha asked the afflicted king in private the cause of his grief, whereupon he spake as follows:

"Listen, I will tell you, my friend. So much at any rate you know, that that painter gave me the picture of a girl. And I fell asleep thinking on her, and I remember that in my dream I crossed the sea, and reached and entered a very beautiful city. There I saw many armed maidens in front of me, and they, as soon as they saw me, raised a tumultuous cry of 'Kill, kill.'[4] Then a certain female ascetic came and with great precipitation made me enter her house, and briefly said to me this, 'My son, here is the man-hating princess Malayavatí come this way, diverting herself as she pleases. And the moment she sees a man, she makes these maidens of hers kill him: so I brought you in here to save your life.'[5]

“When the female ascetic had said this, she immediately made me put on female attire; and I submitted to that, knowing that it was not lawful to slay those maidens. But, when the princess entered into the house with her maidens, I looked at her, and lo! she was the very lady that had been shewn me in a picture. And I said to myself, ‘Fortunate am I in that, after first seeing this lady in a picture, I now behold her again in flesh and blood, dear as my life.’

“In the meanwhile the princess, at the head of her maidens, said to that female ascetic, ‘We saw some male enter here.’ The ascetic shewed me, and answered, ‘I know of no male; here is my sister’s daughter, who is with me as a guest.’ Then the princess seeing me, although I was disguised as a woman, forgot her dislike of men, and was at once overcome by love. She remained for a moment, with every hair on her body erect, motionless as if in thought, being, so to speak, nailed to the spot at once with arrows by Love, who had spied his opportunity. And in a moment the princess said to the ascetic, ‘Then, noble lady, why should not your sister’s daughter be my guest also? Let her come to my palace; I will send her back duly honoured.’ Saying this, she took me by the hand, and led me away to her palace. And I remember, I discerned her intention, and consented, and went there, and that sly old female ascetic gave me leave to depart.

“Then I remained there with that princess, who was diverting herself with the amusement of marrying her maidens to one another, and so forth. Her eyes were fixed on me, and she would not let me out of her sight for an instant, and no occupation pleased her in which I did not take part. Then those maidens, I remember, made the princess a bride, and me her husband, and married us in sport. And when we had been married, we entered at night the bridal chamber, and the princess fearlessly threw her arms round my neck. And then I told her who I was, and embraced her, and delighted at having attained her object, she looked at me and then remained a long time with her eyes bashfully fixed on the ground. And at that moment that villain of a watchman woke me up. So, Bhadráyudha, the upshot of the whole matter is that I can no longer live without that Malayavatí, whom I have seen in a picture and in a dream.”

When the king said this, the warder Bhadráyudha perceived that it was a true dream, and he consoled the monarch, and said to him, “If the king remembers it all exactly, let him draw that city on a piece of canvas in order that some expedient may be devised in this matter.” The moment the king heard this suggestion of Bhadráyudha’s, he proceeded to draw that splendid city on a piece of canvas, and all the scene that took place there. Then the warder at once took the drawing, and had a new monastery[6] made, and hung it up there on the wall. And he directed that in relief-houses attached to the monastery, a quantity of food, with pairs of garments and gold, should be given to bards coming from distant countries. And he gave this order to the dwellers in the monastery, “If any one comes here, who knows the city represented here in a picture, let me be informed of it.”

In the meanwhile the fierce elephant of the rainy season with irresistible loud deep thunder-roar and long *ketaka* tusks came down upon the forest of the heats, a forest the breezes of which were scented with the perfume of the jasmine, in which travellers sat down on the ground in the shade, and trumpet-flowers bloomed. At that time the forest-fire of separation of that king Vikramáditya began to burn more fiercely, fanned by the eastern breeze.[7] Then the following cries were heard among the ladies of his court, “Háralatá, bring ice! Chitrángí, sprinkle him with sandal-wood juice! Patralekhá, make a bed cool with lotus-leaves! Kandarpasená, fan him with plantain-leaves!” And in course of time the cloudy season terrible with lightning passed away for that king, but the fever of love burning[8] with the sorrow of separation did not pass away.

Then the autumn with her open lotus-face, and smile of unclosed flowers, came, vocal with the cries of swans,[9] seeming to utter this command, “Let travellers advance on their journey; let pleasant tidings be brought about absent dear ones; happy may their merry meetings be!” On a certain day in that season a bard, who had come from a distance, of the name of Śanvarasiddhi, having heard the fame of that monastery, built by the warder, entered it to get food. After he had been fed, and presented with a pair of garments, he saw that painting on the wall of the monastery. When the bard had carefully scanned the city delineated there, he was astonished,

and said, “I wonder who can have drawn this city? For I alone have seen it, I am certain, and no other; and here it is drawn by some second person.” When the inhabitants of the monastery heard that, they told Bhadráyudha; then he came in person, and took that bard to the king. The king said to Śanvarasiddhi, “Have you really seen that city?” Then Śanvarasiddhi gave him the following answer.

“When I was wandering about the world, I crossed the sea that separates the *dvípas*, and beheld that great city Malayapura. In that city there dwells a king of the name of Malayasinha, and he has a matchless daughter, named Malayavatí, who used to abhor males. But one night she somehow or other saw in a dream a great hero in a convent.[10] The moment she saw him, that evil spirit of detestation of the male sex fled from her mind, as if terrified. Then she took him to her palace, and in her dream married him, and entered with him the bridal chamber. And at that moment the night came to an end, and an attendant in her room woke her up. Then she banished that servant in her anger, and thinking upon that dear one, whom she had seen in her dream, seeing no way of escape owing to the blazing fire of separation, utterly overpowered by love, she never rose from her couch except to fall back upon it again with relaxed limbs. She was dumb, as if possessed by a demon, as if stunned by a blow,[11] for when her attendants questioned her, she gave them no answer.

“Then her father and mother came to hear of it, and questioned her; and at last she was, with exceeding difficulty, persuaded to tell them what happened to her in the dream, by the mouth of a confidential female friend. Then her father comforted her, but she made a solemn vow that, if she did not obtain her beloved in six months, she would enter the fire. And already five months are past; who knows what will become of her? This is the story that I heard about her in that city.”

When Śanvarasiddhi had told this story, which tallied so well with the king’s own dream, the king was pleased at knowing the certainty of the matter, and Bhadráyudha said to him, “The business is as good as effected, for that king and his country own your paramount supremacy. So let us go there before the sixth month has passed away.” When the warder had said

this, king Vikramáditya made him inform Śanvarasiddhi of all the circumstances connected with the matter, and honoured him with a present of much wealth, and bade him shew him the way, and then he seemed to bequeath his own burning heat to the rays of the sun, his paleness to the clouds, and his thinness to the waters of the rivers,[12] and having become free from sorrow, set out at once, escorted by a small force, for the dwelling-place of his beloved.

In course of time, as he advanced, he crossed the sea, and reached that city, and there he saw the people in front of it engaged in loud lamentation, and when he questioned them, he received this answer, "The princess Malayavatí here, as the period of six months is at an end, and she has not obtained her beloved, is preparing to enter the fire." Then the king went to the place where the pyre had been made ready.

"When the people saw him, they made way for him, and then the princess beheld that unexpected nectar-rain to her eyes. And she said to her ladies-in-waiting, "Here is that beloved come who married me in a dream, so tell my father quickly." They went and told this to her father, and then that king, delivered from his grief, and filled with joy, submissively approached the sovereign. At that moment the bard Śanvarasiddhi, who knew his time, lifted up his arm, and chanted aloud this strain, "Hail thou that with the flame of thy valour hast consumed the forest of the army of demons and Mlechchhas! Hail king, lord of the seven-sea-girt earth-bride! Hail thou that hast imposed thy exceedingly heavy yoke on the bowed heads of all kings, conquered by thee! Hail, Vishamaśíla, hail Vikramáditya, ocean of valour!"

When the bard said this, king Malayasinha knew that it was Vikramáditya himself that had come, and embraced his feet.[13] And after he had welcomed him, he entered his palace with him, and his daughter Malayavatí, thus delivered from death. And that king gave that daughter of his to king Vikramáditya, thinking himself fortunate in having obtained such a son-in-law. And king Vikramáditya, when he saw in his arms, in flesh and blood, that Malayavatí, whom he had previously seen in a picture and in a dream, considered it a wonderful fruit of the wishing-tree of Śiva's favour. Then Vikramáditya took with him his wife Malayavatí, like an incarnation of

bliss, and crossed the sea resembling his long regretful[14] separation, and being submissively waited upon at every step by kings, with various presents in their hands, returned to his own city Ujjayiní. And on beholding there that might of his, that satisfied[15] freely every kind of curiosity, what people were not astonished, what people did not rejoice, what people did not make high festival?

1

Dr. Kern would read *sammánitaviśŗishṭeshu*; and this is the reading of the Taylor MS. and of the Sanskrit College MS. No. 3003 has *sammánitair*.

2

For falling in love with a lady seen in a dream see Vol. I, pp. 276, and 576, and Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, pp. 45, 46 and 49. For falling in love with a lady seen in a picture see Vol. I, p. 490, Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 49, and Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 109.

3

I read *aratimán* for *ratimán* in the Sanskrit College MS. The Taylor MS. has *sarvatránratimán*; the other agrees with Brockhaus.

4

I read *praveśyaiva*.

5

Compare Ralston's Russian Folk Tales, p. 97; in Waldau's Böhmische Märchen p. 444, there is a beautiful Amazon who fights with the prince on condition that if he is victorious she is to be his prisoner, but if she is victorious, he is to be put to death. Rohde in Der Griechische Roman, p. 148, gives a long list of "coy huntress maids." Spenser's Radigund bears a close resemblance to Malayavatí.

6

Sanskrit *maṭha*.

7

The Petersburg lexicographers would read *paurastya*; and I find this in the Taylor MS. and the Sanskrit College MS. The same MSS. read *ambudaśyámo* for *atha durdarśa*. The latter word should be spelt *durdarsha*.

8

I read *savirahajválo* and *sakáśa* in śl. 72.

9

The two India Office MSS., that contain this passage, and the Sanskrit College MS. make the compound end in *ravaiḥ*, so the command will be given by the cries of the swans. In śl. 71, for *grathyantám* No. 1882 and the Sanskrit College MS. give *budhyantám*. In śl. 73 for *ákhyátim* three MSS. give *khyátim*.

10

Sanskrit *vihára*. The *tápasí* of śl. 39 was therefore a Buddhist. Cp. Vol. I, p. 87. No. 3003 reads *viháranirgatá* which agrees with śl. 40. No. 1882 has *viharanirgataṃ*. The Sanskrit College MS. has *viháranirgataṃ*.

11

For *gháta* No. 1882 has *tamaḥ* and No. 3003 *váta*.

12

This probably means that he started in the autumn.

13

No 3003 *yathá chitre tathá svapne yathá svapne tathairatáṃ vilokya sákshád*; so too No. 1882. The Sanskrit College MS. agrees but omits *yathá svapne*.

14

The word that means “regret,” may also mean “wave.”

15

I follow B. and R., Dr. Kern would read *sajjíkrita* in the sense of “prepared”: he takes *kautukam* in the sense of nuptial ceremonies. No. 1882 (the Taylor MS.) has *mantú* and No. 2003 has *satyí*. The Sanskrit College MS supports Brockhaus’s text.

Chapter CXXIII.

Then, once on a time, in the course of conversation, one of Vikramáditya's queens, called Kalingasená, said to her rival queens, "What the king did for the sake of Malayavatí was not wonderful, for this king Vishamaśíla has ever been famous on the earth for such like acts. Was not I swooped down on by him and married by force, after he had seen a carved likeness of me and been overcome by love? On this account the *kárpaṭika*[1] Devasena told me a story: that story I will proceed to tell you; listen."

"I was very much vexed, and exclaimed 'How can the king be said to have married me lawfully?' Then the *kárpaṭika* said to me, 'Do not be angry, queen, for the king married you in eager haste out of a violent passion for you; hear the whole story from the beginning.'"

Story of Kalingasená's marriage

Once on a time, when I was serving your husband as a *kárpaṭika*, I saw a great boar far away in the wood. Its mouth was formidable with tusks, its colour was black as a Tamála tree, it looked like an incarnation of the black fortnight devouring the digits of the moon. And I came, queen, and informed the king of it, describing it to him as I have done to you. And the king went out to hunt, attracted by his love for the sport. And when he reached the wood, and was dealing death among the tigers and deer, he saw in the distance that boar of which I had informed him. And when he saw that wonderful boar, he came to the conclusion that some being had assumed that form with an object, and he ascended his horse called Ratnákara, the progeny of Ucchaiḥśravas.

For every day at noon, the sun waits a brief space in the sky, and then his charioteer the dawn lets the horses loose, that they may bathe and feed: and one day Uchchhaiḥśravas, having been unyoked from the chariot of the sun, approached a mare of the king's, that he saw in the forest, and begot that horse.[2]

So the king mounted that swift horse, and quickly pursued that boar, that fled to a very remote[3] part of the forest. Then that boar escaped somewhere from his view, being swifter even than that horse that had Uchchhaiḥśravas for a sire. Then the king, not having caught him, and seeing that I alone had followed him, while he had left the rest of his suite far behind, asked me this question, "Do you know how much ground we have traversed to get to this place?" When I heard that, queen, I made the king this answer, "My lord, we have come three hundred *yojanas*." Then the king being astonished said, "Then how have you managed to come so far on foot?" When he asked me this question, I answered, "King, I have an ointment for the feet; hear the way in which I acquired it."

How Devasena obtained the magic ointment.

Long ago, on account of the loss of my wife, I went forth to make a pilgrimage to all the holy bathing places, and in the course of my journey I came one evening to a temple with a garden. And I went in there to pass the night, and I saw inside a woman, and I remained there hospitably welcomed by her. And during the course of the night she elevated one lip to heaven, resting the other on the earth, and with expanded jaws said to me, "Have you seen before anywhere such a mouth as this?" Then I fearlessly drew my dagger with a frown, and said to her, "Have you seen such a man as this?" Then she assumed a gentle appearance without any horrible distortion of shape, and said to me, "I am a Yakshí, Vandhyá by name, and I am pleased with your courage; so now tell me what I can do to gratify you."

When the Yakshiṇí said this, I answered her, “If you are really pleased with me, then enable me to go round to all the holy waters without any suffering.” When the Yakshí heard this, she gave me an ointment for my feet;[4] by means of it I travelled to all the holy bathing-places, and I have been able to run behind you now so far as this place. And by its aid I come to this wood here every day, and eat fruits, and then return to Ujjayiní and attend upon you.

When I told that tale to the king, I saw by his pleased face that he thought in his heart that I was a follower well-suited to him. I again said to him, “King, I will bring you here some very sweet fruits, if you will be pleased to eat them.” The king said to me, “I will not eat; I do not require anything; but do you eat something, as you are exhausted.” Then I got hold of a gourd and ate it, and no sooner had I eaten it, than it turned me into a python.

But king Vishamaśíla, when he saw me suddenly turn into a python, was astonished and despondent. So, being there alone, he called to mind the Vetála Bhútaketu, whom he had long ago made his servant, by delivering him with a look from a disease of the eyes. That Vetála came, as soon as the king called him to mind, and bowing before him said, “Why did you call me to mind, great king? Give me your orders.” Then the king said, “Good sir, this my *kárpaṭika* has been suddenly turned into a python by eating a gourd; restore him to his former condition.” But the Vetála said, “King, I have not the power to do this. Powers are strictly limited: can water quench the flame of lightning?” Then the king said, “Then let us go to this village, my friend. We may eventually hear of some remedy from the Bhillas there.”

When the king had come to this conclusion, he went to that village with the Vetála. There the bandits surrounded him, seeing that he wore ornaments. But when they began to rain arrows upon him, the Vetála, by the order of the king, devoured five hundred of them. The rest fled and told their chief what had occurred, and he, whose name was Ekákikeśarin, came there in wrath, with his host. But one of his servants recognised the monarch, and the chief hearing from him who it was, came and clung to Vikramáditya’s feet, and announced himself. Then the king welcomed kindly the submissive chief, and asked after his health, and said to him, “My *kárpaṭika*

has become a python by eating the fruit of a gourd in the forest; so devise some plan for releasing him from his transformation."

When that chief heard this speech of the king's, he said to him, "King, let this follower of yours shew him to my son here." Then that son of his came with the Vetála, and made me a man as before by means of a sternutatory made of the extract of a plant. And then we went joyful into tho presence of the king; and when I bent at the feet of the king, the king informed the delighted chief who I was.

Then the Bhilla chief Ekákikeśarin, after obtaining the king's consent, conducted him and us to his palace. And we beheld that dwelling of his, crowded with Śavaras, having its high walls covered with the tusks of elephants, adorned with tiger-skins; in which the women had for garments the tails of peacocks, for necklaces strings of *gunjá*-fruit, and for perfume the ichor that flows from the foreheads of elephants. There the wife of the chief, having her garments perfumed with musk, adorned with pearls and such like ornaments, herself waited on the king.

Then the king, having bathed and taken a meal, observed that the chief's sons were old, while he was a young man, and put this question to him, "Chief, explain, I pray you, this that puzzles me. How comes it, that you are a young man, whereas these children of yours are old?" When the king had said this to the Śavara chief, he answered him, "This, king, is a strange story; listen if you feel any curiosity about it."

Story of the grateful Monkey.[5]

I was long ago a Bráhman named Chandrasvámin, and I lived in the city of Máyápur. One day I went by order of my father to the forest to fetch wood. There a monkey stood barring my way, but without hurting me, looking at me with an eye of grief, pointing out to me another path. I said to myself, "This monkey does not bite me, so I had better go along the path which he

points out, and see what his object is." Thereupon I set out with him along that path, and the monkey kept going along in front of me, and turning round to look at me. And after he had gone some distance, he climbed up *jambu*-tree, and I looked at the upper part of the tree, which was covered with a dense network of creepers: and I saw a female monkey there with her body fettered by a mass of creepers twisted round her, and I understood that it was on this account that the monkey had brought me there. Then I climbed up the tree, and cut with my axe the creepers[6] that had twisted round and entangled her, and set that female monkey at liberty.

And when I got down from the tree, the male and female monkey came down also and embraced my feet. And the male monkey left that female clinging to my feet for a moment, and went and fetched a heavenly fruit, and gave it to me. I took it and returned home after I had got my fuel, and there I and my wife ate that splendid fruit together, and as soon as we had eaten it, we ceased to be liable to old age and disease.[7]

Then there arose in that country of ours the scourge of famine. And afflicted by that calamity the people of that land fled in all directions. And I happened in course of time to reach this country with my wife. And at that time there was a king of the Śavaras here named Kánchanadanshṭra: I entered his service with my sword. And as Kánchanadanshṭra saw that I came to the front in several engagements, he appointed me general. And as I had won the affections of that master of mine by my exclusive devotion to him, when he died, having no son, he bestowed on me his kingdom. And twenty-seven hundred years have passed over my head, since I have been in this place, and yet, owing to eating that fruit, I do not suffer from old age.

When Ekákikeśarin, the king of the Bhillas, had told in these words his own history, he went on to ask a favour of the astonished monarch, saying, "By the fruit given by the monkey I gained a long life, and by that long life I have again obtained a perfect fruit, namely, the sight of your august self. So I entreat, king, that the condescension towards me, which you have shown by coming to my house, may be developed into gracious approval. I have, king, a daughter of matchless beauty, born to me by a Kshatriyá wife, and her name is Madanasundarí. That pearl of maidens ought not to fall to the

lot of any one but your Highness. Therefore I bestow her on you; marry her with due ceremonies. And I, my sovereign, will follow you as your slave with twenty thousand archers."

When the Bhilla chief addressed this petition to the king, he granted it. And in an auspicious hour he married the daughter of that chief, who gave him a hundred camels laden with pearls and musk. And after the king had remained there seven days, he set out thence with Madanasundarí and the army of the Bhillas.

In the meanwhile, after the king had been carried away by his horse, our army remained despondent in the forest, where the hunting took place; but the warder Bhadráyudha said to them, "Away with despondency! Even though our king has been away for a long time, he is of divine power, and no serious misfortune will happen to him. Do you not remember how he went to Pátála and married there the daughter of a Nága, whose name was Surúpá, and came back here alone, and how the hero went to the world of the Gandharvas, and returned here with Tárávalí the daughter of the king of the Gandharvas?" With these words Bhadráyudha consoled them all, and they remained at the entrance of the forest waiting for the king.

And while that Madanasundarí was advancing leisurely by an open path, accompanied by the Śavara hosts, the king entered that forest on horseback, with myself and the Vetála, in order to get a sight of the boar he had before seen: and when he entered it, the boar rushed out in front of him, and the moment the king saw it, he killed it with five arrows. When it was slain, the Vetála rushed to it, and tore its belly open, and suddenly there issued from it a man of pleasing appearance.

The king, astonished, asked him who he was, and then there came there a wild elephant, resembling a moving mountain. When the king saw that wild elephant charging down on him, he smote it in a vital place and slew it with a single arrow. The Vetála tore open its belly also, and there issued from it a man of heavenly appearance, and a woman beautiful in all her limbs. And when the king was about to question the man, who issued from the boar, he said to him, "Listen, king; I am going to tell you my history.

“We two, king, are two sons of gods:[8] this one’s name is Bhadra, and I am Śubha. As we were roaming about we observed the hermit Kanva engaged in meditation. We assumed in sport the forms of an elephant and a boar, and having done so, we terrified the great sage in our reckless folly, and he pronounced on us this curse, ‘Become in this forest an elephant and boar such as you are now; but when you shall be killed by king Vikramáditya, you shall be released from the curse.’ So we became an elephant and a boar by the curse of the hermit, and we have to-day been set free by you; as for this woman, let her tell her own story. But touch this boar on the neck and this elephant on the back; and they will become for you celestial sword and shield.”

When he had said this, he disappeared with his companion, and the boar and elephant, touched by the hand of the king, became for him a sword and a shield. Then the woman, being questioned about her history, spoke as follows:

“I am the wife of a great merchant in Ujjayiní named Dhanadatta. One night, as I was sleeping on the top of a palace, this elephant came and swallowed me and brought me here; however this man was not inside the elephant, but when its belly was torn open, he came out of it with me.”

When the woman said this in grief, the king said to her, “Be of good courage: I will take you to your husband’s house: go and journey along in security with my harem.” When he had said this, he made the Vetála take her and hand her over to the queen Madanasundarí, who was travelling by a different path.

Then, the Vetála having returned, we suddenly saw there in the wood two princesses, with a numerous and splendid retinue. And the king sent me and summoned their chamberlains, and they, when asked whence the two maidens came, told the following story;

Story of the two princesses.

There is a *dvípa* named Kaṭáha, the home of all felicities. In it there is a king rightly named Guṇaságara.[9] He had born to him by his principal queen a daughter named Guṇavatí, who by her beauty produced astonishment even in the Creator who made her. And holy seers announced that she should have for a husband the lord of the seven *dvípas*; whereupon her father the king deliberated with his counsellors; and came to this conclusion, “King Vikramáditya is a suitable husband for my daughter; so I will send her to marry him.”

Accordingly, the king made his daughter embark in a ship on the sea, with her retinue and wealth, and sent her off. But it so happened that when the ship came near Suvarṇadvípa, it was swallowed, with the princess and the people on board, by a large fish. But that monstrous fish was carried by the current of the sea as if by the course of Destiny, and thrown up on a coast near that *dvípa*, and there stranded. And the people of the neighbourhood, the moment they saw it, ran with many weapons in their hands, and killed that marvellous fish, and cut open its belly.[10] And then there came out of it that great ship full of people; and when the king of that *dvípa* heard of it, he came there greatly wondering. And that king, whose name was Chandraśekhara, and who was the brother-in-law of king Guṇaságara, heard the whole story from the people in the ship. Then the king, finding that Guṇavatí was the daughter of his sister, took her into his palace, and out of joy celebrated a feast. And the next day that king put on board a ship in a lucky moment his daughter Chandravatí, whom he had long intended to give to king Vikramáditya, with that Guṇavatí, and sent her off with much magnificence as a gift to that sovereign.

These two princesses, having crossed the sea, by advancing gradually, have at length arrived here; and we are their attendants. And when we reached this place, a very large boar and a very large elephant rushed upon us; then, king, we uttered this cry, “These maidens have come to offer themselves for wives to king Vikramáditya: so preserve them for him, ye Guardians of the World, as is meet.” When the boar and the elephant heard this, they said to

us with articulate speech, “Be of good courage! the mere mention of that king’s name ensures your safety. And you shall see him arrive here in a moment.” When the boar and the elephant, who were, no doubt, some heavenly beings or other, had said this, they went away.

“This is our story,” said the chamberlain, and then, queen, I said to them, “And this is the king you seek.” Then they fell at the king’s feet rejoicing, and made over to him those two princesses Guṇavatí and Chandravatí. And the king gave orders to the Vetála and had those two fair ones also taken to his queen, saying, “Let all three travel with Madanasundarí.”

The Vetála returned immediately, and then, queen, the king went with him and myself by an out-of-the-way path. And as we were going along in the forest, the sun set; and just at that time we heard there the sound of a drum. The king asked, “Whence comes this sound of a drum?” The Vetála answered him, “King, there is a temple here. It is a marvel of heavenly skill, having been built by Viśvakarman; and this beating of the drum is to announce the commencement of the evening spectacle.”

When the Vetála had said this, he and the king and I went there out of curiosity, and after we had tied up the horse, we entered. And we saw worshipped there a great *linga* of *tárkshyaratna*[11] and in front of it a spectacle with blazing lights. And there danced there for a long time three nymphs of celestial beauty, in four kinds of measures, accompanied with music and singing. And at the end of the spectacle we beheld a wonder, for the dancing nymphs disappeared in the figures carved on the pillars of the temple: and in the same way the singers and players went into the figures of men painted on the walls. When the king saw this, he was astonished, but the Vetála said to him, “Such is this heavenly enchantment produced by Viśvakarman, lasting for ever, for this will always take place at both twilights.”

When he had said this, we wandered about in the temple, and saw in one place a female figure on a pillar, of extraordinary beauty. When the king saw her, he was bewildered by her beauty, and remained for a moment absent-minded and motionless, so that he himself was like a figure cut on a

pillar. And he exclaimed, “If I do not see a living woman like this figure, of what profit to me is my kingdom or my life?” When the Vetála heard this, he said, “Your wish is not hard to gratify, for the king of Kalinga has a daughter named Kalingasená, and a sculptor of Vardhamána seeing her, and being desirous of representing her beauty, carved this figure in imitation of her.[12] So return to Ujjayiní, king, and ask that king of Kalinga for his daughter, or carry her off by force.” This speech of the Vetála’s the king laid up in his heart.

Then we spent that night there, and the next morning we set out, and we saw two handsome men under an *aśoka*-tree, and then they rose up and bowed before the king. Then the king said to them, “Who are you, and why are you in the forest?” One of them answered, “Listen, king, I will tell you the whole story.”

Story of Dhanadatta.

I am the son of a merchant in Ujjayiní, and my name is Dhanadatta. Once on a time I went to sleep with my wife on the top of my palace. In the morning I woke up and looked about me, and lo! my wife was not in the palace, nor in the garden attached to it, nor anywhere about it. I said to myself, “She has not lost her heart to another man; of that I am convinced by the fact that the garland which she gave me, telling me that as long as she remained chaste, it would certainly not fade, is still as fresh as ever.[13] So I cannot think where she has gone, whether she has been carried off by a demon or some other evil being, or what has happened to her.” With these thoughts in my mind, I remained looking for her, crying out, lamenting, and weeping; consumed by the fire of separation from her; taking no food. Then my relations succeeded at last in consoling me to a certain extent, and I took food, and I made my abode in a temple, and remained there plunged in grief, feasting Bráhmans.

Once when I was quite broken down, this Bráhman came to me there, and I refreshed him with a bath and food, and after he had eaten, I asked him whence he came, and he said, “I am from a village near Váráṇasí.” My servants told him my cause of woe, and he said, “Why have you, like an unenterprising man, allowed your spirits to sink? The energetic man obtains even that which it is hard to attain; so rise up my friend, and let us look for your wife; I will help you.”

I said, “How are we to look for her, when we do not even know in what direction she has gone?” When I said this, he answered me kindly, “Do not say this; did not Keśaṭa long ago recover his wife, when it seemed hopeless that he should ever be reunited with her? Hear his story in proof of it.”

Story of Keśaṭa and Kandarpa.

There lived in the city of Páṭaliputra a wealthy young Bráhman, the son of a Bráhman; his name was Keśaṭa, and he was in beauty like a second god of love. He wished to obtain a wife like himself, and so he went forth secretly[14] from his parents’ house, and wandered through various lands on the pretext of visiting holy bathing-places. And in the course of his wanderings he came once on a time to the bank of the Narmadá, and he saw a numerous procession of bridegroom’s friends coming that way. And a distinguished old Bráhman, belonging to that company, when he saw Keśaṭa in the distance, left his companions, and coming up to him accosted him, and respectfully said to him in private, “I have a certain favour to ask of you, and it is one which you can easily do for me, but the benefit conferred on me will be a very great one; so, if you will do it, I will proceed to say what it is.” When Keśaṭa heard this, he said, “Noble sir, if what you say is possible, I must certainly do it: let the benefit be conferred on you.”

When the Bráhman heard that, he said, “Listen, my good young man; I have a son, who is the prince of ugly, as you are of good-looking, men. He has

projecting teeth, a flat nose, a black colour, squinting eyes, a big belly, crooked feet, and ears like winnowing baskets. Though he is such, I, out of my love for him, described him as handsome, and asked a Bráhman, named Ratnadatta, to give him his daughter, named Rúpavatí, and he has agreed to do it. The girl is as beautiful as her name expresses, and to-day they are to be married. For this reason we have come, but I know that, when that purposed connexion of mine sees my son, he will refuse to give him his daughter, and this attempt will be fruitless. And while thinking how I could find some way out of the difficulty, I have met you here, courteous sir; so quickly perform for me my desire, as you have pledged your word to do. Come with us, and marry that maiden, and hand her over to my son to-day, for you are as good-looking as the bride."

When Keśaṭa heard this, he said, "Agreed," and so the old Bráhman took Keśaṭa with him, and they crossed the Narmadá in boats and landed on the opposite bank. And so he reached the city, and rested outside it with his followers, and at that time the sun also, the traveller of the sky, went to his rest on the mountain of setting. Then the darkness began to diffuse itself abroad, and Keśaṭa, having gone to rinse his mouth, saw a terrible Rákshasa rise up near the water; and the Rákshasa said, "Where will you go from me,[15] Keśaṭa? I am about to devour you." Thereupon Keśaṭa said to the Rákshasa, "Do not devour me now; I will certainly come back to you presently, when I have done the Bráhman the service I promised." When the Rákshasa heard this, he made Keśaṭa take an oath to this effect, and then let him go; and he returned to the company of the bridegroom's friends.

Then the old Bráhman brought Keśaṭa adorned with the ornaments of a bridegroom, and entered that city with all the bridegroom's party. And then he made him enter the house of Ratnadatta, in which an altar-platform was ready prepared, and which was made to resound with the music of various instruments. And Keśaṭa married there with all due ceremonies that fair-faced maiden Rúpavatí, to whom her father gave great wealth. And the women there rejoiced, seeing that the bride and bridegroom were well-matched; and not only Rúpavatí, when she saw that such a bridegroom had arrived, but her friends also, fell in love with him. But Keśaṭa at that time was overpowered with despondency and astonishment.

And at night Rúpavatí seeing that her husband, as he lay on the bed, was plunged in thought, and kept his head turned away, pretended to be asleep. And in the dead of night Keśaṭa, thinking that she was asleep, went out to that Rákshasa to keep his promise. And that faithful wife Rúpavatí also gently rose up unobserved, and followed her husband, full of curiosity. And when Keśaṭa arrived where the Rákshasa was, the latter said to him, "Bravo! you have kept your promise faithfully, Keśaṭa; you are a man of noble character. You sanctify your city of Páṭaliputra and your father Deśaṭa by your virtue, so approach, that I may devour you." When Rúpavatí heard that, she came up quickly and said, "Eat me, for, if my husband is eaten, what will become of me?" The Rákshasa said, "You can live on alms." She replied, "Who, noble sir, will give alms to me who am a woman?" The Rákshasa said, "If any one refuses to give you alms, when asked to do so, his head shall split in a hundred pieces."[16] Then she said, "This being so, give me my husband by way of alms." And, as the Rákshasa would not give him, his head at once split asunder, and he died. Then Rúpavatí returned to her bridal-chamber, with her husband, who was exceedingly astonished at her virtue, and at that moment the night came to an end.

And the next morning the bridegroom's friends took food and set out from that city, and reached the bank of the Narmadá with the newly married pair. Then the old Bráhman, who was their leader, put the wife Rúpavatí with her attendants on board one boat, and went on board a second himself, and cunningly made Keśaṭa embark on a third, having previously made an agreement with the boatmen; and before he went on board took from him all the ornaments he had lent him. Then the Bráhman was ferried across with the wife and the bridegroom's party, but Keśaṭa was kept out in the middle of the stream by the boatmen, and carried to a great distance. Then those boatmen pushed the boat and Keśaṭa into a place where the current ran full and strong, and swam ashore themselves, having been bribed by the old Bráhman.

But Keśaṭa was carried with the boat, by the river which was lashed into waves by the wind, into the sea, and at last a wave flung him up on the coast. There he recovered strength and spirits, as he was not doomed to die just yet, and he said to himself, "Well, that Bráhman has made me a fine

recompense. But was not the fact that he married his son by means of a substitute, in itself sufficient proof that he was a fool and a scoundrel?"

While he remained there, buried in such thoughts, the night came on him, when the companies of air-flying witches begin to roam about. He remained sleepless through it, and in the fourth watch he heard a noise in the sky, and saw a handsome[17] man fall from heaven in front of him. Keśaṭa was terrified at first, but after some time he saw that he had nothing uncanny about him, so he said to him, "Who are you, Sir?" Then the man said, "First tell me who you are; and then I will tell you who I am." Hearing that, Keśaṭa told him his history. Then the man said, "My friend, you are exactly in the same predicament as myself, so I will now tell you my history, listen.

"There is on the bank of the river Veṇá a city named Ratnapura; I am a Bráhman householder in that city, the son of a rich man, and my name is Kandarpa. One evening I went down to the river Veṇá to draw water, and I slipped and fell into it, and was carried away by the current. The current carried me a long way during that night, and when the morning came, as I was not doomed to die yet, it brought me to the foot of a tree that grew on the bank. I climbed up the bank by the help of the tree, and when I had recovered breath, I saw in front of me a great empty temple dedicated to the Mothers. I entered it, and when I saw before me the Mothers flashing, as it were, with brightness and power, my fear was allayed, and I bowed before them, and praised them and addressed this prayer to them, 'Venerable ones, deliver me a miserable man; for I have to-day come here as a suppliant for your protection.' When I had uttered this prayer, being exhausted with my struggles in the current of the river, I rested, my friend, till my fatigue gradually disappeared, and the day disappeared also. And then there appeared the horrible female ascetic called night, furnished with many stars by way of a bone-necklace, white with moonlight instead of ashes, and carrying the moon for a gleaming seull.

"And then, I remember, a band of witches came out from the company of the Mothers, and they said to one another, 'To night we must go to the general assembly of the witches in Chakrapura,[18] and how can this Bráhman be kept safe in this place which is full of wild beasts? So let us

take him to some place where he will be happy: and afterwards we will bring him back again; he has fled to us for protection.' When they had said this, they adorned me, and carrying me through the air, placed me in the house of a rich Bráhman in a certain city, and went away.

"And when I looked about me there, lo! the altar was prepared for a marriage, and the auspicious hour had arrived, but the procession of bridegroom's friends was nowhere to be seen. And all the people, seeing me in front of the door arrayed in bridegroom's garments of heavenly splendour, said, 'Here is the bridegroom at any rate arrived.' Then the Bráhman of the house took me to the altar, and led his daughter there adorned, and gave her to me with the usual ceremonies. And the women said to one another, 'Fortunate is it that the beauty of Sumanas has borne fruit by winning her a bridegroom like herself!' Then, having married Sumanas, I slept with her in a palace, gratified by having every want supplied in the most magnificent style.

"Then those witches came back from their assembly in this last watch of the night, and by their supernatural power carried me off, and flew up into the air with me. And while they were flying through the air, they had a fight with another set of witches, who came, wishing to carry me off, and they let me go and I fell down here. And I do not know the city where I married that Sumanas; and I cannot tell what will become of her now. This succession of misfortunes, which Destiny has brought upon me, has now ended in happiness by my meeting with you."

When Kandarpa had given this account of his adventure, Keśaṭa said to him, "Do not be afraid, my friend; the witches will have no power over you henceforth; since I possess a certain irresistible charm, which will keep them at a distance: now let us roam about together: Destiny will bestow on us good fortune." And while they were engaged in this conversation, the night came to an end.

In the morning Keśaṭa and Kandarpa set out from that place together, and crossing the sea, reached in due course a city named Bhímapura near the river called Ratnanadí. There they heard a great noise on the bank of that

river, and when they went to the place whence it came, they saw a fish that filled the channel of the stream from bank to bank. It had been thrown up by the tide of the sea, and got fast in the river owing to the vastness of its bulk, and men with various weapons in their hands were cutting it up to procure flesh. And while they were cutting it open, there came out of its belly a woman, and being beheld by the people with astonishment, she came terrified to the bank.

Then Kandarpa looked at her, and said exultingly to Keśaṭa, "My friend, here is that very Sumanas, whom I married. But I do not know how she came to be living in the belly of a fish. So let us remain here in silence, until the whole matter is cleared up." Keśaṭa consented, and they remained there. And the people said to Sumanas, "Who are you, and what is the meaning of this?" Then she said very reluctantly,

"I am the daughter of a crest-jewel of Bráhmans, named Jayadatta, who lived in the city of Ratnákara. My name is Sumanas, and one night I was married to a certain handsome young Bráhman, who was a suitable match for me. That very night, my husband went away somewhere, while I was asleep; and though my father made diligent search for him, he could not find him anywhere. Then I threw myself into the river to cool the fire of grief at separation from him, and I was swallowed by this fish; and now Destiny has brought me here."

While she was saying this, a Bráhman named Yajnasvámin rushed out of the crowd, and embraced her and said this to her, "Come, come with me, niece; you are the daughter of my sister; for I am Yajnasvámin, your mother's own brother." When Sumanas heard that, she uncovered her face and looked at him, and recognising her uncle, she embraced his feet weeping. But after a moment she ceased weeping, and said to him, "Do you give me fuel, for, as I am separated from my husband, I have no other refuge but the fire."

Her uncle did all he could to dissuade her, but she would not abandon her intention; and then Kandarpa, having thus seen her real feelings tested, came up to her. When the wise Sumanas saw him near her, she recognised

him, and fell weeping at his feet. And when the discreet woman was questioned by the people, and by that uncle of hers, she answered, “He is my husband.” Then all were delighted, and Yajnasvámin took her husband Kandarpa to his house, together with Keśaṭa. There they told their adventures, and Yajnasvámin and his family lovingly waited on them with many hospitable attentions.

After some days had passed, Keśaṭa said to Kandarpa, “You have gained all you want by recovering your longed-for wife; so now go with her to Ratnapura your own city; but, as I have not attained the object of my desire, I will not return to my own country: I, my friend, will make a pilgrimage to all the holy bathing-places and so destroy my body.” When Yajnasvámin, in Bhímapura, heard this, he said to Keśaṭa, “Why do you utter this despondent speech? As long as people are alive, there is nothing they cannot get: in proof of this hear the story of Kusumáyudha, which I am about to tell you.”

Story of Kusumáyudha and Kamalalochaná.

There was in a town named Chandrapura a Bráhman named Devasvámin: he had a very beautiful daughter named Kamalalochaná. And he had a young Bráhman pupil named Kusumáyudha; and that pupil and his daughter loved one another well.

One day her father made up his mind to give her to another suitor, and at once that maiden sent by her confidante the following message to Kusumáyudha, “Though I have long ago fixed my heart on you for a husband, my father has promised to give me to another, so devise a scheme for carrying me off hence.” So Kusumáyudha made an arrangement to carry her off, and he placed outside her house at night a servant with a mule for that purpose. So she quietly went out and mounted the mule, but that

servant did not take her to his master; he took her somewhere else, to make her his own.

And during the night he took Kamalalochaná a long distance, and they reached a certain city by the morning, when that chaste woman said to the servant, “Where is my husband your master? Why do you not take me to him?” When the cunning rogue heard this, he said to her who was alone in a foreign country, “I am going to marry you myself: never mind about him; how can you get to him now?” When the discreet woman heard this, she said, “Indeed I love you very much.”[19] Then the rascal left her in the garden of the city, and went to the market to buy the things required for a wedding. In the meanwhile that maiden fled, with the mule, and entered the house of a certain old man who made garlands. She told him her history, and he made her welcome, so she remained there. And the wicked servant, not finding her in the garden, went away from it disappointed, and returned to his master Kusumáyudha. And when his master questioned him, he said, “The fact is, you are an upright man yourself, and you do not understand the ways of deceitful women. No sooner did she come out and was seen, than I was seized there by those other men, and the mule was taken away from me. By good luck I managed to escape and have come here.” When Kusumáyudha heard this, he remained silent, and plunged in thought.

One day his father sent him to be married, and as he was going along, he reached the city, where Kamalalochaná was. There he made the bridegroom’s followers encamp in a neighbouring garden, and while he was roaming about alone, Kamalalochaná saw him, and told the garland-maker in whose house she was living. He went and told her intended husband what had taken place, and brought him to her. Then the garland-maker collected the necessary things, and the long-desired marriage between the youth and the maiden was immediately celebrated. Then Kusumáyudha punished that wicked servant, and married in addition that second maiden, who was the cause of his finding Kamalalochaná, and in order to marry whom he had started from home, and he returned rejoicing to his own country with those two wives.

“Thus the fortunate are reunited in the most unexpected manner, and so you may be certain, Keśaṭa, of regaining your beloved soon in the same way.” When Yajnasvámin had said this, Kandarpa, Sumanas and Keśaṭa, remained for some days in his house, and then they set out for their own country. But on the way they reached a great forest, and they were separated from one another in the confusion produced by a charge of wild elephants. Of the party Keśaṭa went on alone and grieved, and in course of time reached the city of Káśí and found his friend Kandarpa there. And he went with him to his own city Páṭaliputra, and he remained there some time welcomed by his father. And there he told his parents all his adventures, beginning with his marrying Rúpavatí, and ending with the story of Kandarpa.

In the meanwhile Sumanas fled, terrified at the elephants, and entered a thicket, and while she was there, the sun set for her. And when night came on, she cried out in her woe, “Alas, my husband! Alas, my father! Alas, my mother!” and resolved to fling herself into a forest fire. And in the meanwhile that company of witches, that were so full of pity for Kandarpa, having conquered the other witches, reached their own temple. There they remembered Kandarpa, and finding out by their supernatural knowledge that his wife had lost her way in a wood, they deliberated as follows, “Kandarpa, being a resolute man, will unaided obtain his desire; but his wife, being a young girl, and having lost her way in the forest, will assuredly die. So let us take her and put her down in Ratnapura, in order that she may live there in the house of Kandarpa’s father with his other wife.” When the witches had come to this conclusion, they went to that forest and comforted Sumanas there, and took her and left her in Ratnapura.

When the night had passed, Sumanas, wandering about in that city, heard the following cry in the mouths of the people who were running hither and thither, “Lo! the virtuous Anangavatí, the wife of the Bráhman Kandarpa, who, after her husband had gone somewhere or other, lived a long time in hope of reunion with him, not having recovered him, has now gone out in despair to enter the fire, followed by her weeping father-in-law and mother-in-law.” When Sumanas heard that, she went quickly to the place where the pyre had been made, and going up to Anangavatí, said to her, in order to dissuade her, “Noble lady, do not act rashly, for that husband of yours is

alive.” Having said this, she told the whole story from the beginning. And she shewed the jewelled ring that Kandarpa gave her. Then all welcomed her, perceiving that her account was true. Then Kandarpa’s father honoured that bride Sumanas and gladly lodged her in his house with the delighted Anangavatí.

Then Kandarpa left Páṭaliputra[20] without telling Keśaṭa, as he knew he would not like it, in order to roam about in search of Sumanas. And after he had gone, Keśaṭa, feeling unhappy without Rúpavatí, left his house without his parents’ knowledge, and went to roam about hither and thither. And Kandarpa, in the course of his wanderings, happened to visit that very city, where Keśaṭa, married Rúpavatí. And hearing a great noise of people, he asked what it meant, and a certain man said to him, “Here is Rúpavatí preparing to die, as she cannot find her husband Keśaṭa,; the tumult is on that account; listen to the story connected with her.” Then that man related the strange story of Rúpavatí’s marriage with Keśaṭa and of her adventure with the Rákshasa, and then continued as follows:

“Then that old Bráhman, having tricked Keśaṭa, went on his way, taking with him Rúpavatí for his son: but nobody knew where Keśaṭa had gone after marrying her. And Rúpavatí, not seeing Keśaṭa on the journey, said, ‘Why do I not see my husband here, though all the rest of the party are travelling along with me?’ When the old Bráhman heard that, he shewed her that son of his, and said to her, ‘My daughter, this son of mine is your husband; behold him.’ Then Rúpavatí said in a rage to the old man there, ‘I will not have this ugly fellow for a husband; I will certainly die, if I cannot get that husband, who married me yesterday.’

“Saying this, she at once stopped eating and drinking; and the old Bráhman, through fear of the king, had her taken back to her father’s house. There she told the trick that the old Bráhman had played her, and her father, in great grief, said to her, ‘How are we to discover, my daughter, who the man that married you, is?’ Then Rúpavatí said, ‘My husband’s name is Keśaṭa, and he is the son of a Bráhman named Deśaṭa in Páṭaliputra; for so much I heard from the mouth of a Rákshasa.’ When she had said this, she told her father the whole story of her husband and the Rákshasa. Then her father went and

saw the Rákshasa lying dead, and so he believed his daughter's story, and was pleased with the virtue of that couple.

"He consoled his daughter with hopes of reunion with her husband, and sent his son to Keśaṭa's father in Páṭaliputra, to search for him. And after some time they came back and said, 'We saw the householder Deśaṭa in Páṭaliputra. But when we asked him where his son Keśaṭa was, he answered us with tears, "My son Keśaṭa is not here; he did return here, and a friend of his named Kandarpa came with him; but he went away from here without telling me, pining for Rúpavatí"—When we heard this speech of his, we came back here in due course.'

"When those sent to search had brought back this report, Rúpavatí said to her father, 'I shall never recover my husband, so I will enter the fire; how long, father, can I live here without my husband?' She went on saying this, and as her father has not been able to dissuade her, she has come out to-day to perish in the fire. And two maidens, friends of hers, have come out to die in the same way; one is called Śṛingáravatí and the other Anurágavatí. For long ago, at the marriage of Rúpavatí, they saw Keśaṭa and made up their minds that they would have him for a husband, as their hearts were captivated by his beauty. This is the meaning of the noise which the people here are making."

When Kandarpa heard this from that man, he went to the pyre which had been heaped up for those ladies. He made a sign to the people from a distance to cease their tumult, and going up quickly, he said to Rúpavatí, who was worshipping the fire; "Noble lady; desist from this rashness; that husband of yours Keśaṭa is alive; he is my friend; know that I am Kandarpa." When he had said this, he told her all Keśaṭa's adventures, beginning with the circumstance of the old Bráhman's treacherously making him embark on the boat. Then Rúpavatí believed him, as his story tallied so completely with what she knew, and she joyfully entered her father's house with those two friends. And her father kindly welcomed Kandarpa and took good care of him; and so he remained there, to please him.

In the meanwhile it happened that, as Keśaṭa was roaming about, he reached Ratnapura and found there the house of Kandarpa, in which his two wives were. And as he was wandering about near the house, Sumanas, the wife of Kandarpa, saw him from the top of the house and said delighted to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and the other people in the house, "Here now is Keśaṭa my husband's friend arrived; we may hear news of my husband from him; quickly invite him in." Then they went and on some pretext or other brought in Keśaṭa as she advised, and when he saw Sumanas come towards him, he was delighted. And after he had rested she questioned him, and he immediately told her his own and Kandarpa's adventures, after the scare produced by the wild elephants.

He remained there some days, hospitably entertained, and then a messenger came from Kandarpa with a letter. The messenger said, "Kandarpa and Rúpavatí are in the town where Kandarpa's friend Keśaṭa married Rúpavatí;" and the contents of the letter were to the same effect; and Keśaṭa communicated the tidings with tears to the father of Kandarpa.

And the next day Kandarpa's father sent in high glee a messenger to bring his son, and dismissed Keśaṭa, that he might join his beloved. And Keśaṭa went with that messenger, who brought the letter, to that country where Rúpavatí was living in her father's house. There, after a long absence, he greeted and refreshed the delighted Rúpavatí, as the cloud does the *chátakí*. He met Kandarpa once more, and he married at the instance of Rúpavatí her two before-mentioned friends, Anurágavatí and Śṛingáravatí. And then Keśaṭa went with Rúpavatí and them to his own land, after taking leave of Kandarpa. And Kandarpa returned to Ratnapura with the messenger, and was once more united to Sumanas and Anangavatí and his relations. So Kandarpa regained his beloved Sumanas, and Keśaṭa his beloved Rúpavatí, and they lived enjoying the good things of this life, each in his own country.

Thus men of firm resolution, though separated by adverse destiny, are reunited with their dear ones, despising even terrible sufferings, and taking no account of their interminable duration. So rise up quickly my friend, let us go; you also will find your wife, if you search for her; who knows the way of Destiny? I myself regained my wife alive after she had died.

“Telling me this tale my friend encouraged me; and himself accompanied me; and so roaming about with him, I reached this land, and here I saw a mighty elephant and a wild boar. And, (wonderful to say!) I saw that elephant bring my helpless wife out of his mouth, and swallow her again; and I followed that elephant, which appeared for a moment and then disappeared for a long time, and in my search for it I have now, thanks to my merits, beheld your Majesty here.”

When the young merchant had said this, Vikramáditya sent for his wife, whom he had rescued by killing the elephant, and handed her over to him. And then the couple, delighted at their marvellous reunion, recounted their adventures to one another, and their mouths were loud in praise of the glorious king Vishamaśíla.

1

See Vol. I, pp. 199 and 515; and Vol. II, p. 265.

2

Cp. Iliad V, 265 and ff.; and (still better) Aeneid VII, 280, and ff.

3

Devíyasím is a misprint for *davíyasím*, as Dr. Kern points out.

4

In European superstition we find the notion that witches can fly through the air by anointing themselves with the fat of a toad. Veckenstedt, Wendische Märchen, p. 288. In Bartsch, Sagen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, we read (Vol. II, p. 19) that Margretha Detloses confesses that she smeared her feet with some black stuff that Satan brought, and then said, *Auf und darvan und nergens an*. Anneke Mettinges (ibid. p. 23) smeared herself with yellow fat; Anneke Swarten (ibid. p. 27) with black stuff from an unused pot.

5

See page 104 of this volume. An older form of that story is perhaps the Saccaṁkirajátaka, No. 73, Fausböll, Vol. I, p. 323. Tho present story bears perhaps a closer resemblance to that of Androclus, Aulus Gellius, N. A. V, 14, the Indian form of which may be found in Miss Stokes’s tale of “The Man who went to seek his fate.”

6

Valí should of course be *vallí*.

7

Cp. Oesterley's Baitál Pachísí, p. 14; and the note on p. 176. In Aelian's Varia Historia, III, 19, there is a tree, the fruit of which makes an old man become gradually younger and younger until he reaches the antenatal state of non-existence. The passage is referred to by Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 207. Baring Gould, in Appendix A to his Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, gives a very curious passage from the Bragda Mágus Saga, an Icelandic version of the romance of Maugis. Here we have a man named Vidförull who was in the habit of changing his skin and becoming young again. He changed his skin once when he was 330 years old, a second time at the age of 215, and a third time in the presence of Charlemagne. It is quite possible that the story in the text is a form of the fable of the Wandering Jew.

8

I read *devakumárau*.

9

I. e. Sea of virtues.

10

See Vol. I, p. 207, and Vol. II, p. 224, and Rohde's note on page 196 of Der Griechische Roman. This is probably the incident depicted on the Bharhat Stúpa. See General Cunningham's work, Plate XXXIV, Medallion 2.

11

A certain dark-coloured precious stone. B. and R. s. v.

12

The Petersburg lexicographers explain it as a statue of *śála*-wood. They explain *stambhotkirna* too as *wie aus einem Pfosten geschnitten, wie eine Statue von Holz*. But could not the figures be cut in stone, as the Bharhut sculptures are?

13

See Vol. I, pp. 86 and 573. The parallel to the story of the Wright's Chaste Wife is strikingly close.

14

Dr. Kern would read *avidito*. This is confirmed by the Sanskrit College MS. and by No. 1882; No. 3003 has *avadito*.

15

Both the India Office MSS. and the Sanskrit College MS. have *yásyasi* for *páyasi*. The latter would mean, “Where will you drink.”

16

Cp. Vol. II, p. 63.

17

I insert *subhagaṃ* before *khád*, from the Sanskrit College MS.

18

Both the India Office MSS read *Vakrapura*. The Sanskrit College MS. supports Brockhaus’s text.

19

No. 1882 and the Sanskrit College MS. give *tarhi* for *tvaṃ hi* and *priyaṃ* for *priyaḥ*. No 3003 agrees with the above MSS. in the first point and in the second with Brockhaus.

20

I read *Páṭaliputrakát*.

Chapter CXXIV.

Then King Vikramáditya put this question to the friend of the young merchant, who came with him, “You said that you recovered your wife alive after she was dead; how could that be? Tell us, good sir, the whole story at length.” When the king said this to the friend of the young merchant, the latter answered, “Listen, king, if you have any curiosity about it; I proceed to tell the story.”

Story of Chandrasvámin who recovered his wife alive after her death.

I am a young Bráhman of the name of Chandrasvámin, living on that magnificent grant to Bráhmans, called Brahmasthala, and I have a beautiful wife in my house. One day I had gone to the village for some object, by my father’s orders, and a *kápálika*, who had come to beg, cast eyes on that wife of mine. She caught a fever from the moment he looked at her, and in the evening she died. Then my relations took her, and put her on the pyre during the night. And when the pyre was in full blaze, I returned there from the village; and I heard what had happened from my family who wept before me.

Then I went near the pyre, and the *kápálika* came there with the magic staff dancing[1] on his shoulder, and the booming drum in his hand. He quenched the flume of the pyre, king, by throwing ashes on it,[2] and then my wife rose up from the midst of it uninjured. The *kápálika* took with him my wife who followed him, drawn by his magic power, and ran off quickly, and I followed him with my bow and arrows.

And when he reached a cave on the bank of the Ganges, he put the magic staff down on the ground, and said exultingly to two maidens who were in it, “She, without whom I could not marry you, though I had obtained you, has come into my possession; and so my vow has been successfully accomplished,”[3] Saying this he shewed them my wife, and at that moment I flung his magic staff into the Ganges; and when he had lost his magic power by the loss of the staff, I reproached him, exclaiming, “*Kápálika*, as you wish to rob me of my wife, you shall live no longer.” Then the scoundrel, not seeing his magic staff, tried to run away; but I drew my bow and killed him with a poisoned arrow. Thus do heretics, who feign the vows of Śiva only for the pleasure of accomplishing nefarious ends, fall, though their sin has already sunk them deep enough.

Then I took my wife, and those other two maidens, and I returned home, exciting the astonishment of my relations. Then I asked those two maidens to tell me their history, and they gave me this answer, “We are the daughters respectively of a king and a chief merchant in Benares, and the *kápálika* carried us off by the same magic process by which he carried off your wife, and thanks to you we have been delivered from the villain without suffering insult.” This was their tale; and the next day I took them to Benares, and handed them over to their relations, after telling what had befallen them.[4]

And as I was returning thence, I saw this young merchant, who had lost his wife, and I came here with him. Moreover, I anointed my body with an ointment that I found in the cave of the *kápálika*; and, observe, perfume still exhales from it, even though it has been washed.

“In this sense did I recover my wife arisen from the dead.” When the Bráhman had told this story, the king honoured him and the young merchant, and sent them on their way. And then that king Vikramáditya, taking with him Guṇavatí, Chandravatí, and Madanasundarí, and having met his own forces, returned to the city of Ujjayiní, and there he married Guṇavatí and Chandravatí.

Then the king called to mind the figure carved on a pillar that he had seen in the temple built by Viśvakarman, and he gave this order to the warder,

“Let an ambassador be sent to Kalingasena to demand from him that maiden whose likeness I saw carved on the pillar.” When the warder received this command from the king, he brought before him an ambassador named Suvigraha, and sent him off with a message.

So the ambassador went to the country of Kalinga, and when he had seen the king Kalingasena, he delivered to him the message with which he had been entrusted, which was as follows, “King, the glorious sovereign Vikramáditya sends you this command, ‘You know that every jewel on the earth comes to me as my due; and you have a pearl of a daughter, so hand her over to me, and then by my favour you shall enjoy in your own realm an unopposed sway.’” When the king of Kalinga heard this, he was very angry, and he said, “Who is this king Vikramáditya? Does he presume to give me orders and ask for my daughter as a tribute? Blinded with pride he shall be cast down.” When the ambassador heard this from Kalingasena, he said to him, “How can you, being a servant, dare to set yourself up against your master? You do not know your place. What, madman, do you wish to be shrivelled like a moth in the fire of his wrath?”

When the ambassador had said this, he returned and communicated to king Vikramáditya that speech of Kalingasena’s. Then king Vikramáditya, being angry, marched out with his forces to attack the king of Kalinga, and the Vetála Bhútaketu went with him. As he marched along, the quarters, re-echoing the roar of his army, seemed to say to the king of Kalinga, “Surrender the maiden quickly,” and so he reached that country. When king Vikramáditya saw the king of Kalinga ready for battle, he surrounded him with his forces; but then he thought in his mind, “I shall never be happy without this king’s daughter; and yet how can I kill my own father-in-law? Suppose I have recourse to some stratagem.”

When the king had gone through these reflections, he went with the Vetála, and by his supernatural power entered the bedchamber of the king of Kalinga at night, when he was asleep, without being seen. Then the Vetála woke up the king, and when he was terrified, said to him laughing, “What! do you dare to sleep, when you are at war with king Vikramáditya?” Then the king of Kalinga rose up, and seeing the monarch, who had thus shown

his daring, standing with a terrible Vetála at his side, and recognising him, bowed trembling at his feet, and said, “King, I now acknowledge your supremacy; tell me what I am to do.” And the king answered him, “If you wish to have me as your overlord, give me your daughter Kalingasená.” Then the king of Kalinga agreed, and promised to give him his daughter, and so the monarch returned successful to his camp.

And the next day, queen, your father the king of Kalinga bestowed you on king Vishamaśíla with appropriate ceremonies, and a splendid marriage-gift. Thus, queen, you were lawfully married by the king out of his deep love for you, and at the risk of his own life, and not out of any desire to triumph over an enemy.

“When I heard this story, my friends, from the mouth of the *kárpaṭika* Devasena, I dismissed my anger, which was caused by the contempt with which I supposed myself to have been treated. So, you see, this king was induced to marry me by seeing a likeness of me carved on a pillar, and to marry Malayavatí by seeing a painted portrait of her.” In these words Kalingasená, the beloved wife of king Vikramáditya, described her husband’s might, and delighted his other wives. Then Vikramáditya, accompanied by all of them, and by Malayavatí, remained delighting in his empire.

Then, one day, a Rájpút named Kṛishṇaśakti, who had been oppressed by the members of his clan, came there from the Dakkan. He went to the palace-gate surrounded by five hundred Rájpúts, and took on himself the vow of *kárpaṭika* to the king. And though the king tried to dissuade him, he made this declaration, “I will serve king Vikramáditya for twelve years.” And he remained at the gate of the palace, with his followers, determined to carry out this vow, and while he was thus engaged, eleven years passed over his head.

And when the twelfth year came, his wife, who was in another land, grieved at her long separation from him, sent him a letter; and he happened to be reading this Áryá verse which she had written in the letter, at night, by the light of a candle, when the king, who had gone out in search of adventures,

was listening concealed, “Hot, long, and tremulous, do these sighs issue forth from me, during thy absence, my lord, but not the breath of life, hard-hearted woman that I am!”

When the king had heard this read over and over again by the *kárpaṭika*, he went to his palace and said to himself, “This *kárpaṭika*, whose wife is in such despondency, has long endured affliction, and if his objects are not gained, he will, when this twelfth year is at an end, yield his breath. So I must not let him wait any longer.” After going through these reflections, the king at once sent a female slave, and summoned that *kárpaṭika*. And after he had caused a grant to be written, he gave him this order, “My good fellow, go towards the northern quarter through Omkárapíṭha; there live on the proceeds of a village of the name of Khaṇḍavaṭaka, which I give you by this grant; you will find it by asking your way as you go along.”

When the king had said this, he gave the grant into his hands; and the *kárpaṭika* went off by night without telling his followers. He was dissatisfied, saying to himself, “How shall I be helped to conquer my enemies by a single village that will rather disgrace me? Nevertheless my sovereign’s orders must be obeyed.” So he slowly went on, and having passed Omkárapíṭha, he saw in a distant forest many maidens playing, and then he asked them this question, “Do you know where Khaṇḍavaṭaka is?” When they heard that, they answered, “We do not know; go on further; our father lives only ten *yojanas* from here; ask him; he may perhaps know of that village.”

When the maidens had said this to him, the *kárpaṭika* went on, and beheld their father, a Rákshasa of terrific appearance. He said to him, “Whereabouts here is Khaṇḍavaṭaka? Tell me, my good fellow.” And the Rákshasa, quite taken aback by his courage, said to him, “What have you got to do there? The city has been long deserted; but if you must go, listen; this road in front of you divides into two: take the one on the left hand, and go on until you reach the main entrance of Khaṇḍavaṭaka, the lofty ramparts on each side of which make it attract the eye.”

When the Rákshasa had told him this, he went on, and reached that main street, and entered that city, which, though of heavenly beauty, was deserted and awe-inspiring. And in it he entered the palace, which was surrounded with seven zones, and ascended the upper storey of it, which was made of jewels and gold. There he saw a gem-bestudded throne, and he sat down on it. Thereupon a Rákshasa came with a wand in his hand, and said to him, "Mortal, why have you sat down here on the king's throne?" When the resolute *kárpaṭika* Kṛishṇaśakti heard this, he said, "I am lord here; and you are tribute-paying house-holders whom king Vikramáditya has made over to me by his grant."

When the Rákshasa heard that, he looked at the grant, and bowing before him, said, "You are king here, and I am your warder; for the decrees of king Vikramáditya are binding everywhere." When the Rákshasa had said this, he summoned all the subjects, and the ministers and the king's retinue presented themselves there; and that city was filled with an army of four kinds of troops. And every one paid his respects to the *kárpaṭika*; and he was delighted, and performed his bathing and his other ceremonies with royal luxury.

Then, having become a king, he said to himself with amazement; "Astonishing truly is the power of king Vikramáditya; and strangely unexampled is the depth of his dignified reserve, in that he bestows a kingdom like this and calls it a village!" Full of amazement at this, he remained there ruling as a king: and Vikramáditya supported his followers in Ujjayiní.

And after some days this *kárpaṭika* become a king went eagerly to pay his respects to king Vikramáditya, shaking the earth with his army. And when he arrived and threw himself at the feet of Vikramáditya, that king said to him, "Go and put a stop to the sighs of your wife who sent you the letter." When the king despatched him with these words, Kṛishṇaśakti, full of wonder, went with his friends to his own land. There he drove out his kinsmen, and delighted his wife, who had been long pining for him; and having gained more even than he had ever wished for, enjoyed the most glorious royal fortune.

So wonderful were the deeds of king Vikramáditya.

Now one day he saw a Bráhman with every hair on his head and body standing on end; and he said to him, “What has reduced you, Bráhman, to this state?” Then the Bráhman told him his story in the following words:

Story of Devasvámin the permanently horripilant Bráhman.

There lived in Páṭaliputra a Bráhman of the name of Agnisvámin, a great maintainer of the sacrificial fire; and I am his son, Devasvámin by name. And I married the daughter of a Bráhman who lived in a distant land, and because she was a child, I left her in her father’s house. One day I mounted a mare, and went with one servant to my father-in-law’s house to fetch her. There my father-in-law welcomed me; and I set out from his house with my wife, who was mounted on the mare, and had one maid with her.

And when we had got half way, my wife got off the mare, and went to the bank of the river, pretending that she wanted to drink water. And as she remained a long time without coming back, I sent the servant, who was with me, to the bank of the river to look for her. And as he also remained a long time without coming back, I went there myself, leaving the maid to take care of the mare. And when I went and looked, I found that my wife’s mouth was stained with blood, and that she had devoured my servant, and left nothing of him but the bones.[5] In my terror I left her, and went back to find the mare, and lo! her maid had in the same way eaten that. Then I fled from the place, and the fright I got on that occasion still remains in me, so that even now I cannot prevent the hair on my head and body from standing on end.[6]

“So you, king, are my only hope.” When the Bráhman said this, Vikramáditya by his sovereign fiat relieved him of all fear. Then the king

said, “Out on it! One cannot repose any confidence in women, for they are full of daring wickedness.” When the king said this, a minister remarked, “Yes, king! women are fully as wicked as you say. By the bye, have you not heard what happened to the Bráhman Agniśarman here?”

Story of Agniśarman.[7]

There lives in this very city a Bráhman named Agniśarman, the son of Somaśarman; whom his parents loved as their life, but who was a fool and ignorant of every branch of knowledge. He married the daughter of a Bráhman in the city of Vardhamána; but her father, who was rich, would not let her leave his house, on the ground that she was a mere child.

And when she grew up, Agniśarman’s parents said to him, “Son, why do you not now go and fetch your wife?” When Agniśarman heard that, the stupid fellow went off alone to fetch her, without taking leave of his parents. When he left his house a partridge appeared on his right hand, and a jackal howled on his left hand, a sure prophet of evil.[8] And the fool welcomed the omen saying, “Hail! Hail!” and when the deity presiding over the omen heard it, she laughed at him unseen. And when he reached his father-in-law’s place, and was about to enter it, a partridge appeared on his right, and a jackal on his left, boding evil. And again he welcomed the omen, exclaiming “Hail! Hail!” and again the goddess of the omen, hearing it, laughed at him unseen. And that goddess presiding over the omen said to herself, “Why, this fool welcomes bad luck as if it were good! So I must give him the luck which he welcomes, I must contrive to save his life.” While the goddess was going through these reflections, Agniśarman entered his father-in-law’s house, and was joyfully welcomed. And his father-in-law and his family asked him, why he had come alone, and he answered them, “I came without telling any one at home.”

Then he bathed and dined in the appropriate manner, and when night came on, his wife came to his sleeping apartment adorned. But he fell asleep fatigued with the journey; and then she went out to visit a paramour of hers, a thief, who had been impaled. But, while she was embracing his body, the demon that had entered it, bit off her nose; and she fled thence in fear. And she went and placed an unsheathed[9] dagger at her sleeping husband's side; and cried out loud enough for all her relations to hear, "Alas! Alas! I am murdered; this wicked husband of mine has got up and without any cause actually cut off my nose." When her relations heard that, they came, and seeing that her nose was cut off, they beat Agniśarman with sticks and other weapons. And the next day they reported the matter to the king, and by his orders they made him over to the executioners, to be put to death, as having injured his innocent wife.

But when he was being taken to the place of execution, the goddess presiding over that omen, who had seen the proceedings of his wife during the night, said to herself, "This man has reaped the fruit of the evil omens, but as he said, 'Hail! Hail!' I must save him from execution." Having thus reflected, the goddess exclaimed unseen from the air, "Executioners, this young Bráhman is innocent; you must not put him to death: go and see the nose between the teeth of the impaled thief." When she had said this, she related the proceedings of his wife during the night. Then the executioners, believing the story, represented it to the king by the mouth of the warder, and the king, seeing the nose between the teeth of the thief, remitted the capital sentence passed on Agniśarman, and sent him home; and punished that wicked wife, and imposed a penalty on her relations[10] also.

"Such, king, is the character of women." When that minister had said this, King Vikramáditya approved his saying, exclaiming, "So it is." Then the cunning Múladeva, who was near the king, said, "King, are there no good women, though some are bad? Are there no mango-creepers, as well as poisonous creepers? In proof that there are good women, hear what happened to me."

Story of Múladeva.[11]

I went once to Páṭaliputra with Śaśin, thinking that it was the home of polished wits, and longing to make trial of their cleverness. In a tank outside that city I saw a woman washing clothes, and I put this question to her, “Where do travellers stay here?” The old woman gave me an evasive answer, saying, “Here the Brahmany ducks stay on the banks, the fish in the water, the bees in the lotuses, but I have never seen any part where travellers stay.” When I got this answer, I was quite nonplussed, and I entered the city with Śaśin.

There Śaśin saw a boy crying at the door of a house, with a warm[12] rice-pudding on a plate in front of him, and he said, “Dear me! this is a foolish child not to eat the pudding in front of him, but to vex himself with useless weeping.” When the child heard this, he wiped his eyes, and said laughing, “You fools do not know the advantages I get by crying. The pudding gradually cools and so becomes nice, and another good comes out of it; my phlegm is diminished thereby. These are the advantages I derive from crying; I do not cry out of folly; but you country bumpkins are fools because you do not see what I do it for.”

When the boy said this, Śaśin and I were quite abashed at our stupidity, and we went away astonished to another part of the town. There we saw a beautiful young lady on the trunk of a mango-tree, gathering mangoes, while her attendants stood at its foot. We said to the young lady, “Give us also some mangoes, fair one.” And she answered, “Would you like to eat your mangoes cold or hot?” When I heard that, I said to her, wishing to penetrate the mystery, “We should like, lovely one, to eat some warm ones first, and to have the others afterwards.” When she heard this, she flung down some mango-fruits into the dust on the ground. We blew the dust off them and then ate them. Then the young lady and her attendants laughed, and she said to us, “I first gave you these warm mangoes, and you cooled them by blowing on them, and then ate them; catch these cool ones, which will not require blowing on, in your clothes.” When she had said this, she threw some more fruits into the flaps of our garments.

We took them, and left that place thoroughly ashamed of ourselves. Then I said to Śaśin and my other companions, “Upon my word I must marry this clever girl, and pay her out for the way in which she has made a fool of me; otherwise what becomes of my reputation for sharpness?” When I said this to them, they found out her father’s house, and on a subsequent day we went there disguised so that we could not be recognised.

And while we were reading the Veda there, her father the Bráhman Yajnasvámin came up to us, and said, “Where do you come from?” We said to that rich and noble Bráhman, “We have come here from the city of Máyápurí to study;” thereupon he said to us, “Then stay the next four months in my house; shew me this favour, as you have come from a distant country.” When we heard this, we said, “We will do what you say, Bráhman, if you will give us, at the end of the four months, whatever we may ask for.” When we said this to Yajnasvámin, he answered, “If you ask for anything that it is in my power to give, I will certainly give it.” When he made this promise, we remained in his house. And when the four months were at an end, we said to that Bráhman, “We are going away, so give us what we ask for, as you long ago promised to do.” He said, “What is that?” Then Śaśin pointed to me and said, “Give your daughter to this man, who is our chief.” Then the Bráhman Yajnasvámin, being bound by his promise, thought, “These fellows have tricked me; never mind; there can be no harm in it; he is a deserving youth.” So he gave me his daughter with the usual ceremonies.

And when night came, I said laughing to the bride in the bridal chamber, “Do you remember those warm and those cool mangoes?” When she heard this, she recognised me, and said with a smile, “Yes, country bumpkins are tricked in this way by city wits.” Then I said to her, “Rest you fair, city wit; I vow that I the country bumpkin will desert you and go far away.” When she heard this, she also made a vow, saying, “I too am resolved, for my part, that a son of mine by you shall bring you back again.” When we had made one another these promises, she went to sleep with her face turned away, and I put my ring on her finger, while she was asleep. Then I went out, and joining my companions, started for my native city of Ujjayiní, wishing to make trial of her cleverness.

The Bráhman's daughter, not seeing me next morning, when she woke up, but seeing a ring on her finger marked with my name, said to herself, "So he has deserted me, and gone off; well, he has been as good as his word; and I must keep mine too, dismissing all regrets. And I see by this ring that his name is Múladeva; so no doubt he is that very Múladeva, who is so renowned for cunning. And people say that his permanent home is Ujjayiní; so I must go there, and accomplish my object by an artifice." When she had made up her mind to this, she went and made this false statement to her father, "My father, my husband has deserted me immediately after marriage; and how can I live here happily without him; so I will go on a pilgrimage to holy waters, and will so mortify this accursed body."

Having said this, and having wrung a permission from her unwilling father, she started off from her house with her wealth and her attendants. She procured a splendid dress suitable to a *hetæra*, and travelling along she reached Ujjayiní, and entered it as the chief beauty of the world. And having arranged with her attendants every detail of her scheme, that young Bráhman lady assumed the name of Sumangalá. And her servants proclaimed everywhere, "A *hetæra* named Sumangalá has come from Kámarúpa, and her goodwill is only to be procured by the most lavish expenditure."

Then a distinguished *hetæra* of Ujjayiní, named Devadattá, came to her, and gave her her own palace worthy of a king, to dwell in by herself. And when she was established there, my friend Śaśin first sent a message to her by a servant, saying, "Accept a present from me which is won by your great reputation." But Sumangalá sent back this message by the servant, "The lover who obeys my commands may enter here: I do not care for a present, nor for other beast-like men." Śaśin accepted the terms, and repaired at night-fall to her palace.

And when he came to the first door of the palace, and had himself announced, the door-keeper said to him, "Obey our lady's commands. Even though you may have bathed, you must bathe again here; otherwise you cannot be admitted." When Śaśin heard this, he agreed to bathe again as he was bid. Then he was bathed and anointed all over by her female slaves, in

private, and while this was going on, the first watch of the night passed away. When he arrived, having bathed, at the second door, the door-keeper said to him, “You have bathed; now adorn yourself appropriately.” He consented, and thereupon the lady’s female slaves adorned him, and meanwhile the second watch of the night came to an end. Then he reached the door of the third zone, and there the guards said to him, “Take a meal, and then enter.” He said “Very well,” and then the female slaves managed to delay him with various dishes until the third watch passed away. Then he reached at last the fourth door, that of the lady’s private apartments, but there the door-keeper reproached him in the following words, “Away, boorish suitor, lest you draw upon yourself misfortune. Is the last watch of the night a proper time for paying the first visit to a lady?” When Śaśin had been turned away in this contemptuous style by the warder, who seemed like an incarnation of untimeliness, he went away home with countenance sadly fallen.

In the same way that Bráhman’s daughter, who had assumed the name of Sumangalá, disappointed many other visitors. When I heard of it, I was moved with curiosity, and after sending a messenger to and fro I went at night splendidly adorned to her house. There I propitiated the warders at every door with magnificent presents, and I reached without delay the private apartments of that lady. And as I had arrived in time I was allowed by the door-keepers to pass the door, and I entered and saw my wife, whom I did not recognise, owing to her being disguised as a *hetæra*. But she knew me again, and she advanced towards me, and paid me all the usual civilities, made me sit down on a couch, and treated me with the attentions of a cunning *hetæra*. Then I passed the night with that wife of mine, who was the most beautiful woman of the world, and I became so attached to her, that I could not leave the house in which she was staying.

She too was devoted to me, and never left my side, until, after some days, the blackness of the tips of her breasts shewed that she was pregnant. Then the clever woman forged a letter, and shewed it to me, saying, “The king my sovereign has sent me a letter: read it.” Then I opened the letter and read as follows, “The august sovereign of the fortunate Kámarúpa, Mánasinha,

sends thence this order to Sumangalá, ‘Why do you remain so long absent? Return quickly, dismissing your desire of seeing foreign countries.’”

When I had read this letter, she said to me with affected grief, “I must depart; do not be angry with me; I am subject to the will of others.” Having made this false excuse, she returned to her own city Páṭaliputra: but I did not follow her, though deeply in love with her, as I supposed that she was not her own mistress.

And when she was in Páṭaliputra, she gave birth in due time to a son. And that boy grew up and learned all the accomplishments. And when he was twelve years old, that boy in a childish freak happened to strike with a creeper a fisherman’s son of the same age. When the fisherman’s son was beaten, he flew in a passion and said, “You beat me, though nobody knows who your father is; for your mother roamed about in foreign lands, and you were born to her by some husband or other.”[13]

When this was said to the boy, he was put to shame; so he went and said to his mother, “Mother, who and where is my father? Tell me!” Then his mother, the daughter of the Bráhman, reflected a moment, and said to him, “Your father’s name is Múladeva: he deserted me, and went to Ujjayiní.” After she had said this, she told him her whole story from the beginning. Then the boy said to her, “Mother, then I will go and bring my father back a captive; I will make your promise good.”

Having said this to his mother, and having been told by her how to recognise me, the boy set out thence, and reached this city of Ujjayiní. And he came and saw me playing dice in the gambling-hall, making certain of my identity from the description his mother had given him, and he conquered in play all who were there. And he astonished every one there by shewing such remarkable cunning, though he was a mere child. Then he gave away to the needy all the money he had won at play. And at night he artfully came and stole my bedstead from under me, letting me gently down on a heap of cotton, while I was asleep. So when I woke up, and saw myself on a heap of cotton, without a bedstead, I was at once filled with mixed feelings of shame, amusement and astonishment.

Then, king, I went at my leisure to the market-place, and roaming about, I saw that boy there selling the bedstead. So I went up to him and said, “For what price will you give me this bedstead?” Then the boy said to me, “You cannot get the bedstead for money, crest-jewel of cunning ones; but you may get it by telling some strange and wonderful story.” When I heard that, I said to him, “Then I will tell you a marvellous tale. And if you understand it and admit that it is really true, you may keep the bedstead; but if you say that it is not true and that you do not believe it,[14] you will be illegitimate, and I shall get back the bedstead. On this condition I agree to tell you a marvel; and now listen!—Formerly there was a famine in the kingdom of a certain king; that king himself cultivated the back of the beloved of the boar with great loads of spray from the chariots of the snakes. Enriched with the grain thus produced the king put a stop to the famine among his subjects, and gained the esteem of men.”

When I said this, the boy laughed and said, “The chariots of the snakes are clouds; the beloved of the boar is the earth, for she is said to have been most dear to Vishṇu in his Boar incarnation; and what is there to be astonished at in the fact that rain from the clouds made grain to spring on the earth?”

When the cunning boy had said this, he went on to say to me, who was astonished at his cleverness, “Now I will tell you a strange tale. If you understand it, and admit that it is really true, I will give you back this bedstead, otherwise you shall be my slave.”

I answered “Agreed;” and then the cunning boy said this, “Prince of knowing ones, there was born long ago on this earth a wonderful boy, who, as soon as he was born, made the earth tremble with the weight of his feet, and when he grew bigger, stepped into another world.”

When the boy said this, I, not knowing what he meant, answered him, “It is false; there is not a word of truth in it.” Then the boy said to me, “Did not Vishṇu, as soon as he was born, stride across the earth, in the form of a dwarf, and make it tremble? And did he not, on that same occasion, grow bigger, and step into heaven? So you have been conquered by me, and reduced to slavery. And these people present in the market are witnesses to

our agreement. So, wherever I go, you must come along with me." When the resolute boy had said this, he laid hold of my arm with his hand; and all the people there testified to the justice of his claim.

Then, having made me his prisoner, bound by my own agreement, he, accompanied by his attendants, took me to his mother in the city of Páṭaliputra. And then his mother looked at him, and said to me, "My husband, my promise has to-day been made good, I have had you brought here by a son of mine begotten by you." When she had said this, she related the whole story in the presence of all.

Then all her relations respectfully congratulated her on having accomplished her object by her wisdom, and on having had her disgrace wiped out by her son. And I, having been thus fortunate, lived there for a long time with that wife, and that son, and then returned to this city of Ujjayiní.

"So you see, king, honourable matrons are devoted to their husbands, and it is not the case that all women are always bad." When king Vikramáditya had heard this speech from the mouth of Múladeva, he rejoiced with his ministers. Thus hearing, and seeing, and doing wonders, that king Vikramáditya[15] conquered and enjoyed all the divisions of the earth.

"When the hermit Kanva had told during the night this story of Vishamaśíla, dealing with separations and reunions, he went on to say to me who was cut off from the society of Madanamanchuká; 'Thus do unexpected separations and reunions of beings take place, and so you, Naraváhanadatta, shall soon be reunited to your beloved. Have recourse to patience, and you shall enjoy for a long time, son of the king of Vatsa, surrounded by your wives and ministers, the position of a beloved emperor of the Vidyádharas.' This admonition of the hermit Kanva enabled me to recover patience; and so I got through my time of separation, and I gradually obtained wives, magic, science, and the sovereignty over the Vidyádharas. And I told you before, great hermits, how I obtained all these by the favour of Śiva, the giver of boons."

By telling this his tale, in the hermitage of Kaśyapa, Naraváhanadatta delighted his mother's brother Gopálaka and all the hermits. And after he had passed there the days of the rainy season, he took leave of his uncle and the hermits in the grove of asceticism, and mounting his chariot, departed thence with his wives and his ministers, filling the air with the hosts of his Vidyádharas. And in course of time he reached the mountain of Ṛishabha his dwelling-place; and he remained there delighting in the enjoyments of empire, in the midst of the kings of the Vidyádharas, with queen Madanamanchuká, and Ratnaprabhá and his other wives; and his life lasted for a *kalpa*.

This is the story called Vṛihatkathá, told long ago, on the summit of mount Kailása, by the undaunted[16] Śiva, at the request of the daughter of the Himálaya, and then widely diffused in the world by Pushpadanta and his fellows, who were born on the earth wearing the forms of Kátyáyana and others, in consequence of a curse. And on that occasion that god her husband attached the following blessing to this tale, "Whoever reads this tale that issued from my mouth, and whoever listens to it with attention, and whoever possesses it, shall soon be released from his sins, and triumphantly attain the condition of a splendid Vidyádhara, and enter my everlasting world."

End of the Collection of Tales called the Kathá Sarit Ságara.

1

The *khaṭvánga*, a club shaped like the foot of a bedstead, *i. e.*, a staff with a skull at the top, considered as the weapon of Śiva and carried by ascetics and Yogis. For *karaḥ* the MSS give *ravaḥ*. This would mean that the ascetic was beating his drum. The word in No. 1882 might be *khaḥ* but is no doubt meant for *ravaḥ*.

2

Cp. Vol. II, p. 243.

3

I separate *pratijná* from *siddhim*.

4

It is possible that this may be the original of the 4th story in the 10th day of the Decamerone.

5

See Vol. I, p. 212, and Lieutenant Temple's article Lamia in the Antiquary for August, 1882. Terrible man-eating Sirens are described in the Valáhassajátaka to which Dr. Morris called attention in a letter in the Academy. Cp. Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 142.

6

No. 3003 and the Sanskrit College MS. give *antaḥsthena* for *sambhramayya*. No. 1882 has *tva-taḥsthena*; an insect has devoured the intermediate letter.

7

This is substantially the same story as the second in chapter 77.

8

See Vol. I. pp. 465 and 578.

9

Vikrośám is a misprint for *vikośám*. The latter is found in MS. No. 1882 and the Sanskrit College MS. and, I think, in No. 3003; but the letter is not very well formed.

10

The word *badhúnś* is evidently a misprint for *bandhúnś*: as appears from the MSS.

11

This story is known in Europe, and may perhaps be the original source of Shakespeare's "All's Well that Ends Well." At any rate there is a slight resemblance in the leading idea of the two stories. It bears a close resemblance to the story of Sorfarina, No. 36 in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, and to that of Sapia in the Pentamerone of Basile. In the Sicilian and in the Neapolitan tale a prince is angry with a young lady who, when teaching him, gave him a box on the ear, and marries her in order to avenge himself by ill-treating her; but finding that he has, without suspecting it, had three children by her, he is obliged to seek a reconciliation. Dr. Köhler in his note on the Sicilian tale gives no other parallel than Basile's tale, which is the 6th of the Vth day, Vol. II, p. 204 of Liebrecht's translation.

12

I think we should read *ushṇe*. I believe that Nos. 1882 and 3003 have this, judging from the way in which *shṇ* is usually formed in those MSS.

13

Cp. Ralston's Tibetan Tales, p. 89.

14

I read *pratyayo na me* which I find in the Taylor MS. and which makes sense. I take the words as part of the boy's speech. "It is untrue; I do not believe it." But *vakshyasyapratyayena me* would also make sense. The Sanskrit College MS. supports Brockhaus's text.

15

In the original there is the following note, "Here ends the tale of King Vikramáditya."

16

Having reached the end of my translation, I am entitled to presume that this epithet refers to the extraordinary length of the Kathá Sarit Ságara.

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Colophon

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The various Addenda and Corrigenda (including those in Volume II) to this text have been integrated into the main text.

Corrections

The following corrections have been applied to the text:

Page	**Source**	**Correction**
IV	Siva's	Śiva's
IV, VI, VII, VII, X, 38, 75, 93,	[*Not in source*]	,

104, 105, 106, 142, 143, 143, 150, 245, 376, 376, 37, 41, N.A., 233, 242, 258, 267, N.A., 370, 371, 380, 417, 435, 460, 482, 596, 624, 641, 652, 667, 669, 676, 680		
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ix, 644, 644, 645, 645, 645, 650, 661, 669	Brahman	Bráhman
xii, 663	Ṭhinṭhákarála	Ṭhiṇṭhákarála
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1, 324, 461, 513	Siva	Śiva
5	[*Not in source*]	See note on page 281.
5	Kánabhúti	Káṇabhúti
6, 339, 642, 644, 651, 660, 661, 661	,	;
6, 12, 217, 368, 525, 535, 18, 67, 85, 114, 163, 207, 214, 325, 358	[*Not in source*]	"
6	Síva	Śiva

6, 12, [*Not in source*] ”
28, 33,
39, 39,
39, 68,
99, 135,
143,
187,
195,
200,
200,
208,
221,
243,
251,
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438,
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453,
462,
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561,
565,
634, 16,
18, 19,

23, N.A., 57, 61, 71, 78, 110, 115, 135, 161, 170, 185, 199, 214, 225, 258, 285, 299, 306, 307, 309, 317, 324, 357, 382, 391, 419, 423, 453, 522, 552, 558, 567		
7	Vyâḍi	Vyáḍi
12	Páṭalá	Páṭalí
12	[*Not in source*]	In one of Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, Vogelkopf und Vogelherz (p. 90) a

		boy named Fortunat eats the heart of the Glücksvogel and under his pillow every day are found three ducats. See also Der Vogel Goldschweif, in Gaal's Märchen der Magyaren, p. 195.
14, 99, 377, 468, 68, 74, 94, 263, 327, 351, 357, 656, 664, 665, 665 .		,
14	maccaroni	macaroni
20	[*Not in source*]	General Cunningham is of opinion that the *dénouement* of this story is represented in one of the Bharhut Sculptures; see his Stúpa of Bharhut, p. 53.
20	[*Not in source*]	A faint echo of this story is found in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, No. 55, pp.

		359–362. Cp. also No. 72(*b*) in the Novellæ Morlini. (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 497.)
20, 46, 68, 169, 172, 253, 255, 267, 273, 277, 281, 281, 297, 371, 407, 451, 520, 521, 559, 560, 17, 20, 38, 43, 48, 50, 51, 56, 78, 80, 89, 114, 117, 145, 154, 154, 158, 160,	[*Not in source*]	.

188,
213,
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374,
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433,
437,
460,
462,
462,
462,
469,
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486,
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490,
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494,
494,
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500,
502,
520,
524,
528,

584, 590, 606, 647, 662, 664, 669, 678		
20	Melusine	Mélusine
22		There is a slight resemblance to this story in Sagas from the Far East, p. 222. By this it may be connected with a cycle of European tales about princes with ferine skin &c. Apparently a treatise has been written on this story by Herr Varnhagen. It is mentioned in the *Saturday Review* of 22nd July, 1882 as, "Ein Indisches Märchen auf seiner Wanderung durch die Asiatischen und Europäischen Litteraturen."
	[*Not in source*]	
25	[*Not in source*]	So Sigfrid hears two birds talking above his head in Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 345. In the story

		of Lalitánga extracted by Professor Nilmani Mukerjea from a collection of Jaina tales called the Kathá Kosha, and printed in his Sáhitya Parichaya, Part II, we have a similar incident.
25, 539, 540, 540, 540, 540, 185, 185, 186, 186, 186, 186, 186, 276, 370, 370, 370,		
371, 371	canvass	canvas
N.A., 310	Yudhisthira	Yudhishṭhira
N.A.	[*Not in source*]	The reader will find similar questioning demons described in Veckenstedt's

		Wendische Sagen, pp. 54–56, and 109.
28, 135, 217, 217, 380, 504, 200, 217, 227, 280, 378, 551, 624	”	[*Deleted*]
30	performing	presiding at
33	Guṇáḍya	Guṇáḍhya
36	[*Not in source*]	For a similar Zaubergarten see Liebrecht’s translation of Dunlop’s History of Fiction, p. 251, and note 325; and Gonzenbach’s Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 224. To this latter story there is a very close parallel in Játaka No. 220, (Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 188) where Sakko makes a garden for the Bodhisattva, who is threatened with

		death by the king, if it is not done.
38		The incident is related in Táránátha's Geschichte des Buddhismus in Indien, uebersetzt
	[*Not in source*]	von Schiefner, p. 74.
40		See also the 60th Tale in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p.
	[*Not in source*]	17.
41	Śarvavarmá	Śarvavarman
41, 116, 362, 365, 199, 310, 443	Krishṇa	Kṛishṇa
42		This belief seems to be very general in Wales, see Wirt Sikes, British Goblins, p. 113. See also Kuhn's Herabkunft des Feuers, p. 93, De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology,
	[*Not in source*]	Vol. II, p. 285.
42	Shakespear	Shakespeare
43	Gurudatta's	Govindadatta's
44	[*Not in source*]	See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p.

		241, where Prince Ivan by the help of his tutor Katoma propounds to the Princess Anna the fair, a riddle which enables him to win her as his wife.
47	Vidhyádharas	Vidyádharas
53, 67, 68, 68, 69, 74, 74, 186, 191, 270, 279, 279, 279, 279, 280, 280, 292, 295, 295, 295, 296, 296, 300, 300, 300, 301, 304, 305, 306, 315,	Yaugandharáyana	Yaugandharáyaṇa

326, 327, 402, 2		
53	[*Not in source*]	Cp. the story of Amys and Amylion, Ellis's Early English Romances, pp. 597 and 598, the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 367; Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 73; Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 268; Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, p. 354, with Dr. Köhler's notes.
58	the god with the bull-blazoned banner	the god whose emblem is a bull
58, 159, 183, 340, 376, 2, 65, N.A., 154, 267, 452	Weckenstedt's	Veckenstedt's
59, 213, 239, 483, 550	[*Not in source*]	'
60	calleds	called
67	[*Not in source*]	Cp. the perturbation of King Samson in

		Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 26, and Spence Hardy's Manual of Buddhism (1860) pp. 129 and 130.
70	[*Not in source*]	Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 72.
70	[*Not in source*]	In the Gehörnte Siegfried (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III, pp. 368 and 416), the hero is made invulnerable everywhere but between the shoulders, by being smeared with the melted fat of a dragon. Cp. also the story of Achilles. For the transformation of Chaṇḍamahásena into a boar see Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, pp. 144, 145, and Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 14.

70	[*Not in source*]	See also Schöppner's Geschichte der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, p. 258.
77	[*Not in source*]	Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 124.
77	[*Not in source*]	See also the story of Heinrich der Löwe, Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 8. Dr. Köhler refers to the story of Herzog Ernst. The incident will be found in Simrock's version of the story, at page 308 of the IIIrd Volume of his Deutsche Volksbücher.
79	[*Not in source*]	The legend of Garuḍa and the Bálakhilyas is found in the Mahábhárata, see De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, p. 95.
80	.	, but Josephus in Ant. Jud. XVIII, 3, tells it of a Roman knight named Mundus, who fell in love with Paulina the

		wife of Saturninus, and by corrupting the priestess of Isis was enabled to pass himself off as Anubis. On the matter coming to the ears of Tiberius, he had the temple of Isis destroyed, and the priests crucified. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, Vol. II, p. 27. Liebrecht's German translation, p. 232). A similar story is told by the Pseudo-Callisthenes of Nectanebos and Olympias.
80	[*Not in source*]	Cp. Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, No. LXXI, p. 155.
81	[*Not in source*]	poi,
81	dí	dì
86	la	La
90	stupify	stupefy
91	Śaktimati	Śaktimatí
N.A.	[*Not in source*]	The story of Śaktimatí is the 19th in the Śuka Saptati. I have been presented by Professor Nílmani

		Mukhopádhyáya with a copy of a MS. of this work made by Babu Umeśa Chandra Gupta.
93		In Gonzenbach'a Sicilianische Märchen, No. 55, Vol. I, p. 359, Epomata plays some young men much the same trick as Devasmitá, and they try in much the same way to conceal their disgrace. The story is the second in my copy of the Śuka Saptati.
	[*Not in source*]	
98	he went and begged the hermit to give him to her in marriage	he went and begged the hermit to give her to him in marriage
98	[*Not in source*]	Bernhard Schmidt in his Griechische Märchen, page 37, mentions a very similar story, which he connects with that of Admetos and Alkestis. In a popular ballad of Trebisond, a young man named Jannis, the only son of his parents, is

		about to be married, when Charon comes to fetch him. He supplicates St. George, who obtains for him the concession, that his life may be spared, in case his father will give him half the period of life still remaining to him. His father refuses, and in the same way his mother. At last his betrothed gives him half her allotted period of life, and the marriage takes place. The story of Ruru is found in the Ádiparva of the Mahábhárata, see Lévêque, Mythes et Légendes de l'Inde, pp. 278, and 374.
102	colére	colère
102	[*Not in source*]	Cp. Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties, p. 131.
103	[*Not in source*]	This story bears a certain resemblance to the termination of Alles aus einer Erbse,

		Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 22. See also page 220 of the same collection.
103	[*Not in source*]	In the Pentamerone of Basile, Tale 22, a princess is set afloat in a box, and found by a king, whose wife she eventually becomes. There is a similar incident in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 220.
104	[*Not in source*]	Liebrecht, in note 485 to page 413 of his translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, compares this story with one in The Thousand and One Days of a princess of Kashmír, who was so beautiful that every one who saw her went mad, or pined away. He also mentions an Arabian tradition with respect to the Thracian sorceress Rhodope. "The Arabs believe that one of the pyramids is

		haunted by a guardian spirit in the shape of a beautiful woman, the mere sight of whom drives men mad." He refers also to Thomas Moore, the Epicurean, Note 6 to Chapter VI, and the Adventures of Hatim Tai, translated by Duncan Forbes, p. 18.
110	Sitá	Sítá
110	Kuntibhoga	Kuntibhoja
112	Vasantaka's	Vasantaka
115	stupifying	stupefying
117	forbad	forbade
119	[*Not in source*]	See Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages (New Edition, 1869) p. 170. In a startling announcement of the birth of Antichrist which appeared in 1623, purporting to come from the brothers of the Order of St. John, the following passage occurs,—"The child is dusky, has pleasant mouth and eyes,

		teeth pointed like those of a cat, ears large, stature by no means exceeding that of other children; *the said child, incontinent on his birth, walked and talked perfectly well*."
121	[*Not in source*]	See also Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 41.
121	thought,	, thought
122, 18, 453, 482	?	.
122	Vaśishta	Vaśishṭa
122	Śachi	Śachí
126	[*Not in source*]	The same idea is found in the 39th Játaka, p. 322 of Rhys Davids' translation, and in the 257th Játaka, Vol. II, p. 297 of Fausböll's edition.
128	Âdityasena	Ádityasena
130	[*Not in source*]	See the remarks in Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 237.
133, 159, 561,	Aethiopica	Æthiopica

262, 267, 464		
138		See also the 30th page of Lenormant's Chaldæan Magic and Sorcery, English translation.
	[*Not in source*]	
140, 572	‘	“
142	Wir	Wirt
142		See also the story of Heinrich der Löwe, Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, pp. 21 and 22.
	[*Not in source*]	
142		Cp. also Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, pp. 365 and 432, Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 76; and Prym und Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 72. See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction pp. xlix and 1.
	[*Not in source*]	
150	regio	Regio
151		Probably the expression means “flexible, well-tempered sword,” as Professor Nílmani Mukhopádhyáya has suggested to me.
	[*Not in source*]	

154		See also Wirt Sikes, British Goblins, pp. 200, and 201; Henderson's Northern Folk-lore, p. 19, Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, pp. 128, 213. Professor Jebb, in his notes on Theophrastus' Superstitious man, observes "The object of all those ceremonies, in which the offerings were carried round the person or place to be purified, was to trace a charmed circle within which the powers of evil should not come."
	[*Not in source*]	
154		Cp. also Grössler's Sagen aus der Grafschaft Mansfeld, p. 217, Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, p. 56; Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 226.
	[*Not in source*]	
155, 235,	Ganeśa	Gaṇeśa

319, 362, 362, 405, 479, 483, 570, 133, 157, 362, 386, 387, 505		
157	[*Not in source*]	In Icelandic Sagas a man with meeting eyebrows is said to be a werewolf. The same idea holds in Denmark, also in Germany, whilst in Greece it is a sign that a man is a Brukolak or Vampire. (Note by Baring-Gould in Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties).
157	[*Not in source*]	The same idea is found in Bohemia, see Grohmann's Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 210. Cp. Grimm's Irische Märchen, p. cviii.
159	Kálarátṛi	Kálarátri

159	[*Not in source*]	See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 115.
N.A.	[*Not in source*]	There is a certain resemblance in this story to that of Equitan in Murie's lays. See Ellis's Early English Metrical Romances, pp. 46 and 47. It also resembles the story of Lalitánga extracted from the Kathá Kosha by Professor Nilmani Mukerjea in his Sáhitya Parichaya, Part II, and the conclusion of the story of Damannaka from the same source found in his Part I. The story of Fridolin is also found in Schöppner's Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande, Vol. I, p. 204.
166	[*Not in source*]	See also Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 38. "A popular

		ballad referring to the story of Digenis gives him a life of 300 years, and represents his death as due to his killing a hind that had on its shoulder the image of the Virgin Mary, a legend the foundation of which is possibly a recollection of the old mythological story of the hind of Artemis killed by Agamemnon." [Sophoclis Electra, 568.] In the Romance of Doolin of Mayence Guyon kills a hermit by mistake for a deer. (Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 138) See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, pp. 84–86.
167	Kâma	Káma
173	jewelléd	jewelled
174	you	we
183	les	[*Deleted*]

183	[*Not in source*]	See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 277 and *ff.*
185	Addenda2	In the 33rd of the Syrian stories collected by Prym and Socin we have a king of snakes and water of life.
186	Jímútavahána	Jímútaváhana
188	[*Not in source*]	a
189	[*Not in source*]	For the idea see note on page 305.
191	Vasaṇtaka	Vasantaka
201	"	[*Deleted*]
203	Ḥarasvámin	Harasvámin
205	Śaktivega	Śaktideva
205	[*Not in source*]	Lenormant in his Chaldæan Magic and Sorcery, p. 41, (English Translation), observes: "We must add to the number of those mysterious rites the use of certain enchanted drinks, which doubtless really contained medicinal drugs, as a cure for diseases, and also of magic knots, the

		efficacy of which was firmly believed in, even up to the middle ages." See also Ralston's Songs of the Russian people, p. 288.
206	[*Not in source*]	Cp. also Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 56.
206	[*Not in source*]	We have a similar incident in Melusine, p. 447, The story is entitled La Montagne Noire on Les Filles du Diable. See also the Pentamerone of Basile, Tale 49, Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 76; Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, pp. 37 and 255 and ff; and Dasent's Norse Tales, pp. 31–32, 212–213, and 330–331.
208	Satyavrata	Śaktideva
217, 224, 204, 275, 276	Marchen	Märchen
218	Visvámitra	Viśvámitra
220	Ásḥáḍha	Ásháḍha

221		Cp. the Glücksvogel in Prym and Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 269, and the eagle which carries Chaucer in the House of Fame. In the story of Lalitánga, extracted by Professor Nilmani Mukerjea from the Kathá Kosha, a collection of Jaina stories, a Bháruṇḍa carries the hero to the city of Champá. There he cures the princess by a remedy, the knowledge of which he had acquired by overhearing a conversation among the birds.
	[*Not in source*]	
224		In Wirt Sikes's British Goblins, p. 84, a draught from a forbidden well has the same effect.
	[*Not in source*]	
225	Śaktídeva	Śaktideva
230	Yakshi	Yakshí
232	Chandrapabhá	Chandraprabhá
237	[*Not in source*]	See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus

		Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 90.
237		This idea is found in the Telapattajátaka, Fausböll, Vol. I, p. 393.
	[*Not in source*]	
238, 73	and and	and
239, 311	disagreable	disagreeable
243	hís	his
244	palankeen	palanquin
249	Kunti	Kuntí
253		A very striking parallel will be found in Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, Story No. 3, p. 68. In this story the three Moirai predict evil. The young prince is saved by his sister, from being burnt, and from falling over a precipice when a child, and from a snake on his wedding-day. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, pp. 301–302.
	[*Not in source*]	
253	[*Not in source*]	Cp. also Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, No. 51, Pedro e Pedrito, p. 118, and

		Grimm's Irische Märchen, pp. 106, 107. In the Gagga Játaka, No. 135, Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 15, the Buddha tells how the custom of saying "Jíva" or "God bless you" originated. A Yakka was allowed to eat all who did not say "Jíva" and "Paṭijíva." Zimmer in his Alt-Indisches Leben, p. 60, quotes from the Atharva Veda, "vor Unglück-bedeutendem Niesen."
254	[*Not in source*]	See also Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors, Book IV ch. 9, "Of saluting upon sneezing."
255	Pisácha	Piśácha
256, 276	Kalingásená	Kalingasená
258	Göthe	Goethe
259, 160, 609	"	'
263	[*Not in source*]	Compare also the way in which the gardener in "Das Rosmarinsträuchlein," Kaden's Unter den

		Olivenbäumen, p. 12, acquires some useful information. The story of Kírtisená from this point to the cure of the king closely resembles the latter half of Die Zauberkugeln in the same collection.
263		A striking parallel will be found in Basile's Pentamerone, Vol. I, p. 166. See also Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 272; Gaal, Die Märchen der Magyaren, p. 178; Coelho, Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 47. In Waldau's Story there is a strange similarity in the behaviour of the king, on first seeing the young physician, to that of Vasudatta. See also the Sixth Tale in Ralston's Tibetan Tales and the remarks in the Introduction, p. li.
274	Harisárman	Hariśarman

276		So Arthur in the Romance of Artus de la Bretagne (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 107) falls in love with a lady he sees in a dream. Liebrecht in his note at the end of the book tells us that this is a common occurrence in Romances, being found in Amadis of Greece, Palmerin of Oliva, the Romans de Sept Sages, the Fabliau of the Chevalier à la Trappe, the Nibelungen Lied, &c., and ridiculed by Chaucer in his Rime of Sir Topas. He also refers to Athenæus, p. 575, and the Hermotimus of Lucian.
	[*Not in source*]	
283	Bráhman-Rakshasa	Bráhman-Rákshasa
286		Cp. the story of St. Macarius.
	[*Not in source*]	
289	Hola	Holla
290	[*Not in source*]	See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I,

		pp. 265, 313, 441–444, and 447, where peas are used for the same purpose. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, p. 165.
290		See also Perrault's Le petit Poucet; Basile's Pentamerone, No. 48.
	[*Not in source*]	
305	[*Not in source*]	Cp. also the following passage from Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. II, p. 78. "Borlase quotes from Martin's Western Islands. 'The same lustration by carrying of fire is performed round about women after child-bearing, and round about children before they are christened, as an effectual means to preserve both the mother and the infant from the power of evil spirits.'" Brand compares the Amphidromia at Athens. See Kuhn's Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, pp.

		125, and 289: Vol. II, pp. 17 and 33–34.
305	Veckenstedt	Veckenstedt
305		The same notion will be found in Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, pp. 17, 64, 89, 91;
	[*Not in source*]	Vol. II, p. 43.
306	Virúpaksha	Virúpáksha
306		For treasures and their guardians see Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 243 and *ff.*, and for the candle of human fat, Vol. II, pp. 333 and 335 of the same work. Cp. also Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, pp. 251
	[*Not in source*]	and 262–270.
309, 499, 509, 519, 556, 599, 650	:	;
312	[*Not in source*]	The author of Sagas from the Far East remarks; "Serpent-Cultus was of very

ancient observance, and is practised by both followers of Bráhmanism and Buddhism. The Bráhmans seem to have desired to show their disapproval of it by placing the serpent-gods in the lower ranks of their mythology, (Lassen. I, 707 and 544, n. 2). This cultus, however, seems to have received a fresh development about the time of Aśoka *circa* 250 B. C. (Vol. II, p. 467). When Madhyantika went into Cashmere and Gandhára to teach Buddhism after the holding of the third synod, it is mentioned that he found sacrifices to serpents practised there (II. 234, 235). There is a passage in Plutarch from which it appears to have been the custom to sacrifice an old woman (previously

		condemned to death for some crime) to the serpent-gods by burying her alive on the banks of the Indus (II. 467, note 4) Ktesias also mentions the serpent worship (II. 642). In Buddhist legends serpents are often mentioned as protecting patrons of certain towns. (Sagas from the Far East, p. 355). See also Mr. F. S. Growse's Mathurá memoir, p. 71.
319	Naraváhana	Naraváhanadatta
327	[*Not in source*]	See also Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 301; Vol. III, p. 12; Vol. VI, p. 289. Lucian in his De Deâ Syriâ ch. 32, speaks of a precious stone of the name of λυχνίς which was bright enough to light up a whole temple at night. We read in the history of the Pseudo-

		Callisthenes, Book II, ch. 42, that Alexander found in the belly of a fish a precious stone which he had set in gold and used at night as a lamp. See also Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, p. 42.
327		See Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 155; Ariosto, Orlando
	[*Not in source*]	Furioso, III, 14.
327	Vasavadattá	Vásavadattá
336		Cp. Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, pp.
	[*Not in source*]	165 and 166.
336	Turuskha	Turushka
337	Śringotpádiní	Śṛingotpádiní
338	[*Not in source*]	The incident in Sicilianische Märchen closely resembles one in the story of Fortunatus as told in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III, p. 175. There is a pipe that compels all the hearers to dance in Hug of Bordeaux, Vol. X, p. 263, and a very similar fairy harp in Wirt Sikes's

		British Goblins, p. 97; and a magic fiddle in Das Goldene Schachspiel, a story in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 160. A fiddler in Bartsch's Sagen aus Meklenburg, (Vol. I, p. 130) makes a girl spin round like a top. From that day she was lame. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, pp. 182 and 288, and Baring Gould, IInd Series, p. 152.
338	[*Not in source*]	Kuhn, in his Westfälische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 183, mentions a belief that horns grew on the head of one who looked at the Wild Huntsman. It is just possible that this notion may be derived from the story of Actæon. A statue found in the ruins of the villa of Antoninus Pius near Lavinium represents

		him with his human form and with the horns just sprouting. (Engravings from Ancient Marbles in the British Museum, Plate XLV.) Cp. also the story of Cipus in Ovid's Metamorphoses XV, 552–621. For the magic pipe see Grimm's Irische Märchen, Einleitung, p. lxxxiii; Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 264. Remarks on the pipe and horns will be found in Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction pp. liv–lvi.
339, 342, 139, 140, 140, 220, 293, 332, 645	Váránasí	Váráṇasí
339	Mathura	Mathurá
339, 39, 322, 327, 367,	,	.

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675, 675

340	[*Not in source*]	Cp. with the string the gold rings in the Volsunga Saga, Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, p. 30. In Ovid's Metamorphoses VIII, 850, and ff. there is an account of Mestra's transformations. Neptune gave her the power of transforming herself

		whenever she was sold by her father. See also the story of Achelous and Hercules in book IX of the Metamorphoses; Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, p. 229, where we have the incident of the selling; Waldau, Böhmische Märchen, p. 125; Coelho Contos Portuguezes, p. 32.
341	Charana	Charan
343	[*Not in source*]	Cp. also Miss Keary's Heroes of Asgard, p. 223, where Loki and Idúna in the forms of a falcon and a sparrow are pursued by the giant Thiassi in the shape of an eagle.
345, 502	Vidhyádhara	Vidyádhara
347, 675	Kárpatika	Kárpaṭika
349, 462, 569, 10, 98, 462, 641, 644, 646,	,	[*Deleted*]

647, 647, 652, 652, 652, 662, 670		
352	this	these
353, 91, 208	.	?
354	Madanamála	Madanamálá
355	[*Not in source*]	Another parallel is to be found in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 168. See also Sagas from the Far East, p. 268; Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, p. 105.
355	[*Not in source*]	See Volsunga Saga in Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, pp. 8 and 9.
356	Vijayakhetra	Vijayakshetra
356, 274, 462	,)	),
359	you you	you
360	Agnisikha	Agniśikha
360	[*Not in source*]	and Wirt Sikes's British Goblins, p. 39
360	[*Not in source*]	In a Welsh story (Professor Rhys, Welsh Tales, p. 8) a young man discovers his lady-love by the

		way in which her sandals are tied. There are only two to choose from, and he seems to have depended solely upon his own observation.
360	Śringabhuja	Śṛingabhuja
361	[*Not in source*]	So in No. 83 of the Sicilianische Märchen the ants help Carnfedda because he once crumbled his bread for them.
362	Rúpasikha	Rúpaśikhá
364	[*Not in source*]	See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 508.
364	[*Not in source*]	In Prym and Socin's Syrische Märchen, No. LXII, page 250, the flea believes himself to be dead, and tells every one so.
368, 101	[*Not in source*]	-
369	is	in
382, 641	Adikhasangamá	Adhikasangamá
382	Adhikhasangamá	Adhikasangamá
385	[*Not in source*]	In Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. I, p. 44,

		Hilda reunites, as fast as she is cut in two, but at last Dietrich, by the advice of Hildebrand, steps between the two pieces, and interferes with the *vis medicatrix*. Baring Gould seems to identify this story of Indívarasena with that of St. George. In his essay on that hero-saint, (p. 305, New Edition,) he observes, "In the Kathá Sarit Ságara a hero fights a demon monster, and releases a beautiful woman from his thraldom. The story, as told by Soma Deva, has already progressed, and assumed a form similar to that of Perseus and Andromeda.
387	[*Not in source*]	See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 474. See also De

		Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, p. 328, Vol. II, p. 317.
387		The story of Amys and Amylion, in Ellis's Metrical Romances, resembles closely the tale, as given by Grimm and Gonzenbach. So too do the 7th and 9th stories of the 1st day in the Pentamerone of Basile, and the 52nd in Coelho's Contos Populares Portuguezes, p. 120. Perhaps the oldest mythological pair of brothers are the Aśvins, who have their counterpart in the Dioscuri and in Heracles and Iphiclus.
	[*Not in source*]	
388	Adityaprabhá	Ádityaprabhá
393		See also the romance of Parthenopex of Blois in Dunlop's History of Fiction, (Liebrecht's translation, p. 175).
	[*Not in source*]	
393	[*Not in source*]	See Liebrecht's translation of the

		Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. I, p. 55.
397		See also the Pentamerone of Basile, Vol. II, p. 131, and the Ucchanga Játaka, No. 67 in Dr. Fausböll's edition.
	[*Not in source*]	
398	..	.
401	Pránadhara	Práṇadhara
408	Vírábhaṭa	Vírabhaṭa
413	Lavánaka	Lávánaka
413	Virabhaṭa	Vírabhaṭa
418		Cp. Livy I, 39; and Le Lotus de la Bonne Loi (Burnouf) p. 4.
	[*Not in source*]	
432	Sumundika	Sumundíka
434, 442	Srutaśarman	Śrutaśarman
441	Durandhara	Dhurandhara
442	soiltary	solitary
445, 478	Uchchaiḥśravas	Uchchhaiḥśravas
N.A.	[*Not in source*]	Cp. the institution of the φαρμακοὶ connected with the worship of Apollo! Preller, Griechische Mythologie, Vol. I, p. 202; see also pp. 240 and 257 and Vol. II, pp. 310 and 466; Herodotus VII, 197; Plato, Min. p. 315, C;

		Preller, Römische Mythologie, p. 104.
448	Trikúta	Trikúṭa
453	Kambalika	Kambala
456	Tvashṭri	Tvashṭṛi
456	Tvashtṛi	Tvashṭṛi
457	Śatrubhata	Śatrubhaṭa
457	Vyághra-bhaṭa	Vyághrabhaṭa
464		Cp. also Grössler, Sagen der Grafschaft Mansfeld, p. 192. See the remarkable statement in Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 31, quoted from Pausanias I, 22, 1, to the effect that the story of Phædra was known to
	[*Not in source*]	"Barbarians."
465	[*Not in source*]	See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, p. 313, and Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, pp. 374–378, and 404. For similar superstitions in ancient Greece see Jebb's Characters of Theophrastus, p. 163, "The

		superstitious man, if a weasel run across his path, will not pursue his walk until some one else has traversed the road, or until he has thrown three stones across it. When he sees a serpent in his house, if it be the red snake, he will invoke Sabazius, if the sacred snake, he will straightway place a shrine on the spot * * * * If an owl is startled by him in his walk, he will exclaim "Glory be to Athene!" before he proceeds." Jebb refers us to Ar. Eccl. 792.
469	[*Not in source*]	See Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, pp. 252–255.
471	Ágnidatta	Agnidatta
477	[*Not in source*]	"'
477, 477	Kámachuḍámaṇi	Kámachúḍámaṇi
479	Kámáchúdámaṇi	Kámachúḍámaṇi
479	Vídyádhara	Vidyádhara
479	Tṛikúṭa	Trikúṭa
480	Ganeśas	Gaṇeśas

480		The same is asserted by Palladius of the trees in the island of Taprobane, where the Makrobioi live. The fragment of Palladius, to which I refer, begins at the 7th Chapter of the IIIrd book of the History of the Pseudo-Callisthenes edited by Carolus Mueller.
	[*Not in source*]	
481	Kámachúḍámani	Kámachúḍámaṇi
486	Ayodhya	Ayodhyá
487	Genovesa	Genovefa
487		For parallels to the story of Genoveva or Genovefa see Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, LII, and the Introduction, p. xxii.
	[*Not in source*]	
488		Cp. Thalaba the Destroyer, Book I, 30. The passage in the Pseudo-Callisthenes will be found in III, 28, Karl Mueller's Edition.
	[*Not in source*]	
489	Rupadhara	Rúpadhara
490	Pṛithvídhara	Pṛithvírúpa
490	Rupalatá	Rúpalatá

490		See Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 3; Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 49; Coelho, Contos Populares
	[*Not in source*]	Portuguezes, p. 109.
495	Marubhútí	Marubhúti
495, 497	Alankáravatí	Alaṅkáravatí
496, 496	Rájput	Rájpút
497	Aśokamála	Aśokamálá
498	Alánkáravatí	Alaṅkáravatí
499	Gebräucheaus	Gebräuche aus
499		Kuhn in his "Herabkunft des Feuers" traces this story back to the Śatapatha
	[*Not in source*]	Bráhmaṇa.
505	Anángaprabhá	Anangaprabhá
509	felt	fell
509	Badharinátha	Badarínátha
514	Madanaprabhá	Madanaprabha
515	á	à
519	,	:
520	Viravara	Víravara
523	Vasishṭha	Vasishṭa
525		See Rohde, Der Griechische Roman,
	[*Not in source*]	p. 239.
529, 530	Suvarnadvípa	Suvarṇadvípa
534	friend's	friends

535		See the quotations in Brand's Popular Antiquities (Bohn's Edition, Vol. I, pp. 365 and 366) from Moresini Papatus and Melton's Astrologaster. Brand remarks, "The Romanists, in imitation of the heathens, have assigned tutelary gods to each member of the body."
	[*Not in source*]	
544		Cp. Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. 116, and Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, pp. 101 and 102.
	[*Not in source*]	
548	Kuṇḍiṇa	Kuṇḍina
548	headwife	head wife
554	Táravárman	Tárávarman
554	[*Not in source*]	It is also found in the Avadána Śataka: see Dr. R. L. Mitra's Buddhist Literature of Nepal, p. 28, where the above MS. is described. See also Dr. R. Morris's remarks in the

		Academy of the 27th of August, 1881.
555		See Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 537, and the remarks of Preller in his Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 345.
	[*Not in source*]	
559	stupified	stupefied
560	Dayamantí	Damayantí
564		Snakes' crowns are mentioned in Grössler, Sagen der Grafschaft Mansfeld, p. 178, in Veckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, pp. 403–405, and in Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, pp. 219 and 223.
	[*Not in source*]	
566,		
566, 566	Ṛituparna	Ṛituparṇa
567	[*Not in source*]	Bhíma disguises himself as a cook in the Viráta parvan of the Mahábhárata. Pausanias tells us, Book I, ch. 16, Σελεύκῳ γὰρ, ὅς ὡρμᾶτο ἐκ Μακεδονίας σὺν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ, Θύοντι ἐν Πέλλῃ τῷ Διὶ, τὰ

		ξύλα ἐπὶ τοῦ βωμοῦ κείμενα προύβη τε αὐτόματα πρὸς τὸ ἄγαλμα, καὶ ἄνευ πυρὸς ἥφθη.
568, 568	Rituparṇa	Ṛituparṇa
N.A.		Cp. Prym und Socin Syrische Märchen, p. 343; Grimm, Irische Märchen, No. 9, "Die Flasche," p. 42. In the Bhadraghaṭajátaka, No. 291 Sakko gives a pitcher, which is lost in the same way. Grimm in his Irische Elfenmärchen, Introduction, p. xxxvii, remarks that "if a man discloses any supernatural power which he possesses, it is at once lost."
	[*Not in source*]	
3	Subhadatta	Śubhadatta
8	Mahabhárata	Mahábhárata
N.A.		See also Zimmer, Alt-Indisches Leben, pp. 329–331.
	[*Not in source*]	
15	Vajṛasára	Vajrasára
24	ahitaśanki	ahitáśanki
26	Súmanas	Sumanas
31	Anvár-i-Suhailí	Anvár-i-Suhaili

32	[*Not in source*]	This is the 30th story in my copy of the Śukasaptati.
37	[*Not in source*]	In Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 15, the heron, which is carrying the fox, persuades it to let go, in order that she may spit on her hand. (A similar incident on page 112 of this volume.) Gosson in his School of Abuse, Arber's Reprints, p. 43, observes, "Geese are foolish birds, yet, when they fly over mount Taurus, they shew great wisdom in their own defence for they stop their pipes full of gravel to avoid gagling, and so by silence escape the eagles."
40	[*Not in source*]	This story has been found in Tibet by the Head Master of the Bhútia School, Darjiling, Babu Śarat Chandra Dás.
42	Kluge	kluge
42	sprechendem	sprechenden

43	Anvár-i-Sohaili	Anvár-i-Suhaili
44	[*Not in source*]	This story is found in Coelho's Contos Portuguezes, p. 112. So Ino persuaded the women of the country to roast the wheat before it was sown, Preller Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 312. To this Ovid refers, Fasti, II, 628, and III, 853–54.
48	Edélestand	Edéléstand
52	Hausmarchen	Hausmärchen
52	[*Not in source*]	The Kurunga Miga Játaka, No. 206 in Fausböll Vol. II, p. 152 is a still better parallel. In this the tortoise gnaws through the bonds, the crane (*satapatto*) smites the hunter on the mouth as he is leaving his house; he twice returns to it on account of the evil omen; and when the tortoise is put in a bag, the deer leads the hunter far into the forest, returns with the speed of the

		wind, upsets the bag, and tears it open.
53		The woman behaves like Erippe in a story related by Parthenius (VIII). In the heading of the tale we are told that Aristodemus of Nysa tells the same tale with different names.
	[*Not in source*]	
56	”.	.”
57		See also Herrtage’s English Gesta, p. 127, Tale 33.
	[*Not in source*]	
60		This story is found in Prym und Socin’s Syrische Märchen, p. 292, where a man undertakes to teach a camel to read.
	[*Not in source*]	
65		See also Brand’s Popular Antiquities, Vol. III, pp. 196, 197. The story of the crow dissuading the birds from making the owl king is Játaka, No. 270. In the Kosiya Játaka, No. 226, an army of crows attacks an owl.
	[*Not in source*]	

66	-	.
67	[*Not in source*]	There is a very hypocritical cat in Prym und Socin, Syrische Märchen, p. lx. See especially p. 242, and cp. p. 319.
68	I	1
68	[*Not in source*]	In the XXth tale of the English Gesta Romanorum (Ed. Herrtage) three “lechis” persuade Averoys that he is a “lepre;” and he becomes one from “drede,” but is cured by a bath of goat’s blood. The 69th tale in Coelho’s Contos Populares, Os Dois Mentíroses, bears a strong resemblance to this. One brother confirms the other’s lies.
72	[*Not in source*]	This bears a strong resemblance to A Formiga e a Neve, No. II, in Coelho’s Contos Portuguezes.
N.A.	Feuer’s	Feuers
74, 203, 204,	;	,

642, 642, 658, 661, 677		
75	[*Not in source*]	Cp. Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 35.
77	Giusa's	Giufá's
77, 77	Giusa	Giufá
79	Śaktiyaśaṣ	Śaktiyaśas
84	[*Not in source*]	The wife of the *kumbhíla* in the Varanindajátaka (57 in Fausböll's edition) has a longing for a monkey's heart. The original is, no doubt, the Sum̱sumára Játaka in Fausböll, Vol. II, p. 158. See also Mélusine, p. 179, where the story is quoted from Thorburn's Bannu or our Afghan Frontier.
N.A.	able	fable
87	[*Not in source*]	A similar idea is found in the Hermotimus of Lucian, chapters 80 and 81. A philosopher is indignant with his pupil on account of

		his fees being eleven days in arrear. The uncle of the young man, who is standing by, being a rude and uncultured person, says to the philosopher—"My good man, pray let us hear no more complaints about the great injustice with which you conceive yourself to have been treated, for all it amounts to is, that we have bought words from you, and have up to the present time paid you in the same coin."
87		See also Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 370 (note). Gosson in his School of Abuse, Arber's Reprint, pp. 68–69, tells the story of Dionysius.
	[*Not in source*]	
90		It is No. XXVI, in Herrtage's Edition.
	[*Not in source*]	
94	Mukhopá dhyáya	Mukhopádhyáya
95, 213	'	[*Deleted*]
96	Devadatta's	Dhanadeva's

97	Devadatta	Dhanadeva
97, 302	Śasin	Śaśin
100	[*Not in source*]	The story appears in Melusine, 1878 p. 17 under the title of "Le Voleur Avisé, Conte Breton." See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, pp. xlvii and ff.
101	[*Not in source*]	This story is simply the Cullapadumajátaka, No. 193 in Fausböll's edition. See also Ralston's Tibetan Tales, Introduction, pp. lxi–lxiii.
108	[*Not in source*]	See also Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 523.
109	[*Not in source*]	`
112	smanœuvre	manœuvre
112	pit	spit
114	Vajrakúta	Vajrakúṭa
119	of of	of
122	And	and
138, 139, 386, 386	Mrigánkadatta	Mṛigánkadatta
139, 147	Bhímaparakrama	Bhímaparákrama
141	Vinayavavatí	Vinayavatí
141, 143	Vinayavati	Vinayavatí

142		See Rohde, Der Griechische Roman, p. 195, and Ralston's Tibetan Tales,
	[*Not in source*]	Introduction, p. lii.
142	Vijatásu	Vijitásu
148		In the story called "Der rothe Hund," Gaal, Märchen der Magyaren, p. 362, the queen becomes a dry mulberry tree. See also Grohmann, Sagen aus Böhmen, p. 116. In Ovid's Metamorphoses, XIV, 517 an abusive *pastor* is turned into
	[*Not in source*]	an *oleaster*.
N.A., 172	Excalibar	Excalibur
153, 154, 215, 231, 362, 386, 396	Śasánkavatí	Śaśánkavatí
154		See also Grohmann's account of the "Wassermann," Sagen aus Böhmen,
	[*Not in source*]	p. 148.
162	[*Not in source*]	In Gonzenbach's Sicilianische

		Märchen, Nos. 33 and 34, we have tales of "A substituted Bride;" see Dr. Köhler's notes.
179	Kanakakalása	Kanakakalaśa
187	Sinhavíkrama	Sinhavikrama
189	Vinitamati	Vinítamati
193	[*Not in source*]	!
197	Páṭála	Pátála
198	Gangá	Ganges
200	waterlilies	water-lilies
200, 200, 564	;	:
201	Srídarsana	Śrídarśana
201, 201, 203, 204, 210	Śridarśana	Śrídarśana
206, 208, 213	Padmisṭhá	Padmishṭhá
207	Nugræ	Nugæ
208	Westfaliche	Westfälische
212	").	)."
214	Víchitrakatha	Vichitrakatha
217, 217, 217, 218	Bhimabhaṭa	Bhímabhaṭa
218	Śankadatta	Śankhadatta
226	?	`
228	Chandradatta	Śankhadatta

229	Raḍhá	Ráḍhá
231	Gandhárvas	Gandharvas
234	aśoka	śinśapá
234	Trivikranasena	Trivikramasena
239, 427, 483	"	`
242	Vikramasena	Trivikramasena
244, 261	Tutínámah	Tútínámah
251	dinárs	dínárs
252	Súdraka	Śúdraka
252	kálatamaei	kálatamasi
257	Tutinámah	Tútínámah
264	[*Not in source*]	A head is cut off and fastened on again in the Glücksvogel, Waldau's Böhmische Märchen, p. 108. In Coelho's Portuguese Stories, No. XXVI, O Colhereiro, the 3rd daughter fastens on, in the Bluebeard chamber, with blood, found in a vase marked with their names, the heads of her decapitated sisters.
266	Chaṇḍasena	Chaṇḍasinha
268	[*Not in source*]	See Waldau, Böhmische Märchen, p. 410.
275	Volks-bücher	Volksbücher

276		Cp. also Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. II, p. 24. We are told that Melampus buried the parents of a brood of snakes, and they rewarded him by licking his ears so that he understood the language of birds. (Preller, Griechische Mythologie, Vol. II, p. 474.)
	[*Not in source*]	
N.A.	Víravara	Víradeva
281	Tútínáma	Tútínámah
291	Nishadha	Nishada
299		So Brynhild burns herself with the body of Sigurd, (Hagen's Helden-Sagen, Vol. III, p. 166).
	[*Not in source*]	
302	Manahṣvámin	Manaḥsvámin
302, 368	Śasiprabhá	Śaśiprabhá
303	,,	,
306	Śaśi	Śaśin
306	off	of
307	[*Not in source*]	Benfey gives a number of stories of this kind in the 1st Volume of his Panchatantra, pp. 41–52. He traces them all back to a

		tendency of the Indo-Germanic race to look upon their deities as belonging to both sexes at once.
309, 310, 310	Jímutaváhana	Jímútaváhana
310	Malyavatí	Malayavatí
310	Jímútavahana	Jímútaváhana
313	Ḳrishṇa	Kṛishṇa
314	Śankhachuḍa	Śankhachúḍa
315	Vidykdhara	Vidyádhara
317	[*Not in source*]	See Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 106.
318, 645	Vetala	Vetála
319	Unmadiní	Unmádiní
325	twentyfour	twenty-four
332, 351, 389, 485	sl.	śl.
333	Gaya	Gayá
333	Púraṇa	Puráṇa
338	insterstices	interstices
345	”?	?”
345	Malatiká	Málatiká
347	beforementioned	before-mentioned

357	[*Not in source*]	See also Grimm's Irische Elfenmärchen (which is based on Croker's Tales), p. 8.
361	this this	this
361	Mṛigankadatta	Mṛigánkadatta
368, 378, 379, 379, 379, 379, 380, 380,		
380, 646	Driḍhabuddhi	Dṛiḍhabuddhi
375	Dṛiḍhabuddi	Dṛiḍhabuddhi
388	[*Not in source*]	Paṇḍit Ráma Chandra of Alwar points out that the reference in *patangavṛitti* is to the "rushing of a moth into a candle." In the text therefore "would be a mere reckless rushing on destruction" should be substituted for "is a mere chimerical fancy."
390	Śitá	Sítá
391	Bhima	Bhíma
391	[*Not in source*]	Paṇḍit Ráma Chandra of Alwar

		points out that the reference is to one of the exploits of Arjuna Sahasrabáhu, often called Kártavíryya, which is related in the Uttara Káṇḍa of the Rámáyaṇa, Sarga 32.
392	Bhímaparákraṃa	Bhímaparákrama
392	Prachaṇḍasákti	Prachaṇḍaśakti
397	Śasánkavatí's	Śaśánkavatí's
403	Saśánkavatí	Śaśánkavatí
404	a	[*Deleted*]
409	prolongued	prolonged
417	read	reads
418	But	but
418	Madiravátí	Madirávatí
418	Madirávati	Madirávatí
434	Manadamanchuká	Madanamanchuká
434	Puskharávatí	Pushkarávatí
440	seems	seem
443	Naraváhahanadatta	Naraváhanadatta
461	Vamadeva	Vámadeva
464	Trisírsha	Triśírsha
469	Naraváhana's	Naraváhanadatta's
469	adored	adorned
471	Vidyadhara	Vidyádhara
476	Sáktiyaśas	Śaktiyaśas
493	[*Not in source*]	In the same way in Játaka No. 318, beginning on page

		58 of Fausböll's third Volume, a lady falls in love with a criminal who is being led to execution.
498	begin	begins
498	[*Not in source*]	This story is also found in the Chariyá Piṭaka. See Oldenberg's Buddha, p. 302.
507	edelstein	Edelstein
510	three	two
520, 557	Siddhísvara	Siddhíśvara
527	Muktáphalakhetu	Muktáphalaketu
529	Kuvalayávatí	Kuvalayávali
531	Ruth	Roth
557	Gauri	Gaurí
566	Váráṇási	Váráṇasí
570	Gàndharvá	Gándharvá
575	Chamuṇḍá	Chámuṇḍá
579	asuming	assuming
590	Petersburgh	Petersburg
593	Kalingsená's	Kalingasená's
594	Weckenstedt	Veckenstedt
596	Faüsboll	Fausböll
602	Ráhshasa	Rákshasa
606, 606	Yajnaśvámin	Yajnasvámin
612	Kápalika	Kápálika
613	Vishamaśíla	Vikramáditya
614, 652	Krishṇaśakti	Kṛishṇaśakti
614	kárpatika	kárpaṭika

615	Khaṇḍavataka	Khaṇḍavaṭaka
641, 643, 646, 658, 660, 661, 661, 661, 677, 677		—
641	Ádityasarman	Ádityaśarman
642	263	363
642	Ásháḍaka	Ásháḍhaka
646	Dṛidhavrata	Dṛiḍhavrata
647, 669	[*Not in source*]	I.
648	Pátaliputra	Páṭaliputra
649	175,	[*Deleted*]
650	359	259
650	Kámachúḍamaṇi	Kámachúḍámaṇi
651	Vikramaditya’s	Vikramáditya’s
652	Kuntíbhoja	Kuntibhoja
655	Mrigánkalekhá	Mṛigánkalekhá
656	[*Not in source*]	—
656	[*Not in source*]	—I.
657	, 577	[*Deleted*]
658	Riṭuparṇa	Ṛituparṇa
659	Saktikumára	Śaktikumára
659	Śakṭideva	Śaktideva
661	;	[*Deleted*]
662	Sringotpádiní	Śṛingotpádiní
662	Srutadhara	Śrutadhara
662	Srutadhi	Śrutadhi

662	Súbhadatta	Śubhadatta
662	Yakshiní	Yakshiṇí
662	337	437
662	;	; II.
662	479	379
663	152	252
664	Ṭíthibhasaras	Ṭíṭhibhasaras
664	Ṭíṭhibí	Ṭíṭhibhí
665	208	308
667	Viśhṇuśakti	Vishṇuśakti
669, 670	,	—
670, 673	[*Not in source*]	II.
670	[*Not in source*]	I.
681	Yakshíṇí	Yakshiṇí

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